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THE CONSERVATISM OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

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It is very seldom nowadays that we find a logical Conservative in Europe, and not often that we find one in the world. The English Conservative, in the true sense of the term, is extinct, unless the Lord Chancellor may be regarded as the last surviving specimen. As a rule those who would have been Conservatives call themselves Unionists to please their allies, and pride themselves on keeping abreast of the times. In France the Conservatives want to upset the Constitution. In Germany they disguise themselves as National Liberals. In the United States the name does not exist. But the President of the South African Republic is the real article. There is no deception about him. He dislikes change because it is change, and reform because it is reform. He has no sympathy with progress, with foreigners, with newspapers, or with modern ideas. He reads the Bible and stops at Malachi. He constantly appeals to Providence, and forgets that, as the *Daily Telegraph* might have reminded him, the Providence of the Old Testament has been superseded by the Providence of the New. He treats coloured persons as if they belonged to an inferior race. He allows his subordinates to misuse them cruelly, and it may be doubted whether he believes that they have souls. From a Liberal point of view nothing could well be more deplorable than the political system which prevails in the Transvaal. It is a narrow, ignorant, and exclusive oligarchy such as governed England before the Reform Act, when the Duke of Wellington said that the human mind could not have devised anything so absolutely perfect as the British Constitution. President Kruger is not, of course, a despot. He can always carry the Volksraad with him in resistance to change. But if he wanted to go forward he would find them in his way. Nevertheless he

embodies the prejudices or principles of his people, and it is his spirit which rules the South African Republic. Much of his power undoubtedly due to the Raid. Before that untoward event his election was doubtful, and the chances of General Joubert, who comparatively Liberal, were considered good. The Raid established Mr. Kruger in office, and made his position impregnable. Mr. Rhodes may be the supremely capable man that his admirers think him. But he has a curious knack of producing the opposite result to the which he intends. The Raid, for the inception if not for the execution of which he was responsible, did more for Mr. Kruger than Mr. Kruger could have done for himself, and if the Dutch majority in the Cape Parliament be due to any single cause it is due to the attacks upon the Africander Bond made at the general election by Mr. Rhodes.

The foreign population of the Transvaal are to be congratulated upon having secured the enthusiastic support of the High Commissioner. Those who do not know Sir Alfred Milner may suspect that he has been overpraised. Those who do know him are aware that there is no abler servant of the Crown, as there is none more chivalrous, disinterested, and high-minded. When he was private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, even Mr. Goschen's budgets were tolerable. His book on Egypt could not be improved. As Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue he helped to frame the greatest and the most equitable budget of modern times. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether Sir Alfred Milner met President Kruger at Bloemfontein in a judicial frame of mind. His telegraphic despatch to Mr. Chamberlain on May 4, which no prudent statesman would have published, is the passionate plea of an extremely able advocate, so confident of his own case that he cannot even see the case on the other side. The rhetorical phraseology, such as the exclamation that the grievances of the Outlanders are "endless," and the comparison of them with the helots of Sparta, does not accord with the gravity and dignity of an official despatch. The Outlanders are not slaves, and their grievances are exhaustively enumerated by themselves. It is not Sir Alfred Milner's fault that he is exhibited a party to a scolding-match with State Secretary Reitz. Mr. Chamberlain is an admirable debater, but he cannot see the difference between debating and diplomacy. The natural conclusion of Sir Alfred Milner's vehement diatribe would have been not a meeting with the President, but the withdrawal of Mr. Conyngham Greene.

No Liberal can possibly sympathise with the policy of the Boer Government. In a republic, as under a monarchy, there ought to be universal suffrage. President Kruger clings to the exploded formula that the franchise should be an incident of property and not the right of a citizen. This is the old and mischievous delusion that the rich

man alone has a stake in the country. Liberals have pointed out again and again that the poor man's capital, even if he has no savings, is his labour, that the poorest can lose all they have, and that the richest can lose no more. The superstition clings even to our own House of Commons, which has just refused to abolish the ten-pound qualification for lodgers. Sir Alfred Milner is constitutionally sound in arguing that the question of the franchise lies at the root of the Outlanders' case. For if they had that on the same terms as the Boers they could redress their grievances for themselves. That is the orthodox Liberal theory, which should be applied, so far as practicable, in all circumstances and at all times. The Outlanders are not so badly off as the agricultural labourers were in England fifteen years ago, when they had to march through London with hop-poles before Parliament would do anything for them. I must confess, to be quite honest, that I do not altogether sympathise with Englishmen who want to get rid of their nationality. But that is their affair, and if Mr. Kruger were a Liberal he would understand that all jealousy of foreigners was irrational. If the inhabitants of Great Britain were chiefly aliens, no really consistent Liberal would refuse to enfranchise them merely because he suspected, or even because he knew, that they would pass laws in their own exclusive interest. But it is, of course, an old Tory fallacy that any race, or any class, will all vote together. When Lord Salisbury resigned office in 1867 he assumed that the working classes would do it in towns. When Mr. Goschen refused office in 1880 he assumed that that they would do it in counties. They never have done it, and they never will. The petition of the Outlanders to the Queen says surprisingly little about the franchise. But the very fact that a counter-petition, almost as numerously signed, has been sent to the President, proves, as Sir Alfred Milner reminded him, that he has nothing to fear from the unity of the immigrants. If Mr. Kruger and the Volksraad had had the sense and the courage to give the suffrage to all comers on easy and generous terms, they would have strengthened and consolidated their Republic. But then they would have been Liberals, and that is just what they are not.

The President did make concessions at Bloemfontein, though they did not satisfy Sir Alfred Milner. I do not say that they ought to have satisfied him. But why did he not accept them for what they were worth, with the distinct understanding that they were only an instalment? Then no one could have said that the Conference had failed, and negotiations could have been continued at leisure. Mr. Kruger is not very popular in this country at the present time, and it is therefore the more incumbent upon fair controversialists to point out that as soon as he got home he brought his own proposals before the Volksraad. This he was in no way bound to do after the High

Commissioner had refused them. He also proposed to abolish the monopoly of dynamite, which, according to the Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge, is not a breach of the Convention, and to which Sir Alfred Milner did not seriously object. Free traders must dislike monopolies of all kinds, and explosive substances must be used in mines. But it may be argued that a monopoly of dynamite is preferable to a monopoly of liquor or of land. The Conference terminated because the President required seven years' residence for the franchise. The British Government requires five, and even then the Home Secretary may, in his absolute discretion, refuse it. Both periods are too long, and in the Transvaal there would be no immediate enfranchisement of any one who had come into the country since 1892. It is not therefore accurate to say that Sir Alfred Milner broke up the Conference on a mere question of two years. He regards the franchise not as an end in itself, but as the means to obtain satisfaction for complaints of long standing. He is therefore quite consistent, from his own point of view, in rejecting as useless a law which would not come into operation for several years.

Here again the President is thoroughly illiberal. There is nothing more abhorrent to Liberals than an Alien Bill. The last measure of the kind was introduced by Lord Salisbury in the late Parliament, and cordially welcomed by the House of Lords. They greeted it the more heartily because it would only have excluded the poor. Liberals, of course, protested against it: it never came before the House of Commons, and though it was promised in the Queen's Speech of 1896, it has not again seen the light. But there are people in this country who are more effectually deprived of the franchise than any Outlander in the Transvaal. They are not foreigners, but British workmen, earning daily wages by honest toil. In the city of Edinburgh, where two elections have just been held, no working man whose landlord lives on the premises can get a vote. That is because his lodgings are not worth ten pounds a year unfurnished. Our registration laws are so bad that a workman who travels in pursuit of his calling, or in the service of his contractor, may be perpetually kept off the register by the length of the qualifying period. The late Government brought in a Bill to remedy this grievance. They received no support from Mr. Chamberlain or from the Conservative party. The victims of injustice were only British workmen living at home, and as by the hypothesis they had no votes they were not worth considering.

But President Kruger's offences against Liberalism are not confined to the franchise. He draws a pernicious distinction between the first and the second Raad. For the second Raad it is easy to get a vote. The qualification for the second Raad is high, and is guarded with jealous care. For our first Raad, of which the Prime Minister is so

distinguished an ornament, no one except Scotch and Irish Peers can vote at all, and yet its assent is necessary to every law. One should not take away any man's character, even for intelligence, behind his back. But it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if Mr. Kruger were an Englishman he would defend the House of Lords. He is, indeed, the exact reverse of Mr. Bottles in "Friendship's Garland." "Table the whole Liberal creed, and you will everywhere find him deficient." He prefers his own language to any other, and not only so, but insists upon its being taught in the national schools, as English is taught in Ireland and in Wales. He even respects the combination between scripture and strong drink, which has done such wonders for the Conservative party here. Mr. Chamberlain in his despatch gravely censures the unrestricted sale of alcohol in the South African Republic. So impressed was Sir William Harcourt with the same evil nearer home that he braved unpopularity and incurred defeat by trying to put public-houses under public control. But I do not remember that Mr. Chamberlain assisted him in that beneficent and democratic object. On the contrary, he and his colleagues were floated into office by beer. Mr. Kruger is also charged by the Colonial Secretary with having attacked and destroyed the independence of the Judges. Nothing could more forcibly recall the good old Tory days of the Stuarts. Nothing could be more repugnant to Liberals and believers in the glorious Revolution. This question, however, is not quite so simple as Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain represent it. The circumstances of Chief Justice Kotze's resignation and of Judge Gregorowski's appointment to succeed him are somewhat obscure. But it seems clear that the Judges claimed to revise the Acts of the Volksraad, and to annul them if they were unconstitutional. The President and the Volksraad successfully resisted them, and vindicated the supremacy of the Legislature. The power which these Judges sought to exercise is unknown, and has always been unknown, in this country, where personal freedom and private property are supposed to be tolerably secure. It exists, and is constantly used, in the United States. But in the opinion of many eminent jurists the cardinal defect of the American Constitution is the want of a sovereign Legislature.

The Outlanders, says Sir Alfred Milner, would fight if they had not been disarmed. That is rather a strange remark to come from the High Commissioner, who says himself in another passage that most of them had no concern with the Raid. After the Raid the President displayed singular leniency and magnanimity. He had the Raiders at his mercy, and he declined to punish them. Whatever else may be thought of that curious exploit, the theory that it was the result of intolerable oppression is mere moonshine. The Outlanders, or some of them, might like the British army to fight for them. They

have too much sense to fight for themselves. Mr. Chamberlain shows, if his figures are trustworthy, that Boer finance is very badly managed. But when he lays stress upon the fact that a larger revenue is raised by taxation than the service of the Government requires he forgets that the same thing may be said with perfect truth of the United States. It is the essence of Protection to impose unnecessary taxes, and the United Kingdom is one of the very few countries where they are raised for revenue alone. If Mr. Kruger were a Liberal and a Free Trader instead of a Protectionist and a Tory he would know better. But what about Mr. Chamberlain? Physician, heal thyself. The Indian Sugar Act of this year was passed by the Indian Government at the instigation of the Colonial Office, not to increase the Indian revenue, which was sufficient, but to protect the sugar-growers of Mauritius from the rivalry of Europe. If the President were a Liberal—or, at least, if he were a Radical—he would abolish secret-service money, which seems to be partly spent in getting up melodramatic conspiracies. Secrecy in government is almost always pernicious, except when indiscreet despatches are discreetly suppressed. Secrecy in the administration of public money is fatal, as Radicals have argued again and again in the House of Commons. But when Mr. Chamberlain wrote that part of this fund had not been accounted for, his tongue must have been in his cheek. He is a Secretary of State, and he must know that much of the secret-service money voted by Parliament is wasted on impostors who live by false pretences, like the late “Major Le Caron”

Liberals cannot approve of President Kruger's policy. It is too like what they have been opposing all their lives at home. But they would not be human if they did not feel that here is an excellent illustration of what Conservatism really means. It means Krugerism, neither more nor less. The conviction that if you give people votes they will make a bad use of them, and, above all, the assumption that a newly enfranchised class will vote as a class together, are as thoroughly Conservative as they are characteristically Krugerite. Sir Alfred Milner is still young. But he is old enough to remember the fury with which Mr. Gladstone was assailed for saying that working men were made of the same flesh and blood as those who governed them. It is the fashion to flatter the working classes now, and these things are conveniently forgotten. But the British artisan is shrewd enough, and he will not fail to note that the Ministers who threaten President Kruger with all sorts of terrible consequences for not putting aliens on the same footing as burghers regard with total indifference the exclusion from the Register of capable citizens in Great Britain by the preposterous length of the qualifying period. Mr. Kruger is an astute peasant, with the ideas of the seventeenth century as we count them in Europe. He has no confidence in the Outlanders,

as they have no confidence in him. But while every Liberal must hold that a restricted franchise is an unnecessary evil, he will be ready to draw a distinction between other countries and his own. It is, I believe, the mark of a Little Englander to say that the South African Republic is not part of the British Empire. I used to think that "Little Englander" was a cant term of silly abuse, applied by fools to their betters. I did not think that such a person existed. But I have found one. Lord Charles Beresford is the man. He told the House of Commons that the British Empire was too big, and that, I suppose, is the distinguishing mark of the species. It is true that Lord Charles would add China to the too vast orb of our fate. But in this sadly imperfect world even the most sagacious of us are not always perfectly consistent.

Sir Alfred Milner is not exempt from the characteristic failing of the most acute minds. He proves just a little too much. Nothing could be more appalling than his description of the Transvaal. Property is not safe. Personal violence is common. Women are not respected. There is no liberty. The base, bloody, and brutal Boer exercises himself in tyranny day and night. It must be a hell upon earth. Yet it seems a popular Pandemonium after all. No human being is bound to go there, or to stay there. But the white population of Johannesburg alone is more numerous than all the Boers in the Republic. It is not suggested that before the Conference a single family had left the Transvaal on account of ill-treatment and bad administration. On the contrary, it is part of Sir Alfred Milner's case that the foreigners are coming in more and more. By leaving the country they would deprive the Boer Government of all their gain from the taxation of the mines and the mine-owners. That is what the Boers themselves did when they found the situation intolerable. They "trekked" beyond the Vaal. The victims of their rapacity have trekked to Park Lane, now called Cape Lane, where they seem to support life in tolerable comfort. The greatest master of worldly wisdom who ever wrote in verse said that the gold best situated was the gold which was undiscovered. *Aurum irreperitum sic melius situm* might be the motto of the South African Republic. Great fortunes have been made out of the Transvaal, and taken away to be spent elsewhere. Bad as the Boer Government is (and it could hardly be worse, for it is the essence of Conservatism), we must look at the other side of the shield and beware of exaggeration. "It is possible," says Sir Alfred, "to make too much of the killing of Edgar," who was shot by a policeman in his own house. The policeman was acquitted by the jury, with the approval of the Judge, and though the evidence was conflicting, the verdict seems to have been clearly wrong. Yes, it is possible to make too much of the killing of Edgar. It is also possible to make

too much of the grievances of the Outlanders, who are not all Englishmen, and not all saints. No good is done by reference to "helots," who were awful examples of excess.

President Kruger is an obstinate, cunning old Dutchman, who will resort to all expedients, from diplomacy to fighting, rather than give up the independence of his country. I suppose that is what Mr. Herbert Spencer means by "patriotic bias." Those may despise the President for it who are free from it themselves. But the question is what right we have to interfere. The famous Convention of 1884 recognised the autonomy of the South African Republic, and the late Lord Derby, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, declared that the sovereignty of the Queen, preserved by the Convention of 1881, had been abandoned. It is true that the representatives of the Republic bound themselves not to conclude treaties with foreign Powers without the ratification of the British Government, and promised equal rights to all residents in the country. But equal rights are not alleged to include the franchise, and no State in the world gives the suffrage to foreigners on precisely the same terms as to natives. It is idle to confound the question whether President Kruger has been wise and just with the question whether her Majesty's Ministers have any right of control over him. I have endeavoured to discuss this matter from the beginning as a Liberal, and a Liberal is bound to believe in the right of other people to do many things which he thinks wrong. The grievances of British subjects living abroad are always a proper subject for diplomatic remonstrance. But the publication of Sir Alfred Milner's telegram to Mr Chamberlain is not diplomacy, and the telegram itself implies that, as remonstrance has failed, something stronger should be adopted. I do not think that any reasonable man can read Sir Alfred's telegram without feeling that the writer had war in his mind, and it is difficult after reading it to be surprised at the failure of the Conference. It would have been better, as Mr Chamberlain must now see, if that Conference had never been held. Neither party to it was in a yielding mood, and its breakdown has much increased the complexity of the problem. Both sides have gone so far that neither side can recede without incurring some loss of prestige among the vulgar mob who think that to do right in fear of consequences is a sign of weakness.

The beginning of a war is almost always popular, and no doubt a good deal of capital can be made out of "avenging Majuba." It might become as telling a cry as "avenging Gordon." Nor of course could the issue of a war with the Boers be doubtful. Whether it took fifty thousand men or sixty, or even a hundred, the Boer forces would not only be defeated, they would be wiped out of existence. But what of British honour? The Transvaal was not given back to

its inhabitants that they might do what we thought right with it. It was surrendered to them because Mr. Gladstone's Government held that it was their own and should never have been taken from them. The restoration excited the enthusiastic approval of the Dutch colonists at the Cape, and in the opinion of some good judges it saved our South African colonists from going the way of our North American. Events not contemplated in 1880, of which the chief is the discovery of gold, have entirely changed the situation. Instead of being left to Dutch burghers and pastoral calm, the Transvaal is crowded with gold-seekers from all parts of the world. These are the Outlanders, whom the President is afraid of admitting to full political rights lest they should swamp the natives of the country. To Sir Alfred Milner, with his highly cultivated intellect and his knowledge of English history, this apprehension is vain. He knows the folly of the Conservative principle that a newly enfranchised class will give a solid vote. But Mr Kruger's type of mind is naturally suspicious, and the Raid was not a reassuring incident. The *Times*, the other day, said that the President must "know in his heart" that his treatment of the Outlanders was unjust. That is deliciously insular. It is this sort of thing which makes us so universally beloved abroad. Foreigners must "know in their hearts" that they are inferior beings, and that the supremacy of the earth belongs to us. Of course Mr. Kruger knows nothing of the kind, and it is the beginning of wisdom to realise the fact. He no more knows that he is wrong than Wellington and Peel knew that they were wrong when they resisted the Reform Bill of 1831. They were wrong, and so, I agree with the *Times*, is President Kruger. But that is a very different thing. All restrictions upon the suffrage are wrong, and yet many people think them right

The President is not accused of treating British subjects worse than others. He treats all foreigners alike, and treats them ill. By his unwisdom he has made many enemies. France is impatient with him. He has lost the friendship of the German Emperor, who is for the present the friend of Mr. Rhodes. But the Emperor William resembles that King of Egypt who was himself likened unto a reed, upon which, if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it. Even the Cape Dutch have no love for the Hollanders of Pretoria or the Boers of the Transvaal. A good deal of pressure was being brought to bear upon the President from many different quarters, including, it is said, the Hague, which he could not altogether disregard. It may be that Mr. Kruger will yield. If he does not, the position will be an unpleasant one, and that is what Mr. Chamberlain should have considered before he authorised the Conference or published the Blue-book. The Transvaal, as regards its internal affairs, is as independent as France. The shadowy clause of "Suzerainty" has

never been defined. Suzerainty is used in the sense of limited sovereignty, but it may be doubted whether such a thing exists in international law. If the Queen were sovereign of the Transvaal, there would be no trouble about the oath of allegiance. As it is, no one can become a citizen of the Transvaal without ceasing to be a subject of her Majesty. Some of the language used by the Outlanders looks as if they failed to realise this. But there can be no doubt that it is so, and Sir Alfred Milner expressly admits it. Double citizenship is impossible, and Sir Alfred candidly avers that the only way of helping British subjects in the Transvaal is to co-operate with them in ceasing to be so. The same argument, or at least a development of it, disposes of Mr. Chamberlain's complaint that under Mr. Kruger's proposals there would be an interval of two years between the loss of British and the acquisition of South African nationality. There can surely be no such interval, and therefore the complaint is unfounded. For the only way of losing British nationality is to acquire some other, and no terms imposed by Mr. Kruger could alter that law.

Sir Alfred Milner has committed himself to the definite proposition that it is the franchise which must be extended, and that no other remedy for the grievances of the Outlanders can be found. Sir Alfred is not, as he has been erroneously called, "the man on the spot." The man on the spot is Mr. Conyngham Greene, who observes a discreet silence on this subject. And some people who know South Africa quite as well as the High Commissioner believe that the root of the matter is not the suffrage for the Raads, but the municipal government of Johannesburg. It will be remembered that immediately after the Raid Mr. Chamberlain proposed a scheme of Home Rule for the Rand. But Mr. Kruger, whose head seems to be a store-house of political fallacies, is a bigoted Unionist, and would not hear of it. Now, however, the question is being raised again. Johannesburg is the focus of discontent, and its administration leaves much to be desired. The Boers hate a democratic municipality almost as much as our Tories hate the London County Council. They grudge municipal independence, and they put every possible check upon the action of the Council. They also insist, with vexatious perversity, that one of the two councillors in every ward shall be a burgher. Since the Conference at Bloemfontein Mr. Kruger has proposed an increase in the Parliamentary representation of the Gold Fields. While he is in a conciliatory humour he might be induced to concede a municipal constitution to Johannesburg. In Johannesburg the Boers are a small minority. It has become a cosmopolitan town. It is badly drained, badly policed, badly lighted, and ill managed altogether. It is virtually the creation of the Outlanders, and if it were handed over to them they would not have much to complain of. The six-forts

which command it are a sufficient guarantee against rebellion, even if the inhabitants were armed. Mr. Chamberlain does not concentrate himself, like Sir Alfred Milner, upon the franchise. He discusses all the grievances enumerated in the Petition, and not the least of these is the maladministration of Johannesburg.

The great defect of Mr. Chamberlain's Blue-book is that it presents only one side of the case. Even a Tory is a fellow creature. Even Krugerism has its point of view. Liberals can afford to be patient, for they can rely upon the justice of their cause. They can see, if they have any imagination, the pathetic aspect of this strange rugged figure offering a hopeless resistance to the social forces of the future and the onward movement of the world. We know enough of President Kruger's previous utterances to understand the general line of his reply to Sir Alfred Milner: "You are asking me," he says, "to commit suicide—to give the independence of my country away. These foreigners, British subjects and others, come here to make money that they may spend it in Europe. They care nothing for the welfare of my people and the stability of this Republic. If we give them votes they will use them to upset our institutions and to degrade us to the level of helots." I know not what answer a Tory could make to these arguments, except that there must be some striking manifestation of British power, or, in other words, "If you won't do as I tell you, I will punch your head." But Liberals are in no such difficulty. Their principles cut the ground from under the President's feet. They can say to him in all sincerity, "You are entirely mistaken. You do not, with all your shrewdness, understand in what true statesmanship consists. If the Outlanders are your enemies it is because you do not treat them as friends. If they have the temper of rebels it is because you deny them the rights of citizens. The remedy for the abuse of liberty is, in the words of the greatest of all Liberals, more liberty. All limitations of the franchise are evils in themselves, and provoke worse evils still. Repression produces explosion. The great political safety-valve is the polling-booth. Widen your franchise generously, give representation to every taxpayer, and these foreigners whom you dread will be the mainstay of the South African Republic. Look what Liberalism has done for Cape Colony, for Natal, for Canada, for Australasia; contrast it with the blind, selfish Toryism which drove North America from her allegiance to the British Crown. Look at your neighbour the Orange Free State, where peace reigns because freedom prevails. Follow the noble example of Mr. Gladstone, who restored to you your territory when you were in arms against the Queen, and who, if he had not been prevented by the folly of short-sighted men, would have strengthened the United Kingdom by giving Home Rule to Ireland. If you turn Liberal opinion against

you you will have no sympathy from any quarter, and you will lose a splendid opportunity of establishing your government on its only sure foundation—the contentment of the governed.”

These are the principles of Mr. Gladstone, as they were the principles of Russell, and Grey, and Burke, and Fox. They preclude the idea of armed intervention except in the case of deliberate cruelty and tyranny. When Mr Schreiner, now the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, was examined before the South African Committee of the House of Commons, he said that the Dutch population of the Cape were strongly opposed to Mr Kruger's obstinate Conservatism, but that if force were employed they would side with the Transvaal. If Mr. Gladstone, to whom South Africa owes more than to any other statesman, were alive now, he would sympathise, as he always did, and as his Colonial Secretary, Lord Ripon, did, with the demand for an extension of the suffrage. But he would denounce with an eloquence no longer, alas! available such a stain upon British honour and good faith as an attack upon the independence of the Transvaal. The proper attitude for Liberals is not one of blind trust in the Government, but vigilant regard for the rights of our fellow subjects on the one hand, and for the solemn pledges given to the South African Republic on the other. They can afford to despise the paltry and ignoble cry that opponents of the Government are traitors to the country. That is an old game, but it is played out. It was the cant of the music-halls in 1878. It is the cant of the Stock Exchange now. Why should Liberals feel such entire confidence in the present Ministers of the Crown? They have not been particularly happy in their management of South African affairs. They failed to prevent the Raid. They have shirked their responsibility for Mashonaland and Matabeleland, conspicuously mismanaged by the Chartered Company. They were afraid to deal with the man to whom the Raid was really due. Their policy has been one of drift. The Blue-book proves that they have been blowing hot and cold. They have made General Joubert, Mr. Kruger's most formidable rival, support the President. They do not know their own minds. They have irritated the Boers without alarming them, and the Outlanders are worse off than they were when Mr. Chamberlain went to the Colonial Office. The old phrase “meddle and muddle” sums up their operations. It is their fault that there should be any talk of war. The most hopeful sign at this moment is the conduct of the President himself, who has been trying since the Conference to bring his Legislature into a more reasonable frame of mind. The only danger to peace lies in the possibility of disturbances at Johannesburg.

There are men base enough and wicked enough to provoke it. The interest of the mine-owners is to avoid it, and the sober majority of

the working classes have too much prudence to join it. Let Liberals, as Lord Aberdeen advised them at the Eighty Club, behave as a Great Power should behave to a small State, and not mistake the violence of nervous weakness for the calmness of conscious strength. Bishop Butler is reported to have said that history could only be explained on the hypothesis that nations as well as individuals sometimes went mad. Happily the British public are not without a sense of humour, and it is impossible for any one with a sense of humour to contemplate seriously a war for the extension of the suffrage promoted by the Marquis of Salisbury. There will be no war for the franchise. If there is a war, it will be for annexation, and annexation, whatever a few noisy people may shout, would profoundly shock the moral sense of the British people, who believe that the true greatness of this country depends upon fidelity to our plighted word.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE VOICE OF THE UITLANDERS.

THE presentation of a petition signed by some 21,000 inhabitants of the Transvaal territories who claim to be subjects of the Empire, addressed according to immemorial usage to the Queen and accepted on her behalf by the Secretary of State, for the first time draws attention, in a manner which no Government can afford to ignore, to the duty the State owes to the people of the territory over which it has claimed and asserted sovereignty, and also to the responsibility, whatever it may be, which England undertook towards the inhabitants of the Transvaal when she entered into the solemn covenant and guarantee to secure them "complete self-government." No great nation can allow that such an undertaking was inconsiderately or lightly given, nor can she, in the fear of panicmongers, construe that guarantee, without ample and full warrant, as being limited to any section of the inhabitants, or refuse to the petition the same favourable consideration such petitions have been accustomed to be accorded.

A meeting between the High Commissioner of Cape Colony and the President of the South African Republic, in the territories of the Orange Free State has taken place. The President of the latter State was said to have experienced some difficulty as to this meeting, owing to the fact that the status of the South African Republic had not yet been ascertained. As a preliminary to some final agreement this meeting may prove of importance, but it is difficult to see how the present petition is to be finally disposed of * without laying up store of greater complications in the future, unless the opportunity be

* In the instructions for the Bloemfontein Conference telegraphed by Mr Chamberlain to Sir Alfred Milner, May 24, 1899, he says: "If fair terms on franchise are refused by the President *the whole situation must be reconsidered.*"—Papers relating to complaints of British subjects in S. A. R. [c 9345], p. 243.

taken for obtaining a declaration, definite and clear, from the Privy Council, the proper advisers of the Queen in matters of such moment. From time immemorial it has been the custom to refer petitions addressed by subjects to the Sovereign for the advice of the Privy Council, who now, under statute, include the members of the Judicial Committee. The advantage of this course is clear. Parties interested can be heard and their contentions may be argued, and advice, in the nature of a decision of a judicial character free and apart from the suspicion of party politics, may be obtained by which the Crown may be guided. In such a reference to the Privy Council the terms of the Conventions could be included, in order to ascertain the extent of the grant. Before such a tribunal President Kruger or any other inhabitants could be heard, and there would be nothing derogatory in their so appearing.* But, whatever may be the views of a section of the inhabitants as to the propriety of putting forward their contentions before the Privy Council of the Queen, it seems due to the subjects who have petitioned and are admittedly the Queen's subjects that the Government should obtain the advice of her constitutional advisers in such matters. A short examination of the history of the Transvaal would seem to suggest that the international lawyers by whom the Ministers of the Crown have been hitherto advised have been called in somewhat prematurely, on the assumption that the Transvaal State and the British Empire were several and distinct nations. Starting from this premise, the whole question of the respective rights of the Crown and the inhabitants of the Transvaal has been burked or begged. Before the international lawyers are consulted there seems an important point of constitutional law to be decided. The rights and powers of the Crown are limited by the rules of the Constitution, and the principles which govern that limitation seem for the purposes of the Pretoria and London Conventions, which constitute the exercise of the royal prerogative, to have been sufficiently and definitely laid down. "It seems to be clear," says Mr. Forsyth at p. 186 of "Cases and Opinions on Constitutional Law," "that the Crown cannot by its prerogative alone release subjects from their allegiance, nor, *e converso*, deprive them of the rights of British subjects."

Perhaps it may be well very shortly to recall the facts which may be taken to be admitted history. From the Peace of 1814 Cape Colony has formed part of the dominions of the Crown. The people became thereby British subjects. At the time of the great Trek those

* Stokes (Chief Justice of Georgia), in writing in 1783 upon the subject of proprietary governments in America in his work "The Constitution of the British Colonies," at page 6, says "Nothing concerning the Seigniorie can be tried in the place where the Seigniorie is, and in the proprietary governments in America they could not (before the civil war there) try any question concerning the Seigniorie in their own Courts, but it must have been tried in some Court in England, and whenever there is a question between the provinces in America it must be tried in England"

who trekked were such British subjects, or were, like President Kruger, subjects by virtue of birth within the dominions of the Queen. Such status carries with it its rights of citizenship and its obligations of allegiance, neither of which can be removed except by express lawful enactment or by mutual consent. These subjects of the Crown of England migrated across the Vaal River. The Sand River Convention guaranteed "in the fullest manner on the part of the British Government to the immigrant farmers north of the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government." In this there was nothing, on the one hand, releasing the subject from allegiance, or, on the other, depriving him of the right of approaching the Crown by way of appeal in virtue of its prerogative. In 1854 some other British subjects, who had migrated across the Orange River to territories over which Great Britain had proclaimed sovereignty, obtained a Convention guaranteeing the future independence of the country and its Government, "freeing them from their allegiance to the British Crown, and declaring them to all intents and purposes a free and independent people, and their Government . . . a free and independent Government," and a royal proclamation "declaring the abandonment and renunciation of the Crown's dominion and sovereignty over the territory and inhabitants thereof." * The Transvaal farmers, however, continued in the Vaal territory subject to whatever their position was under the Sand River Convention. Whether or no it be true that a subject can only acquire territory in right of his Sovereign, it is sufficient to say that the words of that Convention would require considerable breadth of interpretation to read into it a release from the allegiance the subject owes to the Crown. However that may be, by proclamation dated April 12, 1877, † the territories occupied by these emigrant farmers were declared British territory. This proclamation was ratified under an Order in Council of February 4, 1878, and her Majesty's sign manual dated February 18, 1878. A British governor was appointed, Courts in existence were continued, and an appeal given to the Queen in Council in disputes above the value of £500. The Transvaal was to remain a separate Government with its own laws and legislature, and to enjoy the fullest legislative privileges. Under an Order in Council of November 27, 1878, two more judges of the High Court were appointed Under her Majesty's

* There was nothing new in this special renunciation. Precedent was followed. When the Crown of England concluded a treaty with the thirteen American colonies, it expressly acknowledged the States to be "free sovereign and independent States, and the King, for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquished all claims to the government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof." See Chalmers' "Opinions," v 2, pp 368 and 367, where the necessity of clear and definite expressions for the purpose of transferring the allegiance of the people is enforced. And see further hereon *Damadhar, Gordhan v. Deoram Kanji*, 1 A. C. 332.

† 68 State Papers, p. 144.

Royal Letters Patent, November 8, 1879, an Executive Council and a Legislative Assembly were established. By Letters Patent dated April 21, 1880, further provisions were made as to the constitution of the Legislative Council and Assembly and for the government of the Transvaal. It is important here to note that, after the Pretoria Convention of August 3, 1881, the above Letters Patent of 1879 and of 1880, which were confined to dealing with the nature of the government to which the people of the Transvaal Republic should be subject, were revoked by the Queen's Letters Patent of February 6, 1882, but that, on the other hand, no Letters Patent were issued, nor has any document under the Queen's sign manual been issued, revoking the proclamation of 1877 or her Majesty's sign manual, which acts had the effect of annexing the territory of the Transvaal to the British dominions, and were so construed and understood by both parties to the Convention of Pretoria in 1881. It can hardly be supposed, if it had been in the contemplation of Mr. Kruger and his colleagues that the proclamation of 1877 and the sign manual of the Queen were to be revoked or withdrawn, and the inhabitants of the Transvaal released from their allegiance, and the territory severed from the British Empire, he and they would not have stipulated therefor, as the Orange Free State had done in 1854. It is equally difficult to believe that the Ministers of the Queen, having before them the terms of the Orange Free State Convention—expressed with emphatic clearness excluding by its terms the territories from the dominions of the Queen and releasing the inhabitants from their allegiance—would not have used terms equally unequivocal with regard to the territory and the peoples of the Transvaal. Instead of this, however, no mention whatever is made of the territory or of the peoples, except that the former is referred to as having been annexed to the dominions of the Queen, and the latter are referred to as accorded complete self-government. It can scarcely be argued that Article 4 of the Convention of 1881, which states that "the government of the State, together with the rights and obligations thereto appertaining, and all State property taken over at the time of annexation, save and except munitions of war, will be handed to Messrs Kruger, &c.," was intended to transfer a portion of the territory of the British Empire. Equally idle would it be to assert that Article 28 of the Convention of 1881 (repeated in Article 15 of the Convention of 1884) can be so construed. This article provides that all persons who had established their domicile in the Transvaal between the annexation on April 12, 1877, and the date of the Convention of 1881 (a period during which a Government was in force in whose programme compulsory military service formed no part), shall be entitled to retain their exemption from any compulsory military service to be imposed by reason of the powers accorded by the Convention for internal government. It can scarcely be doubted

that, had it been intended that the high acts of State annexing the territory should be recalled, the Queen's Ministers on the one hand would have caused, and the Transvaal representatives on the other hand would have required, their effect to be cancelled by documents as authoritative, as public, and as binding as those by which the land of the Transvaal had been annexed and the peoples made subject to the Queen of England.

In the absence of such release the inhabitants of the Transvaal are thrown back upon the Conventions of 1881 and of 1884. And here it should be borne in mind, in considering the Convention upon which the inhabitants base their claim, that "as every nation possesses exclusive sovereignty and jurisdiction in its own territories,"* the fact that the Queen accords or grants the government of the territory proves that the territory was the Queen's. For the South African Republic to question this would be to question the validity of the grant of the right of government. The first Convention alone contains any grant to the inhabitants—the later Convention merely releases the grant from certain restrictions, conditions, and limitations imposed thereon by the first Convention. By the Convention of 1881 her Majesty's Commissioners on behalf of her Majesty "do hereby undertake and guarantee that from and after the 8th day of August, 1881, complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory." Then follow the terms and conditions and the reservations and limitations set forth in the Articles upon and subject to which such grant was made. Mr Kruger and his colleagues in accepting and signing the grant added

"We, the undersigned, &c, do hereby agree to all the above conditions, reservations, and limitations under which self-government has been restored to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and we agree to accept the government of the said territory with all rights and obligations thereto appertaining on the 8th day of August 1881, and we promise and undertake that this Convention shall be ratified by a newly elected Volksraad of the Transvaal State within three months of this date" [August 3, 1881]

It does not require to be noted that that which Mr. Kruger accepts is the government of the territory and not the territory. It cannot be pretended by the Uitlanders or their opponents that the London Convention of 1884 has superseded that of 1881. In that of 1884, as has been inferred, no grant of any kind is accorded to or accepted by the inhabitants of the Transvaal. The rights and obligations appertaining to the government of the Transvaal by reason of the acceptance of the grant at the hands of the Queen remained the same after the signature of the Convention of 1884 as they were when Mr.

* Story's "Conflict of Laws," p 19

Kruger and his colleagues added the clause, on August 3, 1881, to the Pretoria Convention.

What some of these "rights and obligations" were which appertained to the acceptance by the inhabitants of the restoration of the government of the Transvaal territory at the hands of the Queen it is important to consider. The restrictions and limitations contained in the Articles throw some light thereon. Among these rights and obligations attached to the grant of government was that all persons who had remained loyal through the recent hostilities should continue to enjoy the rights of property they had enjoyed since the annexation, and should continue to reside in the country with enjoyment of all civil rights.* Chief among the civil rights was that right of appeal † to the Sovereign, the source and fountain of justice, to which the idea of suzerainty is in no wise repugnant. This appeal, besides being the right of every subject of the Crown, had at the time of the Convention of 1881 been specially regulated as to the cases heard by the High Court of the Transvaal by her Majesty's Order in Council of February 4, 1878. This was then a portion of the written law of the land, the continuity of which, whether enacted before or after the annexation, was secured by Article 3 of the Convention of 1881. That law the Courts, to which Article 28 requires that all inhabitants should have access, were bound to recognise.

Except so far as the words "subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors," may be taken to limit the right of the Crown or the privileges which the inhabitants take under the Convention, there seems nothing in the grant of complete self-government which has not been granted to many of the self-governing colonies known as proprietary governments. On behalf of those inhabitants whose views Mr. Kruger is taken as representing, a desire was, shortly after 1881, evinced of removing the words "subject to the suzerainty" from the grant, as if their omission would have had the effect of enlarging the rights which the inhabitants would take. It seems, on the other hand, doubtful whether they may not limit in some way the Queen's sovereign right of interference in the government of the State. From this desire of the Transvaal Government it would appear that an importance was and is attached to the obligations involved in the use of the word "suzerainty" greater than is understood by or attached to it in this

* See Art 12 of 1881 and Art 7 of 1884

† That this right of appeal is considered a high and valuable one is evidenced by the fact that a colonial statute conferring an appeal to the Privy Council is *ultra vires* as ignoring the constitutional rule that an appeal lies to her Majesty A-G for Dominion of Canada v A-G for Province of Ontario, [1897] App Cas. 199, and cf. The Queen v Eduljee Byramjee, 5 Moo 276 In the Transvaal, where we find the "highest Court of Justice in the country at the mercy of the Executive" (see Mr Chamberlain's despatch to Sir Alfred Milner dated May 10, 1899, Parl Pap [c 9345], p 230), the right of appeal to the Sovereign is beyond price

country. It is undoubtedly much to be regretted that a phrase of such disputable meaning should have been used in the Convention of 1881. Debates in the Commons and in the Lords at that period should have been sufficient to warn Ministers against its adoption. Mr. Gladstone considered suzerainty had relations to, though it was quite distinct from, sovereignty. While Lord Salisbury thought it did not preclude interference in internal affairs, Lord Kimberley was of opinion, on the other hand, that the term expressed the transfer of the powers of internal government. Lord Selborne expressed the view that the term suzerainty essentially distinguished the control of foreign power and frontier relations, but Lord Cairns expressed his doubt as to that being the true meaning of the word.*

In discussing the rights of England and the South African Republic, Mr. Westlake, than whom no international jurist approaches such a question with more sympathy for a weaker race struggling to be free, in an article entitled "*L'Angleterre et la République Sud-Africaine*,"† admits that no other suzerainty can be intended by the Convention than can be collected from the Articles themselves. He assumes for the purpose of his arguments the international character of the parties to the Convention, which, for the purpose of construction, he treats as an international document. Although in construing a document between a stronger and a weaker Power it may be right, in order to ascertain the status of the contracting parties, to construe the instrument with the liberality towards the weaker used in interpreting an international one, the status of the parties must be ascertained before the document can be declared an international one. To declare the Convention to be an international document without inquiry seems to beg the whole question as to the rights and obligations of the inhabitants which depend upon their status, and who, if subjects of the Queen, possess among those rights the right of approaching her by petition, and possess, moreover, all those rights and owe her all those obligations which have not been removed, and from which they have not been released, by the terms of that Convention.

Before such a document can be accepted and construed, as between the paramount Power and her subjects, as an international document, a preliminary question has to be considered and determined. This, it is submitted, is raised by the petition of 21,000 subjects of the Queen, inhabitants of the South African Republic.

Has the grant of the right of government had the effect of separating the territory of the Transvaal Province from the British Empire? Is the Convention an international document, or is it to be so construed? Has the Convention deprived the inhabitants of their right of appeal

* See "*Hansard's Debates*," and Dr. Charles Stubbs' pamphlet entitled "*Suzerainty, or the Rights and Duties of Vassal States*."

† 28 "*Revue de Droit International*," p. 275 (1896)

to the Sovereign as the fountain of justice ? These raise constitutional questions of no small magnitude or importance. The affirmative answer to the first would involve the assumption that a Minister can bind the Crown in the transfer of territory by means of documents vague and uncertain, a power never hitherto successfully asserted. Until it is ascertained that the Queen's Minister has so transferred a portion of the Empire, it should not be assumed that a precedent so dangerous exists—a precedent, be it said, apparently in conflict with the considered advice of the Queen's constitutional advisers of her Privy Council, who have declared that, whether or no the Crown possesses the power without the sanction of Parliament to cede any portion of the Empire, it is clear such a cession of territory cannot be established by any uncertain inference from equivocal acts *

FRANK SAFFORD.

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PURITANISM AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I

THE greatness of Elizabethan literature arose from the unity of the national mind, in which the streams of the Renaissance and the Reformation had met and mingled. The enthusiasm of the years which followed the destruction of the Spanish Armada fused together powers which often work in opposition or apart. Reason, passion, and imagination co-operated one with another, and through their co-operancy gave substance and form to the poetry of Shakespeare and of Spenser, to the prose of Bacon and of Hooker. The literature of pleasure had never before attained to such seriousness in beauty, the literature of knowledge had never before been so infused with imaginative power. In such works as "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," and "The Tempest" there is a depth of reflection equal to their heights of poetical vision. Spenser is at once a weaver of dreams and a teacher of truth. Hooker cannot discuss the sign of the cross in baptism or the rites of burial until he has first expounded his magnificent conception of the universe under a reign of law. The scientific writings of Bacon—later as these are in date—are the utterances of a great imaginative seer rather than of a fully equipped scientific student. If his nature was lacking in passion of other kinds, he had assuredly an unbounded passion for universal knowledge, and for the power to enhance the worth of human life which knowledge confers. But gradually in the history of our literature there was a descent from the heights. The unity of the national mind was broken or impaired. Passion in large measure transferred itself from literature to the affairs of politics and religion. Reason, confronted with urgent practical problems, grew perplexed. Imagination waned, and often yielded to the seductions of easy and vulgar pleasure. A period of doubt and difficulty followed a period of steadfast and daring

advance. Two doctrines in religion arrayed themselves each against the other. Two parties in the State entered upon a great contention. Two theories of life and conduct stood opposed. All things tended towards a vast disruption; and in the strife of King and Commonwealth, of Puritan and of Anglican, that disruption was accomplished.

The chief glory of Elizabethan literature was the drama, with the deepest passion and the most heroic actions of humanity for its theme. It had its basis in what is most real in the life of man, and what is real was interpreted into the highest meanings by imagination. During the later years of the reign of James I. and during the reign of Charles the drama lost touch with reality; it was cut off from its true basis of supply. It advanced with a showy gallantry, but its strength and solidity of movement were gone. It relied too often, as with Massinger and Fletcher, on overstrained, fantastic motives. It deserted the substantial ground of national history. It endeavoured to excite a jaded imagination with extravagances of romantic passion or even of unnatural lust. It sought for curiosities of prettiness in sentiment and imagery. It supported its decline by splendours appealing to the senses; vast sums of money were expended upon the masque. It grew shallow in true passion and meditative wisdom. It grew rhetorical; its moralities are often those of eloquent periods. And if at times less rudely gross than the earlier drama, it was infected with a subtler and a baser spirit of evil. Nor do other forms of poetry compensate the decline of the drama. While much in the Jacobean and Caroline lyric poetry is admirable in its kind, a charming intermixture of nature with art, of grace with gay effrontery, it does not often deal with the great lyric themes in a spirit of serious beauty, it ceases to be in any large sense an interpretation of life.

To us, looking back upon the period, the literature of pleasure may be worth far more than its theological treatises or its political pamphlets. Grace and gaiety are always welcome gifts, fresh and living, while the theological and political controversy of the seventeenth century concerns us chiefly as a matter of history. The questions so fiercely debated then are not the questions which concern us to-day, or at least they require for our uses to be re-stated in modern terms. But to a man of serious mind, living in the years which preceded the struggle between the King and the Parliament, the poetry of the time would have appeared as no more than a decorative fringe, the warp and woof of thought would have been found by him in those folios and quartos on which the dust now gathers in our libraries. The same cannot be said of the contemporaries of Shakespeare or of Spenser for them the poetry of the time was a large and true interpretation of life. And science and theology were then a genuine portion of literature.

Was there a check, an interruption, of the higher intellectual life

of England? Yes—to a certain extent. The Renaissance influence in literature, separated from the serious temper of the Reformation, dwindled and suffered degradation; the spirit of liberty, entangled with politics, set itself to resolve urgent, practical problems, and lost some of its nobler ideality. Human freedom—that indeed was still sought; but freedom came to mean deliverance from an unjust tax or from an inquisitorial bishop. The spirit of the Reformation separated from the Renaissance influence lost some of its more liberal temper in a narrow Scripturalism and in pettinesses of moral rigour. But the political and religious questions could not be put aside; they, too, supplied a stern discipline for the intellect, in their solution an effort was made on behalf of liberty of thought, narrowed in its meaning though liberty of thought might be by the exigencies of the time. The more enlightened Puritanism contained within it a portion of the spirit of the Renaissance. The mundane spirit of the Renaissance, in its lower form of commercial interests, by degrees allied itself with Puritanism. The higher tendencies of the Renaissance re-emerged in the great scientific movement of the second half of the seventeenth century. Through the strife of parties and the tangle of interests a real progress is discernible.

Poetical literature, in the years of growing trouble, had in some degree, as has been said, lost touch with reality. The Cavalier poets produced their gallant songs of pleasure, of fancy, of delicate melody; but they do not, and they did not, sway the life of man. Two things, however, became more real and gravely earnest. One of these concerned the corporate life of the nation—the great contention between King and people. The other concerned primarily the inner life of the individual soul. In Elizabethan literature these two things had not fallen apart. Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*" deals essentially with the life of the soul and its combat with the various foes and tempters which beset that life; but it is also a poem concerning the honour and well-being of England. It is a moral or spiritual allegory; but at the same time it is an historical allegory. Gloriana is at once the glory of God and the Queen of England; St. George is at once the knight of Holiness and the patron saint of England. Shakespeare can search the mysteries of the solitary soul in *Hamlet*, but he can also celebrate the glories of his country at Agincourt, and raise his chant of patriotic triumph. Such poetry became impossible in the days of James and of Charles. Men who were interested in public life were putting on their armour for an internecine struggle. Men who were concerned for the life of the soul, if they did not carry that concern into the public strife and become the zealots of a party, were tempted to retreat from the world of action, like the devout company at Little Gidding or certain of the Puritan fugitives to America, and they nourished the spirit of religion in secret or in little communities.

The highest Elizabethan literature is at once mundane and, in the truest sense of the word, religious. At a later time the mundane literature became wholly mundane, often even frivolously or basely mundane; the religious literature, when it ceases from controversy, often ceases to regard the affairs of earth, which is but a City of Destruction or a Vanity Fair, and has its gaze intensely fixed upon another world, where the Saint will attain his Rest.

II.

One of the first effects of the Protestant Reformation was a quickening of self-consciousness in matters of religion. External rites, ordinances, and ceremonies seemed for many devout men and women to lose much of their virtue. To some they became matters of indifference; to others they appeared hostile to the true life of the soul. The realm of sense was viewed as if it were separated by a deep gulf from the realm of the spirit. There have, indeed, always existed the two types of mind which we may call the Catholic and the Puritan, to one of which the visible and the invisible are only different aspects of one great reality, while to the other they stand apart as sundered or even as antagonistic powers. In a review of Newman's "Phases of Faith," written many years ago by the most venerable of living thinkers, Dr. Martineau endeavours to distinguish between these two conceptions of life and the world and of God's relation to it in a passage which it is worth while to quote at some length. According to the Catholic conception the two spheres of sense and spirit seem to melt into each other under the mediation of a kind of divine chemistry; "hence," he goes on,

"the invariable presence of some physical element in all that Catholicism looks upon as venerable. Its rites are a manipular invocation of God. Its miracles are examples of incarnate divineness in old clothes and winking pictures. Its ascetic discipline is founded on the notion of a gradual consumption of the grosser body by the encroaching fire of the spirit, till in the ecstasies the frame itself becomes ethereal and the light shines through. Nothing can be more offensive than all this to the Evangelical [or, as we may put it, the Puritan] conception, which plants the natural and the spiritual in irreconcilable contradiction, denies to them all approach or contact, and allows each to exist only by the extinction of the other. This unmediated dualism follows the Evangelical into his theory as to the state of each individual soul before God. The Catholic does not deny all divine light to the natural conscience, or all power to the natural will of unconverted men: he maintains that these also are already under a law of obligation, may do what is well-pleasing before God, and by superior faithfulness qualify themselves to become subjects of grace, so that the Gospel shall come upon them as a divine supplement to the sad and feeble moral life of nature. To the Evangelical, on the contrary, the soul that is not saved is lost. So, again, the contrast turns up in the opposite views taken of the divine economy in human affairs. The Evangelical detaches

the elect in imagination from the remaining mass of men, sequesters them as a holy people, who must not mix themselves with the affairs of Behal

The Catholic, looking on the natural universe, whether material or human, not as an antagonist but as the receptacle of the spiritual, seeks to conquer the World for the Church, and, instead of shunning political action, is ready to grasp it as his instrument."

The tendency to the one or the other of these religious conceptions, adds Mr. Martineau, marks the distinction between two great families of minds. How, we may inquire, does each conception adapt itself to literature and especially to the literature of imagination? We can at once perceive that what has been named the Catholic conception more readily finds that sensuous vehicle for its ideas which literature and art demand. It interprets the invisible by the visible; it does not suspect beauty or colour or the delight of life, but seeks to interpenetrate these with what is divine. The danger is that it may mistake what is arbitrary, artificial, or merely traditional for that which is natural, and so may construct a body of fictitious symbolism instead of discovering the veritable play of what is spiritual in and through what is sensible. Such factitious symbolism debars or diverts the mind from the genuine sources of light; at best it serves as a receptacle for truth or passion transferred to it from the mind itself. In this large sense of the word "Catholic" we might name Wordsworth in some of his earlier poems a true Catholic, discovering, as he does, the ideal in the real, the divine in the natural, the invisible in the visible; and we might name Keble, in certain of his verses, a pseudo-Catholic, applying, as he sometimes does, a factitious or a traditional symbolism to sanctify what in reality is sacred in itself. For the Puritan, on the other hand, using the word to describe a type of mind, the natural and the supernatural exist in an unmediated dualism, and it is a difficulty with him to clothe the naked idea—religious or ethical—in any sensuous medium or body. Hence Puritanism in itself is ill fitted to produce a great art. Yet the inward life of the soul may be intense, and the more intense because it does not readily distribute itself through appointed forms; and absorbing thoughts and passions cannot fail in some way to discover or to create that outward vehicle through which alone they can secure a complete self-realisation.

In the Fourth Part of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" Baxter considers the aids which the senses can afford to the spirit. It is a point of spiritual prudence, he says, to make friends of powers which are usually our enemies, our senses and their objects would not have been given to us by God if they might not be serviceable in His own praise; the Holy Ghost in the phrase of Scripture sets forth the excellences of things spiritual in imagery borrowed from the objects of sense; the Son of God assumed our human nature "that we might

know Him the better." Are we, then, to think heaven to be made of gold and pearl? Or picture Christ, "as the Papists do," in such a shape? Or believe that departed saints and angels do indeed eat and drink? Or hold that God actually is moved by human passions? Not so. we are to accept such notions as aids to our infirmity, but they cease to be aids when we take them for a literal presentation of the facts; the condescending language of the Spirit is so designed that we may "raise suppositions from our bodily senses," and so elevate our affections towards things invisible.

"Suppose with thyself thou hadst been that Apostle's fellow traveller into the celestial kingdom, and that thou hadst seen all the saints in their white robes, with palms in their hands, suppose thou hadst heard those songs of Moses and the Lamb, or didst even now hear them praising and glorifying the living God. If thou hadst seen these things indeed, in what a rapture wouldst thou have been? I would not have thee, as the Papists, draw them in pictures, nor use mysterious, significant ceremonies to represent them. This, as it is a course forbidden by God, so it would but seduce and draw down thy heart, but get the liveliest picture of them in thy mind that possibly thou canst."

Thus the imaginations of a Michael Angelo or a Raphael are forbidden to serve their fellows, unless they can employ, like Baxter himself, the medium of written words instead of the more suitable language of colour and of line.

In his criticism of English Puritanism, Matthew Arnold strangely misconceived its essential character and its governing idea. Puritanism, he told us, existed for the sake of certain doctrines derived mainly from an imperfect interpretation of the writings of Paul—the doctrines of predestination, original sin, imputed righteousness, justification by faith. The historical answer is sufficient: these doctrines, though truly Puritan in their tendency, were held by many members of the Church of England who were outside of the Puritan party and were even opposed to it. The ceremonial controversy preceded the controversy concerning theological dogma, it was independent, in a large measure, of the controversy as to Church government. To discover the dominant idea of Puritanism we must look beyond dogma to something common to every phase of the great contention. And undoubtedly the unvarying central element was this—Puritanism maintained, as far as was possible, that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible God was immediate rather than mediate. It set little store by tradition, because God had spoken to man directly in the words of revelation. It distrusted human ceremonies, because these stood between the creature and his Creator, the glory of the Christian temple is the holiness of the living temple which rises in the heart of the child of God. The pretensions of an

* "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Part IV. section 11.

ecclesiastical hierarchy are an estrangement of the adopted son of the Father, every lay Christian is himself a royal priest. The Calvinistic doctrines, on which Matthew Arnold laid extreme and exclusive stress, were maintained because they were held to be Scriptural, and also because they seemed to bring the divine agency immediately into every part of human life—predestination meant the presence of God's foreknowledge and God's will in every act and thought that pulsates on the globe; imputed righteousness meant that Christ and His faithful follower were regarded by the Father as one; and through faith, which justifies the believer, that union is effected.

Such was the central idea of Puritanism. Its cardinal error, which in many directions tended to defeat its own purpose, lay in a narrow conception of God as the God of righteousness alone, and not as also the God of joy and beauty and intellectual light. The higher Puritanism has been preached in our own day by Browning.

"No beauty, nor good, nor power,
When voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

It was taught by Goethe in "*Wilhelm Meister*," where the uncle of the devout lady, in the eighth book, instructs his niece that the lit lamp and the girl loom are needful for other things than the culture of the religious spirit. But among the Puritans of the seventeenth century few besides Milton, who was more than a Puritan, had that coherent conception of human life and human culture which recognises the Divine Spirit as present and operative in all the higher strivings of man. Scholarship, knowledge, beauty, art appeared to Milton to be sacred things, means by which the "ruins of our first parents" may be repaired; means, therefore, by which we may recover the image of God, and possess our souls in true "virtue" in its widest sense, "which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

Religious ideas and religious emotions, under the influence of the Puritan habit of mind, seek to realise themselves not in art, but, without any intervening medium, in character, in conduct, in life. It is thus that the gulf between sense and spirit is bridged: not in marble or in colour is the invisible made visible, but in action public and private—"ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost." In an ordered life, an ordered household, an ordered commonwealth, according to the ideal of Puritanism, the spirit is to be incarnated. Let the praise which Virgil gives to the Roman people be translated into Evangelical meanings and it applies accurately enough to the Puritan ideal:

"Others, I ween, to softer form shall mould
The breathing bronze, shall win the living face
From marble, plead the cause with happier skill,

Map out the skie., and name each rising star.
 Roman ! be thine to rule the tribes of men ,
 These be thy arts , the discipline of peace,
 To raise the fallen, to lay low the proud !”

Through what was practical in the Puritan spirit, when seen at its highest, a noble ideality breaks forth.. Its canticles of joy and thanksgiving, if heard meanly in the church or chapel, are heard nobly on the battle-field. If Puritanism did not fashion an Apollo with the bow or a Venus with the apple, it fashioned virile Englishmen

“ We that serve you,” writes Cromwell to the Speaker of the Parhamment immediately after the amazing victory of Dunbar, “ beg of you not to own us—but God alone. We pray you own this people more and more, for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel Disown yourselves,—but own your authority, and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions — and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a Commonwealth If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn-in to the like.”

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

And since the instinct of beauty works indefatigably in man, other arts may be looked for in time to grow upon the foundation of a life of righteousness Continental, if not English, critics have recognised the fact that a Puritan strain has entered into much that is most characteristic in our literature It is present in the “*Faerie Queene*” as well as in “*Samson Agonistes*”, in the “*Vision of Sin*,” the “*Palace of Art*,” the “*Idylls of the King*”, in the poetry of the author of “*Dipsychus*” and the poetry of the author of “*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*”; in the prose of “*Sartor Resartus*” And though Matthew Arnold said hard things, and some of them not without good reason, of English Puritanism, the son of Thomas Arnold could not escape from an hereditary influence; the Hellenic tendency in his poetry is constantly checked and controlled by the Hebraic tendency as it had been accepted and modified by the English mind

III.

Fortunately for Puritan art in the seventeenth century there was a great body of literature which was regarded as sacred. Puritanism may have suspected the literature of Greece and Rome; it may have cast some scorn upon the glory of Mediæval art; but it venerated the Old and the New Testaments. Not with a fully enlightened intelligence; not, certainly, in the way of modern

criticism, but it found in the Bible a rule of life and a storehouse of ideas; it fed its passions with the passions of the Hebrew singers and prophets; its imagination adopted the antique garb, not in the manner of mumming or disguising, but as proper for the uses of the day; it found in narrative and vision and parable a vehicle, already sanctified, for the invisible; it carried the genius of the Scriptures into the very heart and soul of England.

The moral rigour and the anti-ceremonial spirit of Puritanism in their immediate effects were unfavourable to a generous development of art; in their indirect effects, quickening as they did the spiritual consciousness, bracing character in a period of relaxation, and intensifying the individual temper in matters of religion, they were not wholly unfavourable. In the second half of the seventeenth century from amid the literature of moral licence, when the imagination of the time, outwardly graceful and humane, was inwardly gross—

“To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful”—

rise those creations to which the Puritan spirit contributed—“Paradise Lost,” “Paradise Regained,” the “Pilgrim’s Progress”; and, apart from the Puritan influence, such works are inexplicable. The great intellectual fact of the age was the scientific movement: it liberated the minds of men from the bondage of a narrow Scripturalism; but who shall say that the large part which England took in the scientific movement—itself a European rather than an English phenomenon—was not aided by the habit of the loins girt and by the lit lamp, by the seriousness of spirit, now transferred from Scripture and the moral world to external nature, which Puritanism had encouraged and sustained? In Newton and his fellow inquirers of the Royal Society the seriousness of the Protestant Reformation was reunited with the exploring intellect of the Renaissance.

In the appalling loss of a living authority which should declare infallible doctrine, it was fortunate that men could in some degree steady themselves by the support of the infallible written Word. Puritanism helped the Protestant Reformation, in its more extreme developments, to define itself both in its weakness and its strength. The entire ecclesiastical polity was to be modelled on the Scriptures; some thinkers desired to model on Biblical examples the entire polity of the State. When Milton would justify the deposition and condemnation of the King, he proves from Scripture that kings and magistrates hold their authority from the people: “David first made a covenant with the elders of Israel, and so was by them anointed king; Jehoida the priest, making Jehoash king, established a covenant between him and the people. When Roboam, at his coming to the crown, rejected those conditions which the Israelites brought him,

they answer him, 'What portion have we in David, or inheritance in the son of Jesse? See to thine own house, David.' It was the unqualified reference of all forms of religious order and duty to Scripture that Hooker set himself to oppose and to correct. Every rite or ceremony, every garment worn, unless it could be justified by a precedent or a text of the Bible, was condemned as unwarrantable. The persuasions of the Oxford and Cambridge Professors of Divinity, who happened to be two foreigners, Peter Martyr and Bucer, were needed to induce Hooper to wear his consecration robes, once he preached in the questionable garb, and never again. The ring in marriage, the cross at baptism, the posture at Holy Communion, the music of organ-pipes, were causes of serious doubts and scruples. Somewhat later the controversy turned chiefly upon matters of Church government and discipline; but still the central question was the same—Could this or that be justified by the authority of Scripture? Finally, in the reign of James I., when the Arminian High-churchmen became dominant in the Anglican communion, the questions grew of deeper import—they concerned doctrine, which Hooker himself would have determined alone by the written Word.

A new race of Schoolmen—Protestant schoolmen of the Reformation—arose. Elaborate systems of theology were constructed, and the substance of those of the school of Calvin may still be found operative in the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. An admirable intellectual gymnastic they afford to a certain class of minds, and one who has mastered even his Shorter Catechism will have all the advantages (and the disadvantages) which attend a resolute effort to interpret the whole of things as a coherent scheme. The Holy Scriptures were, of course, accepted as the sole basis of the faith. An attempt was made to define the nature of God, to set forth His attributes; and the body of Calvinistic theology, with the precise plan of salvation, was exactly laid down. All was as definitely mapped out as the structure of the heavens in the Ptolemaic astronomy. That sense of awe and mystery derived from the Unknown and the Unknowable, in which some thinkers have found the essence of religion, was present only in a subordinate degree. Things the angels desire to look into might be boldly scrutinised by the theologian, for were they not revealed in the written Word? The source of religious emotion was not the unknown but the known; and this was methodically arranged so as to present it with the utmost precision to the intellect. But in what had been ascertained were many things wonderful, many things capable of inspiring solemn awe, the brightest hope, the most overwhelming terror. God's eternal decree by which, for the manifestation of His glory, some men are predestined to everlasting life and others are foreordained to everlasting death, the creation of the world out of nothing, the constant,

wise, and holy providence of the Creator over His work, man's fall, God's covenant with the human race, the inheritance of sin, the mediation of Christ, the irresistible nature of grace, the effectual calling and final perseverance of the saints, the endless joy of heaven, the endless gnashing of teeth in hell—these were themes for passionate contemplation, sources of agony, sources of rapture. Undoubtedly the whole scheme of belief, if imposing on some a burden which they were not able to bear, was one which helped to form certain eminent types of character, to regulate conduct, to prompt steadfast and heroic action. No believer could suppose that he lived in a world of chaos or blind chance. A just, intelligent, inflexible Ruler presided over the material world, over human society, over the course of individual lives. At the lowest the body of doctrine was a translation—in part, perhaps, a mistranslation—into supposed objective facts of the monitions and premonitions, awful or blessed, of man's moral nature, with such additions and modifications as seemed to be required by the statements of revelation.

And as there were schoolmen of the Reformation who built up a huge fabric of doctrine, so there were Protestant moralists and casuists who drew out to the utmost detail a corresponding system of conduct. From the Puritan theologians, Perkins and Ames, the study of casuistry passed to the hands of Sanderson, Hall, and Jeremy Taylor. The "*Christian Directory, or Sum of Practical Theology and Cases of Conscience*," by Richard Baxter, passes from Christian ethics, or the private duties of Christians, to economics or family duties, and so proceeds to ecclesiastics, or Church duties, and Christian politics, or duties to our rulers and neighbours. The catalogue of duties and the catalogue of breaches of duty are elaborated with a minuteness which may lose something of the amplitude of a free and generous loyalty to good, but which undoubtedly exhibits conscience as presiding over every act of human life.

"After discussing thirty tongue-sins and twenty questions for the conviction of drunkards, eighteen necessary qualifications of lawful recreation, eighteen sorts that are sinful, and twelve convincing questions to those who plead for such pastimes, thirty-six questions about contracts, twenty about buying and selling, sixteen respecting theft, and one hundred and seventy-four about matters ecclesiastical, he yet regrets that the want of his library at the time when he composed the work prevented him from enlarging his enumeration of cases." *

With the aid of those keen scenters, "Sayrus, Fragosa, Roderigues, Tolet," the rat-hunt for sins might have yielded better sport. The excessive inwardness of the Puritan spirit quickened the mental eye for every detail that tended to moral good or evil. The genius of

* Principal Tulloch in his study of Baxter, and Orme's "*Life and Writings of Baxter*," n 175

Duty which carries in its head the thirty tongue-sins and one hundred and seventy-four questions concerning Church affairs may not be exactly the Duty invoked in Wordsworth's ode :

"Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads "

Nevertheless, in a time of careless living and declining morals, the error of too scrupulous self-superintendence is not the most grievous error.

IV.

We know sufficiently through the caricatures of dramatists and novelists the grotesque side of Puritan morals and manners—the affectations of the precisian, the scruples with regard to things innocent, the casuistry by which self-indulgence was sanctified, the Hebraic phraseology, the danger of a moroseness of temper. Among the various bodies of sectaries exploring their way with little guidance, roused to all manner of extravagances of feeling, interpreting the words of Scripture by an inner light, intolerant in their rival orthodoxies, there was ample material for a caricature. But among the Puritans were not a few men and women who added to purity of morals and the happiness of domestic affections, guarded as sacred, the best graces of culture and refinement. The Puritan gentleman might surprise a nineteenth-century drawing-room by certain peculiarities of manner and of speech, but he would not offend by brutal licence. His temper might be grave rather than buoyantly gay, but he would possess within certain springs of happiness which do not sap the genuine joy of human life. He might be a scholar, a lover of music, a lover of letters. We remember the early home of Milton, the house of a London scrivener of Puritanic faith and Puritanic habits, where the father would join in madrigals of his own composing, and the boy, by his father's desire and through his own passion for learning, would remain till midnight busy with his poets of Greece and Rome and his French and Italian studies. It was of a Puritan divine, Thomas Young, that Milton afterwards wrote: "First, under his guidance, I explored the recesses of the Muses, and beheld the sacred green spots of the cleft summit of Parnassus, and quaffed the Pierian cups, and, Clio favouring me, thrice sprinkled my joyous mouth with Castalian wine." We think of the beautiful record of her husband's life written by Lucy Hutchinson. This Puritan soldier, son of one who also took the side of the Parliament,

"was apt," so his wife tells us, "for any bodily exercise, . . . he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it, he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman, he had a great love of music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he

played masterly; and he had an exact ear and judgment in other music; . he had great judgment in paintings, 'gravings, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds, . he was wonderfully neat, cleanly, and genteel in his habit, and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest, negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman, . . his conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension, . . everything that it was necessary for him to do he did with delight, free and unconstrained "

"He was," writes his wife, "as kind a father, as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as the world had."

Colonel Hutchinson, the regicide, was a member of the first two Councils of the Commonwealth. It may at first sight appear a strange inconsistency that the Puritan party, possessed as many of its members truly were by a spirit of inwardness, and looking, as they did, to another country, that is, an heavenly, should yet have taken a passionate interest in mundane affairs. There were doubtless material concerns which deeply moved them—unjust taxation, the exercise of arbitrary power in the State; there were ecclesiastical concerns—the offence of ceremonialism, the infringement of the claim to liberty of worship in the way their conscience dictated. But it is a mistake to suppose that such a faith as theirs should weaken or impair activity in mundane affairs. Not through sacred symbol, not through the glories or the poms of art was their faith to find an outward manifestation, but through conduct and public action. The belief that the order of the world is a divine order, that each man has his allotted part in maintaining it, that a great contention is in progress between the powers of darkness and of light, that the victory will be the Lord's, but through His human instruments, nerves the believer to put forth all his strength on behalf of what he holds to be the cause of his Supreme Ruler. The creed of Calvinism is called by Mr. Froude a creed of intellectual servitude, but he has hardly exaggerated the fact when he declares that it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. In proof of his assertion he cites the names of William the Silent, Knox, Andrew Melville, the Regent Murray, Coligny, Cromwell, Milton. If obedience to the will of God be man's highest duty, a part of that duty must be to make the will of God prevail on earth, to widen the borders of light, and co-operate, as far as a human creature may, in driving back the edge of darkness. The Puritan had hitched his waggon to a star; whether a star of bale or benison remained to be proved.

Here was something to counterbalance the inwardness of the Puritan spirit, something to maintain a just equipoise of character. And if in taking the Bible as their guide they often read into it their own meanings, often gave it passionate misinterpretations, often applied to

modern life what was of transitory significance, still in the Bible they had a veritable manual of moral wisdom and high common sense. It has been truly said that from the Bible the noblest minds among the Puritans imbibed not merely the great enthusiasm which it expresses, but also the strong practical sagacity and broad right-mindedness of which it is the emphatic teacher.* The passion for righteousness could ally itself with a spirit of prudent and patient opportunism. "If ever there was a man who suffered fools gladly, who sought to influence and persuade, and who was ready to get something tolerable done by consent rather than get something better done by forcing it on unwilling minds, that man was Cromwell."†

We have seen some of the formative influences from which a Puritan literature might arise. But we must bear in mind the fact that Puritanism was only for a short time triumphant. Except for a few years, Puritanism was militant or Puritanism was depressed. We can only conjecture whether a great literature would have developed on a Puritan basis if the Commonwealth had existed even for one entire generation; we can only surmise on the question whether righteousness would have flowered in beauty and severity have worn the garments of joy. Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar" and Raphael's cartoons (which Charles II. was ready to sell) were saved for the nation by Cromwell. Two organs stood in the great hall at Hampton Court, and a pupil of Orlando Gibbons was the Protector's organist. At the wedding-feast of the Protector's daughter Frances forty-eight violins discoursed excellent music, and the company frolicked and danced until five o'clock of the November morning. For his daughter Mary's marriage Andrew Marvell furnished songs, a pastoral in which Oliver was introduced as Menalcas, and a dialogue between Endymion and Cynthia, representing the bridegroom and the bride. Modest as were Cromwell's ways of private living, in State ceremonial, as Protector of England, he could be magnificent.‡ Although Mrs. Mary Netheway implored that the bronze statues of Venus and Cleopatra and the marble statues of Adonis and Apollo in the garden at Hampton Court, "monsters which are set up in Privy Gardens," might be demolished, there the monsters remained. But the strife of parties during the Commonwealth made it inevitable that the graver mind of England should in the main occupy itself with practical work of immediate importance. Theological folios and political pamphlets may now slumber on dusty shelves, but some of these in their day were instinct with fire; they were living forces helping to form character, to regulate conduct, to shape public action. If few of them deserve the name of literature, they yet stirred the soil from

* J. L. Sanford, "Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion," p. 81.

† S. R. Gardiner, "Cromwell's Place in History," p. 48.

‡ See Mr. Frith's article, "The Court of Cromwell," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Sept. 1897, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey's "From Grave to Gay," pp. 152, 153.

which a literature might have sprung. And certain works remain to us which serve as more than an indication of the possibilities of a Puritan literature. We have the impassioned exhortations of "The Saints' Rest"; we have the epic of seventeenth-century theology—the poems of the loss of Paradise by man and its recovery by a greater Man; we have the Puritan drama of God's afflicted champion obtaining victory by obedience unto death; we have the story, ardent, tender, humorous, of the Pilgrims' wayfaring from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. And what else in the literature of the period can outweigh these gifts of Puritan passion and Puritan faith?

V.

In the Puritan inwardness of spirit, in its vivid realisation of the unseen, if only these could find a suitable medium of representation and vehicle of expression, lay important possibilities for literature. If Hellenism served to broaden, Hebraism served to deepen the national consciousness of England. The inward drama of the spiritual life became more tragically earnest; its lyrical cries of hope and fear, of anguish and joy, became more poignant. God and the soul were the chief actors in the drama, but for the Puritan imagination a world of magic lay around the human soul—blessed angels, demons of the pit, special interpositions of Providence, miraculous words of Scripture, preternatural voices echoing in the heart. In the introspective habit which scrutinised and searched the soul for intimations of loss or gain there were grave dangers; it might pass into a diseased fascination; but it might also be a great discipline; it might discover a world of marvellous phenomena hidden from those accustomed only to turn the eye outward on the world of action.

Again, in the doctrine of Puritanism was a body of inspiring ideas, an inspiring conception of the life of man, which humbled and at the same time exalted. He was the creature of a passing moment, yet a spirit moving in a world at present only realised in part and formed for eternity. Already his destiny was sealed, yet—appalling mystery—free and responsible, he became his own doomsman. As this conception was made real and living, human existence—the existence even of the meanest child of earth—grew in dignity, since to it belonged the most awful, the most blessed issues. Our threescore years and ten—an atom in eternity—acquired a grandeur as the moment of a solemn test and trial. Everything that seems to careless eyes trivial and accidental was in truth part of a divine order; but this order included the sudden interventions of the law-maker. Man, mysteriously endowed with free will, was no estray wandering in a realm of chance; rather was he a subject, loyal or disloyal, of a stern and beneficent Ruler. He had his appointed station in a vast

warfare, his appointed place in a mighty scheme. Fallen, indeed, he was, bound under sin by the transgression of our first parents, condemned by the law, a defaulter under the covenant of works; but a door of escape, a radiant avenue of hope, had been opened under a covenant of grace. Through disobedience Adam fell: through perfect obedience to the divine will a way of salvation had been wrought out. In these ideas, not all peculiar to Puritanism, but realised by the Puritan temper with peculiar intensity, Milton found the themes for his epic of the Fall and his epic of Redemption. They were no mere part of a theological system; they entered profoundly into life and into literature

But obedience and loyalty to the divine will does not consist solely in passive submission, they breathe forth or flame forth in an active co-operancy with that will. One who has himself become a part of the heavenly order in the world cannot but seek to extend that order unto regions not yet reclaimed. And this he may strive to do in either of two ways—by appeals to the individual souls of men, or by action in the social and political sphere. Hence arose a literature of passionate exhortation, the pleadings of the preachers; hence also arose the zeal and energy of public reform, which in literature found expression in such works as the prose writings of Milton. Of the hortatory literature, in which meditation passes naturally into appeal, "The Saints' Rest" is a conspicuous example. It was written, as Baxter himself tells us, for his own use, in the time of his languishment, when God took him from all public employment. He was ill, and alone in the country, given over by the physicians to death. "I began," he writes, "to contemplate more seriously the everlasting rest, which I apprehended myself to be on the borders of." "To despise earth," he said, "is easy to me, but not so easy to be acquainted and conversant in heaven."* But it was impossible for Baxter to meditate for himself alone; he was nothing if not a preacher, and he preached from what he believed to be his dying solitude. He pleads with men as if tears were in his voice. In the "Epistle to the Reader" prefixed to his "Poetical Fragments" (1681), Baxter justifies passion and sense against the invasion of Rationalism, which already was opening a way for the spirit of the eighteenth century.

"I am assured that God made not passion in vain, and that reason is a sleepy, half-useless thing, till some passion excite it. I confess, when God awakeneth in me those passions which I account rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy reason. Lay by all the passionate part of love

* These words must have been in Wordsworth's mind when he wrote in "The Excursion," Book IV

"'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise, but to converse with heaven—
This is not easy"

and joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of Heaven. In short, I am an enemy of their philosophy that vilify sense. The Scripture that saith of God that He is life and light, saith also that He is love, and love is complacency, and complacency is joy, and to say God is infinite, essential love and joy is a better notion than, with Cartesians and Cocceians, to say that God and angels and spirits are but a thought or an idea. What is Heaven to us if there be no love and joy?"

The Epistle from which these words are quoted is solemnly dated "London, at the Door of Eternity."

For the maintenance of high passion the habit of moral restraint is in the long run more favourable than the habit of moral relaxation. It may take the lifetime of a whole generation to produce the consequences in literature and art of base morals, but no law is more inevitable than that what is sown must in due time be reaped. The worst effect of a corrupt society upon literature is not, perhaps, the deadness of the senses to what is gross and repulsive; this indeed comes gradually and inevitably, but the odour of the sink warns off any passer-by who has breathed clean air. Far more dangerous is the false homage of baseness to a virtue which, in the deadness of true passion, it has lost the very power of conceiving aright, the substitution of factitious, romantic, overstrained heroics for the plain and modest realities of righteous living. It is not the facile licentiousness of the plays of Fletcher that chiefly offends a reader; the lascivious imagination of puberty, it is true, in the lapse of time will necessarily lose its gay colours and youthful vivacity, and will sink into the cynical brutality of Wycherley. But we are more offended by the spurious moral ideality of Fletcher, by his fantastic code of heroism, his extravagant gallantries, his indecent celebration of chastity. And Fletcher's spurious ideality prepared the way for the high-pitched heroics of certain Restoration dramas. The one indicates the decline, the other indicates the death of genuine passion. The Puritan regard for righteousness in its lower forms was injurious to literature and art as inducing a dull didactic tendency. Wither has shown how it is possible to be exceedingly moral and excessively dull during many pages. In its higher forms the passion for righteousness tempers an instrument for breathing music of the Dorian mode. It was the great Puritan poet who wrote those well-known words, which, if rightly interpreted, convey an ascertained law of art:

"I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practise of all that which is praiseworthy."

Milton does not mean that great art will be, in the common meaning of the word, didactic art. He means that heroic music can be

adequately breathed only through a noble instrument. He means that there is a music which teaches nothing, but by its very tones can "raise to height of noblest temper," can "breathe deliberate valour," can "mitigate and swage with solemn touches troubled thoughts," and that the faculty for producing such music diminishes in proportion to the loss of such noblest temper by the musician himself. In a corrupt society the art of the Dorian and the Phrygian modes is lost, or is heard only from some survivor of a more strenuous age. And when they are lost art recovers itself commonly, not by a great enthusiasm, but by good sense, moderation, and those common decencies which are found to be needful for the very existence of human society.

Among the factors determining the character of a Puritan literature must be reckoned the popular sympathies which informed the movement for ecclesiastical and civil reform. Milton, indeed, its chief representative—although he, like Hooker, would derive all political authority from the consent of the people—was essentially aristocratical in his intellect, and became the advocate of an oligarchy not of birth but of merit. He honoured heroic individuals, a Christ in the wilderness, a Samson in captivity, a Fairfax at the siege, a Cromwell in the council and in the field; he could speak more scornfully than Burke ever spoke of the wayward and variable multitude. But, in a large way, Puritanism was a movement of the people, with not a few leaders from among the aristocracy. For a time its temper was high and courageous, hopeful and even audacious in new experiments. Its religious spirit tended to abolish or to abate social distinctions: all mortal men were alike sinners before God, and, peer or peasant, if true members of the congregation, were equally saints. Its favoured ecclesiastical schemes and platforms were of a democratic kind. Its political ideal was not a loose and incoherent democracy; it aimed at vigour in government, and was willing to confer immense powers upon chosen individuals; but its political culmination was a Republic. A literature informed by popular sympathies may lose much that is of high worth; it may, on the other hand, gain some things—a homely strength, a genial warmth, a respect for man as man, a breadth of human interest, a humour that is not supercilious, a pity which is not condescending. Some of these qualities are manifest in both Parts, perhaps especially in the Second Part, of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

With these various possibilities for literature, Puritanism still felt the difficulty of mediating, as art should mediate, between the spiritual and the material, the difficulty of finding an imaginative body for theological dogma and the deepest experiences of the soul. It was partly solved by Milton with the aid of an imagination educated among classical models. The influence of the Renaissance came to aid him in his dealing with the Puritan abstractions. But the solution was not absolutely successful. There is still a portion of theological

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is literally in a state of smouldering revolution, which at any moment and in any place may burst into fitful fire and flame. Most of her far-seeing politicians, of her single-minded journalists, of her most brilliant writers and painstaking scholars are banded together with the inarticulate masses in an informal league, the object of which is to bring about such a rough-and-ready realisation of political liberty and equality as has for generations formed the groundwork of British institutions. By a curious freak of fate, the people of France, having made frequent and enormous sacrifices, to say nothing of several revolutions, in order to establish a Republic, are not only reduced to go on fighting for it now against greater odds than ever, but have the chagrin to know that their enemies and persecutors are the very men whom they are paying to found and safeguard the Republic. Truly an extraordinary spectacle; and the millions of men at present resolutely struggling with the ever-changing governments of the "Republic" for the introduction of Republican institutions can be matched only by the thousands of reformers formerly put to death by princes of Christian Churches for openly advocating the adoption of Christian principles.

Since the downfall of the Empire France has been governed by an oligarchy which has no claim to be regarded as a political party, but only as a guild of select persons desirous of helping themselves to the sweets of office. Like the least reputable of the angels described by Dante, these statesmen were neither for God nor the devil, but solely for themselves. In order the better to succeed with the masses, they employed words and phrases borrowed from the Republican terminology, but only as broken gamblers use counters for the purpose of momentarily misleading those who trust them. Heretofore Minister

after Minister faithfully continued the policy and religiously observed the traditions of the Monarchy or the Empire, while professing his unswerving attachment to "liberty, equality, and fraternity." "Nowadays," writes M. Clémenceau, "all the part a Cabinet Minister has to play consists in bestowing appointments on his friends and on the friends of his friends. Inasmuch as the Minister calls himself a Republican, and the 'friends' give out that they also are Republicans, the thing is termed a Republic." * This is a very fair description of the form of government which obtains in France, and which, when all has been said and done, differs in little more than name from the Empire. The recent ministerial crisis which followed on M. Dupuy's fall rendered the truth of M. Clémenceau's words painfully evident even to the most short-sighted observer. The Rue des Mathurins, where M. Dupuy's heir-presumptive, M. Poincaré, resides, was forthwith blocked with carriages, and that gentleman's dwelling became a sort of portfolio fair. In an hour or less the programme of the new Government was satisfactorily settled, but it took days to satisfy the wants of "Republicans" out of office and to distribute the booty. And this personal question proved to be the rock on which the Poincaré combination was finally wrecked.

France is honeycombed with living and working contradictions similar to this, which, unless reconciled by fair means or by force, must surely and speedily reduce the nation to the rank and rôle of Spain in the political hierarchy of Europe. A goodly volume would hardly suffice to record them all, but among the most recent or the most striking are the following. All the institutions of the country, the earnings of the people and the welfare of the population itself, are treated as mere means for the purpose of creating a powerful army capable of making France respected and feared abroad. Yet the chiefs of this formidable instrument publicly proclaimed that justice to Dreyfus would mean a war with Germany, and urged that terrible result as the most effective argument against revision! The inference, which the taxpayers were not slow to draw, was that the military men who should have been delighted to have an opportunity to do deeds of prowess and show themselves equal to their glorious task, admitted that they were prepared for anything—even deliberate injustice of the worst kind—rather than the work for which they exist.

Again, the bulk of the French masses, like the free people of Switzerland, called over and over again for the expulsion of the Jesuits. That demand has always constituted an essential item in the programme of French Republicans. Whether it is a wise or a foolish step concerns Frenchmen only. The important fact is that the demand exists, and that successive Republican governments have solemnly undertaken to embody it in an effective law, and to see that it shall be

* *Aurore*, June 17, 1899.

observed * In March 1880 the desirability of ridding France for ever of the Society of Jesus was discussed in a series of very lively debates by both branches of the legislature, and on the 30th of the same month a decree was drawn up in the name of the President of the Republic, in virtue of which the Company of Jesus was declared to be dissolved after a delay of three months in all their ordinary houses, and of five months wherever they happened to be conducting educational establishments. Now, this measure was so strangely planned and executed that nothing could have been better calculated to increase the number of Jesuit establishments, and to intensify the influence of the Jesuits themselves. As well smash a bottle of musk on the carpet of a room in order to get rid of the sickening perfume. In several dioceses and many cities and towns from which the Jesuits had previously been excluded by the bishops they obtained at first a refuge, then a house, and finally educational establishments; and as a consequence of the new law, now their influence for good or for evil is a hundred-fold greater than ever it was before, and is not one whit less open. The sole solid organisation in France which abides for ever while all the others come and go is that of the Jesuits, and as they mould the minds of the youth and direct the consciences of the mothers and wives of France, it is difficult to overrate the power which they wield in the so-called "æsthetic Republic"

Whether the Jesuits make for good or for evil is, I repeat, a question which each nation must answer for itself. The view held by French Republicans is clear and emphatic. The Jesuits, writes M. Yves Guyot, are "in a state of chronic conspiracy against our institutions; eager to disparage the men capable of defending them, they recoil from nothing in order to substitute for the parliamentary and liberal Republic a saviour of any kind, king, emperor, or dictator, who would be a tool in their own hands. To compass this object they were among the most active agents of Boulangism. They fancied that by means of anti-Semitism they could strike, after the Jews, the Protestants, the Freemasons, the freethinkers; they inspired and supported Drumont, they caused the *Libre Parole* to be founded by M. Odelin, the brother of the Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Paris and former Manager of their establishments from 1882 to 1890. On the eve of the general elections of 1893 they opened the 'Panama' Campaign in order to get all parliamentary personages swamped in the discredit which swallowed up some among them, and we now see them to-day renewing this war of calumnies against the President of the Republic, M. Loubet." After having accused them of bringing about the condemnation of Dreyfus and

* Cf. the *arrêts* of the Parliament of Paris in 1762 (August 6), 1764 (November), 1777 (May), the laws of February 19, 1790, of August 18, 1792, of the 18th Germinal of the year X., of the 3rd Messidor of the year XII, &c. &c.

the ruin of Picquart, and the acquittal of Esterhazy through Père Du Lac, M. Guyot continues "In the army the pupils of the Jesuits form a secret society destined to uphold its affiliated members and to persecute all who keep aloof from it. Thus they occupy the high grades and render themselves masters of the command, and it is a mark of good tone for the commanders of army corps and superior officers to choose them as educators of their sons "*

This being the conviction of French Republicans, it is natural that they should insist on the expulsion of the Jesuits. Yet the Government which received the demand, approved it, and professed to act upon it, did the very opposite to what was expected of them: they assisted the Order to spread all over France and to multiply the number of educational establishments under their direction!

Another of the perpetually recurring demands of French Republicans is that the bonds that link Catholicism in their country with the Roman Curia should be relaxed, and everything fostered and encouraged which tends to render the Church more national and less Roman in spirit. Yet every measure proposed and carried out by the governments which have followed each other since the downfall of the Empire tended directly to the very opposite end, and actually accomplished it. There used to be a Faculty of Theology at the Sorbonne, for instance, the professors of which, being appointed by the State, were to a large extent independent of timid bishops and formed the nucleus of a quasi-national Church. A far-seeing government would have judiciously protected and developed this sole survival of old Gallicanism, which might have been utilised in many of the religious crises that occur every year. But this was never done. Nay, the very opposite policy was vigorously struck out with the inevitable result that French Catholicism is, like the Republic itself, "one and indivisible," and is further more Roman than ever before. "Another step which a Cabinet animated by a desire of realising Republican ideals would have unhesitatingly taken is the appointment of men of mark and intellectual independence to the episcopacy. It was men like Darboy and Dupanloup round whom all that was national in the French Church rallied and held together. But ever since the Republic was established the ministers of public worship have seemed to take a wild delight in carrying out the wishes of the Roman Curia." Servile sons of peasants who scrape and bow to the little Jacks-in-office at the Ministry—men of no social standing, no mental achievement, no moral stamina—are and have been the bishops of France. The present Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Richard, is a case in point. He lately assured a foreign prelate who had been congratulating him on the complex and "well oiled" machinery of his diocese, with its Catechism-teaching, works of charity, social circles, &c. &c.,

* *Cf. Siècle*, June 17, 1899.

that all that was nothing to what is coming as soon as the Church of Montmartre is opened "Yes, and what will then take place?" asked the curious foreigner. "God will work a most striking miracle at the sight of which all France will be re-converted to Catholicism. That is our hope, nay, our conviction" Later on that matter-of-fact, businesslike foreigner, when telling the story, added with a smile: "No greater miracle need be looked for than the re-conversion of France or even of Paris to Catholicism." Yet Mgr. Richard is among the most distinguished of contemporary French bishops. The French episcopate is a reproach to the country and the government is responsible for the extremely low level of culture which it represents. No wonder that the Jesuits and Dominicans and any well organised body of men can twist the bishops round their fingers and make them phant tools in the hands of Roman Ultramontanes.

Now, this condition of things among the higher French clergy, and the sum total of the results of thirty years' Republican régime on the Church, mark a very considerable falling away from the liberalism of the Empire. This is an undeniable fact. The extent to which this "ecclesiastisation" of things temporal has gone may be inferred from the very curious circumstance that the French Archæological School in Rome had, under the Republic, become so thoroughly and uncompromisingly clerical that the Italian Government made frequent representations to the French Ambassador; and finally the Republic, whose organs are not burdened with a strong sense of humour, sent an ecclesiastic, Abbé Duchesne, to laicise it again! M. Duchesne is still at the head of the establishment.

Again, the entire Dreyfus case is one series of incredible but striking examples of the contradictions of which the Republic is composed, of the irreconcilable opposition between theory and reality. Equality before the law, for instance, is a postulate of every civilised government. Yet it is still one of the *pra desideria* of Republicans in France! Dreyfus, being a Jew, was treated differently from his Christian comrades—so differently, that several of his Christian comrades proclaimed that, guilty or innocent, he must be kept immured in his living tomb, lest the General Staff should be compromised. A Republican politician and ex-Cabinet Minister, M. Ribot, rose recently in the Chamber to oppose M. Dupuy's proposal to have General Mercier's conduct examined into and the General prosecuted if necessary. His argument was that General Mercier, being a most important witness in the coming court-martial against Dreyfus, it is desirable to avoid arresting him, or doing anything calculated to weaken the force of his testimony. But Colonel Picquart, whom everybody knew to be innocent, was kept over a year in a dungeon although he is the main witness in favour of Dreyfus!

Further, the Court of Cassation declares Captain Dreyfus not

guilty of the charges brought against him over four years ago, and, in order to give him the tardy satisfaction of being acquitted by his comrades, orders him to be tried over again by a military tribunal, but so completely binds the new Court that its proceedings must of necessity be purely formal. Commandant Carrière, who is thereupon appointed Commissary of the Government at Rennes, allows himself to be interviewed by an anti-Semitic organ of the General Staff, and declares that no Court of Cassation will bind him to any special question or questions; that he will not allow the proceedings to be a mere formality, but will have a full investigation made into all the old charges against Dreyfus, and into any new ones that may be got up in the meanwhile. In other words, he will set at nought the decree of the Supreme Tribunal of France in virtue of which he and the new court-martial are authorised to act! And to keep him and his friends going, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire—who, since he ceased to be a judge, has set about judging all France—is drawing up a fresh indictment against Dreyfus based upon alleged acts which are supposed to have been committed when the Captain's name was not even mentioned by his deadliest enemies. One thing especially the Court of Cassation was very clear and emphatic about: the alleged avowal by Dreyfus to Lebrun Renault to the effect that he had given unimportant items of information for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of really important facts, this supposed confession, having been carefully gone into by the Supreme tribunal, was found, and declared to be, utterly groundless. And as devoid of all basis in fact it has been expressly excluded from the purview of the coming court-martial at Rennes. Commandant Carrière, however, proclaims that he will not rest until that question has been satisfactorily threshed out, with or without permission of the Court of Cassation!

Thus, while the Government is ostensibly executing the decree of the Court of Cassation, the unwise friends of the General Staff are carrying on a most dangerous agitation, which, if successful, would send back Captain Dreyfus to the Devil's Island, or expose him to the violence of lawless ruffians or fanatical assassins. The Minister of the Interior, warned of this danger, and asked to provide for it in time, determines to send down some police official to take the needful measures of precaution, and his choice naturally falls upon M. Hennion, who is known as one of the most uncompromising anti-Dreyfusards in Paris or France!

Nor is this all. The clerico-military party, aware that its golden opportunity has been fast slipping away ever since the election of M. Loubet to the Presidency of the Republic, resolves to make a last stand for a losing caste and a lost cause. General Hardtschmidt, in an ingeniously worded order of the day, heaps insults upon the head of the State. Baron de Christiani assaults M. Loubet in public.

Colonel Saxcé reviles M. de Pressensé, calls "his" soldiers together, reads to them an account of the polemic, and repeats the vulgar insults to the accompaniment of the Marseillaise. Then come Colonel Ragolet, General Metzinger, and General Mercier himself, who all raised their voices and showed signs of a willingness to act. After these acts comes the theory of the anti-Semitic Press, which is, at the same time, an incitement to sedition. This movement of the army against the people is supported by the *Gaulois*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Petit Journal*. The last-named newspaper, in a leading article headed "The Character of the Army," holds that the civil power has broken its part of the "contract," has failed in its duty to the army, and that in consequence the army is no longer bound towards the civil power! This is a cheerful doctrine to preach in the name of a party consisting of priests and officers * working together for the greater honour and glory of God and the fatherland!

The truth is that the *Petit Journal* preaches a *coup d'état*, as do the other organs of the military party, and if the dangerous doctrine is not speedily put into practice it will certainly not be for lack of will. Public opinion, says the *Petit Journal*, "enervated by the incredible compromises of the Government, disgusted with the villainy of Parliaments, troubled by the silence of the army, rejoices to see brave men rise up at last and face without hesitation the men of no fatherland. It hopes they will have imitators. They are strictly within their duty, for, we repeat, the charter of the army has been violated by the power which is unworthy of this name. The officers who looked to that power at least for indispensable sympathy have been cruelly deceived and ruthlessly abandoned. . . . The officers, exasperated by such scepticism and inertia, have but one resource left to protect themselves. They cannot without running themselves, without ruining us all, extend the limits of resignation any further"† This is a direct appeal to insurrection.

Now, the officers who are to try Captain Dreyfus are comrades of the men whose Press organs deliberately employ language of this kind, but it would be wanton insult to them to suppose them capable of committing the inexpiable crime of condemning the innocent with cold deliberation. Yet this is the avowed belief, the expressed hope, of their friends. The notorious M. Drumont in his *Libre Parole* writes: "The acquittal of Dreyfus will be the condemnation of the men of patriotism and of heart who discharged their duty in causing to be prosecuted and in guarding on the Devil's Island the scoundrel who had betrayed his country. The confirmation pure and simple of the decree pronounced against a traitor, whose guilt is evident to every one, will be the clearing of those excellent people from calumnies whom the Jews have been dragging in the mud for two years."‡ If

* *Petit Journal*, June 17, 1899

† *Ibidem*

‡ *Libre Parole*, June 17.

the officers of the coming court-martial were the men whom their Press friends take them to be, the outlook for Justice and for Dreyfus would indeed be sad. But in England, at any rate, nobody would dream of insulting the future military judges of that ill-starred officer by supposing them capable of coming to a decision on any basis but that of the legal evidence.

In France earnest people are much less hopeful. M. Clémenceau recently narrated the case of a reserve officer who declares that he is convinced that Dreyfus is innocent, but is sure that the court-martial will none the less condemn him again, and adds: "I would condemn him myself if I were member of the military tribunal, innocent though I believe him to be." This is significant and characteristic. General Mercier in a speech which he delivered in the Horticultural Hall on Saturday said, in reference to the court-martial at Rennes: "Light will be poured in—complete light; the witnesses, in the foremost rank of whom my functions have placed me, will speak the entire truth. As for myself, I bind myself to do so—yes, come what will, everything will be said, everything will become known, everything, everything, everything" * M. Jaurès, writing in the *Petite République*, says: "There are in the highest ranks of the army criminals who do not yield to evidence. Despite the certain innocence of Dreyfus, despite the decree of the Court, their dream is to condemn him anew, and one hears them already panting over their prey. But France will not accept this *coup d'état* against truth, against justice, against the Republic. Free citizens will not allow M. de Saxe and others to crush the innocent by the orders of violence and mendacity. The soldiers of Rennes, drawn up in array as if for a review, might endure in silence the provocations and outrages of their chief. But Republican France will not allow herself to be thus insulted and enslaved. Will she have a government to defend her or will it be necessary for her, by means of a loud impassioned cry, to appeal to the force of free men?" †

This is the burning question of the day, which may possibly have been satisfactorily solved by the time these pages see the light. But it is impossible to blink the fact that much depends upon its satisfactory solution. The attack on President Loubet at Auteuil has brought matters to a head more speedily than people expected. All democratic Paris rose up as one man to defend their President at Longchamps, and if it had not been for the thousands of soldiers and policemen who were drawn up *ad hoc*, one hundred thousand democratic Republicans would have escorted M. Loubet in triumph to the Elysée. This peaceful but powerful demonstration marks the close of the era of sham Republicism. It was followed by the fall of M. Dupuy, the statesman who, together with M. Hanotaux, is the

* *Gaulois*, June 18, 1899.

† *La Petite République*, June 17

very incarnation of the system. After that the usual haggling for portfolios began, but M. Clémenceau and his friends made short work of those buyers and sellers in the temple of justice, for it is now time to make the Republic a reality.

The most important portfolio of all in the Cabinet of Liquidation is without doubt that of war, for the Minister who accepts it will have to discharge the painful duty of punishing all those officers who have begun to play at the game of Spanish pronunciamientos, and he may possibly have unforeseen duties to perform after the court-martial at Rennes. It is a curious and deplorable fact that Frenchmen themselves have good reason to believe that no military man can be charged with this difficult task. The *esprit de camaraderie* is too highly developed. He must consequently be a civilian. But even civilians cannot always be trusted—not even after they have made a profession *de foi* which passes muster. MM. Freycinet and Krantz are cases in point. It was proposed to retain the services of M. Krantz in the Cabinet which the Premier-elect, M. Poincaré, had succeeded in forming several days after M. Dupuy's resignation. M. Krantz was Minister of War under M. Dupuy, and it was M. Poincaré's intention to retain him at his post. This step, however, meant the utter paralysis of the Government of Liquidation, and MM. Clémenceau and de Pressensé, and the Radicals saw its significance and protested against its realisation. This is the main reason why the combination arranged by M. Poincaré failed. Everybody endowed with a normal judgment will grasp the decisive facts at a glance. Here is one of the most characteristic stories—characteristic of M. Krantz, of the Cabinet Dupuy, and of the so-called Republic. Immediately after he had become War Minister M. Krantz declared to a journalist "With respect to the Dreyfus affair I may say that I do not know it. Very fortunately I had not to study it when I was Minister of Public Works. I hold that we should await the decision of the Court of Cassation." This was clear if a trifle Jesuitical. In time the supreme tribunal delivered judgment and acquitted Captain Dreyfus. M. Krantz, the War Minister, thereupon hastens to assure M. Siegfried, the Deputy of Havre: "My view on Dreyfus and Picquart has undergone no change. I still believe them to be guilty." If the man capable of playing in this manner with truth and justice in their most awe-inspiring forms—when they threaten to take an innocent officer's honour and life away—had his deserts, it is not on the ministerial bench in the Chamber of Deputies that he would sit.

The Radicals, and with them the Socialists, hold that now or never the Republic which was proclaimed thirty years ago should at last be realised. Their programme is very simple and very reasonable: the execution by the Government of the decree promulgated by the Court of Cassation; real equality in the eyes of the law of all Frenchmen

irrespective of party, class, and religion; and that conspiracies against the Republic shall not be any longer included among the rights of any parties or individuals. And yet, simple and reasonable though those demands may seem, it will need extraordinary force of will and courage to embody them in legislative and administrative deeds. Whether the last act of the drama on which the curtain will shortly be rung up in Rennes will happily end the many other dramas, political and social, with which it is inextricably bound up, will, to a large extent, depend upon the energy of the War Minister. An idea of the state of mind of those with whom he will there have to deal may be formed from the thesis which is now being seriously maintained by the *Libre Parole* and many Nationalists, that no proofs are needed to condemn Captain Dreyfus anew, *nothing but the intimate conviction of his judges*. "In order to condemn an accused person it is not necessary to have material proofs against him . . . If the judges who will try Dreyfus on his return to France have the intimate conviction that he is guilty, they will be bound to condemn him, *even without any material proof*"* At this moment there is in Paris a learned Japanese jurisconsult who has been delegated by his Government to study the excellent machinery of civil and criminal justice in France. The whole civilised world is studying it with him. E D.

* *Libre Parole*, June 19, 1899, the italics are in the journal

THE PRESENT PHASE OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

NOTHING has pleased me better in Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book* than the composite title they have chosen for it—"The Temperance Problem and Social Reform." Two factors are here combined, two forces, which have been too long unnaturally sundered. Their reunion is of great significance. For the movement for social reform in this country—which has gathered strength no less from religious than from economic convictions, and is destined to transform in time many of the features of our common life—has of late years been directed almost too exclusively to the material environment of man, rather than to the man himself. The hours of labour, the rate of wages, the employment of children, workmen's compensation, old-age pensions, municipal enterprise—these are typical of the problems which have engrossed the minds intent on social reform. In the discussion of such problems socialist leaders and academical professors have betrayed an evident, though often unconscious, recoil from the temperance movement. Partly this was because the earlier temperance advocates, in their wonder at a great discovery and in the ardour of a new faith, pictured temperance as the one cure of all social evils, rather than as the indispensable condition of all social reform. Partly also those pioneers, because they laid such stress on thrift, self-reliance, and the virtues of the ethically strong, gave the impression of being devotees of individualism, and thus awoke the antagonism of the collectivist. And yet it is certain that this mutual estrangement of two great groups of social reformers was due to sheer misunderstanding, and must come to an end. For it is the reverse of true to suppose that the arguments for prohibition

* "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform" By Joseph Rowntree, author of "Temperance Legislation," "A Neglected Aspect of the Temperance Question," &c, and Arthur Sherwell, author of "Life in West London," &c London Hodder and Stoughton 1899

are based on individualism. As a matter of fact, when the United Kingdom Alliance was formed in 1853, it was found that the old Manchester School stood generally aloof. The idea of interfering with individual habits, and of making the convenience of the few give way for the advantage and happiness of the whole, seemed too socialistic for the temper of the time. It would be no exaggeration to assert that the movement for permissive prohibition was the first and early blossom of English collectivism.

The volume before us indicates that these misunderstandings are in a fair way of disappearing. The authors, who have the strongest collectivist leaning, and whose whole work is virtually a plea for municipalisation, have adduced the most powerful and convincing arguments to prove the truth of Cobden's dictum—"The Temperance Cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform." This constitutes the significance of the book. This is why it is being so widely read. We see now where we are. The severance between temperance reform and social reform is to cease. The two streams henceforth are to flow in one channel, and their combined volume will be irresistible. But the social reformer, in making anew the acquaintance of the prohibitionist, while he finds him just where he was before, finds him also considerably changed. He is older than he was, and wiser; if he has had little to unlearn he has had much to learn. He has abated not one jot of his convictions; he believes as much as ever he did in total abstinence for the individual, and in total prohibition for the community. But he has attained a wider culture; he has cast aside some sophisms; he has studied and taken a vigorous share in most modern movements. He sees plainly that temperance reform is only one part—however essential a part—of the great problem of social amelioration. He is ready to sympathise with other efforts, willing to proceed by any steps, however short or slow (if so it must be), that lead inevitably to the ultimate goal. This is, briefly, the present situation. This gives its interest to the volume I wish to speak of. It marks a definite and important moment in the progress of social reform. And now for the book itself.

I.

The first two chapters are devoted to the most terrible indictment of the liquor traffic that has ever been penned. Calm in statement, but bristling with facts and arguments, they prove that until the consumption of drink in our land is enormously curtailed, and the power of the liquor trade effectually crippled, there is no hope for moral and social progress, no security for national welfare or safety. Employing various avenues of observation the authors arrive at the conclusion that *at least one-sixth* of the earnings of the working

classes is spent on drink; that the economic results of this expenditure are disastrous to the health and efficiency of the workers, and therefore to the whole community. The purely medical argument is not elaborated as it might have been; and I may say in passing that I wonder the whole body of medical men has been so slow to estimate and to proclaim aloud the effects of alcoholic excess upon the vitality of our people.* Our authors, however, place in a very strong light the injury done to industrial efficiency through the discomforts inflicted on the workers by their ruinous extravagance in drink. The money absolutely needed for wholesome food and healthy enjoyment is spent on a demoralising and poisonous drug, which debilitates every faculty, and hastens the victim (and alas! his children also) into the ranks of the unfit. Next (in Chapter ii.) the authors deal with the "Social and Political Menace" of the drink trade. They show how the objects of the "Trade Defence Associations" are avowed in passages like the following "To aid in securing to the trade such Parliamentary, Municipal, and Parochial representation as is necessary for the protection of its interests"; "to secure by all legal means, regardless of party politics, the return to the House of Commons, and other elected bodies, of candidates favourable to Trade interests." Such quotations might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. But they are not needed; those of us who take an active part in municipal or other politics are perfectly aware that what "the saloon" is in American politics the public-house is fast becoming in English politics. There are very many English boroughs where the mere mention of the Watch Committee raises a laugh of derision or a feeling of bitter resentment in the minds of good citizens. And why? Because it is notorious that the most direct and effective way of defeating the good government of a town and securing a lax oversight of the drink traffic is to bring the Town Council and its Watch Committee (which controls the police) under the influence of the liquor interest; and with what success this is done those who are in the secrets of our municipal politics know too well. Our authors are within the mark when they say (p. 116):

"Not only are there the glaring scandals of Manchester and Wigan, but abundant evidence is given in respect of other large towns (*e.g.*, Liverpool, Derby, Nottingham, Hull, Brighton, and Devonport; also the County of

* It is almost certainly proved that alcoholic excess shortens the average life of our people by ten years, if not more. An examination of the figures which sum up the life-experience of the Independent Order of Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance, and other Teetotal Benefit Societies, by first-rate medical and scientific men, would yield valuable results. The returns of Insurance Societies, like the Sceptre Insurance Society and others, which accept both abstaining and non-abstaining lives, and keep a separate account of each class, strongly confirm the view, that the use of alcoholic beverages even in a degree confessedly moderate tends materially to shorten life. It is likely to be seen ere long that Temperance Reform is the most important branch of Sanitary Reform. When medical authorities seriously take this question in hand, their pronouncement will have an important influence upon social habits and average opinion.

Bedford), to show that the evils which have been so disastrous in the civic life of the United States are already beginning to assert themselves in the municipal life of this country . . . It has been the purpose of this chapter to set forth . . . the danger to the State through the attempt on the part of a wealthy monopolist trade to obtain control of the sources of imperial and local power, and to use such power in the interests of its monopoly, apart from other considerations. It has been shown that this trade possesses enormous wealth, and a highly efficient organisation, capable of exerting through its local instruments—*i.e.*, the licensed houses—a direct and powerful influence upon the electorate. The independence of Parliament and the purity of municipal life are alike imperilled.”

This aspect of the drink question, though painfully familiar to advanced temperance workers, has not received hitherto the attention it demands. We owe a debt to the authors for this masterly chapter.

II.

What, then, are their positive proposals for reform?

Here, again, on most points, the writers are in agreement with the main body of temperance opinion. They insist that, after a fixed date, licences shall be reduced to a legal maximum—say, of 1:1000 of the population in towns, and 1:600 in the country. On Compensation they are equally orthodox (p. 333):

“On the ground of abstract right, strong reasons may be urged against any form of compensation for the non-renewal of a licence after the expiration of the period for which the licence was granted. The risk of non-renewal is the condition under which this monopoly trade, carrying monopoly profits, is conducted. But, with a view to the practical settlement of an urgent national question, we think it is clear that the line of least resistance will be a short time notice, possibly accompanied by a provision for money compensation if the time period should be anticipated by the action of the community.”

No less emphatic are the writers on the rightful claims of Local Veto (p. 334):

“If any village, town, or city, or any district of a town or city, wished to be without a public-house, it should be able by a popular vote to give effect to its wish, independently of any previous decision of the licensing authority. The majority required to give effect to the veto should, however, in no case be less than two-thirds of those voting. If one or more wards in a city vetoed the placing of any licensed house within its limits, such licences should be actually cancelled, and not added to the number allotted to the other wards.”

Up to this point our authors are only repeating with emphasis the creed of the orthodox temperance reformer. But here they begin to make an important distinction. They argue, indeed, from a review of the experience of America, Canada, and Scandinavia, that local permissive prohibition would work admirably in all rural and semi-rural districts, and even in some favourable areas of cities. That is

to say, reckoning the population of England and Wales in round figures at 30,000,000, at least one-third of that population might be expected to be able to prohibit the common sale of intoxicating liquors, and to derive unmixed benefit from their exclusion. This is a very large and important admission. Its importance increases when we reflect that, although the population of the towns seems to be steadily increasing at the expense of the rural population, this very drift makes it the more necessary that the rural districts should be maintained at the highest possible level of moral and physical health. The new blood of the villages is constantly recruiting the degenerate population of the towns. But our authors take great pains to show that prohibition cannot succeed, as a rule, in the towns. It always answers in the sparse population of the country; in the densely congested areas of the city, they assure us, it is a failure. I will say a few words later on this subject. For the present let us frankly allow, supposing the power of Local Veto were granted to-morrow, that many localities would be slow in putting it in force, that many communities would not at once be educated up to the level of prohibition, and that these areas would chiefly be in the great towns. What can be done to mitigate, if we cannot remove, the evils of the liquor traffic in places that cannot, or will not, effectively prohibit? Of course, under the scheme of our authors, there would at once be a great diminution of the number of licences. They would, by law, be brought down to a proportion not exceeding one per thousand of population. In other words, they would be reduced to one-fourth or one-fifth of their present number. But such a reduction, while being a very imperfect remedy for present evils, would introduce fresh mischiefs of its own. It would enormously enhance the market value of the remaining licensed houses, and would intensify the struggle of the "trade" to secure its interests by every art of social and political intrigue. The public-house (so our authors argue) would be as great a force in politics as ever. We should be introducing in England the evils which flow in America from what is known as "High Licence." It is also to be remembered that the mere restriction of the number of houses does not necessarily diminish the consumption of drink, and unless that result is achieved, all effort is worthless. We have an excellent object lesson on this subject at our doors. Since 1869 the restrictive action of our licensing justices has reduced the number of on-licences in England and Wales from 117,488 to 97,014, and this in spite of a great increase of population. Yet the quantity of alcohol consumed per head has increased from 4 to 4.2 gallons of proof spirits. Why is this? The answer is twofold. First, the mere diminution of the number of drink shops is followed by the rebuilding and improvement of the houses that remain; they are made more prominent, commodious, and alluring, they succeed in doing a brisker

trade. Further, it may now be laid down as an axiom of drink reform, that *no restriction, unless it be so extensive as to be within measurable distance of prohibition, brings any relief.*

What, then, have our authors to suggest? Briefly, they propose that powers be granted to the local authority to take over the entire management of the public-houses that remain. They advocate a modified form of municipalisation. The management of the trade might either be in the hands of a committee of the Council, or be entrusted to a philanthropic company after the "Gothenburg" pattern. But, in either case, after thus eliminating the element of *private* profit, so that this dangerous and demoralising trade may not be pushed for personal advantage, care must be taken not to substitute the equally mischievous motive of *public* gain. Accordingly, all the profits of the trade—after paying working expenses—are to be paid over to the Imperial Exchequer. There, for my part, I would gladly leave them, where they are least likely to become a source of corruption and temptation. But our authors go much farther. They would have a department of State created, to receive and administer all such drink profits, which should be allocated to the various communities according to population, not according to the quantity of liquor locally sold; prohibitory areas receiving the same grant per head as other areas. Thus, there would be no motive left to deter a locality from prohibiting the sale. But such sums, when allocated, are not to be expended by the locality at its discretion. The objects of expenditure are to be carefully specified by statute. These objects are not to be the ordinary necessities of municipal life, such as gas, water, electricity, locomotion, and the like, but they are to be institutions of a distinctly "recreative" kind—concerts, winter gardens, open spaces, gymnasia, and all other institutions which the ingenuity of philanthropic and municipal endeavour may devise for purifying, enriching, and ennobling the ordinary life of the city. Such institutions are to be, all of them, carefully secluded from the drink, and to have as their definite aim the weaning of the people from the drink and the drink trade altogether.

III.

This meagre outline of the authors' proposals does scanty justice to the energy, the fulness, and the fervour of their exposition. The volume will be found a storehouse of facts and figures for the temperance controversy; and it is written in so engaging a style that it has reached already a third edition. The more I read it, the higher becomes my admiration for the earnestness and courage of the writers. But, while I say this, there are certain questions raised by the book on which many of us will prefer to maintain our own opinion, while we are grateful for the vigorous way they have been placed before the thoughtful public.

In the first place, there is the question, What to do with the enormous monopoly profits of the trade? We all remember Dr. Johnson's remarks upon the sale of Thrane's Brewery: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" His words exactly fit the case of any flourishing brewery to-day. What is to become of these profits? If we leave them in private hands, they will inevitably be used to thwart and hinder the progress of temperance and of every wholesome movement in our common life. Well might a rich brewer say the other day of the temperance party: "For every pound which they can put down, we can put down a hundred." Our authors insist that, until private profit is eliminated from "the trade," it will be a standing menace to public morality. It is for this cause that they advocate municipal ownership. This would not only destroy the menace spoken of, but would also remove the opposition which at present obstructs all minor reforms, such as the shortening of the hours of sale, Sunday closing, early Saturday closing, refusal of sale to children, and much else that public opinion pressingly demands, but the intrigues of the liquor trade effectually prevent. Yet, in advocating municipal control, the authors perceive, and clearly expose, the dangers of ordinary schemes of municipalisation. They point out how greatly Norway has improved on the Swedish experiment in this respect. The Gothenburg system, which dates from 1865, permitted the profits of the drink to be used for ordinary municipal purposes, thus giving the community a direct interest in the trade. The people of Bergen, in 1877, in adopting the system, forbade the employment of any of the profits upon municipal purposes: they must all be devoted to purely "philanthropic" objects. Further, the authors point out how Norway has avoided the mistake of supposing that the evils of the sale of drink are lessened by the improvement of the premises and surroundings in which the drink is sold. This curious blunder, which vitiated the Bishop of Chester's scheme, has entrapped many clever men who have imperfectly studied the question. In Norway, however, the municipal drink-shops are made as unattractive as possible, so that no man may be drawn to visit them save for the drink itself. The authors are also keenly alive to the cupidity of average corporations, and their anxiety "to save the rates." The extent to which municipalities have used their borrowing powers, and the consequent burden upon the rates, will make town councils more and more anxious to get hold of so lucrative a business as the drink trade, and our authors are wise in their caution against this cupidity. For myself, I see a real danger in launching even so guarded a scheme as the one before us. I doubt whether any Government would be able to resist the importunity of corporations, who would declare it a slight to be deprived of their full discretion in the employment of the drink profits. They would plead, like Vivien,

"Trust me not at all, or all in all"

If the liquor trade is to be municipalised, why (they would complain) should the municipality be hemmed in with vexatious restrictions and deprived of its legitimate profits? And the example of the Boards of Guardians in relation to the Local Government Board, and of School Boards and managers in relation to the Education Department, would be cited to show how undesirable it is to tie down local liberty unduly in the bonds of departmental red-tape. In a word, I doubt whether such a scheme as this, with its elaborate but necessary safeguards, could be carried as a Bill intact through Committee. It is possible that the safest way of dealing with the great profits of the trade, and crippling their use against reform, would be to exact a far heavier taxation from the retail drink trade, to the advantage of the Imperial Exchequer. Moreover, the whole strength of the drink trade lies now in the hands of the wholesale manufacturers: the brewers and distillers are the masters of the situation. And I fail to see how, by municipalising the retail trade, you destroy the political intrigue of the brewer. When his only large customers were to be found in the town councils, the brewer would direct his talent and energy more than ever in that direction. It would be his supreme interest to secure on the town council as many of his personal friends as possible. His aim would no longer be "tied houses," but to "tie" municipalities. There would be a real temptation for municipalities to take over the wholesale as well as the retail trade, until the town councils became as much entangled as ever in the meshes of the drink.

I have expressed my fears on this head the more freely because the authors evidently make their scheme of modified municipalisation the kernel and substance of their book. The ardour with which they press this solution of the difficulty has won for them the warmest approval in all Socialist and Christian-Socialist quarters, and it is possible that some such readers, bringing to the book their own preconception, have seen nothing in it but a powerful plea for collectivising the drink, and have failed to notice the frank adoption of the claims of Local Veto, the absolute denial of a right of compensation, and the clear exposure of the perils of ordinary schemes of municipalisation—perils arising from the cupidity of the ratepayer and the ordinary weaknesses of human nature. I am only doing justice to the candour and insight of our authors by insisting on points like these. But I doubt whether they themselves have done justice to the intense dislike entertained by most prohibitionists to any scheme for municipalising the drink trade. Is it not true that wherever the drink trade comes in, it comes to corrupt and to debase? Is our municipal virtue so immaculate as to be above the allurements of the brewer? If it be not immaculate it is, at all events, a sacred and

precious institution, which we may wisely guard against corrupting influences. Gas, water, electricity, tramcars, and much besides have been municipalised with advantage. The details of public health have been taken wisely into municipal hands. Manchester has virtually taken over a great waterway, and it desires to "municipalise" the notification and suppression of phthisis. I should like to see it municipalise the milk supply, and thus prevent a grave source of public danger. I would go much further in municipal management. But I dread the association of the town council with the drink trade, even under statutory restrictions; and I believe this to be the common opinion, also, among those who are not temperance reformers. I cannot speak for my temperance friends generally, but I think it will be found that few of them are likely to *advocate* even such a modified and guarded scheme as our authors suggest, although they would be ready to *accept* it, if offered in a Government Bill, as *one of the options* (including Local Veto) to be submitted to the vote of a locality.

I have spoken of this book as an *evening*: and so it is. It indicates the substantial unity of purpose, in respect of the temperance question, of two deeply earnest and influential groups of reformers. For this cause I am pained to see the vehement attack on prohibition contained in Chapter iii. This attack is certainly a blunder in policy. The evident desire of the writers is to conciliate the hearty support of the temperance "forwards." On the fundamental points of our great controversy they are at one with us. They concede, and, indeed, press for, universal power of Local Veto. But to devote their longest chapter to an attack on prohibition was an odd way of conciliating prohibitionists. Nor was it necessary to the general argument. It would have sufficed to point out that there would be a number of localities in which, for some time, the veto was not likely to be applied, and that these localities would chiefly be in towns and cities. With that we should all agree, and this was all that the argument required. But the authors will perhaps say: This chapter was required in the interests of truth. If so, it must be replied that their treatment of prohibition betrays a real—though doubtless unconscious—bias. The authors have strong collectivist leanings. They have been trained in the prejudices which socialism has usually entertained towards prohibition. Starting from this point, they have extended their researches and looked at the facts until they have become converts—I had almost said, unwilling converts—to advanced temperance reform. But their sympathies with prohibition are still imperfect: they have not quite outgrown their earlier prejudices. Hence they have unconsciously strained the argument against prohibition. They seem to urge the admitted failure (in part) of State prohibition as an argument against local permissive prohibition. They accept the highly suspicious "evidence" of the Canadian Commission against the

Maine Law. Although they repeatedly confess that the statistics of crime, drunkenness, lunacy, &c., are drawn up by the several States of the Union on such different principles as to make them absolutely useless for the purposes of comparison, they yet use these statistics to disparage the condition of the Prohibition States in comparison with those which do not prohibit, whereas the very statistics which they print could as easily be made to present the opposite result.* They magnify the allowed failure of State prohibition in Bangor (Maine), while they minimise the success of Local prohibition in Cambridge (Mass). And (not to multiply examples) they insist very strongly upon the lax administration of the Liquor Agency in Portland in 1892-93 as a proof of the powerlessness of prohibition to prohibit. But they forget to point out that since 1893 the sales at the same Agency have fallen to one-seventh of what they were in 1892-93! They forget, also, to remind the reader (1) that this laxity occurred under State Prohibition, and not under Local Option, and (2) that this Liquor Agency is a municipal institution, and tells (if anything) against the municipal control of the drink. To crown all, the writers assure us that "Prohibition in the larger towns and cities simply intensifies the social and political menace," and this while New York and Chicago, where there is certainly not prohibition, but where everything is (in American phrase) "wide open," exhibit a municipal rottenness which stinks aloud.

IV.

I have spoken the more plainly on Chapter iii because that is the only reservation I make in commending this book. That chapter is likely to furnish many a missile to be hurled at the writers' best friends. But the value of the volume is independent of Chapter iii. altogether; if it were omitted the argument would not lose in force. It remains true, as was said at the outset, that this book is one of many indications that the temperance problem is entering on a new phase. I know it is deemed by politicians a thorny question to handle. Politicians are unduly timid; they exhibit too little faith either in great principles or in the people. The question is one which it is more dangerous to let alone than to handle. Grasped with equal wisdom and firmness, it would cease to sting, and would become a source of strength to the statesman that is able to lead. At a time of general apathy on political questions, when the average man is dazzled with the glitter of Imperialism, and Jingoism abroad diverts the thoughts of men from pressing problems at home; at a time when you can seldom distinguish between the Liberal and Conservative Press, except that the one set denounces the Tories and the other

* Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., has given an amusing reply to Chapter iii. on these lines in the *Albion News* of June 8

abuses the Radicals; when the power of wealth seems dominant everywhere and in unholy league with rampant militarism; in such a time the temperance forces have maintained their ranks unbroken, their principles intact, and their faith in righteousness unimpaired. I can speak for the North of England; the temperance party is the backbone of the party of progress, and shows every sign of increasing numbers and rallying hope. It is the same in Scotland and in Wales. We all feel that we are nearing another tremendous struggle with the liquor traffic. The manifest alliance between the liquor interest and the party of reaction will precipitate the crisis. It will be brought to a head, perhaps, more certainly by the action and Report of Lord Peel than by the eloquence of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's pages. The conversion of Lord Peel is a significant event. he is the type of tens of thousands of perfectly disinterested and upright Englishmen, who only need to know the right in order to do it. The striking publicity which has been given to the opinions of the Commission is a proof of the intense public interest felt in the question. We are already assured that Lord Peel and his friends—for the recommendations of the majority, being dictated by self-interest, will carry no weight in the country—make very much the same recommendations as are contained in the volume before us, save only (and it is a significant omission) that they say nothing about municipalisation. There is to be no compensation; there is to be wholesale diminution of licences and large powers of local restriction; there is to be the power of Local Veto, at least in Scotland and Wales. Any party or leader that will take up Lord Peel's recommendations and force them forward in a Bill may be assured of a large and enthusiastic following.

But in truth we need not trouble ourselves overmuch about detailed schemes, nor be too anxious about ultimate plans of temperance reform. The great struggle will be at the outset, and it will be fought on "Compensation." The "Trade" will bitterly resent the claim of the public to deal with it at discretion; it will plead imaginary vested interests, it will appeal *ad misericordiam*, it will exhaust every artifice of intrigue, every mode of misrepresentation, every power of obstruction. But it will be beaten hopelessly, and that first victory will nerve reformers of all shades to further efforts.

'So let it be in God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The Light, the Truth, the Love of Heaven."

EDWARD LEE HICKS.

LAMB AND KEATS.*

IN offering to the fine library and literary institution in which we meet to-day the medallion portraits in bronze of Charles Lamb and of John Keats, the founder has still further enlarged his noble gift, and has added to the people of Edmonton a new claim on their grateful acknowledgments. This handsome foundation is but one of many scores of others which will long record to our descendants the name of Passmore Edwards.

These nurseries of thought and culture which will bear his name (as churches in Rome are so proudly and vainly inscribed—*ex munificentia Sixti*, or *Pauli*) are the munificent gifts to his fellow citizens of one who is himself a member of the literary order and the founder of a new era in journalism. It is an example of public spirit which is far more common in the United States than in Europe. In England our magnates of high rank and vast possessions think that they can best gratify their fellow citizens by exhibiting their own magnificence, and can best advance the public taste by occasionally admitting them to view their galleries or their racehorses. The wealthy citizens of America are more wont to devote their abundance to the public, and have given a large part of the universities, libraries, museums, and observatories in the States. I remember writing for an American Review a little essay on "The Uses of Rich Men in the Commonwealth", and I described the public gifts common at Athens and at Rome. The Athenians called them *Lecturgies*, and most of the immortal dramas of Athens, and many of the exquisite remains of architecture that we see to-day, were the free gifts to their fellow citizens of rich and patriotic patrons, such as was Herodes

* An Address on the unveiling of the portraits of Lamb and Keats at the Passmore Edwards Free Library at Edmonton.

Atticus in the time of the empire. The example is too rare in England—almost unknown in London—where men of wealth are often willing to subscribe to a hospital or an institution, but where we seldom find any man willing to devote a large fortune to some truly munificent institution. Let us hope that in course of time the south of England and its capital may receive such benefactions as are common in America, and not unknown in our northern counties, and that London, too, may count its Passmore Edwardses to follow the example of the Herodes Attici of old.

We are about to unveil the bronze images of Lamb and Keats, whose memory is kept green in this place. Charles Lamb passed the close of his life and died in a cottage hard by this spot—a cottage happily still untouched in its primitive simplicity. He is buried in the parish churchyard within a few minutes' walk, and a gravestone over his coffin and a marble monument in the church record his life in the parish. John Keats, born in London, and living his short life in the northern suburbs, passed some time in a house still standing unaltered within a few yards of the cottage of Lamb, and then went to live at Hampstead, within a short walk of this spot. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, beneath the shadow of her ancient walls, where lies the heart of Shelley—*cor cordium*.

Both Lamb and Keats toiled and dreamed, knew intense joy and acute sorrow, in the early years of this nineteenth century, in the reign of George III. Three and even four generations have come and gone since their time. Keats died at twenty-five, before the birth of most of us here to-day. Charles Lamb died at fifty-nine, within my own lifetime, and is still remembered by old men yet alive. Nearly a century has passed since the early work of Lamb, and some eighty years since that of Keats. Yet to-day the fame of both stands higher than it stood in their lifetime or at any time since their deaths. It will be for the twentieth century to judge, at the centenaries of their death in 1934 and 1921 respectively, what will be their ultimate rank in English prose and poetry. It is too soon, perhaps, for us to dogmatise with confidence. For in general it is a good rule to observe that, when a hundred years have come and gone since a writer inscribed *Fines* in the book of his earthly life, the time has come when he can be judged fairly and finally in the roll of English letters—all his own friends and his own enemies removed, the novelty of his own gifts faded away, the fashions and prejudices of the day long changed, and a strong presumption established that, if he be still lively in the memory of a fourth and a fifth generation after his own, it must be due to some real originality and power. We will not attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to-day let us avoid all hyperboles and eulogiums. Two men of genius have been associated with the traditions of this district. Living men have known them here. And

we testify to-day that those who dwell here and who love letters have not forgotten them nor the thoughts they left to the ages to come.

Both Lamb and Keats will be remembered (amidst all the differences which separate the humorist from the morbid poet), each for his peculiar, fascinating gift—Lamb for an inimitable genius of light and airy criticism, Keats for an inexhaustible spring of melodious and perfumed song. There is no second Lamb in prose; no second Keats in verse. Each has a hall-mark of his own on every product of his mint: unmistakable, incomparable, native; which no man can imitate, none can parody, no man can pirate, yet which could no more be repeated in English literature than we could turn out a new "Vicar of Wakefield" or a second "Lycidas."

I am not comparing Lamb to Oliver Goldsmith nor Keats to Milton. I say no more than this, that Elia has his own rare charm just as dear old "Goldie" had his special charm; that Keats has an inimitable lyric spell, as inimitable in its own way as was ever that of Milton himself. Let us avoid all trace of exaggeration in our praise. The true genius needs no such excess, gains nothing by it, and would scorn to receive it. It is too much the fashion when a memorial is set up, or a biography is issued, to use about the object of this honour the tone of extravagant eulogy, as if our history or our literature contained no other name so great. Those whose task it is to "inaugurate" (as the newspapers affect to call it) a monument to a dead worthy too often speak as if it were their bounden duty "to lie like a tombstone." This is not true reverence. It dishonours our dead worthy. We will not lie like a tombstone, nor even like a funeral sermon, which is sometimes hardly more veracious. Let us utter nothing but words of truth and soberness.

Neither Lamb nor Keats can claim a place in the very foremost ranks of our writers or poets. It would be untrue and unreal to pretend that they do. They have unique gifts. Lamb, as a delightful humorist, the very Ariel of critics, with a wonderful instinct for the older drama, Keats, as having an unrivalled gift of sensuous lyric. We do not assert that Lamb is one of the master-spirits of English thought, one of the fountain-heads of our literature. Nor is Keats, indeed, among the inmost circle of the blessed poets whose thrones are grouped round Shakespeare. Yet these two hold their own. There is no second Lamb, there is no other Keats.

In these days of so much hysterical enthusiasm in things of taste, of so much combative paradox, it may be as well to make it plainer in what sense I hesitate to claim for either the first rank. The first rank in prose, as in verse, is reserved for those who have embalmed great and virile thoughts in perfect form, who have a vast range of ideas, and have pierced to the roots of varied phases of nature and of life, who have given to after ages whole masses of immortal work,

and who fire the brain and the heart of many millions, past, present, and to come. That is to say, the supreme seats are for work, wherein the thought is superior, or at least equal, to the form, wherein the thought is profound, large, various; where there is mass and volume of splendid achievement, power over vast numbers, all ages, races, and sympathies. This is eminently true of the Shakespeares, Dantes, Homers, and is more or less true of such men as Bacon, Milton, Chaucer, Fielding, Goethe, and Scott. In all of them we find profound insight, mighty imagination, vast range of experience and sympathy, mass of work, world-wide, universal glory and influence.

It would be ridiculous to claim anything of the kind for Keats or for Lamb. The vein of each is a simple streak of fine ore, of narrow limit and without pretension to inspire generations of men. Mass of work, variety of gift, profundity, wide knowledge of man and the world belong not to either. We could no more compare Keats with Shakespeare than we could compare Mont Blanc with one of its own snowy pinnacles, and we can no more go to Lamb for what we get from Bacon than we could expect to find the contents of a good library in a single volume. Now, if Lamb and Keats are worthy of the foremost rank, what rank do we reserve for Bacon and for Shakespeare? And mass of work, brain power, influence over ages and races belong to Spenser, to Chaucer, to Wordsworth, to Burns; yea, to Byron and Shelley amongst poets, as they do to Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Scott, Thackeray and Macaulay, in prose. And brain power, range of work, influence over mankind outweigh wit, fancy, and the mirth of the most airy and curious sympathy, as they certainly outweigh the most melodious poetry, where conception is lost and overpowered in music and passionate rapture.

These are the grounds whereon it would be criminal to indulge in shallow enthusiasms, and mischievous to exalt enchanting qualities of mere form over abiding contributions to the great literature of all time. We are perilously near to that decadence down to the "silver age," which seems to be the senility of all great epochs of literature, when delight in *form* supersedes the *substance* of prose or verse; when fashion dogmatizes about *style*; when the fascination found in the way in which a thought is said, blinds some weak votaries to the thing that is said and even to the meaning of what is said. Tennyson's exquisite graces have made us all so sensitive to "precious" phrases, and Stevenson's subtle enamels in prose have given such vogue to artful modulations, that we are all apt to talk as if some lovely lines on a rosebud, or an ode on "the first swallow," could place their author on a level with Shakespeare's "Sonnets" and Milton's "Lyrics," though no one imagines that their writer could have conceived a "Hamlet" or a "Paradise Lost." Or, again, we talk as if some

pellucid sense about an old play or a new poem could place the essayist in the rank of Bacon or Hume.

A truce to all such hectic extravagances when we dwell on the delightful things left us by these two men, so diverse in nature and yet so much akin in suffering and broken hopes. Needless to-day to rehearse the pangs and tragedies in the life of either, to speak of the low estate, scanty education, drudgery, and ill-health of Lamb, with the horrible catastrophe and life-long burden imposed on him by his sister's malady. Nor need we speak of Keats's life of struggle and sickness, his intense sensitiveness, his mad and hopeless passion, the agonies of his dying hours, and the fatality of death in early youth.

Still less need we pretend to weigh, to appraise, to criticise either of these men, or seek to forecast the place they will hold in the final roll of English literature. It is amply enough for us to-day that, perhaps all through this century, their work, so different, so rare, has been steadily gaining in the esteem of all good judges, so that we may say that we have reached a right estimate of both. No one compares them to each other, or dreams of offering any relative judgment about the two. It is enough to say—and this sums up the case—each had a rare, unique, fascinating gift of his own.

As humorist Charles Lamb stands in the foremost rank, less poetic, less idyllic than Goldsmith, less sardonic than Swift, less graceful than Addison and Steele, less robust than Fielding, less many-sided than Thackeray, less creative than Dickens, but withal a man having a spark of the Falstaffian humour, that humour of the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Antiquary," the grand Homeric humour of the great imaginative masters of the Human Comedy. Not that I compare Lamb's sweet and simple Pan-pipe to these immortal conceptions. But he is of their kith and kin; he can use their mother tongue; he is free of their guild.

And how buoyant is his style! How artless, and yet what art, could we only get to see it! How pure, how natural, how jovial is the English of Elia! Let him who would study plain, easy prose read Lamb's "Essays" or "Letters." You cannot copy or imitate them. They are inimitable, and yet so plain that a child can follow them. They well up straight from a gay, sympathetic, loving heart, as if the brain hardly aided in the act of expression. The quaint little parlour of Bay Cottage rings with his laughter! How kindly, how garrulous, how bright!—and yet written amid such cruel griefs, toils, anxieties, and disappointments.

John Keats presents a remarkable problem. His was far the shortest life in the whole roll of English literature (if we except the boy Chatterton, who was hardly a poet at all). Keats was but twenty-five years and four months old at his death. Now Shelley was thirty,

and Byron was thirty-six, and they are the youngest of our poets. And neither Shelley nor Byron had written such poetry as Keats before he was twenty-four. It would be difficult in all modern literature to name any one who had produced such exquisite work at so early an age. Keats' whole work was composed at an age earlier than that at which Milton wrote "*Lycidas*," or Shakespeare wrote "*Venus and Adonis*." In our thoughts about Keats, let us always remember that he was "a wonderful lad"—an unformed, untrained, neuropathic youth of genius—whose whole achievement came earlier in life than that of almost any other man recorded in our literature—indeed, in any literature. I am inclined to think that, in the whole series of men eminent in various ways in recorded history (unless we go to painters like Giotto and Raffaele, or to musicians like Pergolese, Mozart, and Bellini), no man has left such considerable work under the age of twenty-five as did Keats—"the wonderful lad."

It is right to bear in mind that all we have of Keats were the first experiments of a genius who by the civil law was not yet *suus juris*, whose short life was a chronic fever, and whose aspirations and ideals were in constant flux. But we cannot assume, because in his first flight he left a few hundred of exquisite verses, that at fifty he would have been the peer of Shakespeare and Milton. Let us also remember that injudicious editors and admirers have preserved not only those horrible love-letters of his last agony—"those wild and wandering cries"—"those confusions of a stricken youth" (we may say)—but also much of the raw and tawdry stuff which Keats, like all men of genius, poured out in his first efforts to soar. Of all poets, perhaps (unless it be Byron, who had a mania for scribbling), Keats is the most unequal. Considering his extreme youth, and his shabby training, this was natural enough. Keats can give us perfect gems like the "*Ode to the Nightingale*," the "*Ode to the Grecian Urn*," some of the "*Sonnets*," much of the "*Lamia*," and most of the "*Pot of Basil*" (not a thousand lines in all), and then some gross failures in various experiments which ought not to be printed at all.

Almost all poets but Milton have left behind them much that is immeasurably below their best, and something very poor indeed. Shakespeare himself has done so, and Dryden, Pope, Byron and Wordsworth are conspicuous examples of the same bathos. What wonder if Keats at twenty-two did this also? Even on an occasion when we meet to do honour to a delightful poet, I will not fall in with the hysterics of some eminent critics and tell you that Keats stands beside Shakespeare in the foremost ranks of our poets. We have far too much of this neuropathic mouthing in our day, which seems the age of the hyperboles of cliques and fanatics and of exaggerated delight in some special beauty of phrase or note. It is enough for me that we find in Keats some odes of exquisite passion

and charm, a delight in glow and colour that touches us like a canvas by Giorgione, a few short lyrics which stand in the everlasting lyrical triumphs of our tongue, a promise of command over the melody of verse, a power of painting in winged words which (if he had lived another twenty or thirty years) might have placed him well in the rank of poets somewhere below Milton and Shakespeare. *Might have done* this, if only promise were always followed by performance; if we could be sure that the nature of Keats as a man, his brain, and hold on truths and realities, equalled his mastery over language; if we did not too often feel (even in his best and latest work) that the instrument wherefrom he wrung forth such luscious music, seemed endowed with magic gifts to dash itself free from the hands and consciousness of him who held it.

And now, before I pull the veils aside and show you Mr. Framp-ton's beautiful work, I will end with a moral (for I am one of those incorrigible people who are never easy till they get down to the *moral* of the thing), and there is a memorable lesson taught us by the lives of these two men. Here was Lamb, a man born in the class of office servants in the Temple, educated in the Bluecoat school, where he never reached the upper class, chained as a subordinate clerk in a public office, never much above indigence, afflicted with a terrible domestic calamity, and yet to-day recognised as one of the most exquisite writers of the age, and still one of the most accomplished critics of the older drama.

Again, here is Keats, the son of a livery stable-keeper, apprenticed at fifteen to a Scotch surgeon, drudging at surgery till the age of twenty, struck down soon after with a mortal malady, poor all his life, unsettled, self-taught, wholly dependent on himself for guidance which he sorely needed, and yet recognised as having, at the age of twenty-five, written sonnets which would not disgrace Milton, lyrics that Shelley might have owned, and letters that Byron could hardly surpass. Keats knew no Greek, and yet his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," his "Lamia," are redolent of the essence of Greek myths. Milton himself was hardly more truly Greek in imagination.

Here are two of our brightest men of genius, one a writer of exquisite prose, the other a poet endowed with the luscious note of a nightingale. Yet both were wholly bereft of any education of the official and academic sort. They gave themselves the whole of the education they had, with scant leisure, meagre resources, cruel hindrances. How few indeed of our famous writers in prose or verse, even our men of learning or of science, owe their success to the conventional school and college curriculum! Not Shakespeare, certainly, nor Marlowe, nor Pope, nor Shelley, nor Byron, nor Burns, nor Scott. All of these made themselves, formed their own minds, their own ideals and form. And so, too, did Swift and Defoe, Goldsmith and Gibbon, Mill and Grote, Spencer and Darwin. Milton,

Gray and Johnson are the few examples of those who received complete academic training, and even they gave themselves the best part of their own education.

You, too, may give yourselves your own education! Nay, you *must* do so! It is as true almost for those of us who are not endowed with genius, as it is for those who are, that education can only give us the means of training our own minds. You who have free use of such libraries as this, who can find evening schools, literary and scientific institutes within a few miles of your home, have far more means of training the mind than ever had Lamb or Keats. Lamb had to beg, borrow, screw and scheme to get sight of a "Fletcher" or a "Ben Jonson" or a "Marlowe." Keats quite worried a friend to lend him a "Fairy Queen." If such men could have had the run of such a storehouse of standard literature as is contained on the shelves around us, with what rapture would they have fallen on the feast; how they would have celebrated in prose and verse the munificent founders of these public libraries!

Why is it, I often ask myself, that our English people, which for ages has bred such imaginative genius, which has a literature that nothing in the modern world can rival, are the least reading people of all the nations of Europe north of the Alps and west of the Carpathians? Why are we so far behind our American kinsmen? Why, in the matter of free libraries and books, do we come behind Germans, Scandinavians, Hollanders and Belgians, French, and certainly Americans? Why cannot we make better use even of the munificent gifts of patriotic citizens? I know not: but it is so.

I sometimes fancy that the mechanical and bureaucratic methods of our official education, with our primary schools, and standards, and tests, our endless examinations (which mean endless cramming), and all our engine-turned, compound-action machinery for forcing facts into young brains, as if we were forcing carbonic acid gas into spring water, may make useful clerks and accountants, but is benumbing to the sense of literature, fatal to art, fatal to poetry. It teaches millions, it is true, the art of correct correspondence, quick arithmetic, and some popular statistics of a remunerative sort. But it deadens originality of mind, vulgarises form, dulls the desire for literature, and would cramp genius, if it ever could seize the chance.

Strive to lift this reproach from our English name, that we are indifferent even to our own immortal literature. Let us make more use of the libraries we have; think less about colleges, and examinations and degrees, dispute less about education. Let us think more of educating ourselves, as Lamb did, as Keats did; let us use the books we have—and take care always to use the best books.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE TROUBLES OF A CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY.

THAT there is among Catholics, especially of the younger generation, a great and growing unrest in the presence of modern problems it would be vain to deny. The years of Leo XIII, shining once with all the milder lights of reconciliation, are drawing towards sunset, and clouds come up from the north and the west. Secessions have taken place—not many, indeed, but with no little clamour; books are denounced to the Index; persons fall under suspicion; the battle of the nations, never quite asleep, has broken out afresh in Rome; and the singular episode, which will go down to history with a misleading title as “Americanism,” bears witness, emphatic though unwelcome, to lines of cleavage that may be dissembled, but are nevertheless real, between parties, schools, and public leaders. “Reaction” is the cry of assault and defence. The elements in conflict are many; it is a tangled situation, which we may view from the standing ground of theology, politics, or historical criticism. Nor is it easy to foretell the issue. An institution so vast and complex as the Catholic Church will endure without permanent injury a strain which would rend in pieces any system less profoundly rooted in traditions of the immemorial past. Yet a new chapter seems to be opening, and, if we dare not prophesy, at least we may contemplate the forces which are now in action.

It was a happy stroke, however unscrupulous, to fasten the name of “Americanism” upon a bundle of opinions with which Americans had nothing in common, and then by sheer force of lungs to get these condemned at Rome. Once they had been tossed upon the European tide, condemned they must have been, for they were manifestly unsound, and some of them heretical in a degree which bordered on the ludicrous. But with dogma the Americans had never meddled.

If any danger existed of breaking away from the faith, it was not on their side of the Atlantic but on ours. Apprehensions the most unfounded were stirred up in minds not conversant with the simple downright Catholicism which is universal among native Americans; and, now that acceptance has greeted the Holy Father's instruction on all hands, men are asking themselves where the heresies had sprung up of which not a sample can be discovered between Maine and Oregon. The American demand—for there is a demand—turns not upon doctrine but upon government; it is, in a high and important sense, political; but it has no concern with revolutions in dogma, which all true Catholics would instantly reject. When, however, we look at the events that have lately taken place in France we find ourselves compelled to distinguish between those who are resolved to stay within the Church and those who are leaving or have already left her. The American movement is towards democracy; the European, while including this, goes beyond it. Yet, except in a small minority, who are as units compared with millions—the M. Charbonnells or M. Bourriers, who can boast of no following—there is neither wish nor inclination to tamper with the Creed, and there is perfect obedience to the Hierarchy.

If this be not fully understood, friends and foes will mistake what is going on before their eyes. The secessions which we have lately witnessed are doubtless painful enough, but as symptoms of a falling away to some branch of the Reformation I do not think they will count. Lamennais, though a man of genius, did not take with him one solitary disciple; and which of the clergy that have left us can pretend to the genius of Lamennais? The strength hidden in Catholicism surely is that she has always known her own mind, and that she stands up as the great undoubted embodiment of historical religion. The Roman Church is the head and front of Christianity as it always has existed in the world. When every possible charge has been brought against her that fact remains. It is like the sun in heaven: clouds may darken it, eclipse veil it for a passing moment, but it shines and will shine upon the nations beneath. It is not a philosophy established upon particular and detailed assents, nor did the millions ever live by philosophy. Revelation is a whole, or it ceases to command; it affirms and proves itself by its effects, not by mere arguments; it cannot be halved, but must be taken or left just as it is. Hence there is now no controversy about this article or that of the Creed. What is in question is the Supernatural. To take up with the Bible after casting out the Church is neither sound logic nor in accordance with the lessons of history. And, in fact, the process which disintegrates the institution has gone far towards making an end of the book. What are the dogmas of Liberal Protestantism? Is there one affirmation in the Nicene or the Apostles' Creed on which it will

stake its existence? The name of God, perhaps, and the memory of Christ. But these are not dogmas, to the advanced Liberal they have become mere reminiscences of a religion which is dead or dying.

Some, after quitting our ranks, have joined themselves to the Unitarians; others have fallen in with the Agnostics, others, again, have sought refuge with the Churches they found nearest them. The people look on and do not follow. Why should they? If it is discipline which galls the shoulders of the priest, his lay brethren do not feel that; if he reads history, or takes up the study of the Bible, and his view changes, how can this affect minds which are for the most part innocent of culture, and which perceive in their religion not its long-vanished past, but the power of holiness from which they draw strength and consolation? The problems that fascinate students and critics never can be popular; no, not though Voltaire should give them a sacrilegious and laughter-moving shape fit for the delectation of M. Homais. It happens, likewise, that the satire to which I am here alluding handles the Bible more ruthlessly even than it handles the Church, and thus the dilemma returns which is so formidable in its plain alternatives—either give up Christianity as a whole or accept Catholicism as a whole. The solutions which would take one and leave the other, or which would pick and choose among the articles of faith and practise a dainty eclectic judgment, have had three centuries and a half in which to show what was in them. The result may be seen on all sides. Men are now discussing whether there is a God. The “lawless one” has gained great victories, and, among the powers of the day, Secularism is not the least or the weakest.

It is an *experimentum crucis* as many of us believe. We cannot imagine a Church without Revelation, or Revelation without exponents, or exponents without authority, or authority without protection against error. And the fatal sorites of the Reformation, adding heresy to heresy until nothing is left but a name, appals and dismays us. We have not an atom of trust in science when it quits the phenomenal to discourse on the beginning or the end of things; we know that it knows nothing which lies out of space and time. As for metaphysics, be it a true acquaintance with first principles or only a phantom, it moves in the void, it passes round history, and though it may prove it cannot strengthen. Christianity is a fact; it fills the ages, and whenever we look at it as the people have received it, there we see the Catholic Church. East and West bear the same testimony; in this they are not divided; if the reality which we apprehend is corrupt, then it was corrupt from the very beginning, for it always has exhibited the like features, and the principle of its development has been ever one and the same. Among us there are those who belong to races that were Christian eight hundred, a thousand, or

twelve hundred years ago. They were Catholic then, they are Catholic at the present hour; for them the Reformation has not existed even as an interlude. How can they arrive at a Christianity unlike that which has gone down into their marrow and made their living substance? They may lose it in some horrible catastrophe; but no counterfeit, no second edition, will ever delude them as if it were the faith in which they once believed. The spirit of inquiry may disenchant such a people, it may teach the cultivated "how dogmas come to an end"; yet criticism never was creation, and whence is the new faith to dawn in an empty sky? The argument which tells most in favour of the Catholic Church is its necessity, parallel to that other, *Si Dieu n'existant pas, il faudrait l'inventer*, which, lacking as the expression does in reverence, points to the nature of things, and refutes atheism by an appeal to the void that it makes but cannot fill. It is an argument from fact and history.

Therefore I find it impossible to believe that a new Protestant or Reforming movement will make headway in Catholic countries. If the question were how to keep some dogmas while rejecting others, were it a matter of scientific theology, the small secessions which now reckon their tens or their twenties might swell into congregations and produce a sect visible at least to the naked eye. But surely the state of mind in which difficulties concerning the Pope or the Sacraments count for anything with a born Catholic is one that lies open to the assaults of criticism on every particle of revealed history. The resemblance between Church and Bible from this point of view is not merely a parallel, it is an identity, as was long ago insisted upon by Newman in his famous "Tract Eighty-five," and who has ever refuted him? The Old Testament is in the New; the early Christian centuries anticipate mediæval institutions; if we go by facts and disregard ideal constructions we shall own that the process which binds together the Roman Church as it now is and the Christian communities in the time of Tertullian, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and Ignatius of Antioch was continuous, natural, and inevitable. The idea of a system to be discovered in detail by individual effort and built up on a conscious ground of reasoning would have appeared, at any period down to the twelfth century or later, as what Cardinal Manning once termed it in a brilliant epigram—treason in the eyes of the Church and heresy in the judgment of her teachers.

Surely that is how Christians regarded the "right of private judgment" until the Waldensians, or some other anticipation of Luther, arose. But need we enlarge on its difficulties? Consider only the ten thousand particulars on which, if we are going to set up for ourselves, our conception of the Bible as the written word of God must be founded, the scholarship which a genuine study of its pages cannot

but exact, the psychology of inspiration, the Oriental records, the question of manuscripts, editions, versions, and perversions, all clamouring to be dealt with before any man could declare honestly that his doctrine owed nothing to authority and was simply his own. But, the reply has been suggested, would not this man's good faith and sincere intention avail with the Most High, so that even if his conclusions were false they would profit him as certainly as if they were true? An extraordinary but instructive evasion of the point at issue! We are not denying the inquirer's good faith; we do but ask what becomes of an objective Revelation submitted to analysis, which itself is in search of first principles? Nor is the answer doubtful. That very analysis, not starting from any secure and unassailable dogma, but moving freely about—a criticism which will not be fettered—has emptied Christianity of its contents. There is the plain result, long a matter of course among Germans, and now hardly disguised in this England of ours by professions, as touching as they are vague, that, though the Bible be destroyed, "Christ is left." For then comes Robert Elsmere to drive men farther down the steep by asking them, "Which Christ?" Either it is the miraculous, supernatural, transcendental Christ of the Nicene Creed, "very God of very God"—in which case all our difficulties return—or it is the humanitarian, the Buddha of Galilee, transfigured by legend into something which He never was, and now at length known to be simply man, however we deify Him in our language and worship. These I do call genuine issues, pregnant with consequences to mankind which will be as momentous as decisive. But who will trouble himself with the *Mittelding*, which is so obviously a compromise that, having criticised the infallible Church out of existence, it proceeds to establish itself on a Bible the foundations of which it has hopelessly undermined? Allowing that there are cases in which a dilemma is nothing more than the logician's sleight of hand, I think this identity of Church and Bible in the presence of criticism too real for an evasion which experience has repeatedly shown to be false. Never have I been able to perceive the grounds on which a Christian, accepting the miracles of Elijah or the Apostles, can yet peremptorily put aside the supernatural in Catholicism. I saw the other day, in the sacristy at Assisi, Brother Leo's autograph, an authentic writing, in which, almost immediately after the death of St Francis, he bears witness to the stigmata. Where are the autographs of the first witnesses to the New Testament narrative? But, indeed, the story is all of a piece, it is woven throughout from top to bottom according to an identical pattern. If I am to reject sixteen centuries of an institution as legend on *a priori* arguments, why not all the centuries? My private version of these things, I know, would be fluctuating and uncertain; but is yours any better, my Liberal Protestant friend?

It is no better ; and the multitude, who cannot worship their own deliberate inventions, but must have an object outside of themselves, tangible and real as the country they live in or the Government that rules them, have felt long ago its profound and helpless impotence. Critics, professors, journalists can do much to pull down the public faith and acknowledgment of religion ; what have they ever done to build it up ? I am far from implying that faith is not rooted and founded in history as a great series of authentic transactions ; but I do say that it neither is nor can be founded in scholarship, abstract reasoning, evidences drawn out for private acceptance, inquiry and exploration which has submitted to no guide and will take its own way. In other words, faith is the correlative of a Church, and a Church must affirm and deny as the keeper of the deposit ; as laying down the law, not as arguing ; as a government, not as a school. The safeguard of Revelation is a divinely protected society. Leave it, or suppose it broken up, and the Creed lies henceforth at the mercy of impressions which are only strong when they reflect the ancient truths proclaimed by authority. Yet even such impressions tend to fade away, and in our modern countries—that is to say, almost everywhere—as the visible majesty of the Church declines, dogma passes into the background. It was a great undeniable system of facts, as palpable as the world of the senses. To attenuate and distil it into a philosophy, which men must gain for themselves in leisure moments, is to banish it from life ; it is to imprison it in arid formulas, or in weary volumes of minute and unprofitable controversy. Did the Christian Religion thus begin its wonderful course ? It began in the streets, not in the study ; its message was the Kingdom of God coming upon earth ; it did not tell men of Christ the philosopher, but of Christ the Son of God, who could save them from their sins and miseries. Certainly it preached sublime truths ; but it was not a scholasticism, not a technique, not an argument bandied to and fro between rival metaphysicians. The Reformation, in its zeal against the peril of idolatry, reduced the Creed to booklore, and substituted printing for the Sacraments. It has now pretty well run its course, and of Bible, Church, and Christ Himself, how much has it left intact to the popular apprehension ?

I am not stating these things controversially. My drift is to explain why many of us who know the Church from inside, and who see what the fortunes of religion have been since private judgment took hold of it in Northern countries, are Catholics still, despite imperfections, abuses, tyrannies, and all the evil, great or petty, which has encrusted itself during ages on a venerable institution. Such men may feel the need of reform in more than one department, but the changes that they contemplate are of a nature to discourage those who imagine every Catholic to be either a slave enamoured of his

chains or a rebel preparing to cast them off. We answer that we are neither slaves nor rebels, but men that have inherited a magnificent estate and the noblest name in history, while deeply conscious of the vicissitudes through which both have passed. It would not be difficult to imagine some ideal adequately realised in this lower world, carried on by impeccable agents, never breathed upon by scandal nor subject to disaster. But no such ideal do we possess. How far the Kingdom of God shall be realised here below depends upon every one of its citizens. We begin with an open confession that as yet it is not fulfilled, but only on the way to fulfilment. And as the effect of trusting private judgment in matters of faith is to dissolve and evaporate the Creed until indifference sets in, so the danger of not ourselves endeavouring to realise the ideal is, on the one side, lukewarmness and formality; on the other, a system in which officials, being neither aided nor criticised, fall into routine, become a sort of close corporation, and find their energies absorbed in carrying on the government.

The Kingdom of God is not a scheme of metaphysics, as it tends to become in the hands of school-theologians, whether Protestant or Catholic. But it is also something more than a bureaucracy to be recruited always from one people or one section of a people. The ordinary government of the Church deserves, indeed, and will repay most careful examination on the part of a philosopher. It does what it undertakes smoothly and noiselessly, according to maxims which the experience of ages has ratified; nor is there anywhere in the world a system more exquisitely contrived in its various and complicated machinery. But the executive which works well at one period may encounter strange difficulties when a new era is beginning; and if elements are introduced foreign to its make or not congenial to its methods, a certain degree of readjustment will be needful. What, I ask, is the new element which has broken an entrance into the Catholic Church?

I reply in a single word. It is "Democracy."

Of course, from a certain point of view, the Church has always exhibited some of the features which distinguish a popular as contrasted with an absolute Government. There is no caste of rulers privileged by birth to assume the duties that belong to executive or legislative, no born aristocracy, or hereditary kingship, or class from which the lowliest are excluded by accident of position. Moreover, in theory the clergy still choose their bishops, and the parish priests of Rome choose their Pope; while in the ordination of every priest an appeal is made to the people there assembled for their testimony of good character, on the ground, expressly stated, of the common interest. As regards ecclesiastical laws—not those which, being

simply under the Church's jurisdiction, and all canonists, lay down as conditions of the law, a principle so much that makes for freedom, and implies a consent on the part of the governed. Bishops, promulgating decrees in Synod, ask the clergy to say "Placet" to them, which would have no meaning unless, in the given case, they say also "Non placet." All the forms, in short, of a true representative system are extant within the Church; nor does this consent of the subject, expressed or understood, diminish Episcopal or Papal rights, which are *jure divino*, and not dependent on popular suffrage. Perhaps there never was a more august Parliament than that which assembled at Constance in 1414, and by its intrepid action put an end to the Great Schism. But every General Council has displayed a hierarchical order of rights and privileges, founded ultimately, as touching the persons that exercised them, on election by the individuals over whom they ruled. Nor, even in dogmatic decisions, were the laity forgotten. They, too, are witnesses, and in their own way guardians, of the Christian verities. The *sensus fidelium* is a part, and an indispensable part, of tradition; so that, in idea, no one is excluded from his share in testifying to the Creed which we all believe in, or from the possibility of making his voice heard where his interests are in question. The Church is a society, a congregation, self-governed, elective, and free within as without—free as against Cæsar, free likewise in all her members, who must not be governed despotically but according to the Canons; not, therefore, by the personal pleasure of any man, were he the Pope himself; not *ex arbitrio*, but with due forms and procedures, or, to say it in English, constitutionally. The law is supreme over all, and the proudest title which the Roman Pontiff bears is, "Servus servorum Dei." He is not a master lording it over slaves, but the minister, the steward, appointed to dispense good things to the heirs of salvation.

This extremely complicated system, the origin of which goes back to Apostolic periods, is subject, as history proves, to a thousand changes in detail, and to endless fluctuations of vigour. Its powers may be dormant, or one of them exalt itself at the cost of another; advantage may be taken by a class, an order, a strong personality, of those who are weak and timid, or indolent and neglectful of their duties. But the changes that concern us now are chiefly those which have taken place since the sixteenth century. In the Middle Ages there was, on the whole, a very large and constant exercise of the popular privileges by the laity as well as the clergy, and bishops wielded a jurisdiction such as, even in missionary countries now, would be deemed unusual. With the second half of the sixteenth

century came in the Spanish influence. Philip II. and his successors, had all the same Government. The Spanish system abhorred discussion except on speculative problems, and simply passed over the democratic or mediæval Church's existence as though they had never been. The Papacy did not appeal to the common people, or in any way regard them. Bishops were now, as a rule, men of high birth and courtly ambition, but Rome, which during its most glorious period had drawn men from every part of Europe, and under Popes like Innocent III. was truly the world's capital, lost by degrees its international aspect. It became Spanish, Italian, Neapolitan; it had long cast out the French influence, and with Germany and the North it seemed to hold only an intermittent commerce. The Papacy was an heirloom for which Italian houses contended, the executive rarely included a foreigner, and, if any were found among the Roman Congregations, they had lived so entirely away from the country of their birth as nearly always to have become, in the expressive language of the proverb, *Italianate*. This condition of things, lasting down to the French Revolution, has not altered since. Thoughtful persons are asking themselves whether it can still continue as the Church expands again and enters on her new conquests.

It is not to be supposed that a Government, extending its spiritual sway over two hundred millions of people, and concerned with delicate and difficult questions all day long, can flourish unless it has ministers specially trained to fulfil these duties—which is what we mean by a bureaucracy. In some shape or other the Roman Congregations have always existed, and must continue to exist, for how could the Pope act without instruments? Nor will permanent officials cease to magnify their office, while it is certain that, as they are not infallible, they will sometimes go astray. The considerations which are at present engaging many minds, and those entirely devoted to the Roman Church, take at once a wider scope than any outward changes would attain, and a more subtle problem lurks in them. If the English-speaking races are to come under Catholic influence, men ask us, what does that involve? Absolute surrender on the one side and triumph without conditions on the other? Impossible. Not so are the great movements of the world carried on to a satisfactory issue. Again, if the Democracy, which has learned in its own order the secret of self-government, is to be reconciled with Rome, can the temper, the methods, of the sixteenth century avail under circumstances so novel and unprecedented? That is the larger meaning of "*Americanism*," which is still not bent upon revolutionising dogma, as some do vainly talk, but the contrary, on bringing it home to populations that neither by training nor disposition have the slightest fellow-feeling with

absolute government, while sadly in need of a religion that shall teach them the ancient faith and restore their belief in the Supernatural.

The hour invites these thoughts and urges us to be ready, lest we find ourselves unprepared. It is not as though methods and principles, essentially foreign to the Catholic Church, were to be thrust upon her by short-sighted politicians. The forms are actually incorporate with her being, they existed long ere the Renaissance trampled down the people and set up, so far as Providence would allow, an oligarchy or a despotism which sacrificed the many to caste and privilege. Local interests, the traditions of religious Orders, the venerable maxims of a Government which has had no rival in its long experience of men and things, may all be respected, while institutions that have never perished take to themselves a new and vigorous energy, such as befits a people who are becoming alive to their responsibilities, a clergy endued with apostolic zeal, and a great army of converts who bring to their adopted faith no little of the ardour which they once displayed in fighting against it. So far as I am aware, the simple acknowledgment as living forms, and not as mere formalities, of these institutions—they are the Church's own creation—would satisfy all who are lovers at once of Catholicism and the Democracy. When they have it dinned into their ears that indifference is the giant evil of the day, they answer that men will be indifferent unless their enthusiasm is kindled by being allowed to share in the public life of the community; unless they are taught, by the exercise of their own privileges, that the parish, the diocese, and Rome itself are the portion of their inheritance. It is not enough that they should be asked to approach the Sacraments, to pay their dues, and to leave the administration of all things to the clergy. How the older and better state of the congregation should be restored is a serious inquiry, too difficult for this occasion. But, as I have heard a priest of wide experience emphatically declare, until it is done there will be secret societies and quasi-religious associations, tempting away to themselves many of the faithful, who are not always satisfied to be passive and paying members at home in church. In this observation a sidelight is thrown upon the remarkable and perplexing question of Freemasonry—that strange apparition on the Continent of which our journals abroad write with fear and trembling, but not, so far as one can see, with accurate knowledge. On all hands the difficulty is admitted of keeping young men faithful to the ordinances which as children they have revered. The democratic management of a parish and its resources—however to be accomplished—is, no doubt, the one solution. At all events, if the laity are not organised in church, they will be attracted by systems and societies out of church. During the Middle Ages *they* were the parish and the priest was their parson—their

head and representative, who acted with them and they with him. The great gulf which is now fixed in the administration between pastor and people was then unknown. It is surely not an article of Catholic tradition that the gulf should remain. But how can it be filled up without giving the laity a legal and acknowledged status, which at present they do not possess, nor could claim in the face of opposition on the part of their clergy?

Once the method of combination rather than of isolation has been recognised, a philosopher will see that it is applicable in many other ways. The position and promotion of the clergy in a diocese; their permanence on some system which should retain what was valuable under the old law of benefices, while not losing the flexibility of the modern or missionary arrangement, their consultative voice or vote in the election of the bishop, on whom at present they depend absolutely, and numerous points of equal importance which will occur to an ecclesiastic who has served his time, are among these questions, always with us, often debated, and worthy of attention. But let us hasten to a loftier ground, from which we may view the entire problem of Democracy, as it bears on the fortunes of the Catholic Church.

"The pure idea of Democracy," says Mr. Stuart Mill—and I am quite content to accept his definition—"is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented." Although nowhere at present realised, this may certainly be taken as the goal towards which modern society is advancing. It supposes in every man a conscious dignity, a sense of his own individual rights, and it insists on the ministerial character which belongs to all functions and offices, how august soever, of the body-politic. President, King, Parliament are not the end of the State, nor must we say with Molière in the comedy that we live to do their pleasure; on the contrary, they exist because the people have need of organs and instruments to carry out the social scheme. In a commonwealth those that rule are "ministers"; and officials, apart from their office, are merely citizens like the rest. Free choice being the element out of which the whole constitution is wrought, and election the method of determining who shall exercise public duties, it is manifest that the foundation on which the social edifice rises is nothing else than inviolate personality. The law is supreme, not the man; and in seeing to its execution an officer who should consult merely his own interest or emolument, his private tastes or hereditary prejudices, would be acting as a corrupt and tyrannical ruler, and going beyond his commission.

Now, if natural society is tending this way, and already passing into the stage of a free association, what shall we say of the Church? By its very definition, it is voluntary—"stuff of the conscience"—accepted inwardly before it is professed outwardly. No man can be made a Christian against his will. Doubtless, it is the duty of all

men, so soon as the Gospel message has been put before them with its *motiva credibilitatis*, to embrace its teaching; but if they will not, how are they to be coerced? Nay, the axiom runs, "*Homines ad Evangelium trahendi, non cogendi*"; persuasion is the only Christian method, and force makes martyrs or hypocrites, not converts. In our day, the Catholic Church is the largest voluntary association existing among mankind. It simply has not the power in fact of compelling bishop, priest, or layman to abide within its borders. Moral suasion is the air which it breathes; and, allowing for the presence of interests which tell in its favour, and for the associations of a long-established worship, still there is no country in which it has not to compete with rivals and enemies, none where it must not approach every man individually and solicit his adhesion, precisely as in a Democratic State the powers that be rely for their existence on his suffrage. That he is under a strict obligation to hear the Church makes no more difference, as regards the manner of persuading him, in one instance, than the parallel duty of obeying the law does in the other. He cannot be coerced, he must be convinced, if he is to give his vote and interest in either case. Such is now the inevitable form of Democracy in Church and State.

Moreover, concerning the Church, he need hold himself merely passive—not hostile, but indifferent—and he stands outside it. How shall he be affected by threatening to withdraw religious privileges which he does not value, as in the old days of interdict, or to lay on him spiritual censures at the name of which he scoffs? The Inquisition, the Index—let candid and far-seeing authorities ask themselves how these names are regarded in modern countries, what they are as powers, what as memories and associations from the past. If a hundred texts will not alter one fact, it is clear that the most determined resolution on the part of officials will not prevail against a still more inveterate custom on the part of nations and peoples. Men, therefore, will be Catholics because it is their duty indeed, but with freedom of choice, in obedience to an authority which they must accept before it can touch them, and not without an intelligent appreciation of the grounds on which they believe. The Church comes to them first; they do not go to the Church. And they must be drawn, interested, charmed, and so led on to acknowledge that faith is a reasonable service, which does not aim at the suppression of a just liberty, but is itself the mainstay of true civilisation.

Are we, then, to accommodate the Gospel to human inventions? By no manner of means. But we are called upon to distinguish between religion and policy. The Catholic creed is one and the same; but the nations that profess it have their special tempers, their indigenous philosophy so to speak, their ways of regarding the world, their limits, prejudices, endowments. And no nation, Latin, Greek, German,

American, has any right to impose on others its peculiar fashions. The Southern peoples, who were once, and perhaps are still under the surface, intensely Republican, accept or submit to modes of interference from Government which in these countries, or in America, would not be tolerated for a single week. Let them do so if they choose ; but who shall charge us with being disloyal Catholics if we will not exchange our old free customs for the methods of Napoleon ? Again, *we* live under the Common Law, *they* under the Roman. Let each make the best of what he has ; but futile indeed will be the task of those who attempt to persuade us that the laws we have inherited from our Catholic ancestors are not preferable to a jurisprudence derived from Imperial Cæsar and heathen Rome

Furthermore, among us no man is compelled to prove his innocence, but those who accuse him are required to prove his guilt ; the courts are open, trial is public, witnesses are confronted with the accused and cross-examined ; the judge will not listen in private to either party ; and none are expected to give evidence against themselves. Not only is a judge required to be impartial, he is bound to make his impartiality manifest in the actual proceedings, and to take and weigh the evidence before the nation at large, so that every step shall be known and the prisoner's defence stand side by side with the charges brought against him. Can it be said that Ecclesiastical Law and its procedures, as we now experience them, are moulded on this pattern ? And in whatever degree they follow the earlier type, with its secrecy, its suspicion, its separation of the accusers from the accused, its interrogation of the alleged culprit and demands for compulsory answers from him, its summing up *in camera*, and suppression of the grounds which have led to its final verdict, can, I say, these legal methods, contrasted with the methods long prevalent in English-speaking countries, possess that authority which our native tribunals enjoy, and which is the very jewel of the English Constitution ? The question is not whether decrees pronounced under these circumstances are just, but whether the justice of them will be manifest to all concerned and to the world which is looking on ; and that, too, in an age of extreme and almost exaggerated publicity, when these Ecclesiastical causes alone are withdrawn from universal observation. One knows all that may be urged on the other side. This, however, cannot be urged, that a people, who have tasted the benefits of English Common Law, will ever dream of accepting another, framed on principles supremely uncongenial to them, and exposing authority to the suspicion—as also, human nature being what it is, to the sometime danger—of sacrificing unpopular individuals to interests and prejudices which insist on their accustomed claims.

Trial by jury is trial by one's peers ; by those that are not alien to the man accused, but well and duly acquainted with the kind of facts

which happen to be in question. The executive of an International Church ought, one would say, to be such a mixed jury as, in the cases occurring, will at once comprehend these peculiar differences, and adjudicate in view of them. But, as was to be expected, the almost total falling away of the Northern Kingdoms brought in its train a state of things utterly unlike that which was characteristic of the Middle Ages, when as yet neither the Papacy nor the Curia had become exclusively Italian. If there are to grow up, among the hundred and twenty millions who now speak English, a number of strong and active local churches in communion with the Holy See, it seems inevitable that the choice of ministers for the executive shall be greatly widened. Trained officials there must be; yet who will maintain the singular proposition that these, as if by divine appointment, should always be sought in Sicily, or the Abruzzi, in the former Roman States, or even in Rome itself? On this subject nothing I could here set down would express the difficulties of the situation more forcibly—I am speaking, it must be remembered, of the *Orbis Britannicus* and its relation to an Ecumenical Government at a distance—than the words of Mr. Stuart Mill which I now transcribe. He writes thus in his valuable and well-balanced treatise “On Representative Government”.

“It is always under great difficulties, and very imperfectly, that a country can be governed by foreigners, even when there is no extreme disparity in habits and ideas between the rulers and the ruled. Foreigners do not feel with the people. They cannot judge, by the light in which a thing appears to their own minds or the manner in which it affects their feelings, how it will affect the feelings or appear to the minds of the subject population. What a native of the country of average ability knows as it were by instinct they have to learn slowly and, after all, imperfectly by study and experience. The laws, the customs, the social relations for which they have to legislate, instead of being familiar to them from childhood, are all strange to them. For most of their detailed knowledge they must depend on the information of natives, and it is difficult for them to know whom to trust. They are feared, suspected, disliked by the population, seldom sought by them except for interested purposes, and they are prone to think that the servilely submissive are the trustworthy. Their danger is of despising the natives, that of the natives is of disbelieving that anything the strangers do can be intended for their good.”

In this pregnant passage are summed up with a master's hand, though he was not thinking of them, the antecedents to which in no small measure we may trace the Reformation. But, to compare a slight episode with a turning-point in history, the same sentences would furnish a comment, as curious as it should prove wholesome, on the chapter of “Americanism.” I am dealing with the subject elsewhere. That, however, the stupendous noise and passionate polemic which it has aroused were due as much to misunderstanding as to dislike

* Mill, “On Representative Government,” p. 135, popular edition.

or terror at the sudden emergence of America on a stage hitherto occupied by the Latins, will be doubtful to none who read the publications so profusely scattered abroad during this controversy. The parties to it were mostly French, but, so far as any Americans happened to interpose, they spoke a language incomprehensible at Paris, and the plane of thought on which they moved was unexplored by the officials of the Curia. To the French Legitimist, as to the Italian, maxims which are a commonplace of Anglo-American law—but which in no case were intended for metaphysical first principles—appeared heretical or unmeaning. Neither is the last a solitary instance, though perhaps the most significant during our generation. Now the obvious remedy—unless misunderstandings are to keep Rome and the English world apart for ever—is that Britons and Americans should be allowed their full share in the Central Executive. It may be replied that the bishops of the respective countries will afford all the protection that can be desired. But the circumference is not the centre, and as the centre is subject to its own peculiar influences, so at the centre provision may well be made for convincing the nations at large that Rome takes just heed of their wants and wishes. The Catholic bishops bear a striking resemblance to the Governors of States in America, as does the Curia to the Federal authorities at Washington. Indeed, between the American Constitution and that of the Roman Church analogies meet us at all points. Who would call it a satisfactory condition of things if, while each State chose its own Governor, the White House was filling the Executive with natives of Maryland and Virginia, throwing in occasionally, and as it were by chance, one man from Illinois and another from New York? I repeat that the problem for any authority, lay or ecclesiastical, in our times is not only to be just but to appear just, and that in the eyes of democratic millions. This would hardly be effected, though all State Governors were above suspicion, by appointing the members of the Administration on the lines of class, or birth, or exclusive nationality. A Federal or Ecumenical Government should be as wide in its selection of the persons composing it as in the jurisdiction which it exercises. For, unless it be in this manner truly representative, elements of weakness will creep in, dissatisfaction will be fostered, and its very objects will be thwarted or set aside in consequence of that law by which an organism depends for its proper nourishment on every one of its parts, and the circulation of the blood is the condition of life and healthy action.

These, so far from being personal questions, are in the highest degree catholic and universal. The permanent Council, which has its seat in Rome, will be effective so far as it virtually includes every portion of the Church, and weak as it is wanting in any one of them. If we regard doctrine, it is granted that different schools must ever

exist within the pale of Catholicism, consenting as to dogma, yet in many momentous points at variance. There is room for an English or German school as for the Scotists and Thomists, who once, long ago, fought their battles in the arena of the Vatican. Cardinal Newman is as great as Cardinal Bellarmine, and as much entitled to a hearing as Petavius or De Maistre. And he has a theory of his own—in apologetics, in the psychology of assent, in the history of dogmatic development. As regards what is compendiously termed “discipline,” the story of a hundred years announces so many and such sweeping changes that we may well suppose another century will see them largely increased. The contact of English law with the Code Napoléon, with the legal methods of the Romans, with all that we have touched upon in the preceding observations, cannot fail to awaken interest and lead to comparison. Journalism, now ubiquitous, means publicity; and if the diplomatist cannot keep his designs secret, are not even sacred officials working under glass—but not wholly, and therefore at a disadvantage, since, were everything known, the guesses that now do so much mischief would be impossible? There is, in short, a modern tribunal from whose judgment not even the loftiest can escape; and if Pascal might say, under Louis XIV., that “opinion is the queen of the world,” what are we to think when it has been organised and become democratic? Opinion is free as it never was—free from danger of the Bastille and the Piombi, furnished with organs beyond counting, and able to express itself from hour to hour in myriads of printed columns and in all languages. Publicity is the order of the day. And with publicity English principles are in profound and hearty agreement.

On the other hand, freedom according to law is a Catholic idea, and arbitrary government has no foundation in the Canons or the Councils. Though individuals should strain to make their pleasure seem the law, and do what in them lies to exalt opinions or prejudices into dogmas; though the servile may affect an unmanly, nay, even a Byzantine adulation of rulers whose claim on our reverence is their office, not their persons; yet, in spite of all this, Christ has made us free, and we are not the bond-slaves of any Cæsarism. The misunderstandings of centuries cannot be cleared up in a day, but if ever the Northern peoples draw nigh to Rome, assuredly they will bring their liberty along with them. That liberty is not lawlessness. None have respected the laws more than they, even while they hoped to better them; and reform in English eyes must be constitutional, or the nation will have none of it. Should the number of American and other English-speaking Catholics increase, as it surely will, how is their influence not to be felt, or their idea of self-government and open justice to be defeated? They have the secret of orderly political progress, than which none is more favourable to Catholicism. But if they do not insist on others sharing

it, they mean it to avail for themselves and the New World—that New World which is larger than the Old, and embraces more than one continent—where Democracy, not Imperialism, has got the start as it will keep the supremacy. Under these conditions the Church must deliver her message. Ought she to prefer Tiberius Cæsar or the tyrants of the Renaissance to a Republic which guarantees her freedom and respects her moral dignity?

The Catholic faith is, in our view, concrete religion, as it is historical Christianity. Again, English liberty is the highest achievement of civilisation regarded in its judicial and political aspects. These two gifts of Providence, at present put asunder, we desire to see joined together for the good of the world. United, they should prove equal to the establishment of a higher and happier state of mankind than has hitherto been known. Their enemies, we must say it distinctly, are the fanatics and extremists who would bring in anarchy without religion, or religion without freedom, those who are striving all they can to make Christianity seem false, or to make it seem odious. Meanwhile, the nations are perishing. That any large number of men and women will be drawn to the Church, or driven out of it, by arguments, by decrees, which bear on minute details in the text or the history of the Bible, or which deal with recondite points of dogma and rarefied systems of philosophy, it is impossible to imagine. The issues of life and death are elsewhere. Democracy is a fact; unbelief is rampant; and the millions are waiting for social redemption. Who will bring it to them? As we hope and believe, that creation of a new and better world is reserved for the Catholic Church. Therefore we are constrained to cry aloud and spare not; to warn those who threaten liberty in the name of Absolutism that they are darkening the dawn of faith and repeating their ancient error which confounded religion with dynasties, as now they would confound it with national prejudice and local interests. It is well they should learn that the youthful peoples who speak our tongue do not mean to be ruled by Philip II. from his tomb in the Escorial, that they prefer Stephen Langton and Magna Charta to Spanish and Renaissance methods, and will ever do so. But we say, let these democratic races be assured of freedom under their own laws—these who, for many a year to come, will be the vanguard of civilisation—and tokens are not wanting that they may look with favour on the beauty of the Catholic Church, and one day be subdued by her charm. For ourselves, who are already in possession of a creed that we reverence and a freedom before the law that we do not mean to lose, what else can we desire than that all nations should be Catholic, and all Catholics be delivered from the dead hand of Cæsarism?

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

A REPLY

THE writer who sought, under the singular name of 'Voces Catholicæ,' to prove in the May CONTEMPORARY that a Catholic University was not possible, because no sort of liberty and not even a decent attempt at science could be found in any institution under the yoke of Rome, ought not to go without an answer. He writes in the name of Catholics, as if he were not only a Catholic himself, but the spokesman of a large and influential school. He sets forth, with much parade of accuracy and reference, a series of tales, mainly about Washington and Freiburg, which have the air of a damning indictment. He draws, with a fine show of sorrow, the conclusion that Rome is the chief modern enemy of Christianity and of truth in general; and then he exhorts us in very pretty periods "not to be driven from the true fold."

All this is probably consoling and convincing to the English Protestant public, who know nothing of the facts. and even on those who know a good deal the article will not fail to make an impression, for the simple reason that many things which it contains are true. With what intentions the writer compiled it I know not, for I know not who he is. But, whatever his purpose was, he has set afloat that most mischievous form of falsehood which consists in telling one half of a story and leaving out the other. Had he told the whole, either as to Washington or Freiburg or anything else, the English public would have been obliged to draw a conclusion precisely contrary to that which he suggests: for the simple fact is, strange as the readers of the CONTEMPORARY may think it, that neither in Washington University nor in Freiburg University has there been any interference with freedom of teaching or research whatever, and that in both of these places of education there are at this moment men of the most advanced opinions, who study and teach with less hindrance than if they were professors, let us say, at Trinity College, Dublin.

The writer who signs himself "Voces Catholicæ" has evidently no

personal knowledge of either of the universities he condemns; and it would be impossible in any decent compass to rectify his somewhat prolix and obviously second-hand details. But there are two broad rectifications which, in the interests of truth, ought to be made at once. The rest may, perhaps, be then left to the appreciation of the fair-minded public.

In relation to the University of Washington the writer praises its initial programme and the authors thereof, and instantly informs us that "these excellent men are scattered throughout the Old and New World," and that "the annihilation of the institution—for it is nothing less—was brought about by quarrels imported from Rome itself." To any one who knows the state of things at this moment these phrases only reveal the fact that the writer cannot know what he is talking about. Will it be believed that the fact is that this "excellent" programme has been carried out continuously from 1889 to the present hour; that the university is proceeding unmolested with its successful and courageous work; that its most liberal and modern-minded professors are teaching at their posts just as they always did, and have neither been dismissed, suspended, silenced, nor driven to modify their views?

It is quite true that as the outcome of a disgraceful private cabal—as to some part of which the diatribe of "Voces" is probably justified—the Pope was at one moment misled into recalling Mgr. Keane. There have been cabals in universities before, and it has even chanced before that a Visitor or other governing authority has been misled as to facts by powerful and active agents. But mark the result—all of which "Voces" suppresses by the artistic device of drawing a line precisely at the moment of Mgr. Keane's invitation to Rome. The decree, as he himself admits, suggested no kind of censure or disapproval either of his work or of the university in general. But that is a detail.

Mgr. Keane is the gentlest of men. He obeyed without a murmur, laid down his beloved work, and went to the Pope. There he was cordially received and was soon able to tell his own tale. The Pope, being quickly undeceived—for he is a man of singularly frank and sympathetic intelligence when he meets men face to face—at once advanced Mgr. Keane to high honour and emolument, for he made him an archbishop, gave him a stall at St. John Lateran, and attached him to one of the great congregations. The election of his successor had to proceed; but the choice fell upon an able and sympathetic American scholar, whose broad views and educational zeal were very well known, and who has ever since worked in perfect harmony with the staff which Mgr. Keane had chosen. Dr. Schroder, the man who had apparently made all the mischief according to the account of "Voces" himself, and whose perverse and anti-Catholic purposes even "Voces" probably does not fully know, was condemned and sent back to Germany. His condemnation—"uncanonical telegrams" notwithstanding—has been duly upheld by the Holy See, and he is

now quite powerless to injure Washington, which is the freer and the more efficient by his absence. But there is more.

If "Voces" knows the facts of the cabal, he can hardly fail to know that the purposes of the hostile party (who are *not* at Rome, but in America) were by no means confined to the supersession of the Rector. They intended and laboured to supersede also the most conspicuous of the liberal-minded professors whom he had appointed and whose work makes Washington in truth a centre of light and leading in scientific thought. At the moment when Mgr. Keane was recalled it seemed that they might have succeeded. That was owing, no doubt, as "Voces" says, to the unaccountable tergiversation of Cardinal Satolli, whose feather-headed inconsistencies in this and other matters have largely ruined his influence at the Vatican already. Whether Satolli advised the cashiering of the professors—there were four marked for attack—I know not. I suspect he did. But the patent fact is that not one of the professors was dismissed, censured, or interfered with.

Finally, it has recently been said in the press, and I believe with truth, that the Board of American Bishops who preside over the University, including Archbishop Corrigan, have unanimously asked the Pope to send back Archbishop Keane to the United States in order that he may resume the chief work he did before his resignation. That work was to lecture in favour of the University in all the great towns, to plead its necessity and its importance for American Catholicism, and to collect the large sum of money still necessary for its stable endowment, and therefore for its permanence as one of the world's seats of learning. To that petition the Pope has agreed, and before the year is out the University of Washington will again have the personal help of its founder and Apostle, and through him it will doubtless attain, without delay, a position doubly secure.

In a word, the history of the Washington University is not only not a proof of the necessary "annihilation" of free centres of study under the Roman obedience, but it is an emphatic indication of that very liberty of teaching within the Catholic system which "Voces" would have us suppose to be hopeless.

In relation to Freiburg the tale is different, but the conclusion is the same. Here, again, the writer appears to know or to state only half the story; but in this case that half consists of the *ex parte* account given by the seceding coterie of professors, from whose writings "Voces" seems to derive all or almost all his information. There has been, for example, a detailed answer published by the non-seceding teachers, in refutation of what they hold to be gross and unworthy calumnies. But "Voces" does not seem even to have heard of it. There are those who are still living and teaching in peace and freedom at Freiburg, who are as learned, as liberal, as independent of the Dominican Order, and even as German in their sympathies, as the band whose secession appears to "Voces" to

demonstrate the incurable obscurantism of the Roman Church. Into the details of what was merely a petty personal squabble, carried on with that senseless bitterness and exaggeration which has in all ages marked the quarrels of German professors, it would be hopeless to enter here. I do not even wish to take sides as to the *pros* and *cons* of the question whether the clamorous Germans were or were not treated with all the regard which they deserved. But what I do say is that the quarrel did not turn upon nor involve the question of liberty of teaching or of study; and that in spite of the secession and the controversy and mischief which have followed it, the professorial staff at Freiburg is now at least as free as that at Washington.

The mainspring of the discussion was, in Switzerland as in the United States, that patriotic intoxication of the German temperament which is now making political Protestants in Austria. In both cases the fact is notable and serious. In neither has it anything to do with "liberty," and in neither is it to be charged upon the "obscurantism" of the Roman Court, whatever interested partisans may choose to say.

Into the other vague hints and charges which decorate the article it is idle to inquire at length. *Ex uno omnes*. They are all alike—misleading statements of half-truths, the more false because they are "founded on fact." He names Lagrange, Semeria, Loisy. The two first-named read papers of great boldness on the results of Old Testament criticism at the important Congress at Freiburg two years ago. No one has condemned them. Lagrange is still authorised, both by the Roman See and by the Dominican Order, to teach and to write—and his freedom is in no way destroyed. The paper in question, which is an excellent *résumé* of the attitude of a loyal, learned, and liberal-minded Catholic towards Old Testament "criticism," has just been issued from the Freiburg University Press as a part of the *compte-rendu* of the Congress. Loisy was, it is true, prevented from continuing his lectures to seminary students at the Paris Institut, not by Rome, but by the timidity and weakness of the State-selected French bishops, some of whom appear even to the most loyal Catholics to be an opprobrium and a danger to the Church. But the French clergy contains also a large body of most wide-minded and learned scholars, and I have heard of no single case in which their scientific results have been suppressed. Loisy himself is one of the most daring of New Testament critics—albeit he is a believing and a loyal Catholic. His work is well known, and he goes on publishing his results without condemnation to this hour. Indeed, it is only a few months ago that a Professor of Scripture in Archbishop Corrigan's own seminary in New York published for his students a "Harmony of the Gospels," in which he openly professed his obligations to both Loisy and Lagrange, and not even that highly conservative Archbishop has demurred.

The truth is that there is a good deal of somewhat disloyal and mischievous cant in certain quarters about "the Jesuits" and the

tyranny of the Roman Congregations. It is true enough that there are champions of reaction now or lately powerful at the Roman Court, and that the Church has been passing, for that reason, through a time of stress. It is true that mischief has been done and more mischief is possible. But these troubles are ephemeral, and the real liberty to which all Catholics can lay claim is far deeper and is abiding. The decisions of Congregations are not infallible; and when they are in error, it is mostly because the judges are ignorant of the facts. The Italians who man the offices of the Curia are mostly far from fanatical. They are sincere, and they are extremely able. But they are lamentably ignorant of the world outside, and particularly of that vast English-speaking world, which they are gradually coming to regard as the real hope of the Church. It is not by unjust and untrue diatribes that they will be made to see that there are more things in Catholicism than some of them have dreamt of. But it is by the very existence and by the patient, respectful, reasonably worded and carefully considered insistence of students and schools of study which are Catholic and yet modern, that such intellectual scandals as arise may be abated, and the influence of unwise counsels destroyed. Certainly, while the present Pope lives none need fear that he will consciously put his hand to an illiberal decree. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that since he has regained his full health and resumed the personal direction of official work the fears of "reaction," which called forth such articles as that of "Voces," have passed away.

No loyal Catholic who knows his theology is in any fear about his essential liberty. That there must be Church Courts he knows, and he is certainly not desirous of seeing the judging or teaching authority of the Church reduced to the kind of farce which is now going on at Lambeth. He knows also that judges and politicians err, although the Church does not, and that, however pure and honourable the lives of most of the chiefs of the Roman Church now are, there may well be some who take bribes, and some who play for their own interest, and some who are uneducated or prejudiced or merely blundering and incompetent. But, in so far as such evils exist, they seem to us to be only the stronger reason for promoting the establishment and the success of Catholic Universities, and they assuredly afford no reason for decrying or deserting a Church which, by God's providence, has safely survived evils in high places a hundred-fold more deplorable. Alike in administrative efficiency and in real liberty, the Catholic Church need fear no comparison with her rivals. And there is no reason to doubt that in both respects she will continue to improve, as she recovers more and more from the incalculable mischief which was wrought in the ordered movement of the centuries by the mad violence of Martin Luther and the personal passions of Henry VIII.

A MODERN CATHOLIC

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

A NATION engaged in a serious conflict with a foreign Power naturally looks to its Government as its spokesman. However small it may be, however insignificant its population, it will expect its Government to take an attitude not only prudent, but proud, or, at the very least, one commanding respect. If the Danish people, in the difficult situation in which the Danish South Jutlanders are at present placed, have cherished such a hope, they have been disappointed. The Government of Denmark, which, in fact, represents nothing, not even a party, still less a country, has not succeeded in obtaining speech with the German Government, certainly not in making any impression upon it.

It would then be childish for a single individual lacking both power and authority to imagine that he personally could gain speech with the German nation. Where national feelings come into play, people turn a deaf ear to one who would plead the cause of an oppressed neighbouring race. However, there exists in all races an *élite*, composed of the best elements of the people. And even in dealing with a hopeless cause one cannot help asking oneself what there would be to say in case it were possible for a single Dane to get the least prejudiced of the modern German nation to listen to him?

I.

The Danish nation, two millions strong, went to war with the German Confederation for Sleswick fifty years ago, and thirty-five years ago it went into a madly heroic struggle again for Sleswick against two allied Great Powers. Denmark, therefore—whatever judgment one may pass on her politically—has, at any rate, shown

her friends and her enemies that she would not consent to consider any future apart from this duchy which was Danish soil even in remote pagan antiquity. The last war brought upon her, as is well known, the loss not only of the German inhabitants of the duchy, but its Danish population, and Denmark has been forced to continue her existence in a mutilated condition, and in circumstances most unfavourable to an independent State. The King of Denmark had up to that time been the only legal master of Sleswick; the declaration of the Prussian crown-jurors after the war had put an end to every possible doubt on that point even in the most excited German minds. Consequently, North Sleswick belongs to Prussia exclusively by the right of conquest—a right of the second rank, which even Prussia herself in the Peace of Prague made dependent upon the free consent of the inhabitants. The terms of cession were, as all know, set at nought twenty years ago without ceremony, under the pretext that the promise was given only to Austria—who did not insist on its fulfilment—and not to the people, whose entire public and private life had been conducted in reliance upon the promise.

In the years 1848–1850 it was not thought a wild idea that even a little State like Denmark might, as a belligerent sea Power, cause serious injury to the German Confederation, and might therefore be a dangerous opponent. In 1864 Denmark, in comparison with Prussia and Austria, was nothing more than a dwarf against two giants; but, small as the kingdom was, it nevertheless maintained its superiority in the face of the two great German Powers by blockades of the North German ports, and by the victory at Heligoland. Since that time, however, the relations between the Powers have been still further changed unfavourably for Denmark. While the Danish kingdom has lost two-fifths of its small territory, the German Empire has been founded, and has not only become the greatest military State in Europe, but has shared in the rivalry of the Great Powers for the partition of Africa and the colonisation of Asia. One can no longer speak of Denmark and Germany in one breath, except as one speaks of the deer and the elephant as both being superior animals.

It is, therefore, a suggestive circumstance that the Danish population of North Sleswick has, ever since 1864, lived with its gaze steadily turned towards the old fatherland. Without in the slightest attempting, or even dreaming of, rebellion, it has obeyed the Prussian laws, paid the Prussian taxes, and submitted to all the obligations of a conquered people; but it has, nevertheless, by itself struggled for the preservation of its language, and for its educational connection with the race to which linguistically it belongs. The more severe the coercive laws which have been forced upon it in order to cut off the ties which still hold it to the fatherland the more stubborn and enthusiastic has become its opposition.

We cannot compare the condition of these Danes with that of the people of Alsace. When it is urged that the Alsatians are Germans only perforce, the Germans reply that in 1870 they only took back their own property, Alsace being old German territory. There is nothing similar to this in the case of North Sleswick, which is Danish by history and tradition, as well as by temperament.

Some of the best men in Germany have also admitted that the Danes in North Sleswick, in maintaining their Danish mother-tongue, are only exercising a common human right. They have surely felt that a government is wrong and unwise which appeals to the meanest human instincts—faithlessness, servility, and the tendency to ingratiate oneself with those in power. They have gone so far as to say—we must be grateful to them for the words—that no one could respect our separated countrymen if they felt otherwise than as they do. It is strange that the mass of German men and women cannot or will not understand that faithfulness to the past and love for language and nationality do not cease to be valuable qualities when found in those who are not Germans. These virtues appear even in a clearer light when they are seen in the children of a small nation; for, as the extreme advantages of being absorbed in the educational life of a great nation are palpable, the Danish-born man who holds fast to his language and his nationality displays, under otherwise equal conditions, a markedly greater degree of idealism than the born German.

But if this be so, it can never be anything but an encroachment and a cruelty to insist, as is now being done in Danish North Sleswick, that all teaching in the schools, with the exception of two miserable hours a week of religious lessons, shall be carried on in German, and to forbid even private instruction in the Danish language. It can never be called anything but brutality and meanness to punish young men who go into Danish territory for the purpose of study by depriving their parents of their parental rights, or by expelling innocent persons from the country. These methods, too, are beside the purpose. The Germans complain that Danes who have become Prussian subjects against their will do not feel like Prussians. They are tortured and annoyed, subjected to the most minute espionage and the most contemptible police reports, with the persecution connected therewith, and then it is considered amazing that they are not changed into enthusiastic admirers of Prussia.

Even towards a negro race these methods would be severe. But the Danish language, in spite of its small area, is a language of culture. And only the same undue self-admiration which the Germans are in the habit of criticising in the French can look upon the forcible extermination of Danish culture, for the sake of spreading German, as a worthy act, an end that justifies the means.

There is truly a Danish culture. It would not be possible to find

within the German Empire, even in the whole German-speaking world, any group of 2,000,000 people possessing the whole range of an independent culture, from agriculture and navigation to living political interest and a high rank in the arts of painting and poetry. But in Denmark such a culture is found with an individual stamp of its own. It is, perhaps, not unnecessary to remind the Germans of what all Danes know—that this small country has produced an astronomer like Tycho Brahe; a Niels Steno, the founder of geology; Ole Roemer, the man who found out the velocity of light; and H. C. Oersted, who discovered electro-magnetism; and that among this people an entirely new science, that of archaeology, was founded and developed. And to this day there is no place in Germany where they understand how to manage a dairy, or paint a piece of china, or to bind a book so well as these things are done in Denmark.

II.

German people wish to look upon Danish culture merely as a mock sun to the German. Who denies that our culture owes a great deal to the German? The Danish people received the Reformation from Germany—though in a more external manner—and many vital ideas of reform have been discussed and carried out in Denmark by German-born men at a time when the Danish monarchy was Danish-German.

German, equally with English, philosophy has had a fructifying influence on our modern literature. German science has acted on ours as on that of all Europe. German music, with its mighty, many-sided superiority, has nourished Danish emotional life and affected Danish music. Modern German poetry, from Klopstock to Heine, has unquestionably influenced the Danish, if not always to its advantage. Our greatest modern poets and prose-writers have admired and loved Goethe, or, at all events, have learned from him, and, like all of us who are disciples of the German School, have warmly and openly expressed their gratitude. We do not belong to the nations who deny their debts to other people.

Nevertheless Denmark, small as it is, has not only lived its own independent intellectual life, but has aided the development of the Germans. The old literature of Iceland, the Edda and Sagas, which were first published and studied in Copenhagen, has exercised a mighty, an incalculable influence on the intellectual life of Germany. The value of our folk-songs was recognised by Herder and Grimm; suggestions, which originate from them, are found in Goethe and Heine. Our æsthetic literature was founded by the genius of Holberg before modern German literature came into being, and, himself unaffected by any German poet, he exercised a marked influence, as a

dramatist, on the originator of modern German intellectual life—Lessing.

Danish plastic art was founded by Thorvaldsen, who, himself entirely independent of any German sculptor, powerfully affected the development of that art in Germany. His works, or those of his most prominent German scholars, are found in nearly all the larger German towns.

Our mental life differs from the German like our language. There is, indeed, no little material similarity between the German and Danish languages: many Danish words are derived from High or Low German, or from a common source; but the spirit of the two tongues is entirely different; in Danish the grammar, phraseology, and construction of sentences are far nearer to English than to the German forms. German moves heavily, Danish is pliable. The strength of German lies in its pathos and seriousness; that of Danish in its cheerfulness. German style is a dignified, poetical, richly developed style, but its conversational language is wanting in brightness and charm. The Danish language lacks the German seriousness, strength, and resonance; but has, on the other hand, just the qualities which are missing in German.

Our modern Danish literature was founded by a comic dramatist, and so a certain tendency towards irony and satire permeates our language as well as our literary style; to us the seriousness and pathos, which please the Germans alike in oratory, in books, and in the theatre, always appear to need a corrective of irony. It is by no accident that our greatest religious thinker, the greatest in all the three Scandinavian countries—Soeren Kierkegaard—was a thorough-going ironist, the most consistent, perhaps, since Socrates. The national tendency in our drama is towards comedy and satire. And from Holberg through Wessel, Baggesen, I. L. Heiberg, Henrik Hertz, Paul Moeller, Hans Christian Andersen, Ludvig Boedtcher, Paludan-Muller, M. Goldschmidt, Hostrup, and Richardt, down to men still living, such as Schandorph, Karl Larsen, and Wied, there runs a strong vein of wit, which in some of them displays itself as humour, in others as jesting, in others again as harsher or more good-natured satire—moral or political or poetic. All this is essentially different from the dominant vein in modern German literature, whose most characteristic men, as a rule, have no comedy in their nature.

German literature has a heavier ballast of education and learning than Danish; but it is lacking in a quality which the Danes value most highly in the art of poetry, namely *navveté*. When Danish poets have succeeded in Germany, it has not seldom been on account of this quality, which is foreign to the Germans. It is very significant that, while Heinrich Heine, of all German writers, is the most widely read in Denmark, because at bottom he has few German charac-

teristics, and is Germany's wittiest poet, Hans Andersen is the most read in Germany of all Danish writers, because he is unquestionably the most *naïve* of all.

The simpler and more confidential tone of Danish literature has enabled it to make its way down to the lower classes much more effectively than in Germany. And that is why some of the popular European intellectual and literary movements are older in Denmark than in Germany, or, indeed, any other country. For example, Steen Blicher's Jutland fisherman and peasant stories are much older than Immermann's "*Der Oberhof*," which inaugurated what is called the peasant novel in Germany, whence it passed over into Norway. From Germany also it crossed to France, from France it reached Italy. So Steen Blicher is the forerunner; then follow Immermann, Auerbach, George Sand, Bjoernson, and the most realistic of them all, Verga. The main point, however, is that Danish genius has only come out strong and significant when it has emancipated itself from or been originally untouched by German guidance; English and French influence have proved far less dangerous to Danish individuality than German.

Danish dramatic art, which stood so high in the first half of this century, had no relation to the German theatre. Nothing could be less German than our two greatest dramatic geniuses, Mrs. Heiberg and Michael Wiehe. All that is most individual and unalloyed in Danish fiction; all that is most characteristic in Danish journalism, with its never failing irony and its illustrations drawn from the tasks of daily life; all that is most national in Danish painting, its bubbling humour or expressive simplicity; whatever is finest in Danish art-criticism, with its background of genuine humanity and its blending of merriment and sadness—all this has had nothing to do with Germany, and is unexcelled in Germany. In fact, we may justly say that the best public is more susceptible and has a finer sense of art and a better literary and artistic education in Copenhagen than in Berlin.

The German nation, which stands so high in intelligence, so immensely high in ability, is not a psychological nation; it has no instinctive perception of mental peculiarities. Its power of conception is on this point even coarser than one might expect from a nation which, even far into this century, distinguished itself rather by superior intellect than by external power and grandeur. The Germans are probably still the people who know most about foreign nations; but their understanding of these is seldom fine or keen. They are the nation of translators above all others; but it is striking how, in German translation, all the writers and poets of the world lose their characteristics and appear German or half-German.

One always finds emphasis laid in German books—so far as they

deal in a friendly spirit with the Danes—on the presumed resemblance of the Danes to the Germans. The relationship is indisputable, if somewhat remote, but the great difference is none the less indubitable. It is a common saying that no difference is greater than that between man and man. It would be equally true to say that none is greater than that between nation and nation.

III

We Danes cannot content ourselves with merely repudiating the view that our culture is only a mock sun to the German. We insist that there are domains in which it is superior to the German, and that it is just in these domains that it is significant and attractive to the inhabitants of North Sleswick. In agriculture, in dairy-farming, we stand absolutely ahead of the Germans, and perhaps of all other nations. So that it is simply barbarous to prevent our countrymen south of the frontier from attending Danish agricultural schools. Moreover, the culture of our peasantry completely outstrips that of Germany. The Germans are now only beginning to discuss, from a purely academical standpoint, the advantage of extending university education after the English pattern. But throughout our country high schools have for a long time been widely spread, and these schools are also sought by young men and women of Danish South Jutland. It is fifty-five years ago (1844) that the first high school was founded in North Sleswick. Since then—in the course of half a century—not less than 146 high schools have been established in Denmark for scholars of both sexes, of which more than eighty exist at the present day. Germany has not and never had anything of the kind.

The culture of our Danish students is also higher than that of the German. The Danes can, with justifiable pride, maintain against the Germans not only the usefulness, but also the significance to civilisation of the well-known institutions of the Danish Students' Union, of free instruction for workmen and workwomen, of free legal assistance to the poor, of pamphlets for the promotion of popular education, of guidance for the public in the museums of the capital, &c.; institutions which the students of no other country have established or even imitated.

One proof of the extraordinary desire for education among the large middle-class in Denmark, as in the North generally, may be found in the immense number of subscribers to *Frem* (*Forward*) a journal devoted entirely to popular science. Would it be possible in any part of Germany, among a population of two million people, for a scientific periodical, with a supplement drawn entirely from classical poets, to obtain 80,000 subscribers in one year?

If we now pass from the question of elementary education to the culture of the fine arts, we see that Denmark has during the last generation produced an original and important school of painting, which is not inferior to that of Germany; in the opinion of some it surpasses it. Where can Germany show contemporary painters who excel Kroeyer, Zahrtmann, Viggo Johansen, Ancher, Hammershoej, Joachim Skovgaard, or women-painters with a talent for colour like Anna Ancher, or poetical originality like Agnes Slott Moeller?

Nor is modern Danish æsthetic literature by any means behind the German; it not only stands far higher relatively to the size of the two countries, but is unquestionably fully as high. Germany has no lyric writer who can in the least be compared with Holger Drachmann in fertility, freshness, and euphony. The only man one could think of mentioning is Detlev von Liliencron, who now and then may bear a slight resemblance to Drachmann; but, as every impartial judge must grant, he cannot by any means be brought into comparison. And none of the younger German prose-writers have in our time developed so characteristic and choice a style as Denmark's first modern prosaist, I. P. Jacobsen, who—as the Germans themselves are the foremost to admit—has greatly influenced the new generation of German authors.

IV

We may add—still keeping to the world of letters—that the literature of Denmark cannot be separated from that of Norway. Although the political connection between Denmark and Norway was broken in 1814, the literary bond still continues. Even the strong development of Norwegian linguistic peculiarities since 1814, even the attempts to found a dialect-literature, have been unable to break the ties which unite Norwegian and Danish intellectual life. An uninterrupted reciprocal influence is taking place at the present day, even more vitally and fruitfully than when Denmark-Norway formed but one realm. The great men of Norway are inconceivable without the Danish Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson, the first Norwegian to gain recognition in Germany, cannot be understood at all unless one knows his first Danish master, Grundtvig; in his later development he was affected by Kierkegaard as a psychologist. Henrik Ibsen, whom the Germans of late years have so passionately appropriated, was as a young beginner influenced in respect to form by Oehlenschlaeger, and in some of the best works of his youth and manhood, such as “Brand” and “An Enemy of the People,” he has a fund of ideas in common with his predecessor, Soeren Kierkegaard, who was only discovered by the Germans long after his death, and has not yet been appropriated by German education, although in North Germany he is studied and admired by a small and chiefly theological community.

Jonas Lie and Kielland were at an early period intimately connected with Denmark. Later on I. P. Jacobsen as well as Drachmann have exercised a visible influence on Norwegian poetry.

But, again, it is not possible to separate intellectually Denmark-Norway from Sweden-Finland. The greatest eighteenth-century poet of Sweden, Carl Michael Bellman, during the first half of this century influenced Danish literature more strongly than he ever did the Swedish. Of the older Swedish writers, the Germans know, besides Bellman, Tegnér, whom they have translated again and again. But Tegnér cannot be separated historically from Oehlenschlaeger, in whose footsteps he followed, and whose superiority he recognised with a noble modesty. The greatest lyric writer of Sweden at the present day, Carl Snoilsky, is primarily a disciple of Denmark's great lyrist, Christian Winther. The youngest poets of Finland, Karl Tavaststjerna and Juhani Aho, are deeply grounded in Scandinavian culture. The younger Swedish band of authors, Aug. Strindberg, Gustaf of Geijerstam, Heidenstam, Levertin, and Per Hallstroem have originally learned from both Norwegians and Danes. Forty years ago this sentence was written here in Denmark: "We have got as far as this, that we see Holberg, Bellman, Oehlenschlaeger, Runeberg, shining in the north like one constellation in the heavens of our poetic art." We who are now living may add that this constellation has many more stars of the first and second rank: Ewald and Wergeland, Heiberg and Welhaven, Grundtvig and Bjoernson, Kierkegaard and Ibsen, Almquist and Strindberg, Winther and Snoilsky, Jacobsen and Drachmann.

The Germans are too honest to deny that during the last decades it has been Scandinavian literature which—especially through Ibsen, Jacobsen, Strindberg, Garborg—has set German minds vibrating, and thereby has left its mark on German writings of all kinds; while, on the other hand, German *belles lettres* have had only slight, if any, influence upon Scandinavia, or, more rightly, the only German whose influence can be traced is not a poet, but the thinker, Nietzsche, who apparently for a time made a deep impression upon Strindberg in Sweden and Hamsun in Norway, but has exercised no traceable influence in Denmark, though he was recognised there before he was acknowledged in Germany.

The German reading world cannot therefore overlook, without injustice, the share of Denmark in the revival of intellectual life in Germany.

But, if this be so, is it worthy, is it possible, by the employment of miserable brute force, by harsh expulsions and still more rude deprivation of the right of parentage, to try to annihilate the attraction which such a culture exercises in a small country on those who are drawn towards it by their language and their historical traditions,

even though German culture, which is so much more extensive, stands open to them as well, and who in fact do not reject or renounce the latter because they are instinctively attracted towards the former?

V.

As the story goes, the Danes are being punished for a hostile mental attitude towards Germany. German papers are full of false representations of this alleged Danish national hatred. At the time when the Prussian compulsory measures were put in force in Sleswick there was no national hatred in Denmark towards the Germans. The Germans who reside in great numbers here have in strong terms given evidence of this. The many Germans who, year after year, visit our country, and especially Copenhagen and its environs, can testify to the welcome which they have received and the friendliness which has been shown them. A majority of them have expressed their satisfaction with their sojourn, and with the courtesy which they have individually received, even though they may perhaps know that, in the nature of things, Germans as Germans are not the most popular of guests in Denmark.

If this fact has given offence or seemed to them unreasonable, then there is only this to be said, that, on this point, the Germans are singular. First they conquered with powder and ball two-fifths of the kingdom, destroyed its position as a European State, cast it, bleeding from thousands of wounds, back into political unimportance, parted kinsmen, and annoyed the reluctantly incorporated population with no little inventive skill, no mean and petty spirit of tormenting, and now they want to be loved into the bargain! In the summer of 1864 there was scarcely a family in Denmark to whom the war had not brought a loss. In one house the father was missing, in another the son. Women were bereft of husband, lover, or child. Among the young men one had lost a brother, another a friend or comrade. No one was wholly spared. And the conqueror has apparently imagined that, even before the wounds were healed or the losses effaced, the conquered would not only admire him, but love him too! In the German papers they now speak as if it were a duty to love Germany; and then, again, they do not care a pin for love, and join in singing the old song: "Let them hate, if only they fear!" (*Oderunt modo metuant*!)—a motto which was more suitable in the mouth of a pagan Roman Emperor than in that of a Christian monarch, who, only just returned from the Mount of Olives, has the Gospel of Love on the tip of his tongue—a motto which strikes with terror neither the Danish South Jutlander nor the Dane of Denmark.

But although, as already said, the Germans, after the war with Denmark, could not possibly expect to be loved here, it happened, curiously

enough, that, not long after the war, the very generation which had lived through that sad catastrophe and seen all its national hopes mowed down as by the stroke of a scythe, understood the danger of breaking off its peaceful and intellectual connection with Germany, and, in spite of being misjudged, which was the inevitable result, it endeavoured to place the new German Empire in the most favourable light possible, from pure patriotism, from the fear of seeing the Danish nation weakened and intellectually deteriorated by a sterile hatred. Again and again prominent individuals of that generation tried to set right the misunderstanding that Germany was fundamentally and persistently an enemy to Denmark. They had national Chauvinism against them. Gradually, however, a group of politicians and writers was formed who took upon themselves the odium of being considered half-German, and who, at the risk of permanent loss of the popularity which they had deliberately thrown away, for years spoke of Germany in a conciliatory way, warned the population against the thought of winning back Sleswick by force, and never grew weary of proclaiming that we must study Germany, understand her, do justice to her, look upon her great men, even those who had done us most injury, from an historical point of view. They reminded the Danes, too, that Germany had had men of the highest rank, that a nation forms itself after the pattern of its foremost men, and that it was not impossible we might finally come to good terms with a people that had produced so much greatness.

The attempt appeared to succeed. Hatred and wrath were beginning to be forgotten, and a peaceful humanity take their place, as gradually a younger generation grew up, for whom that which their elders had lived through was mere history. And now—now the Prussian Government gives the lie to these spokesmen for German humanity. A clenched fist in the face is its only plea.

Some years ago the actors of the Royal Theatre were forbidden to produce some innocent old vaudevilles in Sleswick towns (although permission had already been given to the owner of a theatre in Haderslev), indeed, they were not even allowed to remain over night at an hotel. Intense indignation was roused in Denmark by this narrow-minded police rule, which used as a pretext the danger to the peace and quietness of Germany of a scenic representation in Danish. This, however, was nothing compared with recent events, which, however, will in South Jutland only have a stimulating effect on the self-respect and patriotism of the people, while in Denmark those who have hitherto tried to bring about a better understanding between Danes and Germans will throw up the game, and without superfluous words take their stand on the side of the oppressed.

The Danes can and must submit to humiliations, which the stronger nation again and again puts upon the weaker, humiliations which

itself would never stand from any other Power. But one thing they cannot do. They cannot give up exerting all their power to preserve their language and culture within the Sleswick territory, which for a thousand years has been Danish, and is so still. They would be miserable creatures if they could. From the Danish side no attempt has been made, nor can be made, to regain politically what has been lost. No political agitation has been undertaken, nor can it be undertaken, to excite the South Jutlanders against the conditions which by ill-fate have once been legally imposed upon them. But the alliance of hearts and minds cannot be broken even by a great Power like Germany.

How insecure this Prussian rule feels in North Sleswick in spite of its mailed fist! Everything alarms it. It dares not allow Danish actors to play an old vaudeville dating from 1830. It fears the storm of applause which would break loose as soon as the first unimportant, but Danish, words were heard from the stage. It feels obliged to forbid a Danish orator from holding any discourse whatsoever on South Jutland territory. He is not even allowed to speak on literature—not on German literature, not even on Goethe. For one can really never know!—One cannot be sure that the audience, in spite of the subject being of no political significance whatever, though even it be a German national topic, might not seize the opportunity to applaud a speaker from Denmark. And in Heaven's name that must not happen! On such fragile feet of clay does the Prussian Colossus stand in Sleswick that it cannot bear a hand-clap after a Danish lecture on Goethe. Still less can it endure Danish reading-books and Danish song-books in the hands of little children, or Danish colours in a lady's gown or upon a house; Danish songs it fears even behind closed doors. What is the use of gendarmes if not to wage war against colours and songs?

Such is the measure of the anxiety of Prussia, equipped with all the instruments of power, as to whether German might, German wealth, German military glory, German science and art, and half a hundred million of German people will exercise so great an attraction on the inhabitants of North Sleswick as the important miniature State which bears the name of Denmark. Prussia has the power to tempt, attract, and reward, or, on the other hand, to persecute and punish, them. And yet she feels insecure, yet she falls short of her aim, and will continue to fail more and more as the Danish people develop, as its best sons hope, into a free nation, with all the virtues of a free nation, the chief of which is liberalism—liberalism which detests and despises false and narrow-minded patriotism, an arbitrary police, uniformity, and the spirit of slavish submission. Prussia is a terrible rival for any Power, most of all for a very small one, even if the point at issue is only a peaceful battle for the hearts and thoughts of

a conquered population. Denmark can never cope with Prussia in the brilliancy and splendour in which she stands there in mail and plate with the gilded spiked helmet on her head.

If then the inhabitants of North Sleswick greatly desired their small share in the formidable power of Prussia, they would soon have forgotten their Danish mother-tongue, and the little country where it can be freely spoken and learned. But, stronger than by all display of power, they are apparently drawn by liberalism, which grants to every individual the right of independent self-development; by the sentiment of equality, which has thrown off the spirit of caste; by a culture which, modest as it is, nevertheless reaches down to the lowest class of the people, and, at the same time, so high that it has humanised the fundamental view of politics. It cannot but make a certain lasting impression in Sleswick that, in spite of all Denmark's imperfections, the idea of turning out a stranger in order to annoy a native, or of depriving fathers and mothers from political motives of the right of parental authority over their children, is to us something inconceivable, something that lies infinitely beneath the whole mental level of the people. And the result has been that the Prussian rule in South Jutland, which sets no value upon ingratiating itself, has not even made a fine show—quite the contrary!

GEORGE BRANDES.

THE CANCER PROBLEM.

TREASON IN THE REPUBLIC OF THE BODY.

A MAN'S worst foes are "they of his own household" Successful and even invigorating warfare can be waged against enemies without, but a contest with traitors within dulls the spear and paralyzes the arm. Against the frankly foreign epidemic enemies of the race a sturdy and, of late years, highly successful battle has long been fought. We have banished the plague, drawn the teeth of small-pox, riddled the armour of diphtheria, and robbed consumption of half its terrors. In spite of the ravings and gallery-play of the Lombroso mountebanks, anent "degeneracy," our bills of mortality show a marked diminution in the fatality of every important disease which afflicts humanity—save one.

And as the deaths per thousand living from this malady have almost doubled in England, and nearly trebled in the United States, during the last thirty years, if official statistics are to be taken at their face value, the contrast is a sufficiently striking one. To find that, in spite of our utmost endeavours, cancer has apparently doubled the number of its victims in the very same period that even the widespread and intractable "white plague of the North," consumption, has been baulked of more than a third of its yearly death-tribute is enough to give the most heedless of us pause. What wonder that the conviction is rapidly crystallising in the medical mind that, since the tuberculosis question has been set in a fair way towards solution, the coming problem, the riddle of the Sphinx for the twentieth century, is that of cancer? To a twelfth of us who have passed the age of forty it is indeed a riddle of the Sphinx, for unless we solve it it will destroy us.

The first step in our approach to the consideration of this problem is, of course, a clear idea of the nature and tendencies of the cancer-

process. Here we are upon firm and familiar ground, for two reasons. First, that cancer is one of our oldest, deadliest, and most-studied diseases; and second, that it has a distinctness, an individuality—I had almost said a personality—such as is possessed by no other disease. Like all other vital processes, whether morbid or healthy, it can only be described or grasped in terms of the cells. And this is peculiarly true, because the essential element in cancer, the literal soul of the process, is warfare between a certain group of cells and the rest of the body. Its most accurate definition, as well as most graphic characterisation, is, in the words of a great English surgeon-philosopher, “a rebellion of the cells,” an *imperium in imperio*.

A cancer is a biologic anomaly. Everywhere else in the cell-state we find each organ, every part, strictly subordinated, both in form and function, to the interests of the whole. Here this relation is utterly disregarded. In the body-republic, where we have come to regard harmony and loyalty as the almost invariable rule, we suddenly find ourselves confronted by anarchy and revolt.

The process invariably begins in one great class of cells, the epithelium of the secreting glands. This is a group of cell-citizens of highest rank, descended originally from the great primitive skin-sheet by a process which will be described later, which have organised themselves into chemical laboratories, ferment-factories for the production of the various secretions required by the body, from the simplest watery mucus, as in the mouth, or mere lubricant, as in the fat-glands of the hair-follicles, to the most complex gastric or pancreatic juice. They form one of the most active and important groups in the body, and their revolt is dangerous in proportion. The movement of the process is usually somewhat upon this order. After forty, fifty, or even sixty years of loyal service, the cells lining one of the tubules of a gland—for instance, of the lip, or tongue, or stomach—begin to grow and increase in number. Soon they block up the gland-tube, then begin to push out in the form of finger- or root-like columns of cells into the surrounding tissues. These columns appear to have the curious power of either turning their natural digestive ferments against the surrounding tissues, or of secreting new ferments for the purpose, closely resembling pepsin, and thus literally eating their way into them. So rapidly do these cells continue to breed and grow and spread resistlessly in every direction, that soon the entire gland, and next the neighbouring tissues, become packed and swollen, so that a hard lump is formed, the pressure upon the nerve-trunks gives rise to shooting pains, and the first act of the drama is complete.

But these new columns and masses, like most other results of such rapid cell-breeding in the body, are literally a mushroom-growth. Scarcely are they formed than they begin to break down, with various results. If they lie near a surface, either external or internal, they

crumble under the slightest pressure or irritation, and an ulcer is formed, which may either spread slowly over a surface from the size of a shilling to that of a dinner-plate, or deepen so rapidly as to destroy the entire organ, or cause death by hæmorrhage. The cancer is breaking down in its centre, while it continues to grow and spread at its edge. Truly a "magnificent scheme of decay."

Then comes the last and strangest act of this weird tragedy. In the course of the resistless onward march of these rebel cell-columns, some of their skirmishers push through the wall of a lymph-channel, or even by some rare chance a vein, and are swept away by the stream. Surely now the regular leucocyte-cavalry have them at their mercy, and can cut them down at leisure. We little realise the fiendish resourcefulness of the cancer-cell. One such adrift in the body is like a ferret in a rabbit-warren, no other cell can face it for an instant. It simply floats unmolested along the lymph-channels until its progress is arrested in some way, when it promptly settles down wherever it may happen to have landed, begins to multiply and push out columns in every direction, into and at the expense of the surrounding tissues, and behold, a new cancer or "secondary nodule" is born.

In fact, it is a genuine "animal spore," or seed-capsule, capable of taking root and reproducing its kind in any favourable soil. And, unfortunately, almost every inch of a cancer-patient's body seems to be such, it is merely a question of where the spore-cells happen to drift and lodge. The lymph-nodes, or "settling-basins," of the drainage area of the primary cancer are the first to become infested, probably in an attempt to check the spread of the invaders, but the "spores" soon force their way past them toward the central citadels of the body, and one after another the great vital organs—the liver, the lungs, the spleen, the brain—are riddled by the deadly columns and choked by decaying masses of new cells, until the functions of one of them are so seriously interfered with that death results.

Not that the cancer-cells can be said to have any special preference for these in their plan of attack, for they also overrun every other structure which lies in their path—fat, bone, muscle, binding-stuff, skin—but simply because all blood- and lymph-roads lead ultimately to the "Rome" of one or more of the great central organs. Indeed, grimly ferocious as this ruthless march upon the body-fortresses appears at first sight, it is really the most merciful process of the scourge, for these secondary growths in vital organs are usually almost painless, and kill quickly, instead of leaving the sufferer to be gradually eaten alive by the cancer-cells, and slowly poisoned by their waste-products. Indeed, we often frankly advise an operation, in cases where cure is practically hopeless, for the sake of relief from the awful pain of the growth at the surface, which can be completely removed, and the

almost certainty that, if the disease returns, it will be in one of the central organs—thus lengthening life by the period of six months to three years that the disease lies dormant, and substituting a swift and painless death for a lingering and terrible one.

The most unique and distinctive mark of the cancer-process lies in these colonies or secondary growths. No matter where they lodge, the spore-cells “breed true,” and so accurately imitate their parents that it is not infrequently possible to say, by microscopic examination of the colony, in what gland it originated. It is a startling experience to find in the liver or lung an imitation of a gland from the lower bowel. And not only will it look like the parent gland, but may secrete the same digestive juice, as shown by Stewart, in secondary growths from cancer of the pancreas.

In fact, the conclusion is irresistible that a cancer is a gland turned parasite, growing and spreading at the expense of the rest of the body.

This is further confirmed by the curious way in which it produces its fatal effects. The first noticeable effect of cancer upon the general health is a peculiar sallowness or ashy tint of the skin. This is neither the transparent paleness of consumption, nor the greenish tint of anæmia, nor the yellow mask of jaundice, but a combination of the three. So characteristic is it that, when well developed, it enables a case of cancer to be recognised across the room, or even across the street, by an expert eye. It is accompanied or soon followed by wasting, failure of appetite, spirits, and strength—in short, a general depression of the vital powers, which steadily deepens until it proves fatal, usually by heart-failure.

This condition, which is the ordinary cause of death in cancer—unless one of the great vital organs be seriously involved, or an artery eaten across—was for long a great puzzle, until it dawned upon us that the cancer cell-masses, having no ducts or proper excretory channels, were pouring their abundant waste-products into the blood and lymph, thus poisoning the entire body, precisely as those vegetable parasites the bacteria do with their secretions or toxins.

If the imitation-process went far enough to form a duct or discharge-channel, cancer would lose half its dangerousness.

In fact, cancer grows, spreads, and poisons just like a parasite—only it happens to be born in and of the body itself.

The wide and fundamental difference between cancer and the bacterial invasions, such as tubercle (consumption) and syphilis, lies in the fact that the growths or nodules which spread all over the body in them are *simply local reactions* against the bacilli on the part of the different tissues, and have no *independent vitality, powers of reproduction, or character* of their own whatever.

Now comes the question, "Has this remarkable process any analogue in either health or disease, or is it entirely unique?"

Certainly none in pathology, with the possible exception of the infective inflammations, but in physiology we have not far to seek for not merely a likeness, but a blood-relationship. The whole process from start to finish is simply a repetition of the *earlier stages of gland-formation* in embryonic life. Like most long-lived disease-processes, it is a health-process gone wrong. This is the secret of half its deadliness and all its unmanageableness.

The epithelial cells of the great skin-sheet (blastoderm), which cover our entire surface, whether external as skin, or internal as stomach-lining, which carry out all our processes of absorption and of secretion, which form alike our glands and our sense-organs—conduct, in fact, all communications of every sort whatever between the body and the world without—are deservedly the dominant class in the body-community. For the soundest of reasons of state they have been given the traditional right of way, hereditary "right of eminent domain," everywhere in the territory of the republic of the body. A conflict between them and the plebeian cells of the body-mass (mesoblast) is like a war between Arabs and Fellaheen, or of white men against negroes.

For countless generations the epithelial cells have driven their hollow columns in every direction through the living but unresisting masses of the mesoblast, their only pass-word a haughty "For the good of the State." Watch them forming a gland, say in the lining of the stomach, about the fourth month of embryonic life. Drawn up at first in serried, pavement-like ranks upon the surface, glancing along the face of their formation, we catch sight of a little knot of them forming here on the front of the line.

The knot swells to a group, and the group to a column, which begins to move slowly, but with disciplined steadiness and in perfect order, into the interior, with true strategic instinct in the direction of food and water. After penetrating a certain distance the column opens ranks in the centre, and thus establishes a line of communication with the surface along which are passed the portable portions of the booty which it has captured upon its march. In the language of physiology, a simple tubular gland has been formed and begun to secrete.

At this stage, to the eye of the observer, it looks just as if some invisible finger had dimpled down the pavement-layer of surface-cells into the tissues below, so as to form a simple pouch with widely open mouth.

If the secretion required be but a simple one the process may stop here, but if a more complex product is demanded the main column

only halts and begins to throw out smaller columns in all directions like the sticks of a fan, these again become hollow and open up communication with the central tube, and behold a branched or fingered gland capable of secreting pepsin or acid for the gastric juice.

Let the branches give off smaller branches, and these again twigs, and so on for ten or twenty generations, and a massive "racemose" gland—like the pancreas, the parotid, the liver—is formed. In short, every gland in the entire body is formed by this simple process of pouching and re-pouching.

It is, perhaps, also worth noticing in passing that this trick of pouching is not only the secret of gland-formation, but of animal organisation as distinguished from vegetable. The stomach was originally just such a pouch of the surface epithelium, dipping into the interior for protection, warmth, and moisture. The nerve-axis, with its swelling at the head-end which we call the brain, is at first but a long furrow of the dorsal epiderm (in plain English "skin of the back") dipping into the body-stuff to form a longitudinal tube. Animals have learned the trick of burying their most vital parts deep in their interior, where they can be protected, warmed, and fed by the entire body-mass. Plants still keep theirs upon the surface exposed to all elements—literally 'wear their hearts upon their sleeves'—and, as a slight offset to many resulting disadvantages, have no cancer.

What wonder, then, that when a process which has been the very keystone of successful organisation for countless generations once turns against the body the result should be the deadliest and most uncontrollable of known diseases?

So much as to the nature of cancer; what can be said as to its cause? Here, unfortunately, we leave the solid ground of established fact and enter the realm of, at best, reasonable conjecture. In spite of the antiquity, enormous frequency, and dramatic interest of cancer; in spite of the immense amount of laborious research which has been expended upon the question for more than two centuries past, we are still almost completely in the dark as to the actual causation of cancer. And the number of theories and the vigour with which each observer champions his own are, of course, in proportion to the darkness. Nearly all, however, which are worthy of serious consideration may be grouped under three heads: (1) *Local irritation*, (2) *Parasites*; (3) *Disturbances of balance within the organism itself*. It will probably be observed with some sense of disappointment that neither of these includes the celebrated "tomato" theory. But unfortunately the only evidence that has yet been adduced in favour of this attractive explanation is that both tomatoes and cancer have become much more common in the last twenty-five years, which is hardly conclusive. The argument

might with equal force be applied to postage-stamps or the suffrage, or, as Dr. Arabella Kenealey has actually done, to the athletic over-development in the new woman, none of the victims of which have yet reached the cancer age. In regard to the first theory of causation, it may be briefly said that the decided balance of expert opinion no longer regards local injury as more than a secondary or determining cause of cancer. A blow or chafe falling upon a part already predisposed to cancer may precipitate the outbreak of the process, or even determine the spot at which it shall begin, but it can never *originate* it in a healthy part or organ.* The most striking instance of the power of local irritation is found in the well-known "smoker's cancer" of the lip and tongue, where the pressure of the mouthpiece of the pipe appears to decide the point of origin of the disease. More than this, however, it would be unsafe to say, for, although cancer of the lip is almost confined to men (less than 2 per cent. of the recorded cases being in women), and in more than half of the cases begins at or near the angles of the mouth, in one of which the pipe, of course, is usually held; yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that 90 per cent. of all men smoke, while only about 2 per cent. develop cancer of the lips or tongue, that in a majority of instances the disease begins upon some other part of the lip than that on which the pipe actually rests, that a fairly proportional number of cases in non-smokers is now recorded, and that, as will be discussed later, there are probably sexual factors adequate to account for a large part of its preference for the male lip.

The theory of a parasitic origin of cancer has always been a most attractive one, partly on account of the delight of the human mind in assigning concrete, definite causes for phenomena, and partly because of the immensely improved prospects for cure which the discovery of a specific germ would open up. And so important is the problem, and so striking to the bacteriological eye the superficial resemblance between cancer and the infections, that ever since the foundation of the science the search for cancer-germ has been the favourite quest of the bacteriological world. Fully a third of the bacteriologists living have had a tilt at the problem in one form or another. And yet, after all the laborious and often most ingenious research expended upon it, the cancer-parasite is still undiscovered, indeed, the majority of pathologists are, strangely enough, becoming more and more doubtful as to its probable existence. Scores of observers have announced the

* It is quite true that a considerable portion of cancer patients come to us with some history of injury, but when we remember that most cancers begin near the surface, and that these injuries date back anywhere from three months to seven years, it will be seen at once what an immense part must be played by mere coincidence. It would hardly be possible to find any part of the body surface upon which some blow or injury has not fallen in seven years' time, and the majority of our surgical experts now regard the bulk of stories of injuries as a starting cause but as examples of the familiar *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy

discovery of "parasites" in cancers, but scarcely any two of them agree in their descriptions, their findings ranging all the way from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, from protozoa to bacteria. And, with few exceptions, the first work of each new discoverer is to demolish the theories and disprove the existence of the parasites which have preceded his own. And *this* part of his work is usually a success. Most of the bodies described as parasites have been shown to be degenerated cells of the body itself, others nuclei or cell-granules, and are so regarded by the majority of conservative pathologists to-day; very few of them have proved, like most other germs, capable of cultivation outside the body, and none can produce cancer in animals when injected into their tissues. Indeed, no parasite yet can be said to have survived a second or "check" investigation by competent and entirely independent pathologists. So that we are obliged for the present to find, *in re* the germ-theory of the causation of cancer, the Scotch verdict "Not proven."

The third theory regards cancer as a result of the internal struggle for existence between the different parts and organs of the body. This struggle is continual and results in the success of certain groups of cells and the placing of others at a disadvantage. These latter consequently diminish in size and vigour, and even completely disappear. As is well known, cancer is emphatically a disease of late middle life and commencing old age. In other words, it occurs at the period when many parts of the body are being placed at a disadvantage and beginning to decay. And it shows a marked preference for just those organs which are undergoing the most rapid decline: the breast, the uterus, the lip. The mammary gland and uterus after the change of life, the lip after the decay of the teeth, have done their work, outlived their usefulness, and are being placed upon a starvation pension by a grateful country. Nineteen out of twenty accept the situation without protest and sink slowly to a mere vegetative state of existence, but in the twentieth some little knot of cells rebels, reverts to an ancestral power of breeding rapidly to escape extinction, begins to ravage the territory of the ungrateful republic, and cancer is born.

This theory of causation is chiefly supported by two great groups of facts relating, first, to the age at which cancer is most prevalent, and second, to the parts which it most frequently attacks. Its age-preferences are well marked. Rare before thirty-five, not common before forty, rapidly reaching its maximum in both sexes between forty-five and fifty-five, declining after sixty, by seventy it becomes almost as rare as before thirty-five. It is emphatically a disease of senility, of age, but, as Roger Williams has pointed out in his admirable monograph, not of "completed" senility.

To express it in percentages, barely 20 per cent. of the cases occur

before forty years of age, 60 per cent. between forty and sixty, and 20 per cent. between sixty and eighty. Thus the early period of decline, the transition stage between full functional vigour and declared atrophy (wasting) of the glands, is clearly the period of the greatest danger. From the point of view of this theory, precisely the period in which the gland-cells, though losing their function—and income—have still the strength to inaugurate a rebellion, and a sufficient supply of the sinews of war, either in their own possession or within easy striking distance in the tissues about them, to make it successful.

Equally significant is its preference for particular organs. This differs notably in the two sexes from the fact that it is the secondary sexual structures in both which are most strongly liable to attack.

Though of late years the balance is being equalised somewhat, cancer is more than twice as common in women as in men, and the whole of this excess is due to the frightful vulnerability of the breast and the womb. According to Roger Williams, Gross, Bland Sutton, and the bulk of authorities, these two organs are the site of no less than 65 to 75 per cent. of all cancers in women. Nor is this due in any way to the strain of child-bearing and lactation, for the disease is quite as common among the unmarried and childless; indeed, many authorities declare it to be more so. The only suggestion which throws any light upon this fearful susceptibility is that of our present theory, that we have here two organs unique in this respect, that they invariably lose their function and begin to atrophy between the fortieth and fiftieth years. In other words, begin to decay twenty years before the rest of the body, precisely the condition which it regards as most favourable to the birth of cancer.

Of the remaining 30 per cent. of cancers in the female, nearly half begin in the stomach and rectum, and the remainder are scattered all over the body.

In men there is no such striking preponderance of any one organ or system, and yet from 50 to 70 per cent. of all cancers begin in two great groups of organs, the mouth-parts and stomach.

The, at first sight, extraordinary and almost complete immunity of the reproductive organs explains itself, upon a moment's consideration, by the fact that the reproductive powers in man persist practically as long as life itself, instead of dying twenty years sooner. The male stomach is attacked three times as frequently as the female (25 per cent. to 40 per cent. of all situations), but this is probably chiefly due to the fact of there being other organs in the female organism in which the cancerous process so much more easily originates. It is a curious fact that cancer of the stomach, which after the female secondary sexual organs is the commonest form of disease in both sexes, begins in 70 per cent. of all cases in one

limited region of the organ, the pyloric, which develops into the gizzard, or grinding-stomach, in birds, some reptiles, and a few primitive mammals, and is quite unnecessarily thick and strong in the human stomach.

The only other part in the male which can vie with the stomach in the "bad eminence" of cancer-liability is the group of structures comprising the lips, the tongue, the throat and larynx, and known collectively as the "mouth-parts." In these from 25 per cent. to 38 per cent. of all cancers originate in the male, and their great susceptibility, as compared with their almost complete immunity in the female, is a puzzle to pathologists, except with those who are content to regard smoking as its sole cause. There is only one suggestion which can be offered, and which may have little or no bearing upon the problem, and this is, that all this group of parts undergo a distinct secondary sexual modification in men at and after puberty, while they remain unchanged in woman. The enlargement of the teeth, especially the canines, the larger and heavier jaw, the lengthening of the vocal cords, causing the deeper tone of the voice, the enlargement of all the resonance cavities to match, the growth of the beard—are all changes peculiar to the male. On the other hand, the actual increase in size is so comparatively small, and the relatively greater proportion of decline in old age so slight, that it is difficult to believe it capable of exerting any appreciable influence upon the liability of the parts. It is merely an interesting coincidence that the parts in each sex which undergo the most marked secondary sexual modifications are overwhelmingly the most liable to cancer, and that if we strike out the cases occurring in the mammary gland and uterus in women, and the mouth-parts in men, we reduce the mortality in both sexes to almost precisely the same figure.

The distribution of cancer in the lower animals, both as to age and organs, confirms the "balance" theory in a negative way. In the first place, the disease is not more than a tenth as common in them as in our own species. All who have studied the subject practically agree in this, and that the main reason of this discrepancy is that the vast majority of animals die before reaching the cancer age. Such cases as do occur—and it is only a relatively rare disease—are found almost invariably in old or ageing animals. Another important factor is that very few animals either survive or are permitted to survive their reproductive powers. The only animals in which this does occur—the horse, the dog, and the cat—are the only species in which cancer is at all frequent, and in them it again affects the mammary gland, the reproductive organs, and the rectum. We are speaking, of course, of the domesticated animals, for so far, in spite of most careful search, cancer in wild animals is practically unknown. Bland Sutton, in 3000 post-mortem examinations at the Zoological Society's Gardens,

found only one doubtful case, and my own much more limited experience of some 300 autopsies there the past winter discovered only one tumour of suspicious character, in the gizzard of a pheasant.

The much lower frequency of cancer in the negro—less than half the white rate in the United States—and in savage and barbarous races generally, is probably also due to their low average longevity and the fact that the women do not survive their reproductive powers half as long as in civilised races.

Space permits us but a word upon the interesting question of the prospects of the disease. is it increasing, and if so, what can be done to offset it? Upon the first question authorities differ. Dr Roswell Park, in his startling paper in the recent "Cancer Number" of *The Practitioner*, declares that it is advancing at such an appalling rate that, at the present rate of progress, in ten years it will cause more deaths in the State of New York than consumption, small-pox, and typhoid fever combined! On the other hand, Dr Newsholme, who is an experienced vital statistician, states in the same journal that the marked increase shown by vital statistics is only apparent and due to increased accuracy of diagnosis and record. After a very careful examination of the figures he comes to the reassuring conclusion that cancer is really no more frequent than it was thirty years ago.

A death-rate per million living, which has nearly doubled in the past thirty years, and quadrupled in the last fifty years, and which is larger than that of any other disease with the exception of tuberculosis, bronchitis, and pneumonia, is, however, sufficiently serious, although it is certainly not increasing at all as rapidly as would appear from the face of the Registrar-General's reports. Those of the profession who see the most of cancer are almost unanimously of the opinion that it is slowly increasing, and almost equally so that this is due to the greatly diminished death-rate from the diseases of infancy, childhood, and young adult life, such as bowel-troubles, bronchitis, tubercle, and typhoid, and hence the much larger number of individuals which reach and pass adult life. In short, to use a Hibernicism, cancer is increasing because more people are living long enough to die of it. Thus, paradoxical as it may sound, its greater prevalence is a symptom of increasing longevity and vigour on the part of the community. Cancer is the price paid for longer life.

The most hopeful phase of the problem is the prospect of cure, which is already most favourable and improving every year. The more our knowledge of cancer widens, the more carefully we study its processes, the firmer becomes our conviction that it is in the beginning *emphatically a local disease*. Hence complete and radical removal at an early stage will cure nearly 80 per cent. of all cancers. And this result has almost been attained in actual practice, where the percentage of cures ranges from 30 to 70, in reasonably early

cases. The most important requisite is early recognition of the disease. But the removal must be most thorough, not merely of the diseased tissues, but the entire gland in which it is beginning, with the sound tissues for an inch all round. And, of course, nothing but the knife can effect such a removal, cleanly, quickly, and painlessly. In spite of a most exhaustive search, for at least five centuries past, by both doctor, patient, and quack, no drug, paste, caustic, or reagent of any sort has yet been discovered which can be relied upon to even destroy the diseased tissue with any certainty whatever. If strong enough to act at all they eat away remorselessly cancer and healthy tissue alike, producing the most frightful mutilations; most of them contain either arsenic or corrosive sublimate, and are extremely liable to cause fatal poisoning by absorption; and as they take weeks to destroy a growth of any size, and are extremely painful, the cumulative agony inflicted by them is something fearful. To see patients suffering literally the tortures of the damned for weeks and even months at a stretch in the futile attempt to "eat away" a cancer by zinc chloride or arsenic paste, when they can have it removed in twenty minutes under chloroform with absolute certainty and safety, and without a single twinge of pain, solely from sheer panic at the very name of the knife, is one of the most astonishing experiences in medicine. The "knife-dread" is one of the most unreasoning and unreasonable superstitions which lingers on into the nineteenth century.

The same thing must be said of internal remedies. Myriads of drugs have been vaunted as cures—arsenic, sulphur, golden seal, blood-root, condurango, clover-tea, each has been tried by hundreds of eager physicians and thousands of anxious victims ready to clutch at any straw, but not one has been found which has the slightest permanent effect upon the course of the malady.

So that the remorseless logic of events thus far seems to have practically limited us to operation as a means of cure. Fortunately it is a fairly effective means and rapidly improving, while, under aseptic surgery, its risks have been reduced almost to the vanishing-point. Fifty years ago we operated chiefly with the hope of prolonging life or relieving pain; now we expect to cure from 30 to 60 per cent. of our cases, if we can see them early enough. This great improvement is due partly to the wonderful advances of modern surgery, but more to greater skill in recognising the very earliest stages of the disease, and to a wider and more intelligent recognition on the part of our patients of the importance of an early diagnosis.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that cancer in its early stages is a *distinctly curable* disease; in its later almost incurable.

As by a merciful coincidence, indeed in the very nature of the malady, it usually attacks superfluous and declining organs, it is

possible to remove it completely, without danger to life, in the great majority of cases. Indeed, almost the only organs in which cancer at all commonly begins, which cannot be themselves removed entirely or in part, if necessary, are the stomach and liver. And even these are rapidly coming within the field of operation, for large portions of each, indeed the entire stomach, have already been removed for malignant disease with complete, though so far only temporary, success.*

If the disease returns after operation, or has spread too far to permit of removal, before it is seen by the surgeon, we have still a palliative left, the greatest gift of the gods to suffering humanity—opium, which will render the sunset hours of life not only almost painless, but even comfortable.

Cancer, ruthless as it is, has one redeeming feature: it does not threaten the existence of the race, nor ruin the individual life. The best of the life-work is done, the family reared, the vantage-ground for the world's progress won, before the dart is launched. Between dying of consumption at twenty-five and of cancer at fifty lies practically an entire lifetime. Few of us would hesitate for a moment, if given our choice. Surely even two years of suffering is not too much to pay for fifty of vigorous, successful life.

WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

* Schlatter's celebrated case lived fourteen months after removal of the entire stomach for cancer of the pylorus, and gained twenty pounds in weight, but died ultimately of a recurrence of the disease in the liver

THE INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA.

WHILST the English Press, since the termination of the American-Spanish War, has almost unanimously taken it for granted that Cuba *belongs* to the United States—that is to say, that she has become a possession by *right of conquest*, for a colony she certainly is not and cannot be—it may be permissible to a Cuban at the present critical moment to point out this signal error and to place before the English reader some few facts wherewith to justify the claim for complete independence on the part of his compatriots.

There are in reality so many good reasons to be advanced in favour of our absolute independence that it is impossible to do justice to them in the course of one brief article. As, however, the English public seem in no way to realise the importance of the problems now pressing for solution in the Caribbean Sea, nor the great interests at stake in that region, I will endeavour to summarise them to the best of my ability.

These problems may be conveniently classified as political, financial and social. The enemies of Cuba's independence profess to see no other way to solve them than by annexation to the United States, and can bring forward no better arguments than those drawn from fancy—mere suppositions, in a word, such as the possibility of intestine disturbances in the near future. These prophets of evil have not even the merit of originality, and certainly not the honest conviction of the prophets of Israel who preached the destruction of their people. The prophets of Biblical times, when denouncing the evil, at any rate also advised the remedies; whereas these modern prophets, when predicting the disasters that are in store for Cuba, can recommend but one plan for averting them, and that is the political annihilation of our country by annexing it to the North

American Republic. By those who oppose the emancipation of Cuba I mean those who oppose it *bond fide*, and not in any sense the money-grabbers, office-hunters, representatives of Trusts, subsidised newspaper men, &c., who do not deserve that their opinions be considered, for they carry no weight with the honest and intelligent reader.

The partisans of annexation, although mostly foreigners, American and Spanish residents on the island, can count, it is true, some Cubans among them who thus shamelessly, before a trial, declare their countrymen to be incapable of self-government. But, be it said to the honour of the Cubans, these are few indeed, and their number is steadily decreasing. In their shortsightedness, and lack of moral courage, they cannot conceive of any law or order, any freedom or prosperity for the island, outside the protective tyrant's sword ever bayonets. Born and bred in servility, with the not find in themselves sufficient strength or dignity to cast aside their imaginary fears and lead a life of political freedom.

Such terror-stricken mortals resemble a poor blind man who, having recovered his sight through some wonderful operation, and man who, he perhaps resisted, shrinks back with amazement from the sun, the rays of the sun, and demands to be led to some dark place, the sudden glare proving too strong for eyes long unaccustomed to light of day.

POLITICS.

The independence of Cuba is as necessary to the natives as wholesome food to hungry people. It is, moreover, a matter wherein is concerned their pride, not less than their dignity and self-respect. Should the Cubans, after their long fight of half a century, now tamely renounce their rights, by such an act alone will they prove themselves unworthy of the freedom they wrested from the Spaniards at the cost of so many lives, and of the streams of blood with which the rich soil of Cuba has been drenched. It is not sufficient that a brave people should have won their freedom after a long and heroic struggle; to maintain it intact in the hour of triumph, as well as to lay securely the foundation of future greatness, is at once their privilege and their sacred duty. Cuba independent will have a rôle to play; will hold a place in the concert of sovereign nations; will be mistress of her destinies, and will make her own history. The Cuban flag, emblem of so many sacrifices, will represent a living fact. Its lonely star, which symbolises their aspirations, will then emphasise the integrity of their island home. Caressed by gentle breezes, or proudly carried in the storm, as it floats from land to land, it will be pointed out as the emblem of the honest and unyielding patriotism of a manly people.

The desire for independence is a sentiment natural to every human being. Those men and nations who have proclaimed the principle of liberty and defended it to the bitter end have received religious respect in every age; and the men and nation who have best incarnated it, proclaimed it by speech and deed, have been those whom humanity has most admired. Ancient Greece does not appear to us noble and glorious so much on account of the high degree of civilisation to which she attained, as through her indomitable spirit of independence. Led by Xerxes in defence of his native land, gave more days of glory to Greece than the divinity of Plato with all his philosophy; or rather, these days of glory went to produce a Plato. The heroism and sublime beauty of the conduct of Sagunto and Numancia, who preferred to die free rather than to live enslaved, has no parallel in history. The manly spirit of independence has been an unfailing fount of inspiration to the poets of every country. On the other hand, everything resembling cowardice and servility has always been derided and treated with repugnance, even by the victors. Far from desiring an easy victory, offered to conquerors admire and treat with respect those who have

shown stubborn resistance.

Cuba, although relatively small, on account of her unique geographical position and the inexhaustible richness of her soil is assured a brilliant future as an independent nation. Twenty years hence her prosperity, if allowed free expansion, will be something wonderful, and her ports will be the rendezvous for vessels of all nations engaged in trade in that part of the world. Owing to her commercial treaties Cuban products will have easy access to all markets. The Customs revenues, under a moderate tariff and honest management, will almost suffice to defray the expenses of the Administration. Agriculture and industry, relieved from the crushing taxation of the past, will be raised to a high degree of perfection, thus enabling our goods to compete advantageously with those of other nations. Laws will be passed favouring the immigration of a desirable class of whites from all lands without respect to race or creed. Such immigration, scattered through the island, will bring into existence new industries and form new centres of population. Thus will Cuba recover her lost economic equilibrium, for a country cannot depend on a single industry, such as sugar or tobacco raising, if prosperity is to rest on a solid foundation. The cultivation of a special product, no matter how great may be the returns for a time, will sooner or later bring a nation to financial distress, the economical system of a country being somewhat similar to the physical system of a living organism, where the extraordinary development of a single limb or organ is necessarily followed by the impairment of the others, so that, as a consequence, disease and death threaten the individual.

The annexation of Cuba to the United States of America, or to any other country, would deprive her *ipso facto* of her political liberty and personality. The Cuban nationality would disappear, to be merged in the Union. All that would remain would be a tract of land, a territory or a State maybe, more or less fertile, but bound to a larger body, which, by the law of the strongest, *nolens volens* would draw her as a satellite into its orbit, and would absorb all her best blood and intellect. As a result of this loss of independent life would come the loss of originality and of the characteristics which mark every spontaneously developing race or nationality. Initiation to effort is weakened, originality is crushed, and progress hindered. Consequently, Cuba would lose all her importance in the world, and the consideration that would otherwise be hers. The very name of Cuban would give way to that of American. The pride of race, the pride of ancestry, the pride of achievement, in the sense that a proud, strongly independent race conceives it, would die out. This may be considered a very desirable state of things to those sitting in power, who see in human beings only pawns on life's chessboard, but not to those to whom liberty is a name to conjure with, and national development as self-development the first of human rights.

The natives of such States as Texas and California are no longer Texans or Californians but Americans. But it may be said that the greater part are the descendants of real Americans or American immigrants from the Eastern States, those speaking Spanish and whose sympathies were with Mexico having long since abandoned their lands and cast in their lot with that nation. Only on a hotel or political register can we read or hear *en passant* the name, followed by "from Texas," &c, and even then the preposition "from" refers not to a native, but to a mere resident in the State. A man from Texas may be proud of being a Texan, but he is still more proud of being a citizen of the United States.

Names in such cases are not to be treated as trivial matters. They signify political independence and emphasise personal distinction. By substituting for them numbers, as is done in penal settlements, national life is wiped out. Nations and men are rightly very jealous as to the interpretation which they desire attached to their names; for they not only represent rights and privileges, according to the rank and nationality in question, but, what is even dearer to the human heart, the glories and traditions of family or country—that is to say, its memories, virtues, religion, civilisation, and social growth.

By annexation the sciences, the arts, and literature would be deprived of a great stimulus. The marked contrast—in some cases the absolute divergence—of taste in such matters between the Pearl of the Antilles and the American Union would prove so strong as to make successful resistance by the former very difficult. Every distinct race has a

different form of civilisation and its own ideas of beauty and art, much to the enrichment of the universe. Genius requires an atmosphere of absolute independence. It finds its proper inspiration in the glories of the native land, in its joys as in its misfortunes. Deprived of a sympathetic atmosphere, art cannot flourish. The refined civilisation of ancient Greece decayed, disappeared almost, after the extinction of her life as an independent nation.

The annexation of Cuba to the North American Republic, or to any country therefore, would be a blow to civilisation, and to humanity also, for every new sovereign State that is evolved from natural causes has a special and providential mission to accomplish ; the disappearance of any one, altering to a certain extent the moral, social, and political equilibrium of the universe. And when I say annexation I mean only that accomplished by mutual consent, not annexation by conquest. This latter need not here be discussed, as it would be an act of violence, and therefore out of the question. Fortunately, Cuba has nothing to fear in this respect, for she will never allow herself to be annexed by brute force.

According to the economist, the richest nations are those in which the owners of property are the most numerous, that is to say, where the land is divided among many owners. Therefore, applying that principle to nationalities, we may say that the multiplication of sovereign (*i.e.*, independent) States renders the world richer, happier, and more peaceful. Civilisation is more indebted to small countries than to immense empires, for certainly it is not the largest nations that have the most glorious record. "It is in small States that the idea of glory is most active and pure" ; "the more confined the limits of the circle, the more ardent the patriotism." Athens, Sparta, Carthage, Venice, Florence, Genoa in the past, and Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Japan in our time, can be quoted as good examples, as also of this truth that often the most mighty empires are developed from the smallest beginnings—evolving naturally by accretion, like crystals, or growing as the mighty oak from the acorn.

Whether a canal be constructed at Panama or Nicaragua, Cuba, by her favourable position, would control either site. Like a sentinel placed at the entrance of the new waterway, the importance of Cuba in this connection cannot be over-estimated. As a base of operations her position is unrivalled. In case of war the one important British Colony in these waters, *viz*, Jamaica, could be easily reduced by the Power in quiet possession of Cuba. And if our island belonged only to the Cubans, as it must, Cuba would control the situation completely. This view seems to have been little discussed in England since the time of Canning. Hence not only the importance to England of some voice in the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, but of a free and friendly Cuba.

All the surrounding islands, *i.e.*, the whole group of the Antilles and Bahamas, the ports of many contiguous Latin Republics as well as the said canal, would be at the mercy of a fleet stationed at Santiago or Havana Harbour. Consequently, the acquisition of the island by any strong Power would be a constant menace to any European possession on that side of the Atlantic, and also to the independence of the surrounding islands, as well as to many of the Spanish-speaking Republics, whose great fault seems to be, in the eyes of the majority of Anglo-Saxons, that they insist on following out their own law of development, which, according to a masterly volume just published in New York and London, promises to be productive of great things in the future. Commerce on these seas would be precarious as long as Cuba remained in the hands of an ambitious Power.

A Cuban Republic would prove, on the contrary, a guarantee of peace in the New World. Cuba would be a kind of neutral territory. Her existence as a free State would remove all apprehension with regard to the safety of the neighbouring small nationalities and the Latin Republics of that region, who could, if threatened, band together for purposes of common defence.

Should war break out in that part between two nations, her neutrality would prevent the stronger from completely commanding both the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea. As Cuban ports will be open to the commerce of the whole world, in time the luxuriantly lovely island with its tropical scenery, as yet little known, may perhaps come to hold the place in America that Switzerland does in Europe—*viz.*, that of an ideal resort for tourists, and a refuge for the oppressed of every clime.

FINANCE.

From this point of view annexation, far from being a boon to Cuba, would be rather a burden. Her special economic conditions, and, as just stated, the ardent patriotic sentiment of the natives, alike strongly repel annexation. Rich as are the natural resources of the island the value of property is now relatively small, almost insignificant, for revenue purposes. Notwithstanding the crushing system of taxation, which spared nothing and no one—even immorality in its worst and most repugnant forms being turned into a matter of revenue—the Spanish Government was obliged to rely on the Cuban revenues to defray the expenses of the Administration, the taxes collected from other sources scarcely yielding \$8,000,000. This fact proves how unsettled was the economic problem during the dominion of Spain—as unsettled and unsatisfactory, indeed, as the political one. It also proves that Cuba had no real industries save those of sugar and tobacco, which had both already received a mortal wound from ruinous competition abroad and over-taxation at home.

Owing to the impossibility of squeezing more money from the impoverished taxpayers—in spite of everything that the poor insolvents possessed being sold at auction by the Spanish Administration, even to their modest furniture and Sunday garments—the Cuban Budget was reduced from \$40,000,000 in 1878 to \$23,000,000 in 1895. Yet notwithstanding this decrease the sum was never covered, the total amount collected being about \$18,000,000. Such facts, which are matters of record, suffice to convince the reader that the only reliable fountain of revenue in Cuba was the Customs. But if it were so before the war, how will it be now that almost all property on the island is destroyed? As a necessary consequence, the cost of all sanitary improvements and public works must be defrayed out of the Customs revenue; otherwise, no improvement of any kind can be undertaken, for the municipalities are so poor that they are unable even to provide funds for the modest salaries of the grammar school teachers.

It is reasonable to estimate at \$20,000,000 the total annual amount that the Custom House of the island will yield when under the control of a capable and honest Administration. With this income the Cuban Republic will be able to undertake the reforms most urgently needed, and also to relieve to some extent the small businesses from the heavy taxation that at present nearly crushes them out of existence. It will also be enabled to prohibit the brutal pastimes of bull-fighting and cock-fighting, long since imported from Spain, and to repress disorderly houses—which, as I have already hinted, furnished revenue under the Spanish *régime*. Besides, the suppression of the poll-tax and stamped-paper-tax will be greatly to the advantage of personal liberty and the administration of justice. With the total suppression in some cases, and the diminution in others, of the heavy taxes that have weighed like lead on agricultural and industrial enterprises, prosperity will receive a great impetus. Such reforms could be easily accomplished by Cuba were she the mistress of her own fate, a solid foundation being thus laid for the brilliant future which awaits her.

But let us suppose for a moment that Cuba is to be annexed to the United States, or to any other nation. What would then be her financial condition? All revenues that in any way involve the idea of sovereignty would pass *ipso facto* to the Federal Government—to wit, the Customs revenue, the Stamp revenue, and many other taxes that, under the name of Internal revenue, contribute to swell the national Budget. The taxes collected by the Federal Administration are meant to defray national services—as, for instance, the army, the navy, the National Debt, and pensions—and not in any way to serve the Administration of the State itself. If Cuba were deprived of the income from her Customs, with what would she

defray the expenses of Administration? For we have already seen that the valuation of her taxable property can scarcely be taken into account. Would the local Administration endeavour to follow the old Spanish system of taxation, for ever interred together with the Spanish power in America? No, those who fought so long to rid themselves of it would never consent to this. Then assuredly a state of bankruptcy would arrive. The cities unaided would not be able to attend to their own necessities, such as the police, schools, water supply, lighting, paving, street-cleaning, &c.; local improvements or reforms of any kind would be relegated to the region of dreams as heretofore, for without funds nothing could be attempted, and funds could be obtained only by offering good securities to the money-lenders.

What, therefore, is the remedy? Even if permitted by the people, to increase taxation would entail deplorable consequences. Wealthy men would absent themselves from the country to escape taxation. This is what takes place in the imperial State of New York, where hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually lost to the municipality by the change of residence of a few millionaires. We may consider this a matter of little consequence to a State like New York, whose immense riches and marvellous commercial enterprises afford sufficient income to the Administration. But Cuba is not New York. Ours is but a young and growing country, which cannot expect, even after twenty years' uninterrupted prosperity from now, to possess as much industrial wealth as New York enjoys at present. Besides, no natural boundary separates New York from her sister States. Hence the rich men who allege themselves to be residents of New Jersey or Connecticut, for instance, in order to escape the higher taxation of their own State, are still able to spend their time and money in the metropolis—that is to say, they do not practically renounce their nationality to escape taxation. In the case of Cubans of wealth, if once they left the island, distance, the ocean, climate, &c., would concur to prevent them from adopting the same plan, even if willing to do so. Those who left the island on account of the high taxation would only return in winter, even if they did not prefer to pass this season in Europe. Consequently their money would be expended out of Cuba, and it would be no mere trifle, for every one knows how the luxuries of the rich build up businesses for the poor, these same businesses languishing and dying out when their patronage is withdrawn, to the great detriment of the classes who subsist upon them.

Moreover, since human beings, as a rule, when they remove from their home, lose, to a certain extent, the affection and interest they had in the place which constituted it, it is but rational to suppose that Cuban millionaires would in time cease to care greatly for the improve-

ment and embellishment of Cuban cities. The money that might be employed in the construction of palaces, parks, promenades, buildings intended for charitable purposes, &c., would go to the new place of residence, and thus Cuban money would be expended far from the shores of the Pearl of the Antilles, and benefit all and any except Cubans.

The annexation of Cuba to the States would prove no incentive to the immigration of industrious white American families. Distance, climate, the difference of religion, customs and language, &c., would tend to keep them at home. Not so, however, with trusts, syndicates, and big corporations, these undesirable adjuncts of North American civilisation. Like the octopus, whilst keeping at home their monstrous bodies, they could reach out enormous tentacles far across the ocean to drain the commercial and industrial life of the island, and the profits, or rather the spoils, would be brought to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, &c., to pay dividends and salaries to Americans.

The absentee landlordism of Spain was bad enough, but under this *régime* where, again, would be the benefit to the Cuban? In this manner, the period of Spanish domination when piles of gold were stolen from Cuba, would be renewed on a larger scale. At that time Cuban gold crossed the Atlantic to be dissipated in Madrid, or spent in rebuilding dilapidated castles in the provinces; and now again it would cross the same sea, but in a different direction, bound for the States, to secure concessions, or to help to win political battles, or both.

Annexation, instead of solving the problem of the production of the staple products of Cuba—sugar and tobacco—would complicate it still more, on account of the tariff war that the Union is engaged in with other nations. The rampant protectionism of the Republican party now in power is only of benefit to the trusts, syndicates, &c., which their policy has done so much to promote. It would close the doors of foreign markets to such products, leaving them entirely at the mercy of the said trusts, which would then control them and fix the prices. We have already to note the formation of one or two such gigantic trusts in our island.

The commercial relations of Cuba with foreign countries, notwithstanding the restrictions imposed by Spain, were very important, being mainly with the North American Republic, Germany, France and England. Germany is one of the best markets for the tobacco known as “*Vuelta Abajo de Partido*,” both leaves and cigars; and England imports in large quantities the very finest cigars made in Havana. The exports of raw sugar and tobacco to the United States in 1894 far exceeded the amount exported in that year to all the other nations combined. It is only rational to expect that so active a trade will have an extraordinary increase with independence, for

then Cuba will be able to make treaties of commerce on the basis of mutual concessions and reciprocal facilities. The Cuban products, owing to their superior qualities and to the fertility of the soil, will then be able to compete advantageously with similar products anywhere, without bounties.

The natural resources of the island, coupled with the great laboriousness of the natives—in spite of the false assertions of some writers to the contrary—are a guarantee of its ultimate independence. Such writers, either from ignorance or malice, have wronged the Cuban lower classes by describing them as an idle and vicious race; nothing can be further from the truth. The enormous output of the island before the recent war (1895), notwithstanding the havoc wrought by the Ten Years' War (1868–78), not to mention the insensate political and financial policy of the Spanish Government, speaks aloud, with the eloquence of facts, in favour of the Cubans. The production of sugar in 1894 was equivalent to 1,200,000 tons, and of tobacco more than 500,000 bales, with about 210,000,000 manufactured cigars; over 1,000,000 tons of sugar, 231,000 bales of tobacco, and 152,000,000 cigars being exported. The volume of trade between Cuba and the United States in 1893 was about \$103,000,000, and more than \$150,000,000 between the colony and the mother-country—to say nothing of the active trade, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, between Cuba and other countries. The live-stock in the island consisted of nearly 600,000 horses and mules, 3,000,000 cattle, 100,000 sheep, and 750,000 pigs. And these figures will appear the more remarkable if we remember that the population of Cuba was but 1,500,000, with the additional drawback of a lack of capital and the highest rate of taxation that ever colony laboured under. Therefore, after weighing such facts, we can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that, considering the conditions of tropical life, a more industrious people than the Cubans it would be hard to find. This is perhaps partly, if not altogether, explained by the fact that of all representatives of white races in these parts the Cubans seem to be the only ones who have become really acclimatised and flourish under the tropical sun of the Antilles, and also that the Cuban negro is of a very superior type.

Independence is the real and only salvation for Cuba, and a Government chosen by Cubans themselves the one and only form of Government they desire. Political as well as personal liberty will restore prosperity to our unhappy island, and will afford honourable occupation in all branches of the Administration to thousands of natives who otherwise would suffer from lack of means to support themselves and their families. The Cuban Republic, by keeping itself free from international entanglements, will be safe from the dangers of those complications to which the North American Republic is fast

proceeding, heralded by her new and unwarranted policy of so-called national expansion, so foreign to all her old ideals and to the Constitution bequeathed to her by Washington.

In support of our contention, we have the testimony of George Reno (an American), who, in his recent articles entitled "The Future of Cuba" and "Cuban Leaders in Reconstruction," points out that there are thousands of highly talented, cultivated, and capable young Cubans, eager and anxious to devote their energies to their country. And no testimony favourable to the capacity of the native Cubans for self-government could be more eloquent than that generously rendered by Major-General Leonard Wood, present governor of Santiago, in the *North American Review* for May. To cite further instances would take up too much space.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Social and racial troubles would follow, sooner or later, the annexation of Cuba to the United States. It is a fact generally admitted by writers who seriously study social questions that no really respectable white American families would care to settle in our tropical island on account of the reasons already given—viz, distance from home, climate, customs, race, &c. It would not be so with adventurers and negroes. These two undesirable elements would be inclined to look upon Cuba as an Elysium. Especially would the latter do so. The negroes from the Southern States hail annexation as a means of escaping the horrors and sufferings to which they are exposed at home, where they are chased and shot like wild beasts by their white neighbours, merely for daring to give their votes in accordance with their convictions and the law of the land. In Cuba they would find life easier and be accorded more humane treatment than is their portion in the two Carolinas, for instance. In Cuba there would be no need to tremble at the fear of being lynched at any moment, for any reason or none, by angry white masked mobs, or shot down by political opponents, the Cubans not yet having adopted the civilised method of shooting negroes in order to be rid of them in the political field or to oust them from official positions. As the Federal Constitution does not prohibit the change of residence from one State to another, as a consequence, within a few years the island would be inundated with an undesirable negro population who, on account of their generally looser and more disreputable ways of living, would bring about serious disturbances in the country.

We desire to treat all nationalities fairly and to make no distinction between black and white, but we have to consider our own native coloured people with whom we live on very good terms, and we

certainly do not wish to be inundated with an English-dialect-speaking, undesirable negro population, strangers to our ways and habits of life.

This is not a mere supposition, it is a reasonable fear based on actual facts. Even were not the climate and the exceeding fertility of the Cuban soil sufficient attraction for the negroes, the instinct of self-preservation would impel them to quit their homes and emigrate to Cuba, unless they return to Africa. The negroes of the Southern States are doomed to be gradually exterminated, as has been the Indian race. The whites, armed with shot-guns, have already commenced the work. The recent arrival at Santiago of more than five hundred negroes from the surrounding islands, the landing being partly prevented by General Wood acting on the representation of the Cubans, proves my assertion. Here are the words of the special correspondent of the *New York Herald* in reference thereto :

"Temporary restrictions to immigration were put into effect yesterday owing to the large numbers of negroes arriving on small schooners from Hayti, San Domingo, and Jamaica in search of employment, but unable to show they are not paupers. Two schooners from Jamaica carrying about fifty passengers each, both men and women, were refused permission to land their passengers, and only such as could prove that they could support themselves were allowed to disembark. General Wood has also ordered other ports to look out for indigent immigrants. Nearly five hundred negroes already here from other islands seeking work are being fed by the Government "

The above-mentioned negroes are not the only ones who look on Cuba as the Promised Land. Already the North American negroes are trying to take advantage of the present interregnum to settle themselves in the island.

The American negroes, on account of their idleness and other unenviable characteristics, can but have a tendency to destroy the harmony now existing in Cuba between black and white. The disorderly conduct of the American negro soldiers at Santiago is still fresh in our memories and is anything but a good recommendation. The murder of several Cuban soldiers at San Luis by such soldiers is a disgrace to the United States army, a crime that would have been punished by the penalty of death in any other country.

Nor was this the first serious disorder that has taken place at Santiago, many acts of vandalism having been committed there previously. On one occasion some ladies were insulted by these same negro soldiers of the 8th Illinois, as reported by the London *Daily Chronicle* at the time of the occurrence. Besides, any act of indiscipline of the kind referred to by the correspondent of the *Herald* is serious, very serious, in its nature, in an army sent to Cuba to preserve order and protect personal liberty and the rights of property.

Annexation would bring about yet other disturbances. The reduc-

tion in the salaries of workmen through the operation of trusts and syndicates would promote strikes on the part of the former, and an attempt to import negroes or other cheap labour from the States would then follow. The Cubans—the natives of the soil—having families to support and educate, would naturally oppose such importation, the opposition resulting probably in bloodshed.

The North American Republic itself furnishes an example of what would in all likelihood take place. Only the other day were recorded the riots at Werden and Pana, Illinois, wherein many lives were lost and a reign of terror established, on account of the action of the mining companies in their ill-advised attempt to employ negroes in place of white workers.

During the past month, Mr Welsh, an American planter, and General Wheeler have both made highly coloured and partisan statements in favour of the speedy annexation of Cuba to the United States, and the *New York Herald*, always the bitter opponent of our cause, remarks: "It will not be long before this pearl is added to our string." But those who imagine that the Pearl of the Antilles is merely a pearl to be added to a collection, a thing for sale or barter, and that in Cuba will be found another Hawaii, are altogether mistaken. If in Hawaii it was an easy matter for a dozen adventurers from different countries to dethrone a defenceless woman and to usurp the powers of Government, depriving the natives of all part in them, in Cuba this ruthless method of proceeding is absolutely impossible. The base intrigues of every description resorted to in Honolulu in order to change the form of government—intrigues disclosed by the report of the Commissioners appointed by President Cleveland to investigate the matter of the annexation, can never be attempted with us. The Cubans who have been opposing for nearly half a century the formidable power of Spain, and successfully resisting all kinds of bribes and promises, cannot so easily be deprived of the right to direct their own destiny. The liberty they won on the field of battle must be lost on the field of battle, if such should be their fate. Whether or not Cuba shall occupy the inferior position of a State of the American Union is exclusively a matter for the Cubans themselves to decide. The will of the majority, freely, honestly, and loyally expressed, will ever be the law, by all accepted, by all acknowledged.

In the special case of Cuba, there is little fear of her being annexed to the great Republic as was Hawaii; in the first place, because the independence of the island has been recognised by Congress and approved of by the President, and such an act cannot be disregarded or set aside by an honourable nation to satisfy only the interests of a selfish minority; in the second place, because the Cubans have been proved to possess patriotism enough to refuse with contempt anything short of independence, and courage enough to fight those

who oppose that independence, without reference to the number or strength of their opponents.

To sum up, therefore, the present state of affairs on the island is looked upon as an interregnum pending the formation of a Cuban Republic. In spite of the assertions of Mr. Porter, the United States' Commissioner lately visiting the island, the native Cubans are, we may say, almost unanimously in favour of a Republic; their aim is definite, and the movement is constantly growing in force and in numbers.

Consequently the independence of Cuba is a necessity, and the only solution of the Cuban problem. For it the Cubans fought desperately many long years. Now that it has been conquered and solemnly recognised by the American nation, they are firmer than ever in their determination to maintain it.

ANTONIO GONZALO PÉREZ.

THE IMPERIALISM OF BRITISH TRADE.

I. THE RISE AND DECLINE OF BRITISH INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY.

"**A**T the present awful crisis, when 'England expects that every man will do his duty,' I know not that my time can be more beneficially employed than in an endeavour to diffuse among my countrymen just ideas of the sources of wealth and of the nature and extent of the benefits conferred by foreign trade."

Thus wrote Colonel Torrens in the beginning of this century, when England was suffering from the economic revulsion which, after the Napoleonic wars, had fallen like a blight on English industries.

We have to face another crisis, severer and of longer duration, which again spells ruin to the home producer. In the interest of home production and in the interest of English labour it is necessary to recall to our countrymen the true and almost forgotten teachings of our great economic writers, and to investigate by their light our present economic situation.

The disproportionate state of our exports and imports has of late become the burning question of the hour, and is eagerly ventilated. The decline of English exports in relation to the exports of other countries is taken as clear evidence that we are beaten out of the path of commerce by our foreign competitors. Our ears are jarred by the sinister croakings of ravens which warn us that the industrial glory of England is departing, and that we no longer reign supreme in manufactures and trade. There are voices which predict the inevitable decline of England. Alarmists think we are living on our capital and are becoming poorer every year.

Not only are the fears of mere alarmists and faddists aroused; also serious people and men of weight in politics, in science, and in the Press look gravely on the situation as represented by our trade statistics. Many of them have made valuable contributions to the

solution of this puzzling question, and at last Sir Robert Giffen has given his ponderous statement of the case, based on elaborate statistics, and full of Cobdenite wisdom. If he has succeeded hereby in calming the apprehensions of those good people who object to having their smug self-satisfaction disturbed, they will doubtless be thankful to him for the restoration of their equanimity.

With due deference to the high authorities who have given us their views, it seems to me that the true significance of this strange phenomenon of the increasing disparity of imports and exports has not yet been duly appreciated. It has been approached too much from the point of view of a mere statistician. The deeper economic significance of this momentous development has been strangely lost sight of.

In the following pages I propose to treat this question broadly, from an economic standpoint, and I begin with a short historical survey of the economic development of the British Empire from its foundation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth up to the present day. The events which during this period lifted England from a small country, commercially dependent on, and exploited by, foreigners, to the great and domineering position she now holds, may well inspire us Britishers with the proud confidence that England, far from declining, is destined to grow great and greater, and to become the mistress of the world—if we only preserve intact the foundations on which she rests.

Alfred Thomas Storey begins his book on "The Building of the Empire" with the following noteworthy passage:

"The building of the British Empire may be said to have begun with the ascent of Queen Elizabeth to the throne. Although up to that time the English had done a vast deal of fighting, it had been to little purpose, save the shedding of oceans of blood and the squandering of incalculable treasure. Never since the Norman Conquest had England counted so small a territory, never were her fortunes at so low an ebb, as when, in the year 1558, the last of the Tudors assumed the reins of power"

In other words, the Jingo policy of those days, which squandered blood and treasure for a will-of-the-wisp expansion of England by grabbing the lands of other nations, had hopelessly broken down and reduced England to the lowest ebb of her fortunes. Not only did she lose by it all she possessed beyond the seas; she even became the prey of the exploiting foreigner and lost her economic independence. This ought to be remembered at a moment when there are signs of our new colonial policy being on the verge of squandering blood and treasure for shadowy rights of suzerainty over a small South African Republic.

Before Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne foreign merchants had for many years been granted special privileges in the realm of England

and held almost a monopoly of her foreign trade. They bought up the raw produce of the country, they exported it to foreign manufacturing towns, accumulated large fortunes, and "ran away" with their profits to their native lands in order to make room for fresh exploiters from abroad. The home industries of England had been ruined by the sacrifices exacted from the country to carry on useless foreign wars. The Sovereign of England had become dependent on the foreign money-lender, who knew well how to make the best of his opportunities. That which is always bound to happen under such circumstances occurred to England. The country was drained of its resources, it was speedily relieved of its money, and the exchanges, the never failing symptom and indicator of this state of things, became utterly demoralised. We were on the road to becoming an impoverished country, but were saved by two men who laid the cornerstone of our future greatness. It seems to me that neither this development, nor the great men by whom it was inaugurated, have as yet met with the recognition they ought to have received from their countrymen.

Amongst Lord Burghley's papers a letter was found which was written by Sir Thomas Gresham to Queen Elizabeth on her accession to the throne. This wonderful letter, headed "Information of Sir Thomas Gresham, Mercer, touching the fall of the exchange, MDLVIII," has happily been preserved in Burgon's "Life of Gresham," and I should counsel every patriotic Englishman to study it as the Magna Charta of our commercial freedom. In it Sir Thomas Gresham sets forth the means by which he succeeded in raising the exchange of the realm and in paying off the great debt which was due to Flanders.

Having made this clear, Gresham continues in the following words, which may serve even to-day to enlighten those who see the salvation of nations in low exchanges.

"By this it may plainly appear to your Highness, that as the exchange is the thing that eats out all Princes to the whole destruction of their common weal, if it be not substantially looked unto, so likewise the exchange is the chiefest and richest thing only above all other to restore your Majesty and your realm to fine gold and silver, and is the mean that makes all foreign commodities with all kinds of victuals good cheap, and likewise keeps your fine gold and silver within your realm.

"So consequently the higher the exchange riseth, the more shall your Majesty and your realm and common weal flourish."

Gresham concludes the letter with the following practical advice to the Queen for restoring her realm to a prosperous state:

"For this your Highness has none other ways but, firstly, when time and opportunity serve us, to bring your base money into fine. Secondly, not to restore the Still-yard (the foreign merchants) to their usurped privileges.

Thirdly, to grant as few licences as you can. Fourthly, to come in as small debt as you can beyond seas. Fifthly, to keep up your credit with your own Merchants, for it is they who must stand by you at all events in your necessity."

This good advice has been carried out to the letter. The debts "beyond the seas," the invariable sign of financial dependence and decadence in any country, were henceforward not only reduced, but done away with. The merchants of the realm stood in all necessities by their rulers, and the tremendous debt of England at this day is held only by the British themselves.

Lord Burghley—Lord Salisbury's great ancestor—who figures in the letter we have just quoted as "Mr. Secretary Sissile," was, according to the words used by Sir Thomas Gresham, "most privy unto" the measures he adopted. In fact, as it is stated in Charlton's "Life of Burghley," the latter seems to have been a leading spirit in dealing with the then general complaints of the English merchants that they were unable to enter into competition with their wealthy neighbours on the Continent.

"Although," says Charlton, "he was unable at that time to accomplish all that he wished, yet he undoubtedly laid the foundations of those improvements which were subsequently carried out, and the good effects of which may be said to be experienced at this day."

By giving the natives of the kingdom again the lead in all commercial transactions, Burghley became—to speak once more in Charlton's words—"the chief cause of that enterprise and industry which have ever since so strongly marked the character of the English merchants."

Hence we are in duty bound to look on these two men as on the creators of the independent commercial career of England. The self-reliant character of the British trader soon asserted itself in industry at home and in commerce abroad. The rich soil of England, no longer forced by iniquitous laws to yield only such produce as foreign manufacturers needed, began to be tilled and to feed a nation conscious of her rising destinies, and developing with energy her own manufactures and her own trade.

Bacon, even after the short time that had elapsed since Gresham's reforms, could write in his essay to King James the following panegyristic survey of the condition of the kingdom of Britain :

"I have thought good, as far as I can comprehend, to make a true survey and representation of this your Kingdom of Britain, being for mine own part persuaded that the supposed prediction *Videò solem orientem in occidente*, may be no less a true vision as applied to Britain than to any Kingdom in Europe, and being out of doubt that none of the first monarchies which in the memory of times have risen in this habitable world, has so fair seeds of beginnings as hath this your estate and kingdom "

One hundred and fifty years later the commercial and financial

sceptre had passed from the hands of the Dutch and the Flemings into the hands of the British. William of Orange established in England the previous financial sovereignty of Holland. The next century witnessed the development of manufactures and of the British mercantile marine, and in the first half of this century England stood forth as the great workshop and carrier of the world, while Europe, smitten by the wars of almost a quarter of a century's duration, was lying exhausted at her feet.

By this time she had taken into her service a new force. Steam gave, in ships, on railways, in factories, unlimited employment to her brains and unlimited efficiency to her labour. She gained the undisputed monopoly of the world's trade, sending out manufactures and bringing back to her shores raw produce and food for her workmen. Never before had her commerce expanded as it did during this period; never before had riches poured into the country, and never before (let us note it well) had capital accumulated as during this time of her "industrial glory."

The superiority of the productive power of the English producer in comparison with that of other nations was immense. For a long series of years the efficacy of British industry exceeded the efficacy of foreign industry—as we are informed by contemporaries—to a degree unknown previously. Whilst the wars of the first Revolution had paralysed the industry of the Continent, England, mistress of the seas, enjoying internal security, and employed in developing the new mechanical power created by her Watts, Arkwrights, and Stephensons, was possessed of exclusive advantages which conferred on any given quantity of her labour a value exceeding many times that which, under the existing circumstances, it was possible for the produce of the same quantity of Continental labour to acquire.

On the lowest average estimate, goods produced by one pair of hands in England were at that time of greater value than goods produced by ten pairs of hands out of England. The English manufacturer who sent his fabrics to the markets of the world received in proportion to the labour employed upon them a quantity of the precious metals ten times greater than that which could be obtained by the foreign manufacturer. The English labourer was enabled to command higher money wages than his fellow workman abroad, and while the value of all foreign products, including the precious metals, fell in relation to the produce of domestic labour, he was enabled to command a greater share of them.

It was justly said then. "Give us perfect freedom of trade, and the English operative may proudly exclaim: 'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.'"

The extent of the superiority which the people of this country acquired from the exclusive possession of the improvements in

mechanical power, and from the monopoly of commerce growing out of the incidents of the revolutionary war, it would be—according to the very competent observer, Colonel Torrens—difficult to estimate. England, by her productive power, had commercially conquered all foreign countries, and in accordance with the true principles of foreign trade had gained the command of all their productions.

Colonel Torrens well described the situation when he wrote : “ England had acquired a species of property, a vested interest; in the industrial products of all the regions of the earth.” In fact, she had made “ the whole world tributary to herself ” through her manufactures.

This is the true meaning of England’s industrial glory. It was a peaceful conquest of the world by England’s superior industry. It was the establishment of a species of World Empire, the forerunner of that real Empire which we are now evolving.

It is remarkable that this period of the greatest expansion of British trade almost coincided with the least extension of British territory. For the expansion of her trade England relied solely on the superiority of her manufactures and on the enterprise of her merchants. The political power of England was sometimes even slow to follow the enterprise of her sons, and to give it suitable support.

On the whole it must be upheld, as the characteristic of the entire period of the growth of England’s commercial greatness since the time of Elizabeth, that it was the English trader who was the standard bearer of the expansive power of England. It was he who, according to Hume, “ tried his fortune in towns and states abroad with cloth and manufactures,” and not with the aid of powder and shot and Colonial Ministers. We have also Mill’s support in this view : “ Industry rather than war,” he wrote, “ was the natural source of power and importance to Great Britain.” No claims were pegged out then for posterity ; trade was not expected to follow the flag, but the flag followed trade.

It is the glory of the English race that the pluck of the individual laid the foundations of the Empire. It is a spurious, effeminate, and utterly un-English doctrine, clashing with the teachings of three centuries, which would now insist that our flag, borne by some Colonial Minister, went first and that the English trader meekly followed. Such a doctrine may be good enough for Continental nations, but must be rejected by any Englishman worthy of the name. We ought never to forget this truth, and we ought never to allow our modern supine *café chantant* Jingoës to obscure this vital fact in our history.

In one respect, however, the British Government was manly enough to stand by the British manufacturer and trader during that period.

It gave him the necessary protection when alone he was unable to fight those elementary powers which determine international values. Against the previously acquired superiority of Continental manufactures which were earlier in the field than he, he was protected by the prohibition of their importation. Thus he was enabled to carry on his industrial struggle and to overcome, to the advantage and glory of England, the odds that were against him. Against the superiority of the Dutch in the carrying trade at that period, due to the lower rate of profits in Holland, as Mill pointed out, England enacted her navigation laws. She thereby caused men and capital to rush into this industry and tore the monopoly of the carrying trade from the Dutch. When England conquered India she secured the then rising manufactures of Manchester against a deadly rivalry by excluding Indian cottons from English markets. In fact, though the laws of international exchange had in those days not yet been recovered, England often acted unconsciously on them from that common sense which is the inheritance and just pride of the Britisher.

By acting thus England vigorously upheld the interests of her producing classes, instead of sacrificing them to false theories and sentiment as she has done during the last fifty years.

At the time when England—on the foundations thus laid and secured—was approaching the perfection of her commercial and industrial development, the principles of our national science of economics and the theory of foreign trade were discovered and set forth by thinkers such as Ricardo, Torrens, and others. We were taught how, by means of foreign trade and by the superiority of our manufactures, we could purchase goods from abroad with less labour and with greater advantage than if we had to produce them ourselves. We were shown that according to general principles the advantages of foreign trade were best secured by perfect and reciprocal Free Trade, and that, under the law of Free Trade, profits would rise and capital accumulate quickest. Nothing can be more true, more logical, than the principles of foreign trade bequeathed to us by the great economic writers.

But it must not be forgotten that this theory of foreign trade was based on the unconditional assumption of the existence and continuance of that mutual course of trade in which foreign commodities were purchased with home commodities, and in which the equilibrium of trade was undisturbed by payments not originating in commerce. This disturbance was a new development which grew out of our commercial manufacturing supremacy, and was to lead us to a new supremacy. The former was bound to give way to the latter. The moving force in this new phase is no longer the superior efficiency of our labour, but the superiority of our capital, the fruit of the labour and industry of former generations. Theretofore we had, as we have seen, acquired only a species of property and a "vested interest" in

the industrial products of all the regions of the earth; henceforward our capital went forth to acquire for us a real property in the soils and industrial undertakings themselves of those regions. Our capital served us, as Lord Castlereagh said, in the stead of cannon and guns to conquer the world.

But no one seems to have understood the economic nature of this new development and its effect on foreign trade. Though the investments of capital abroad created payments outside of regular trade transactions and interfered with them to the point of almost putting an end to them, the fundamental difference between true commerce—that is, between exchange of commodities on the one side, and payments without any return and not originating in commerce on the other side—is not grasped. On the contrary, our Ministers and economists of to-day continue to talk of trade and interests of trade when they mean nothing but concessions, investments, and interests of capital, and constantly mistake the concession-hunter, especially when backed by banks and syndicates, for the trader. But for this short-sightedness many of the evil effects of this change which overtook trade might have been averted while its beneficial effects were fostered. A wiser policy, adapting the true laws of international exchange to the new condition of things, might have turned our capitalistic conquest of the world to its full advantage.

The decline of England's mere industrial supremacy was long since foreseen, as a remote contingency, by our great economists. General economic principles pointed to it. Malthus taught us a century ago that it was unreasonable to expect that any one country, merely by the force of skill and capital, should remain in possession of markets, uninterrupted by foreign competition. It is, according to him, an accidental and temporary and not a natural and permanent division of labour which constitutes one State the manufacturer and carrier of others.

In one place Malthus seems to point directly to the case of England:

"If a country," he says, "owing to temporary advantages of this kind, should have its commerce and manufactures so greatly preponderate as to make it necessary to support a large portion of its people on foreign corn, it is certain that the progressive improvement of foreign countries in manufactures and commerce might, after a time, subject us to a period of poverty and of retrograde movements in property and population."

"As long as agricultural nations continue to apply their increasing capital principally to the land, this increase of capital will be of the greatest possible advantage to the manufacturing and commercial nation. It is indeed the main cause and great regulator of its progress in wealth and population."

"But if in the natural progress of these agricultural nations they turn their attention to manufactures and commerce, their further increase of capital and skill will be the signal of decay and destruction to the manu-

factures and commerce of that commercial nation which they have before supported."

In the following passage Malthus warns us that it is from America this danger may come.

"According to general principles," he says, "it will finally answer to most landed nations both to manufacture for themselves, and to conduct their own commerce. That raw cotton should be shipped in America, carried some thousands of miles to another country, there to be manufactured and shipped again for the American market, is a state of things that cannot be permanent. A purely commercial State must always be undersold and driven out of the market by those who possess the advantage of land."

We were, therefore, well forewarned. On general principles, a rising competition was to be expected. It soon sprang up, and we ought to have been well on our guard.

With the restoration of peace after the Napoleonic wars the industry of the Continent revived. Torrens bears testimony to the fact that the difference between the efficacy of British and of foreign labour became less and less; that the goods produced in England by a single pair of hands no longer exchanged for the goods produced in other countries by ten or twenty pair of hands; and that as the produce of British industry exchanged for the produce of, a less quantity of foreign productions, including the precious metals, prices and profits and wages of necessity declined. The industrial processes heretofore the monopoly of England were to an ever-increasing extent transferred into other countries, and our customers became our rivals.

This development was accelerated by ill-judged legislation and by that short-sighted commercial policy to which, I regret to say, we still adhere. Instead of seeking the benefits of free international exchange through true and universal freedom of trade, with due appreciation of the change in trade referred to above, and thereby trying to ensure, if not a further development, at least the maintenance of that industrial superiority which we held, we alone abandoned Protection and gave gratuitous concessions to industries abroad without having first secured reciprocal Free Trade. We admitted duty free the agricultural produce and manufactures of the whole world, which we had helped to develop by our capital, while the world, for the most part, refused to admit our home manufactures.

Foremost amongst those who waged a tariff war against us was the United States of America, the nation which was the richest in land, and therefore the most dangerous competitor. It was fundamentally wrong to have ever based any hopes on the possibility that America would always take our manufactures in exchange for her corn.

Torrens gives a careful survey of the actual state of our commercial relations with the United States in his time, and condemns the policy

of one-sided Free Trade which we then adopted. It will be interesting to read, in the light of the present day, his comparative estimate of the industrial position of the two countries made fifty years ago :

"The difference between the rates of profits and of wages in England and the United States is a practical solution of the question which we proposed for consideration—namely, Whether the financial policy adhered to by the United States, or the opposite policy adopted by England, is most in accordance with the true teaching of economical science. Under the financial policy adopted by the United States, the producing classes obtain a greater proportion of the benefits resulting from foreign trade than that which is due to the efficacy of their industry.

"Under the opposite policy adopted by England the producing classes obtain a less proportion of the advantages resulting from foreign trade than that which is due to the efficacy of their industry.

"In the United States the rewards of industry are more than commensurate with its efficacy, the attraction of higher profits and higher wages turns upon their shores, from all the other quarters of the globe, a never-ebbing tide of capital and labour, their progress is the most rapid that the world ever saw

"The United Kingdom presents a different picture. Here the rewards of industry are not commensurate with its efficacy. The tide of capital and labour recedes from the British shores "

This is the way one of the greatest English economists and expounders of Free Trade looked upon the development of the mutual relations between England and America a few years after the adoption of one-sided Free Trade by the former. America, backed by her tremendous resources in land and encouraged by the Free Trade policy of England, had even then entered upon a serious industrial struggle with us. Torrens saw that the future boded ill to England. That which Torrens overlooked, and that which was always overlooked by the writers of his time, was the all-important fact that the capital which in a never-ebbing tide was turned upon American shores, and which receded from British shores, remained British after all and secured to the British capitalist the higher profits in America.

The dangers to the English manufacturer foreboded by Torrens have, however, become real. It is true there were fools who raised the cry of "Made in Germany," but very justly did the *Times* remark some time ago, in a very interesting article on "American Foreign Trade," that throughout the controversy over the "Made in Germany bogey" the more level-headed experts in this country never doubted that we had in America a far more powerful commercial rival than we had in Germany, and that these experts were already being justified by the event. The shipments of manufactures from the United States have indeed increased at a phenomenal rate, and will in the last fiscal year, for the first time in the commercial history of the United States, be of greater value than the imports of manufactured goods.

Cobden's fears are at last realised, and for once a prediction of his has been fulfilled: it is now the sentiment of the people of England generally, and perhaps also the inward conviction of our Government—notwithstanding its touting for the American alliance—that our chief and most dangerous rival in manufactures is the United States. A remarkable article—"The Menace to England's Commercial Supremacy"—appeared in the April number of the *American Forum*. The writer asserts that the decay of English manufactures is as inevitable as that of English agriculture. His reason for this assertion is that English capital has helped to develop the industries of the world, and that the very position of England as a great creditor nation will largely contribute to the undoing of her own industries. "It is indisputable," the writer adds, "that the British have reason to regard with apprehension, if not with a stronger sentiment, the outcome of their efforts to obtain profit at our expense."

This foreigner seems to me to gauge the situation justly. It is high time we should do the same and face it.

II. THE NEW DEPARTURE.

o The rising rivalry of our competitors in manufactures, together with our one-sided Free Trade policy, would not only have prevented us from progressing any further in manufactures and wealth, but would surely have landed us in a most undesirable position, if the expanding and conquering power of our capital had not come to our rescue. We ought never to lose sight of this momentous fact. We must try to understand its full bearing. It was the decisive turning-point in the economic development of our country. On the true estimate of its importance, therefore, will depend the right appreciation of our interests and likewise the aim of our future policy.

Our tremendous industrial fabric could not be shaken to its foundation all at once. We may still for a long time to come hold our own fairly well against all competitors, but we have lost the monopoly of manufacturing. Our chief power no longer consists in the supremacy of our industry. It is shifting gradually, and leaning more and more on capital.

Disraeli, in his "Sybil," remarks that, in a commercial country like England, every half-century develops some new and vast source of public wealth which brings into national notice a new and powerful class. A couple of centuries ago a Turkey merchant was the great creator of wealth; the West India planter followed him; in the middle of last century appeared the nabob. He thrived on Indian importations, and then was heard the same cry over the dumping of Indian commodities on English soil as we now hear over the dumping of German or American stuff.

The above types described by Disraeli in turn merged in the land, and became English aristocrats; while, the Levant decaying, the West Indies exhausted, and Hindustan plundered, the breeds died away. The expenditure of the revolutionary war produced the loan-monger, who succeeded the nabob, and the application of science to industry developed the manufacturer. He in his turn is now, slowly but surely, disappearing before the foreign investor. The balance of power removes from Manchester and Birmingham to St. Swithin's Lane and Lombard Street.

England could not remain the workshop of the world; she is fast becoming its creditor, its mortgagee, its landlord. The Limited Liability Companies Act of 1862 is more or less the starting-point of this our latest development. It gave our capital the great power of combining and the courage for starting on its conquering career abroad.

It is true that our capital had emigrated before 1862, but the amount which had left England previous to that date was comparatively small. The effect of its emigration on the trade and industry of England passed more or less unnoticed. It was only since the beginning of the sixties that this movement increased to a degree unknown before, and that its effect began to be strongly felt. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1865, entitled "Seven per Cent.," bears witness to the radical change then taking place. The article is quoted by Mill in his "Principles," and by its masterly style and treatment of the question undoubtedly betrays Mill as its author. It takes up the subject of the almost unprecedented rise in the money rate which had taken place since 1864, and frightened the business world. It ascribes this rise to the comparatively vast and sudden expansion of the joint stock system, to the new Limited Liability Companies Act, and to the growing availability and diffusion of English capital for foreign purposes.

The article, it must be observed, does not consider these causes to be only temporary, but looks on them as "fundamental and permanent changes in the relation of the aggregate of English capital and foreign demand." The writer, therefore, justly recognises in the supply of this foreign demand a distinctly new departure from the old ways of international exchange and foreign trade. He remarks that at first the new companies mainly supplied English industry and benefited our manufacturing districts and our producing classes. Soon, however, the companies found the rates of money higher abroad than at home, and lent their capital to foreigners for the benefit of their shareholders. Nevertheless, the writer is disposed to believe that although England has suffered under this new competition for loanable capital, yet no country will in the end reap greater advantages from it than England herself, who of all countries has the greatest capital at her command.

Such a judgment expressed so many years ago shows the extraordinary perspicacity of the author. Even then he had fully grasped the new condition of things which was to carry England over the dead point to which her industrial power alone would have brought her. Our tremendous capital garnered in the days of our industrial superiority could not possibly have found occupation at home without lowering the rates of profit. For that reason we should soon have dropped to that stationary state into which nations fall when profits decrease and accumulation of capital stops, while foreign competition with our manufactures would have crippled us. Malthus, therefore, declared it indispensable for England to find for her increasing capital "a larger arena abroad."

Ricardo, in his famous "Essay on the Profits of Stock," expresses himself in a similar way. In a letter addressed to Malthus on this same subject, he writes: "Accumulation of capital has a tendency to lower profits. If with every accumulation of capital we could tack a piece of fresh fertile land to our island, profits would never fall." That is just what our capital has done for us. It has been adding one piece of land after the other to our islands, until our capitalists may triumphantly say, "The world, the world is ours."

Mill believed the perpetual overflow of British capital "into colonies or foreign countries" to have been for many years the principal means by which the decline of profits in England had been arrested. He himself counselled the sending of English capital abroad, in order to produce food for the increasing population of England, the ordinary operations of international exchange, and the capital of the nations from which we buy it, not being sufficient to procure it. In one of his most interesting chapters Mill wrote as follows:

"The expansion of capital would soon reach its outward boundary, if the boundary itself did not continually open and leave more space.

"The mere continuance of the present annual increase of capital, if no circumstance occurred to counteract its effect, would suffice in a small number of years to reduce the rate of net profit to one per cent."

Happily for us all, we cannot in our times arrest the free flow of capital from one country to another. By the elementary laws of nature it will go from countries where profits are decreasing, into countries where they are larger, as surely as water flows from the mountains to the ocean. The superabundant capital of Great Britain, therefore, finding no longer profitable employment in the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of her own territory, began, by necessity, to overflow her boundaries, to take possession—first of the carrying trade on the seas, and then of the soils, the industries, and the commerce of the countries beyond the seas. It laid its hands on everything it could develop and make profitable. It thereby kept up profits and increased England's wealth.

Mill expresses this very happily when he writes: "England no longer depends on the fertility of her own soil to keep up her rate of profit, but on the soil of the whole world." It is important that this be understood to the letter. It is truly the whole world, and not only that part of it which is mapped out as our Colonial possessions, which is fast becoming England's domain and empire.

Mill saw this clearly. He is very careful to say always "Colonies or foreign countries" when speaking of this new process of acquisition. Nevertheless, this point is often forgotten or lost sight of by our modern Imperialists, who talk so grandiloquently of the extension of our Empire, and yet narrow its limits to the red lines on the world's map. Unconsciously, however, they feel the truth of this when they speak of our Imperial interests in China, in Turkey, in Africa, or elsewhere. Our Imperial interests actually pervade the whole world. The whole world, therefore, it cannot be too often repeated, forms the true basis of our Empire. We are no longer a small and isolated industrial nation which exports and imports, and with its commodities commands and buys the produce of other nations; we are fast becoming an Imperial nation, which by its capital and investments commands the productive forces themselves of other nations. We develop or help to develop them; we draw them into our orbit and bind up their interests inseparably with our own. It is thus that the British Empire takes form and substance.

It will be worth our while to pause here for a moment in order to consider the nature of our capitalistic conquests and to illustrate our arguments by referring to notable instances.

Let us first take the colonies, because just now much is made of our trade with them by our Imperialists and by our Colonial Minister.

Let these gentlemen remember that the colonies, from beginning to end, have all been established and built up by the capital of the mother country. If they cannot remember this, we should advise them to look it up in Ricardo, to whom Mr. Chamberlain has often referred of late in support of his new conception of Free Trade. Let them also look at the innumerable land, mortgage, mining, railway, &c, companies which, comfortably seated in the City of London, divide up amongst themselves the soil and properties of the colonies. Let them open, for instance, Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," and ponder over the remark on page 589: "As regards the amount of wealth per inhabitant, the United Kingdom stands second only to Australia, and when we consider that most of Australia is mortgaged to British capitalists, we may say that in reality the United Kingdom has most wealth per head."

As Australian wealth is mortgaged to British capitalists, so also is Australian trade. In fact, there is no longer free trade between us and Australia, by which commodities are freely bartered for com-

modities with our kith and kin—the picture of which fills Mr. Chamberlain's imagination. On the contrary, the exports to Australia represent to a large extent capital for new investments, while the imports from Australia represent to a large extent payment to the mortgagees or absentee landlords in England.

The same may be said of almost any other British colony. Canada, at this moment the spoiled darling of England, is the latest example of our capitalistic acquisitions. The preferential treatment accorded as a free gift to Great Britain will naturally serve to facilitate and increase British investments in Canada. If this were the intention which originated the preferential treatment, it was no doubt a clever and effectual move, as Canada needed British capital for her development.

Glad, indeed, may the colonies be if English investors send out their investments—as they happily do for the most part—in the shape of commodities. In such cases there is "value received"; but there is no "value received" if no actual capital be transmitted to a country, and if, nevertheless, it be saddled with debts running up to millions of pounds by mere share transactions on the London Stock Exchange. Such is the special privilege of the pitiable countries on which modern Imperialism is allowed to experimentalise and to peg out claims for posterity, a process which in these cases comes dangerously near "sweating" those countries for the benefit of existent Stock Exchange interests. Africa may soon have to tell a tale on this subject.

Where is the difference between colonies and foreign countries with regard to capitalistic occupation? we may now ask. In foreign countries, as in the colonies, we see the same companies—land, mortgage, mining, railway, &c. We cannot even say that we have invested a greater amount of capital in the colonies in order to develop their resources than we have done in foreign countries. On the contrary, the amount of capital we have placed in the United States is infinitely greater than that of the capital we have outstanding in all our colonies put together.

We have helped to build up the United States on a grander scale than any of our colonies, and, from a merely economic point of view, we may look upon this country as upon our largest and greatest colony. So much, indeed, are we dependent on the profits we draw from the United States that the condition of affairs in that country reacts more powerfully on the state of affairs in England than does the business condition of any other country in the world.

It could be clearly seen in the months preceding the election of President McKinley how much more important for us was the protection of our capital invested in the States than the preservation of our mere trade interests. Though McKinley was known to be a most

advanced Protectionist, yet the City of London took his side strongly against Bryan. The City did not object to Mr. McKinley's high tariff, for it protected the innumerable industrial establishments owned by British capitalists in the United States; but it saw the danger to its interests in the silver agitation of Bryan. Not that this agitation would have affected very seriously the real trade and exchange of commodities between the countries, for this it could not do; but that it would have affected very seriously the payments in gold which the City looked for from America. The night of the election will not soon be forgotten in Lombard Street. City men trembled in their shoes, and sat up throughout the night in their offices watching the incoming telegrams on the results of the polls. Confidence was only restored when McKinley's victory was declared, and profits, interest, and power of English capital in the United States again secured. The head of a firm of Customs lawyers wrote to the Republican State Committee at that time as follows: "Several of our correspondents in Yorkshire write that, in the event of McKinley being elected, ten or twelve manufacturers, employing 7000 or 8000 hands, will remove their plant and business to the United States."

Let us take another instance of the expansion of England's capital in a foreign country. In this case I am glad to have the testimony of one who is probably the last man who would expect to be cited as witness against the truth of the adage, trade follows the flag. Sir Howard Vincent describes the nature of our capitalistic conquests in Argentina almost in my own words. In an article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, after lamenting the political loss of Argentina to England as a colony, he writes as follows:

"The British have none the less planted themselves on the fertile soil of the Republic. Two hundred millions sterling, at the very least, have they laid out in Argentina. They have advanced millions to the Government, millions to the States. They have laid out millions in railways, millions in land. There is nothing, perhaps, more remarkable than the change which is rapidly coming over the proprietorship of the soil. The British population is not more than 40,000. The French are more than twice as numerous; the Germans also. The Italians surpass numerically twenty-fold. They are the workers; but the great tracts of land are in British hands, and these vast estates of the Argentine are being rapidly broken up and transferred to foreigners. Can we not say almost the same of the Transvaal, where we own the gold-fields, and of innumerable other countries?"

It seems useless to give further instances of the nature of our expansion. The latest and most modern instance is the concessions wrung from China with the aid of our representative there. Railway concessions, it is said, to the value of £20,000,000 have been secured

for British capital. This means a fresh extension of the "arena" of our Empire. It is a fresh confirmation of our contention that the extension is not limited to our own colonial possessions, but that the whole world forms our Imperial estate; for the other nations which compete with us for Chinese territory in the far East are already, or soon will be, mortgaged to our capital.

An idea of the extent to which the process of appropriating estates abroad has developed may be formed by any one who will take the trouble to scan the "Official Intelligence" of Sir H. Burdett. The reader will be struck by the number and variety of enterprises which British capital owns all over the world. And yet in this "Intelligence" mention is only made of companies, nothing is said of the numberless private investments abroad. If every factory run by British capital, every farm owned by it or mortgaged to it, every mine or railway worked by it, were forced to fly the national flag, as in the case of ships, the Union Jack would be seen floating everywhere and would indicate truly the extent of our World Empire. The industrial glory of little England may be departing; its capitalistic glory is certainly rising.

After all we have said it will be clear that we must approach the question of the disparity of exports and imports from quite another side than that from which it has hitherto been treated. Without the guidance of these economic principles, which we have shown to be the laws of our development, it is only natural that this question should be looked upon as bewildering, if not alarming. Our imports increase by leaps and bounds; our exports—which we have considered hitherto as the means wherewith to buy our imports—languish.

The excess of our imports has of late grown beyond all expectation.

I will not weary my readers with figures. They have recently been given often and profusely. Those who wish to make a special study of the subject would do well to read Sir Robert Giffen's statistics. My task is to deal with the general aspect of the question and with the general principles underlying it.

If since the middle of the century we have sent out our capital to produce abroad, if we have farmed with it the soil of foreign countries, if by means of it we have dotted the whole globe with our industrial establishments—then we must of necessity import an increasing share of the produce of our capital abroad without exporting for it in return. Our imports from abroad were bound to increase; our exports from home were bound to suffer. It was a radical change which upset the equilibrium of international exchange, and rendered the theory of trade from country to country inapplicable to the revolutionised state of commerce.

It is due only to our deplorable deficiency in economic knowledge and our want of economic thought that this new state of affairs has.

been so little realised. Economic writers, it is true, avow that England is the greatest creditor country in the world, and that other countries have to pay interest to her. They do not see, however, that England is no longer a mere creditor who draws interest, but is also a landlord and proprietor who draws rents and profits. They admit, also, that the payment of interest in international trade is made by commodities, but they draw no conclusions from these admissions as to the nature of the changes which such payments must of necessity produce in the prices and the exchanges of the paying and the receiving countries. They cling to the idea that trade is still nothing but an exchange of commodities for commodities from one country to another, and that imports are still bought and paid for by exports. They do not understand how we can receive imports without paying the long bills which they make out to be due by us for imported food and manufactures. We still hear it incessantly repeated that we pay the foreigner such and such sums for wheat, so much for butter, meat, and so forth—whereas we do not pay the foreigner at all. It is, on the contrary, the foreigner who pays us with his commodities. We receive them as our due or our own; we make no return to him, nor do we give any equivalent. Our great authorities, to whom we owe so much gratitude for our enlightenment in matters economic, have not failed to shed light also on this subject.

Mill, having developed the theory of international trade in all its ramifications, expressly points out how the very international payments with which we deal here necessarily disturb the equilibrium between imports and exports: "The remittances being made in commodities and being exports for which there is to be no return, it is no longer requisite," he says, "that the imports and exports pay for each other; on the contrary, there must be an annual excess of exports over imports (or imports over exports) equal to the value of the remittance."

And yet, notwithstanding this clear statement, men have been puzzled by the recent disparity of imports and exports! Even in the paper of Sir Robert Giffen on the excess of imports, alluded to above, we miss a just appreciation of this point and a clear distinction between the two opposite kinds of imports—namely, between imports which are bought and paid for and imports which are made in payment of obligations without any return. Although he ought to know that the United States and all other indebted countries must send their wheat or other produce to us without being credited for it, yet Sir Robert Giffen writes as though these countries could draw on England in order to pay with the drafts their purchases elsewhere. As a matter of fact, the drafts from these countries against their produce are sent with the goods to England in order to pay, with their proceeds, creditors in England.

This want of scientific discernment impairs the value even of Sir Robert Giffen's figures, in which he tries to calculate the amount of our dues from abroad. For instance, he takes it for granted that he can set off the freights earned by British shipping as "invisible exports" against the excess of imports. Sir Robert, no doubt, concludes that, because the shipping is owned by British capital, foreign countries must pay all freights earned by it. But the question of freight is one of international demand. The international demand for the goods decides which part of the freight is paid by British and which part by foreign traders, whoever the owners of the ships may be. Foreign countries will send their commodities in payment only of that part of freight which is owed by them; the rest will be paid by Britishers, and cannot therefore be charged to foreign countries. On the supposition of an equilibrium of international demand, foreigners could not possibly be saddled with the whole of this £88,000,000 which Sir Robert Giffen makes out that we have earned by freight, but only with the half of this sum—that is, £44,000,000. This alone would make a great change in Sir Robert Giffen's calculations.

In other respects, also, the figures given by Sir Robert Giffen are misleading—as, indeed, must be all modern trade statistics. From what I have said of the growth of our real Empire and the expansion of British interests abroad, it is self-evident that we can no longer place to the account of single countries that trade which mere export and import statistics show to be theirs.

In a discussion with Thorold Rogers, who complained that there were in Denmark more than six times the number of cows per head of population than there were in Great Britain, the *Times* once observed that "for sufficient reasons the English people keep some of their cows in Denmark." This happy remark may be applied to-day to numberless other industries. The English people nowadays keep, indeed, many of their fields, factories, mines, railways, &c., in foreign countries. If the produce of these various enterprises is exported from the respective countries, it is British produce rather than their own which will appear in the export lists.

Therefore many of the dreaded commodities "made in Germany" and exported from thence may have been "made in English factories in Germany" and exported by orders from England. Many bushels of wheat exported from the United States were, from the very start, English property, or at least mortgaged to English capital. Many steel rails or cottons sent from America to Japan, India, or China, nay, even to England, may have been made in American mills owned or financed by Britishers. Who knows whether the firm which made the Atbara Bridge did not belong to British capital? All exports and imports of this kind, usually ascribed to the countries whence

they come and whither they go, and swelling the exports and imports of these countries, represent in reality British trade. They are made on British account, for and by British capital. The profits which they yield, and which are ultimately remitted to British investors, are the share that British enterprise and British capital have in the trade of the respective countries. The fact is, the trade of the world, as well as its soil, if we do not foolishly disturb it, or meddle with it from unwarrantable jealousy, is becoming more and more one, and becoming more and more British, in whatever country it is going on and under whatever flag it sails.

If we wish to have a clear understanding of the phenomenon of our swelling imports we must put aside all preconceived notions of trade and mutual exchange, and must look upon the incoming tide of commodities as upon our income derived from our extensive and multifarious properties abroad. We receive this income in all kinds of commodities and, as we must say once more, we pay nothing for them in return. It is simply ridiculous to complain that by this importation we are getting poorer. On the contrary, by it we are every year getting richer. This is best shown by the statistics of the increase of our national wealth since the time when this importation began. The general wealth of the United Kingdom was estimated by Porter in 1840 at £4,000,000,000 sterling. According to Mulhall it rose in 1882 to £8,720,000,000 sterling; in 1888 to £9,400,000,000; and in 1895 to £11,806,000,000 sterling. This shows a very big increase up to 1895. The increase must have been still greater within the last three years in consequence of the general improvement in commerce and trade which set in after 1895. The increased imports in these years, no doubt, were the evidence of our increased profits.

It would be of the greatest interest to know exactly what are the sources from which our income is drawn, and particularly what part of it comes from abroad. Unfortunately on this very point the income-tax returns are not satisfactory. They give all sorts of unimportant distinctions, but they fail to give an accurate account of the chief divisions of wealth which we derive from little England and from our Empire abroad.

Mulhall, in his "National Progress during the Queen's Reign," complacently writes :

"The loss of agricultural capital since 1880 has averaged thirty millions; but the increase of wealth in all other pursuits has been so steady and uniform, that the bulk of the nation has regarded such loss with philosophic equanimity. From a purely economic point of view, a continuance of the present system is most desirable."

The annual Budget speeches of our excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer show the same complacency. Notwithstanding the agricultural decline, notwithstanding the depression in others of our most

important home industries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer surprises us every year by an ever-increasing surplus of revenue, which makes us appear to be rolling in wealth. It is evident, as Mill remarked, that England, in the acquisition of her riches, is no longer dependent upon her own resources, but, for half a century past has drawn her wealth from a far wider field.

"Fifty years ago," says the work already mentioned, "the foreign investments held in this country can scarcely be said to have existed." The amount of capital which since has emigrated from England must be simply fabulous! Burdett, in an article on "Sixty Years' Growth in Quoted Securities" in his Jubilee number, assures us that the nominal value of foreign stocks quoted in the Official List on January 1, 1897, exceeded £3,000,000,000 sterling. It must, however, be remembered that this enormous sum represents only the principal securities quoted on the Stock Exchange, and that it does not include investments in lands, ships, houses, and establishments of all kinds belonging to Britishers, and not represented by shares, stocks, and bonds. If we add these items, which no doubt are very considerable, we cannot be far from the truth if we estimate the whole value of British property and investments abroad at least at from £4,000,000,000 to £5,000,000,000.

Figures such as these give us a fair idea of the extent to which England has been benefited by the expansion of her capital within the comparatively short period of fifty years. She, indeed, has grown into a Greater Britain, and is sure to be growing into an Empire which will embrace the world. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1895, in an article on "Depression Corrected," might therefore well express his belief that we are "going on manifestly and beyond all question into a new stage of prosperity."

The question, however, arises: Was this new development not too rapid, and was it as sound as our optimists would have us believe? Are there no breakers ahead? Even the panegyrist of the *Edinburgh Review* admits that "seeds of industrial decay have been sown."

I propose to answer this question later in accordance with the principles of our classic economic science.

RITORTUS.

RACE AND RELIGION IN INDIA.

I

WE are accustomed to speak of the East as the land of mystery, and to forget that the West is even more mysterious to the East than the East is to the West. It would seem beforehand impossible that enlightened and honourable men should meet daily in the market or the school, in the home or the hospital, in the Senate or the court of justice, with their eyes so full of an illusive haze as never to see each other face to face, or to know and to be known. But this is the common experience of the Western man in the East, and of the Eastern man in the West; and what makes it at once significant and pathetic is that the mutual unintelligibility is a matter of nature and not of will. Neither wishes to be a mystery to the other, but he is so in spite of himself. The living man, indeed, whether regarded as a person or as a society, is always harder to interpret than the literature which embodies his mind, or the history which registers his growth. Articulated thought may be understood, for the grammarian can bring it under his laws and the logician within his categories; but impersonated thought is less capable of analysis, for it has behind it a force whose momentum and movement no one can exactly measure; while influences that, unconsciously, bias and bewilder, work potently in the mind of the analyst. Hence we feel that the Hindu in literature is more intelligible than the Hindu in life; while he thinks English literature lives in a lucid atmosphere, and the Englishman dwells in a light that is more perplexing than darkness. The personal, or rather the racial, equation is in each case so strong and so different that though the two men may look out on the same landscape, yet their landscapes are never the same. Still to know th's difference as a reality may be to come somewhat nearer to mutual knowledge. For if it be true, as

Goethe said, that we can never know the poet till we have lived in the poet's land, an honest attempt to know the Hindu on his own soil should leave us rather more rational in our ignorance than we were before.

But orientation is never either a simple or a rapid process—indeed, in certain cases it remains a sheer and invincible impossibility. To open one's eyes in a strange country is to see men as trees walking, and it needs imagination as well as vision to resolve the trees into men who not only walk but think. For it is the thought that most puzzles; it is in what one race feels to be the highest affair of the intellect that it tends to be least intelligible to another race. I had often occasion in India to recall words I once heard from a distinguished civilian. He had been asked whether the Hindu did not object to be taxed, in however small a degree, for the maintenance of a religious establishment which was so decisively not his own but the Englishman's. "Not at all," said he. "The Hindu is a most religious man, who thinks the thing the Englishman most conspicuously needs is religion. He believes him to be a perfect master in sport or war, a high-handed but just magistrate, imperious in command and impatient of contradiction, but well contented as a man to leave religion to parade, or to the *mem*, who loves to be devout when she is not being amused. And so the Hindu is rather pleased than otherwise to be allowed to contribute to the means required to put into the Englishman some of the religion he is so flagrantly without." The words seemed to me in India at once just and unjust. If we understand the one term to denote a mood more or less emotional, the other a law which is for the government of conduct, we may say, the Hindu is devout without being religious, the Englishman religious without being devout. The antithesis may be too sharp to be quite accurate, but it does express a difference alike in the minds and the situation. However this may be, I must yet frankly confess that the attempt to occupy the Hindu's point of view in the matter of religion, to see him as he sees himself, and to look at myself and my beliefs through his eyes, was a highly educative, though, probably, not a very successful operation, whose results I should like to be able to conceive more clearly than I do.

2. The East, then, may be said to seem to us so mysterious because of differences—constitutional, inherited, or acquired—in character and in thought, which make it easier to us to explain the genesis of Hinduism than to understand the mind of the Hindu. We may persuade ourselves to believe that the problems which history raises our formulæ of evolution can solve; but where we feel hopelessly at fault is when we try to deal with processes and products of thought that despise the logical formulæ which govern our own. In India we find the most bewildering and multitudinous polytheism that man has

ever known, justified by a pantheistic monism so absolute that a monotheistic religion as rigorous as Islam looks like a pale pluralism by its side. There is an authority more infallible and coercive than that of Rome; but there is no dogma which defines it, no person who embodies it, no legislature or magistracy which enforces it. There is a religion which is in its worship sensuous and idolatrous, unmoral and sacerdotal in a degree without parallel; yet the men it esteems most holy are men who have despised the most sacred acts and observances of the worship. It is a religion without church or creed, so open that it may say, "Nothing that is natural to man is alien to me," and so elastic that it may add, "Every religious belief or custom man has had or yet has I can comprehend"; but it is so closed and exclusive as to boast the most inflexible sacerdotal system, and the most inviolable social order which time has ever realised. Within it the most bestial practices and the most ideal speculations live side by side in mutual toleration, the practices untroubled by reproach, the speculation untouched by disgust. The religion has no moral law and attempts no moral discipline; but it has erected and sealed by sanctions which it will allow no man to break, distinctions of classes and laws regulative of man's relations to woman and woman's to man that involve the very gravest moral principles and issues. And the religion which is thus a mass of anomalies to us is no anomaly to the Hindu. He and it have so grown up together that it is a perfect mirror of his history, the complete reflex of his mind. We feel its contradictions, but he does not. The speculative monism and the practical polytheism neither offend nor perplex his intellect as they do ours; the rigour of caste regulations and the want of both moral authority and power in the religion do not strike him as the incongruous and inconsistent things they seem to us. Yet we confess that he is a man as subtle and sane in intellect as we are, with a reason quick to detect absurdities, and able to exercise a keenly critical dialectic. Now this is precisely the sort of problem which tempts us to fall back on our current and cant phrases as to the "psychological climate," and the "intellectual atmosphere"; and to forget that the reason which lives within the climate is still rational, and the intellect which breathes the atmosphere is still intelligent. And these are the very points we have most need to remember and to understand.

3. And it is here where we see at once the difficulty and the value of trying to study the religions of India within their own home. The student of religions who has tried to compare those of India with those of other peoples and places, soon finds that religions wear a very different aspect when seen on their own soil and under their own sun from what they have when studied in a library, as ancient or alien systems, through the literatures they have created, or in books written to describe their growth and decay. Beliefs when incorpor-

ated in living men gain a meaning and a value which they had not when set down on the printed page, even though it were a page of what the men themselves regard as the inspired source of their beliefs. And the change is most acute and electric when the man who has worked in the library has to speak in a lecture room filled by an audience who not only differ from him in race and colour, but who hold the very ideas he has coldly analysed to be the light of all their seeing. It is as if the anatomist were to see the bones he had been accustomed to handle suddenly clothe themselves with flesh and blood, begin to breathe the breath of life, and to become a subject for surgical rather than anatomical operations, a spectator of his method, and an auditor of his rather irresponsible discourse. So at least it was in my experience: though it is but just to add that the audience behaved with admirable tact and temper, and listened with most exemplary patience.

The educated Hindu evidently did want to know how a Western teacher thought concerning religion in general and his own in particular; and he was tolerant, with possibly a spice of satire in his tolerance, when he imagined that his mind had been misapprehended or his beliefs unfairly criticised. But the Western student confesses that he did not feel his problem simplified by the Hindu. The very tolerance of things that ought not to be tolerated became a puzzle and a perplexity to him; the power of the religion to incorporate new beliefs, customs, and cults became less admirable, and its inability to expel what deserved expulsion, or even its insensibility to any need for expelling it, became an ever greater anomaly. The high speculations of the schools which seemed so subtle when studied as philosophy, and so scientifically interesting when studied in their history, took another meaning and appeared in another guise when studied through the bestialities of certain temples and worships. The literary side of the religion suffered an eclipse, or, rather, was set in a context which seemed to demand a revised interpretation, when viewed through its actual forms or in the concrete and complex system it had created for the collective life. In the face of the religion regarded as worship and custom, and the attitude to it of the higher Hindu thought, I had many a hard struggle with myself, criticised myself for lack of insight, for intolerance, for failure in judicial faculty, for indulging inherited instincts and interests, for applying standards to another race and religion which I dared not apply to my own; but, do what I would, I could not escape from the dominion, or, rather, the tyranny, of these first vivid impressions. And, though time has elapsed and the scene has changed since they were received, yet distance has only added to the interest of the problem they raised. In respect of scientific and practical importance, the historical expla-

nation of Hinduism is certainly inferior to its interpretation as a realised religion.

II.

1. But the attempt to study Hindu religion through Hindu man, and to interpret its most characteristic ideas and usages through his most distinctive qualities, is met at the outset by this difficulty: the mixture of races in India is greater than in Europe; the differences in blood, in descent, in character, and in custom are even more marked, and they have been preserved and emphasised by the most inexorable caste regulations and distinctions. It would seem, therefore, impossible to discover a common mind amid this immense variety; but the remarkable thing is the identity of intellectual attitude to the problems of existence which distinguishes man in India, the species of spiritual kinship which holds all classes together even where the ethnical stock is most distinct. There is a most singular unity of thought, which persists all the more that there are such infinite degrees of difference in the subtlety of the mental process and the refinement of the rational result. How this identity of intellectual attitude or unity of thought is to be explained, is too large a question to be here discussed; but, to give it logical coherency, we may denote it the subconscious Hindu mind which, as the creation of collective experience, antedates personal experience and determines the processes of the conscious reason. This mind is the peculiar creature of time and place; and these, aided by imitation and association, have in India done their work with such penetrating thoroughness that even the families least tainted in blood yet stand in a sort of intellectual affinity with the most miscellaneous outcastes. It may, then, be said to represent two things—(a) spontaneous, yet inherited, tendencies which are active in all thought; and (b) unreasoned principles which are implicit in all reasoning and govern every act of judgment. It is not something which the individual has acquired or created for himself; he is as little able to reason himself into it as to reason without it. It comes into being with him, an inheritance from the whole intellectual past of his race, the greatest of all the legacies bequeathed by the now purposive and now involuntary thought of all his ancestors. In it the attitude to being, to life, and to destiny are immanent, and from it the reason which underlies and constitutes nature is evolved.

Now, the forces that contribute to shape and fashion the subconscious mind of a race may be described as of three kinds—first, the action of nature through sense and experience upon thought; secondly, the reaction of thought upon the material supplied by nature; and, thirdly, the interaction of mind upon mind, the minds being now ethnically akin and now ethnically different, now meeting in sharp

collision and now in kindest reciprocity, but ever so interacting as to affect their respective outlooks and intellectual attitudes. Thus the desert or the arctic circle will act upon the mind very differently from a land of mighty mountains and fertile valleys, or of vast plains and immense rivers; and the reaction of the mind in construing Nature and her phenomena will produce readings of the causal forces, their character and their range, as diverse as the Nature which has acted on it. And so, if Nature gives life grudgingly and sparingly, as in the desert, men may well think of her as deficient in creative power, and seek the generative force in some external will, but if Nature gives life freely and abundantly, as in some great river valley, mind may fitly imagine that she holds within herself the energy which produces and quickens all things. In the one case the creative cause will be conceived as transcendental, in the other as immanent. And when the action of Nature so differs, the interaction of minds will be as different. When a land is so desolate as to be a terror and a barrier rather than an attraction to the alien, the race will remain more unmixed in blood and mind; and so there will be little opportunity or occasion for native and foreign beliefs to mingle, customs to be borrowed, or distinct and dissimilar worships to aggregate. But where the land is so rich and fertile as to be a ceaseless attraction to the alien, the intermixture of races and religions will be as inevitable as the mingling of the waters which pour themselves from many springs through many channels into a single river-bed. And beliefs once mixed must be built into such an organic unity as will satisfy the intellect which has, through the interaction of Nature and man, been exercised and educed.

2. Now this analysis may illustrate the distinction, as regards character and source, between the subconscious mind of India and that of Europe. As to character, the former we may term a metaphysical and the latter a philosophical mind. These terms are meant to convey the idea that while both minds are speculative, they speculate with a difference which affects both the matter and the form of thought. The metaphysical mind, even while it speculates, holds itself aloof from the knowledge that would modify its problems, qualify or cancel its conclusions; but the philosophical mind so allows itself to be penetrated and possessed by knowledge as to have both its problems and its processes in a continual state of enlargement and of change. In the one case the intellect can speculate as easily in the terms of mythology as of science; in the other case the mind feels it must keep its process and its terms alike real, looking at Nature and history with an open eye, and holding fast to their realities. The metaphysical mind so thinks that knowledge becomes the minister or subordinate of speculation; but the philosophical mind so seeks to know that its intellectual problem is ever being penetrated, modified, and enlarged

by its new scientific material. Next, as to cause or source, the Hindu mind owes its peculiar metaphysical quality to its being surrounded by a Nature which seemed to have a sufficient reason for its being within itself; and to its having reached intellectual maturity without feeling the touch of older and richer minds whose problem had been set by a less self-sufficing Nature. But the European mind owes its peculiar philosophical quality to its having been formed under almost exactly opposite conditions, its mental quickening having come through many and most dissimilar historical antecedents, and its intellectual life being enriched by the singular contrast between the thought within and the Nature without, or the mind which interprets Nature and the Nature it seeks to interpret. Thus, the religion Europe believes was born in the Syrian desert, and is possessed of the transcendentalism which found its occasion in the wilderness and its cause in the human mind. The thought which Europe thinks was formulated by the men of Greece, who could find neither in the gods above nor in the Nature around a sufficient reason for the order within which they lived. The science which Europe cultivates has come from exploration, by a mind otherwise quickened, into a physical universe which could not tell the secret of its own being or reveal the mystery of man's, but which, when asked for one thing, so answered by giving another as at once to increase knowledge and to stimulate thought. On the one hand, then, the mind of the Hindu ripened alone, refreshed by the dews of its own earth, nourished by the sun of its own heaven, exercising its own energies on its own problems, undisciplined and uncorrected by any older and maturer reason; while the Nature which lived to his imagination he early in his history resolved by premature speculation, or a metaphysic which so deprived it of all mystery as to leave his intelligence incurious and dumb in its presence. And, on the other hand, the European drew his intellectual breath from older and riper minds than his own; while the Nature which slowly uncovered her face to him, stood at every moment so infinitely insufficient in herself to explain herself as to compel him to formulate ever new questions to ask her, and ever fresh problems to put to himself. And thus his theologies, metaphysics, and sciences were turned into guesses at a philosophy of being, which were all the more stimulating that they were so unsatisfactory. The more conscious he became of his ignorance, the more insatiable has grown his thirst for knowledge.

Now, the peculiar metaphysical quality of the Hindu mind is seen in three provinces: first, in the positive theory it has elaborated in solution of the ultimate problem which every speculative race must put to itself; secondly, in the terms or forms it has used in the attempt to solve it; and thirdly, in the attitude, which these two have combined

to determine, to the realities of experience, whether regarded as the Nature which enfolds man, or as the life which he has lived or is living. We may indicate at once the difference and the relation between these provinces by saying that, while the problem and its solution have been highly metaphysical, the terms employed have been mythological, and the concrete result has been an allegorical and illusive interpretation of life. And we may add that nowhere else can we find so splendid an example of the power of a metaphysic to command and control the character, the history, and the destiny of a people. We take these forms or features of the Hindu mind in succession.

III.

1. The Eastern is not distinguished from the Western mind by the more pre-eminent degree in which it has occupied itself with the problem: What is Being? And how does our particular and personal stand related to the universal and absolute existence? On the contrary, the problem has played a mightier and more varied part in Europe than in Asia, only it has here disguised itself in such an infinity of forms that its all-pervasive presence and imperious authority may easily escape the eye of the hurried observer. But in India it can hardly escape him; for there it has been marked by a more rigorous uniformity and persistence of type, and by the obvious way in which it has been the sovereign influence in both thought and life. There is one idea which is the common and unreasoned implicate of all Hindu thinking, whether conducted in the vague and incoherent consciousness of the peasant or logically explicated in the special metaphysics of the schools. This idea it has been common to represent by saying that India has no notion of personality, while personality is the most radical and regulative notion in the mind of Europe. There is a sense in which this is partially true; another in which it is wholly false. Within the limits of the single human life the European has a conception of personality which is quite unknown to the Hindu; but within the universe of phenomenal or created being, conceived as an infinite series of forms assumed by an infinite multitude of more or less conscious but indestructible atoms, whose successive changes are regulated by their own acts, the Hindu has an idea, if not of personality, yet of individuality, which exceeds in rigour anything known to the European. His idea represents a system which we could more easily state in physical than in metaphysical terms; but which, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, never ceased to him to be a metaphysic, for it so strenuously and consistently reads the universe as a chapter of human life. There is no system so hard to interpret as the system which uses what seem terms cognate

or commensurate with some of our own to express unknown or incommensurate ideas. Thus the idea of the *âtman*, self, or *paramâtman*, supreme self, has been taken to denote a notion akin to the Ego of Western philosophy; but the two notions are as essentially different as the ideas of personality in East and West. If we could conceive matter without its mechanical properties and could construe it as a sort of metaphysical entity, an infinite homogeneous mass, capable, without losing its identity, of throwing off atoms, or conscious centres of force, each of which should be incapable of destruction but capable of absorption into the mass whence it had come—we should have an approximate idea of ultimate being as the Hindu conceives it. But the peculiarity of his idea does not lie so much in what we may term its noumenal as in its phenomenal form: the conscious atoms that undergo ceaseless transformations according to a law which their own actions at once constitute and administer. For the extraordinary and characteristic note of the Hindu mind is that it conceives its absolute Being as realised in space and time under the form of an absolute and self-governing individualism. Brahma stands at the beginning of phenomenal or individual existence, the impersonal source of all personal being; and he stands also at the end, the impersonal bosom, as it were, which receives the depersonalised; but what lies between is no concern of his, or rather of its, only of the detached or individuated atoms. Their acts are the providence which governs, and their successive states are the creations of their own wills. They issued into individual being without any choice of their own; but only by their own choice, or by repeated choices maintained through many forms of individual existence, can they return to impersonal existence in the source whence they came.

2. It is here, then, where we find the most characteristic and inexorable of all Hindu ideas, the idea which has no counterpart in any Western system and which no Hindu metaphysic has been able to vanquish or transcend. Pantheism is a common mode of thought; the ancient world knew it as well as the modern; it has risen as spontaneously on European as on Indian soil; but where Europe and India differ absolutely is as to the mode in which the infinite being is conceived to realise himself in time. The transmigration of the soul is the native and invincible faith of India, but it is an impossible belief in Europe. It has, indeed, had here and there an occasional representative, whose very attempt to teach it has emphasised its impossibility. In the dawn of Greek speculation it appears, as a simple and childlike guess, which died with the growing maturity of thought, or as a borrowed belief which the native mind refused to assimilate; in Plato it takes a form singularly illusive and imaginative, floating like a cloud on the edge of his thought, without ever penetrating it or obtaining a solid place within it. In the Pantheism of Spinoza, as in

the mysticism of Eckhardt or of Boehme, it has no foothold. While transcendental idealism may prefer a collective to a personal immortality, it has as little room as positivism has for the theory of a soul which, at the bidding of its own vices or virtues, wanders through a multitude of bodies and dwells in an endless succession of miserable or happy states. But the idea holds the Hindu in an iron grasp, which neither the lapse of time nor the change of religion can loosen. It has been tightened and defined by the very attempts to break away from it; it has survived the denial of the Supreme Being or Brahma, and has even cancelled the denial and restored the belief. In its light life becomes tragic; individual existence may seem trivial, but the vision of the infinite series of births and deaths, with their infinite degrees of glory or shame, all inextricably interwoven with this moment and its transient acts, may well move or appal the most realistic imagination. And if we attempt to share this vision we shall feel how the man who holds it as surest reality must stand related to the man who has it not. They will differ as to what existence is, whether in its personal form or in its ultimate and universal essence; and so they will never be able to agree as to its worth, its sources, its issues, the laws that govern the whole, the antecedence and sequence of its several parts. And this difference in the interpretation of being, individual and collective, is the point which most divides East from West, and compels each to conceive the other as so mysteriously unintelligible.

IV.

1. But the terms in which the problem has been stated and its solution attempted are no less characteristic of the Hindu mind. The process by which it conceives phenomenal existence to be realised may be described as emanation as distinguished from development, which is a notion unknown to Hindu philosophy and incompatible with any of its recognised forms; but the terms under which it represents the substance or ultimate being whence all realised existence has proceeded, or of which it is a modification, have been supplied by the mythical imagination. In other words, the Hindu mind has speculated in the language of mythology, and its ceaseless struggle has been to adjust its reasoned theory of being to terms coined by the religious imagination at a special moment in its history. One of the most distinguished of living Hindus said to me, "You people in the West are accustomed to say that the Oriental mind is subtle. It is not subtle; it is really a very simple mind." And he said truly, but not the whole truth. The Hindu mind is at once subtle and simple, for subtlety and simplicity are not opposites, on the contrary, they may imply and comprehend one another. Simplicity may be said to refer to the forms of thought, but subtlety to their manipulation, their analysis, and inter-

pretation. Thus a child may surprise us by the subtle reading of a simple phrase, and nothing so distinguishes the childlike imagination as the ease with which it strikes an unexpected truth out of a concrete image. Now, in its form, Hindu thought is simple, it has never outgrown the mythological state. Though the language in which it speculates may be precise and classical, it yet speaks the tongue, breathes the atmosphere, and transmutes into realities the images, of mythology. We can understand a mythological as an historical age, as an early period in literature, or as a stage in human development out of which man passes; what we cannot so easily understand is the continuance of this stage into a highly rational or speculative period. But this is precisely what we have in India; the speculation is a subtle interpretation of the mythology, and needs the mythology as its background, or as the condition and field for its activity; in a word, it changes the creature of the imagination into a universal and abstract principle, yet without ceasing to feel as if it were a creature, concrete and real. And so the curious thing is that the speculative does not end, but rather continues and enlarges the mythical process. Hindu metaphysic is the great begetter of Hindu mythology. India is a land in which gods are ever being born; in which a common man may end his days as a deity, and in which the one thing that cannot be destroyed is the kinship and community of gods and men. And this is due to the combined action of subtlety in thought with simplicity in its forms, or in the literary materials it handles.

2. The thing, then, that most perplexes the European in the East is the spontaneous and instinctive expression of its subconscious mind. It thinks without effort, and, as it were, unconsciously in the terms of what we have since Spinoza learned to call Pantheism; and Pantheism in the region of the emotional imagination must become polytheism. The universal being which has to be expressed is so inexhaustible, contains within itself such an infinite multitude of energies and elements that no single form can express it, nor can the collective universe of forms exhaust it; while the ascription of deity to any form is justified by the degree in which it embodies to some one consciousness something of the divine. The finite modes of the infinite force must themselves be infinite; but their intrinsic character is disclosed in experience. Specific things or names affect some particular individual peculiarly, and so he regards them as incarnating for him the mysterious energy of the universe. There is, indeed, no idea so native to the Hindu mind as the idea of incarnation. John Nicholson is deified; and John Chinn, the grandson, is but the reincarnated John Chinn the grandfather. What are signs to us of inherited traits and tendencies become, to the man who believes in transmigration, evidences that an ancient spirit has possessed itself of a new body. Where the universal soul is the breath which animates, or the energy

which moves all beings, what can individual man be but an embodiment of the divine? And if energy or daring, if madness or goodness, be the special note of deity, then the more a man is distinguished by such a quality the more will he appear as an incorporated god. The wonder is not that the Hindu believes in so many incarnations, but that he believes in so few, the restriction of apotheosis being due to the counteractive play of rival tendencies in his mind—*ie*, the tendency to regard all phenomenal being as a modification of the universal, qualified by the tendency to regard as divine only what is pre-eminently charged with some commanding force. The first tendency works most effectually among the people, who multiply gods with an ease which astonishes the Western observer; the second tendency works more potently among the educated, with the result that apotheosis is with them a rarer process, restricted to heroes of history and to sages or saints of to-day. The tendency to emphasise the idea of incarnation is one of the most notable features of cultivated Hinduism; and may be due to the extraordinary impetus it has received from Western thought, especially as represented by Christian missions. But though it is common to use the Western word for the Eastern thing, the ideas are generically different; for the conceptions of God, of man, and of the union between the two which is termed "incarnation," are so far from being identical as to be more nearly fundamental opposites. The Oriental idea is nearer what is called in the Occident "canonisation" than what is conceived as incarnation; and where men differ as to ultimate ideas, to use identical terms for derivative notions is a most fallacious procedure.

Possibly this point may best be illustrated by the prominence given in modern Hinduism to the person and thought of Krishna. Fifty years ago the Puranas were the boast and pride of the cultivated Hindu: they were his sacred books; the gods they described, whose histories and achievements they told, were the gods the people believed in and whose deeds they admired. But they have in the literary presentation of the religion been allowed to fall into the background; and the educated Hindu now shows us Krishna, a deity incarnate, the divine sage and teacher of the *Bhagavad Gita*. But the remarkable thing is how little the historical reality of the person seems to matter. His history has not been subjected to anything which could be called criticism, the steps taken in this direction being too tentative to have any serious character. Krishna is assumed to be an historical person; his most incredible acts are taken with a seriousness which would astonish the West; his very immoralities are conceived to have something divine in them, either as signs of power or of playfulness. The primary matter one would have thought would have been to make sure that such a person existed. On this question some learned discussions by native scholars

on certain European speculations as to the age and environment of the *Bhagavad Gita* can hardly be said to shed any light. On any reading the song is very remote from the period when Krishna lived, if he ever did live. It is a late insertion into the *Mahabharata*; much in that heroic poem must have existed centuries before the *Bhagavad Gita*, and Krishna's day is remote from that of the oldest version of the heroic poem. When he first appears it is under a guise which has no promise of his future greatness; between his oldest commonplace appearance and his advent as Arjuna's charioteer and divine instructor in wisdom, there lie successive mythical stratifications which call for examination and classification. And till this be done Krishna cannot be allowed to take his place as a real figure in a real history. And unless he can do this, the poem in which he appears may have the significance of a Platonic dialogue, or even of an Æschylean or Shakespearean drama, but certainly of nothing higher. The creation of the subjective imagination may be a beautiful dream or a fine speculation; but only where there is proved historical reality can the fundamental question, whether this person is an incarnation of deity, even begin to be raised.

V.

1. The mind which explains the multiplication of the objects for worship, helps also to explain its modes and symbols. The Pantheistic mind is essentially allegorical. Nature is to it a parable; her phenomena are but a series or succession of metaphors. Our severe literalism makes us often signally unjust to the East; we turn with disgust from the ubiquitous lingam, feeling ashamed in the presence of this nakedness of nature made into an image or symbol of deity. Kali, with her necklace of skulls, her protruded tongue, her blood-red eyes, her murderous weapons, with her great feet planted on the body of her prostrate husband, offends our feelings both of the beautiful and the reverent. The worship of the cow, or of the tulsi plant, the grotesque forms of Ganesha and Hanuman wake in us a wonder we cannot put into speech. But the mind which so curiously mixes the ideal and the real feels no such intellectual confusion or offence. There is no figure altogether real; none altogether allegorical; indeed, reality is but a form of allegory, and allegory is only the ideal meaning of the real thing. It would not be correct to say that the figurative interpretation of the worship is but the conceit of the cultivated, who thus apologise to themselves for countenancing acts and ceremonies which they do not approve. It expresses a quality too integral to the Hindu mind to be the distinction of any single class. I remember the indignation with which I once heard the charge of idolatry retorted against Catholicism. "We," said the Hindu, "have nothing so gross

in our religion as you have in yours. We make an image or a symbol of our god, but we never confound either with the god it speaks of. The most illiterate person knows that there is one Vishnu and one Siva, one Krishna and one Kali, and that there is not such an infinite multitude of these deities as there are symbols or images in the land.. But you, you take a piece of bread and a cup of wine; you mutter over them a prayer, and they straightway become the flesh and blood of your God, which you offer up in sacrifice and then consume. In all Hinduism you will find no idolatry so gross as this" The illustration may at least help to indicate the difference between the imaginative East and the prosaic West in relation to the articles and instruments of worship

2. But even more characteristic of the Hindu mind is the indifference to history and the inaptitude for criticism which it conjoins with its unwearied speculative activity. The two things I most expected to find in India were serious difference in metaphysical ideas and considerable agreement in the critical methods of European scholars. But the exact opposite was the case: there was more agreement in metaphysics than in the methods of literary or in the results of historical criticism. It was not that there was difference; it was rather the unconsciousness that there was any question to differ about. There were, of course, exceptions to this experience. There was, for example, the Anglicised Hindu, usually a very alert person, who does his best to find Western and modern ideas in ancient Sanskrit literature, often by a process in which knowledge and criticism play a notably small part. Then, everybody in India who reads English knows the name of one European scholar, though it were better for learning if they knew more of his work and less of his name. The things of his they love to quote are rhetorical *dicta* rather than sober and scientific judgments. In Benares there is a kindly recollection of Deussen, whose enthusiasm for Hindu philosophy is thoroughly appreciated. In Poona a native scholar may be met who has proved himself a skilled and erudite critic, able to cross swords in the arena of Hindu literature with the critical scholars of the West; and to supplement and correct their researches while pursuing his own. But, speaking broadly, the pundit who believes in the sanctity and sufficiency of his sacred books, reads them as they have been read for ages, and as if no such thing as Western scholarship had ever touched them. It is indeed puzzling to one who may have tried to read the Vedic age, with all it signifies for literature, religion, ethnology, mythology, and history, through men like Roth and Muir, Ludwig and Oldenburg, Bergaigne and Whitney; Indian history through Lassen; the criticism of the *Mahabharata* through Holzt-mann, the Laws of Manu through Burnell, Indian literature through Weber, and so much of the history of thought as terms can record

through Bohtlingk and Roth, to find himself attempting to speak about the questions these and their numerous kin in scholarship and scientific zeal have discussed to men who know neither the scholars nor their questions. The men are learned—of that there need be no doubt—they have studied minutely, acutely, industriously, their sacred language and literature; but they are learned more in the manner of the schoolman than of the scholar—*i.e.*, they are in their learning speculative and ratiocinative rather than objective and critical. They have not so learned to read literature through history and history through literature as to make each explain and verify, vivify and organise the other; and so to reflect the mind as to register and describe the life and growth of the people.

One learns to appreciate in India the extraordinary worth and force of ancient, foreign, and secular classics in education. They help to give objectivity of mind and to make it a sort of instinct or native faculty, for they compel a man to look at himself and his beliefs, at the institutions he lives under and the maxims which guide his conduct, at his own and his people's views of the world and of life from the standpoint of another race and age and religion than his own; and so they beget in him the habit of freely, yet rationally, exercising his mind on all the literatures, secular or sacred, he studies. And the habit thus begotten soon becomes a law or custom of thought, which then studies literature as something real and historical, as the revelation of a man, and period, and people; and not simply as an authority which must be so curiously interpreted as to satisfy the demands of a later and very different intelligence. But the Indian classics are native and sacred, they have remained for centuries under the dominion of tradition and the schools; and they are studied by minds which have never been formed on classics of another order—*i.e.*, on a finished, foreign, and secular literature, which, because finished and foreign, could discipline intelligence, and because secular, could train the reason to seek with reverence the true amid the holy. The one foreign language the Hindu has to master is exactly the one which has for him the least educative worth; for it comes to him as the tongue of rulers who are aliens, quick with the antipathies which spring from the daily clash of racial, political, social, and religious antagonisms. The literature it brings may be rich and extensive, but it is not as literature that he knows it, but as a language he must acquire in order that he may live. Hence there is nothing in either his native or his English education to make his own classics become to him either literature or history; and so his exegesis continues metaphysical and violent, untouched by the critical and objective spirit. His books are to him a philosophy and a religion, or, what is in a singular degree both of these, a philology; but they have still to become to him a literature and a history.

3. This want of the historical spirit, the feeling for reality which is the mother of all genuine criticism, might be extensively illustrated, but two or three typical cases taken from my own experience will help to define its character and exhibit its action. The Arya Samaj is, as a religious movement, even more interesting than the Brahmo, for, while quite as certainly the product of Western criticism and influence, it is far more ostensibly and even ostentatiously Hindu and conservative. Its fundamental principle is the return to the religion of the ancient Vedic hymns, a religion which knows no hereditary and exclusive priesthood, no gross and debasing idolatry, no unethical and multitudinous fetishism. But the Veda to which the Arya Samaj would return is a pure creation of abstract thought, and not the Rig Veda of history and literature. It is a book into which arbitrary and fantastic exegesis has conveyed ideas it does not know, a severe monotheism, the theory of transmigration, and a doctrine of scriptural inspiration and authority which may have affinity with the later Hindu speculation, with Mohammedanism, or with Christianity, but has none with the ancient Rishis or their songs. These are, indeed, things which no historical critic could have found in the documents if he had read them with an open eye and as a chapter in the life of man,—the mirror of his mind and customs, his religion and knowledge, at a given moment in his development. But these things a Hindu reformer found without difficulty; and he has persuaded a host of disciples to follow in his train. Of similar significance was the interpretation put upon some matter-of-fact words of my own. Once or twice I had occasion to speak of how the religion of a period died, even though the people whose religion it was continued to live and to be religious; for, with the growth of knowledge old forms of belief become impossible, with the rise of new social conditions old rites become insignificant, and with the advance of morals old customs, even when sanctioned by religion, come to seem cruel and to be abhorrent to the new mind. This truism was first illustrated by the attitude of the later Greeks to the Homeric mythology, which was either, as by Plato, put as regards its more offensive tales and incidents, on the “*Index Expurgatorius*” of his Republic, or, as by the Stoics, allegorised into concealed science, the wisdom which had taken refuge in a parable, or, as by the Epicureans, resolved into misunderstood history. And secondly, it was illustrated by the religion of the Rig Veda, which, when its deities, its worship, its classes, its social and religious orders were compared with the Hinduism of to-day, could be more truthfully described as a dead religion than was the Homeric system in the Athens of Plato or in the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, or even in the Eastern Church of to-day. But it was curious how little the historical limitations and the real purpose of this position were perceived, even though defined and explained by the Homeric illustration. Some

took it as affirming that the religion of India, *ie*, Hinduism, was dead; others saw no force in the reference to the Rig Veda, or remembered it only to forget it, and argued that the Vedic religion still lived, proving it out of the *Vedanta* and the *Bhagavad Gita*; still others considered it as an assault on Hindu thought as a whole, and proceeded to prove, out of the mouth of Schopenhauer or Max Muller, its continued vitality and, indeed, its superiority to the speculations of the West.

But possibly the most illustrative incident was a conversation with a learned pundit, a philosopher of reputation. We talked over Western philosophy and its schools, and I explained to him as well as I could the scepticism of Hume, the criticism of Kant, and the dialectic of Hegel. By-and-by we passed from the West to the East, and he expounded his own system. He was a Ramanujan; he believed in the authority and the eternity of the Vedas: they were the sources of his philosophy; out of them came the truth he studied; in them he found the knowledge by which he lived. "What, then, were the Vedas? What books did he specially comprehend under that large name?" The Vedas were, indeed, though a unity, yet a unity made up of many parts, but the special basis of his system was the Upanishads: they were the real founts and springs of saving knowledge. "But were not the Upanishads rather tentative and provisional than perfected or matured and final speculations? Were they not made up of questions propounded by scholars and solutions suggested by masters, solutions which were not always identical or even self-consistent?" True, perhaps; and if it were so, this were the fittest form in which eternal knowledge could come, for it stimulated the meditation through which alone man could attain the knowledge which emancipated. "But how could we speak of the Vedas as eternal? Were they not made up of many parts, and of these parts were not some earlier and others later? Were not the Upanishads, for example, late elements in the Vedas, certain hymns in particular being much older?" Nay, the whole Veda was eternal, and what had always been did not admit the successions of time. "Suppose, then, we granted that the substance of the Veda was eternal, yet how could we grant that its form was? For did not many forms imply many parts? And of the parts were not some simpler and some more complex and abstract? And must not the simpler be the earlier? And might not the sequences of time be thus predicable of form, though unpredicable of substance?" No, this was an unreal distinction; substance and form could not be so divided; there could be no sound without word, or word without sound; no eternal thing could be created, and the Veda, as the most surely eternal of all things, was the most certainly increate. "But when we studied the individual parts were not notes of time and creation clearly apparent? Was not the state of society, in the

Rig Veda with its rishis and warriors, its joy in home and herds of cattle, more primitive than the secluded sages and students of the Upanishads with their intellectual problems and speech?" Nay, those things had an outer and inner significance: there was a society of the senses and a society of the spirit, but only one Veda, which was eternal, and within the eternal contradiction was as little possible as were the sequences of time. "Well, then, were there any notes of difference as to time in things intrinsic? What did 'Brahma' mean in the Upanishads?" That, indeed, was the mystic term which held within itself the philosophy of the universe; Brahma was the absolute Being, the source, the essence, the end of all things. To seek Him was the function of the sage; to know was salvation. "But had the term this sense and these associations in the Rig Veda? It was granted that there might be a nascent abstract idea, but had it suffered apotheosis, and been named with the name and invested with the attributes and functions of the supreme idea in the Upanishads? That was a harder thing to prove; in the Rig Veda the divine names were concrete and personal, but in the Upanishads the superlative divine name, which had begun to appear in the Rig, and was more developed in the Atharva Veda, had become quite impersonal and abstract. And was this not a note of time and of still more substantial differences? Could hymns which showed the concrete term advancing from the prayer or song to the priest, and the priest to the deity, be of the same date as the treatises which knew the term only as the impersonal though person-creating absolute? And did not the argument which applied to Brahma apply also, and with even greater force, to the other classical term Atman, which in the older literature denoted the empirical self or soul, but in the later and more speculative the transcendental and supreme?" But these were said to be questions which involved first principles and could not be settled without them; and the eternity of the Vedas involved two things: that no part could be inconsistent with any other part, and that the eternal could not be drawn within the categories and sequences of history. "But there was another and quite different literary and historical phenomenon: the Brahmanas, the books of ritual, were they Veda?" Certainly. "Was, then, the ritual still in force, and did men offer now, as they did then, the human-sacrifice, the horse-sacrifice, or any of the many victims like the bull and the ram, which the ritual prescribes?" Nay, it is not good or agreeable to God to inflict suffering or take life; the ritual is not applicable to the age in which we live; it is suspended because of the hardness of men's hearts. Should there come a time when it can be enforced it will again return to use. "But how could the eternal be suspended? Is intermission any more possible to it than suspension?" And so on the conversation moved: the one interlocutor starting questions which sprang from the

idea of the Vedas as literature viewed in organic relation to the history of the people whose literature it was ; the other answering the questions with the dialectic of the schoolman, to whom the literature had no history, but was an eternal and authoritative Word.

4. This incident has been given in such detail to illustrate how the uncritical and unhistorical habit of mind may not only persist alongside the metaphysical, but be even defined and strengthened by it : in other words, how the intellect may be intensely active while completely divorced from all reality. Not that the Hindu mind has been oblivious of distinctions within its own literature ; on the contrary, it has subtly differentiated its books as regards authority, subject, and province, though for reasons that have an historical ground but a metaphysical justification. And this brings us to a fresh point of view. The Hindu philosophy grew out of a speculation which had not yet escaped from the mythical stage. The oldest speculation stands written in the sacred books, and is, indeed, their most sacred part. Hence it follows that, in a sense and degree quite unknown in the West, philosophy in India is religion. It has experienced at the hands of the mythical imagination a sort of apotheosis. It is not, as it might have been here, a species of revealed divinity, rather it is itself divine. To cultivate it is to do more and better than to worship ; it is to enter into the life of deity, attain absorption, and be finally merged into his substance. But this has a twofold effect—(a) it binds the philosophy to mythical forms and to a literature which criticism could not touch without endangering the whole speculative superstructure ; and (b) it so identifies the philosophy with the religion, so sets the substance and the terms of the one under the sanctions of the other, as to make any attempt to change the thought of the schools seem as impious as an attempt to change the faith of the people. The sanity and progressiveness of Greek philosophy was due to its secular and cosmic character. It rose outside mythology and religion, did not begin to be in a circle of ascetics who retired into the forest that they might by meditation escape from the world and find a shorter though harder way back to God than the public ritual opened ; but it came from the rational, inquisitive, and scientific spirit, asking questions which reason and nature suggested in terms which reason and nature supplied. Hence it had no consecrated or exclusive formulæ, but was inventive and varied, both as to the ideas to be expressed and as to the terms of expression. Freedom was thus, by the very conditions of its birth, the attribute and the atmosphere of Western philosophy. But suppose it had appeared not as a science of nature and man, but as a theogony ; suppose it had been born in communities which were primarily ascetic and only secondarily speculative without being scientific ; suppose these communities had developed their theogony into a metaphysic of being, binding it up,

on the one hand, with the order of Greek society, and, on the other, with the aims, functions, and ideals of the worship it sought now to supersede and now to supplement—would not the result have been philosophy metamorphosed into religion, and sterilised and stereotyped by the metamorphosis? And just this is what has happened in India. The educated Hindu feels that his philosophy is his religion: that to criticise the one is to do violence to the other; that if you will spare his thought he will hand over the worship of the multitude to your cruellest mercies and even call them tender, yet with the reservation always at the back of his mind that the spared philosophy is equal to the easy justification of the worship. And so he feels when the historical method is applied to his philosophy somewhat as the traditional Catholic feels when it is used to explain and appraise his Church. To the Western mind philosophy is thought read through its history; but to the Hindu mind philosophy has all the significance and all the authority of a religion which may make history, but ought not to be judged by it or through it.

Of course, these are very general lines, and it may be justly urged that there are many specific features they neither explain nor take account of. This criticism will be neither deprecated nor disputed. There have been reformers who have preached against caste, pleaded for monotheism, denounced idolatry, and made ethical purity the very purpose and essence of religion. True; but they have been as eddies in a mighty stream which have played for a while in the shelter of a bank or a boulder, without either stemming or changing the current of the waters, or being able to do more than make a beautiful break on their surface. It were more relevant to say that these discussions have to do with the philosophy of Hinduism rather than with its actual state as a religion. This is true, but they have been concerned with philosophy only so far forth as it is a search after the intellectual factors and qualities which have made Hinduism what it is. We have given, relatively, quite enough of attention to Hindu thought; what demands more attention than it has yet received is Hindu religion. This is a very different thing from the thought, though inexplicable without it. For its appreciation the worship must be examined, the temple visited, the action on the priesthood and the people studied. In no respect has the Brahman given such signal proof of his genius as in the degree in which he has withdrawn from the personal direction of public worship. This does not mean that the withdrawal has been complete, but it does mean that the higher and purer branches of the caste regard the ministers of the temple with something akin to contempt. A pundit said to me that he would not touch the ordinary *pujaree*, or temple-priest, with the tips of his fingers; while a friend heard a Brahman father threaten that he would make a

son, whom he had denounced as the fool of the family, a *pujaree*. This, indeed, was a disgrace which had never happened in the family before, or at least as far as tradition extended, but what else was a boy good for who either could not or would not learn? The priests who serve in the temples are the illiterates of the Brahman caste, its least pure branch, in certain quarters hardly reckoned to the caste at all. The disesteem in which they are held expresses the idea of the worship they administer, and illustrates its action on character. It is a curious but universal fact in religious history that just as the worship grows elaborate and ceremonial, it is forsaken by the educated, its ministers fall into contempt, and degradation overtakes priests and people. So has it been in the West; so is it in the East; the higher the claims and the more inalienable the priesthood the lower falls the priest, as the emphasis passes from character to office, the man loses in dignity, in the sense and ideal of duty; and he who ought to be the conscience and mind of society becomes its byeword and reproach. Into the causes which have produced this effect in India it is impossible here to inquire. Enough to have noted it and to have pointed the moral: the worship that has degraded the priesthood cannot elevate the people, and it is by its worship rather than by its thought that a religion acts upon a people and comes up for judgment before the bar of history. It is neither by the speculation of the *Vedanta* nor by the theosophy of the *Bhagavad Gita* that Hinduism will be judged; but by the character of its gods, the worship of its temples, the quality of its priesthood, the social organisation and ethical spirit it has made for its people, in other words, its force and behaviour as a religion. On that point no student of history will draw a hasty inference; but if a serious and deliberate inference be possible he ought to draw it without expectancy of fear or favour in either East or West.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

A NEW TRAMWAY MONOPOLY.

IT would be difficult to find a better example of slipshod legislation than the Light Railways Act of 1896. It was a measure promoted by the last Liberal Administration to increase facilities for the conveyance of agricultural produce from the country to the towns. As the Government did not live to place its scheme on the Statute-book, it was picked up by the Conservatives and remodelled after their own fashion. The object in both cases was to win a little credit for the party in office for doing something to relieve distressed agriculture. Mr. Bryce, who introduced the original Bill—which had been preceded by investigation by a Royal Commission—said (April 25, 1895) that the object was “to facilitate as much as possible the conveyance of agricultural produce from the place of production to markets.” He described the Bill as “a palliative for some of the evils which afflict agriculture”

The Conservatives gave the scheme a lukewarm, not to say hostile, reception. It was, they said, utterly inadequate. It did little or nothing to relieve agriculture. There was no provision for Treasury grants, and plaintive appeals were made on behalf of distressed farmers. As it happened, the speeches were timely from an electioneering point of view. The Conservatives soon had an opportunity of showing what they could do for distressed agriculture. When they came into office, Mr. Chaplin and others were pledged to find better means than the Liberals offered for carrying farm-produce and fish to market on such moderate terms as would bring substantial relief to farmers and prosperity to agriculture. Light railways constructed on a semi-philanthropic system were to be the means of bringing about these wonderful changes.

Mr. Ritchie, having taken Mr. Bryce's place at the Board of Trade,

amended the Liberal Bill and reintroduced it in February 1896. In doing so, he said :

“ It was the duty of the Government to do all in their power to remove any impediments which they thought interfered with the development of agriculture, and it was with that view they proposed to introduce the Light Railways Bill. If they could do anything to bring consumer and producer closer together ; if they could make more easy the distribution of agricultural produce, they would have done much to help both the producer and consumer ”

He repeated these statements at the second reading of the Bill.

The Bill was chopped about by the Conservatives, and not made the better for the change. Under Mr. Bryce's Bill, the County Councils were made the authorities for dealing with applications for light railways, subject to the approval of the Board of Trade. It was intended that the Councils should be the legislative and controlling bodies, but that companies should undertake the working of the lines. A clear distinction was intended to be drawn between light railways and tramways on the one hand and existing railways on the other. Light railways were to complete the missing link in the lines of communication throughout the rural districts.

The chief objection urged to Mr. Bryce's Bill was that the charitable element was not sufficiently pronounced. In its remodelled form it contained provision for the Treasury granting loans at moderate rates of interest, under conditions which have not proved very practicable. In one respect, the Conservative Bill was more socialistic. It empowered County Councils, Borough Councils, or any other local authorities to construct and operate light railways themselves. They were put first as the authorities from whom applications might be received ; then came companies and individuals, but public and private promoters might combine. The facilities for putting the Act in operation were increased by Mr. Ritchie, and greater elasticity was given to the measure. But, while it opened the door to an extension of municipal trading, it introduced an anti-democratic feature which was without precedent. Mr. Bryce was attempting an experiment in devolution by allowing County Councils to be authorities to hear applications under the Act and grant orders. County Councils were presumably in a good position to know local wants, and would take an interest in promoting the development of agriculture. Instead of using the County Councils, Mr. Ritchie created a Light Railways Commission, consisting of three members who were to receive applications, hold inquiries, and grant provisional orders, subject only to the veto of the Board of Trade, which appointed them. This was the first occasion on which Parliament had delegated its powers—as, in the case of tramway, electric lighting, and other provisional orders, they have to be confirmed by a Bill. In the case of light railways no Bill was

required. A provisional order had the force of an Act of Parliament without confirmation. So much for the evolution of the Light Railways Act and its objects.

The strangest thing about the whole matter is the curious way in which the Act has miscarried. The aims and hopes of legislators have not been realised, except to a very limited extent. Light railways, left undefined in the Act, have become synonymous with tramways, and are being promoted chiefly in urban districts. Instead of relieving distressed agriculture, they are enriching joint-stock companies. The loopholes in the Act which permit what was never intended are eagerly taken advantage of, new vested interests are created and new municipal monopolies are established in spite of the protests and the opposition of the local authorities. The chief object aimed at by the promoters is not to put the country districts in communication with the markets in the towns, but to join one town to another, and take over the tramways in each. The Light Railways Act of 1896 is supplanting the Tramways Act of 1870

The distinction between the two measures is very important. Tramways are intended to be laid in the public streets, either by the municipality or by a company, with the consent of the municipal authorities. The road authority remains the paramount power. It was contemplated that light railways would be laid down alongside country roads, "on waste land at the side of any road," or on land purchased and leased by the promoters. There was no provision made for using the public streets, and there is no protection guaranteed for public interests. When, therefore, a light railway becomes synonymous with a tramway, it obtains all the privileges of the latter without the corresponding obligations. The Light Railways Act, while it gave every opportunity for local authorities to take up the business, did not provide for the local authorities acquiring an undertaking from a company. There is no purchase clause or any suggestion of the kind in the Act. There is no obligation, as in the Tramways Act, that the roadway, where a light railway is made, must be of a certain width, and that it must be laid in a way to ensure absolute protection to all public interests involved. All these things are matters of arrangement under the Light Railways Act; and the Commissioners have power—and have acted upon it—to overrule the conditions suggested by municipalities and override their authority. They allow an alien money-making company to take possession of the streets of a town without paying anything for the privilege.

The advantages of laying tramways as light railways are obvious and many. Besides being free of all control from the public authority chiefly interested, the promoters of a light railway have not to go to Parliament with a Bill. They have to meet local opposition,

to be sure, but the latitude allowed to the Light Railways Commissioners in carrying out a clumsily drafted measure operates, as a rule, in their interests.

The Commissioners have done their best to render a bad Act worse. Their decisions are remarkable only for one thing: their inconsistency. They have taken no definite line of action and adopted no consistent interpretation of the Act. On one or two occasions they have rejected schemes because they were for tramways, but in other places have granted them, although the promoters have frankly admitted that their line was a tramway and not a light railway. At times they listen to the opposition of local authorities, as in the northern suburbs of London, and at other times disregard the opinion of the representative Councils, as at Middleton and many other places. They would not, perhaps, sanction a light railway which was to be wholly confined to the streets of a town, but it is rarely that such a scheme would come before them. Tramways invariably run out to suburban districts or join one urban area to another. One of the latest illogical decisions arrived at by the Commissioners is to refuse consent to a scheme in the western suburbs of London, of which all the local authorities approved, because a railway company opposed on the ground that it came near its line and stations at certain points. This would be true of every light railway which would fulfil its function, as it would be of much less service were it isolated from other means of communication.

The Commissioners have given other curious decisions. They granted a provisional order, for instance, to a company for a line between Leeds and Bradford, two cities which have systems of municipal tramways, and are only two miles apart. Obviously a light railway here which did not form part of either tramway system would be very undesirable, but the Commissioners granted an order to a company which never meant to carry it out. They created a valuable asset which the fortunate possessors put up to the highest bidder.

In some cases the streets of a town have been handed over to a company in spite of the strongest opposition by the Town Council and an appeal to the Board of Trade. A case in point is that of Middleton, which has been deprived of its municipal birthright in tramways. The Town Clerk of that town says the effect of the Commissioners' action is "to render the Tramways Act a dead letter, and to enable capitalists and others to come into our borough and monopolise our streets without our consent." When the Commissioners have to deal with larger authorities, such as the Corporation of Glasgow, they pay more regard to public opinion.

It may be urged that light railways, even as tramways, are fulfilling a most useful purpose by connecting various towns which are

under separate authorities. In such a case the local authorities could not combine, and a group of towns whose interests are common should have one system of rapid transit, with lines all of the same gauge, as different systems would mean a lack of intercommunication. In the absence of combination among different municipalities, which it is difficult to secure, the promoters of light railways have excellent opportunities, which they are making the most of. All over the country they are linking towns together, and securing control over tramways, in places where they exist, within the area covered. In every case better terms than the Tramways Act offers are secured.

There is no hostility to this system of extending the means of communication, but what every authority seeks to obtain is a reasonable purchase clause. When a light railway is promoted as a tramway at little cost, it should contain the purchase clause of the Tramways Act, or one which approximates to it. The Tramways Act provides that the municipality may, after the expiry of twenty-one years, compulsorily acquire the undertaking of a company at its "then value," without any allowance for goodwill, or any compensation beyond the value of the tram lines and plant as they stand. These conditions were somewhat hard on investors, except in the large cities, thirty years ago, but, with the introduction of electric traction, there is more reason for their adoption now. Only in one instance have the Light Railways Commissioners adopted the Tramways Act purchase clause. The term of years is usually extended to twenty-five, thirty-five, or forty. There are in many cases good reasons why there should be an extension, provided the Tramways Act conditions of purchase are maintained. But this is not done, as provision is made at the expiry of the extended period for purchase on other terms, which would involve a loss to the municipality. The majority of orders granted contain no purchase clause whatever.

The Light Railways Act has miscarried in another respect. It was the intention of Parliament that County Councils and Rural District Councils should carry out the measure, either themselves or in co-operation with companies. But they have not taken advantage of it, and the only municipal schemes which have been promoted are in urban districts where the Act was not wanted. Where light railways have been carried out in country districts, with the object of conveying agricultural produce to markets or to railway stations, they have served a most useful purpose, and it is unfortunate that the Act has not been applied to a greater extent in this direction.

Friendly commentators on the Act have pointed out the new elements which it contains and the new precedents it sets. Mr. Seward Brice, Q C., for instance, in his "*Law of Tramways and Light Railways*," says:

"The Act transfers to the Board of Trade powers of quasi-legislation, in

respect of the vague, undefined subject of light railways, almost as extensive as possessed by Parliament itself. The order, therefore, will probably vary indefinitely according to the circumstances, and it may confer rights and powers, or impose liabilities, qualifying the general principles of law otherwise applicable. Amongst other things, the prerogative of the Crown as to the creation of corporations, hitherto most jealously guarded, is infringed, and, by Section IX of the Act, an order of the Board of Trade may contain provision for, amongst other things, the constitution as a body corporate of a company for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the order."

Mr. H. A. Steward, the Secretary of the Light Railways Commission, in his book on the Act, tries to define the functions of a light railway as distinguished from a tramway. He says.

"It is not within the scope of this Act to construct, under the form of, and in the guise of, light railways, lines which, in substance and in the services they offer, are tramways, and should be promoted and proceeded with as such. . . ."

He also observes that:

"In this country it is not usual for, or incidental to, a railway to run along a highway, on the contrary, that is regarded as distinctive of a tramway."

This was written before tramway companies found how easily they could take advantage of the Act.

The Act just came into operation when we were on the eve of a revolution in methods of traction. Electric traction is usually applied to light railways, and means a great reduction in the working expenses, as compared with horse power, and consequently more profitable results.* And companies which secure a hold in a district with electric light railways also endeavour, sometimes successfully, to obtain control of the electric lighting, and strengthen their monopoly.

The most fortunate thing about the Light Railways Act, from a public point of view, is that it expires in 1901, unless the Commissioners are reappointed. This will give Parliament an opportunity to amend a measure which has miscarried, and to confine light railways to the purpose they were originally intended to serve. In the meantime the best way that municipal authorities can preserve their interest in tramways is to take advantage of the Light Railways Act themselves.

ROBERT DONALD.

* As illustrating the economy and increased profit which result from electric traction the following figures from the Glasgow Tramway Report for last year are interesting

HORSE TRACTION		ELECTRIC TRACTION	
	d		d
Receipts per car mile	11 51	Receipts per car mile	13 91
Working expenses	8 51	Working expenses	6 38
Net revenue	3 00	Net revenue	7 53

THE REFORM OF CHINA AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1898.

CHINA has always been proud of herself and has despised foreigners. Before 1894 the booksellers of Peking had no maps of the world, therefore the capital was enclosed in darkness. Only those on the sea coast and some young students knew the excellence of Western government. Having been defeated by Japan, they determined to reform. Having lost Formosa, the scholars began to talk of foreign learning. But the high Ministers are mostly promoted according to seniority, and are from seventy to eighty years of age; they have, moreover, to superintend several departments. As every ounce of their strength is used up, and as they have no time to study foreign affairs, they greatly dread the idea of change, which would make them of no use; therefore, they are unanimous in putting difficulties in the way of reform.

The Manchu high Ministers have only a superficial knowledge of even Chinese literature, and as to foreign matters, many of them do not even know the names of the foreign countries.

The Empress-Dowager is daily occupied with seeking pleasure and having theatricals performed before her. She is over sixty years of age. Since she resigned her rule she has not seen Chinese Ministers, much less Chinese scholars. Her Court consists only of eunuchs, Manchus, and a few Ministers of the Imperial household, and she does not study at all.

As she is thus blind and deaf to foreign affairs, how can she know the excellence of Western government? She hears only what is about her, and her mind is full of hatred of foreigners.

Although the Empress-Dowager professed to resign the government, she really still held the reins in her hands. She read the memorials about appointments. All the Ministers of the first and second rank

were her nominees. The Emperor had no voice. In all matters he had to inform her first before acting. The Emperor was only an Emperor in name.

The Emperor was of a studious disposition. Since the loss of Formosa he has been greatly distressed about the decline of the Empire. After this his faithful tutor, Wêng Tung Ho, who was a learned man, sought foreign books for study, and presented them, with atlases, to the Emperor. These the Emperor daily studied, discovered the cause of foreign prosperity, discovered the reason of China's weakness and conservatism, and made up his mind to reform.

But this was not in accordance with the view of the Empress-Dowager. At the beginning of the war with Japan the Emperor and his Ministers wanted war. The Empress-Dowager and Li Hung Chang wanted peace. The Empress-Dowager was ready to give up Manchuria and Formosa. The Emperor could not think of it for a moment without crying with distress; he wanted to make an alliance with England and to reform, while the Empress-Dowager was equally bent on alliance with Russia without reform. Thus their views diverged more and more, so that when the Emperor wanted to reform in 1895 the Empress hated him; two of his favourite Imperial ladies were beaten; the Vice-Presidents, Chang Lin, Wang Ming Luan, and Tsz Tui, a brother of one of these Imperial ladies, were driven away; and the Imperial ladies' tutor, Wên Ting Shih, was stripped of his honours, never to be employed any more. This was because all these advised the Emperor to keep the power in his own hands.

The eunuch Kow Lang Tsai memorialised the Empress-Dowager to resign the government into the hands of the Emperor. For this he was put to death. The Emperor himself narrowly escaped being put aside then. But, being careful, he has held the throne up to this year (1898).

Chang Lin was a straightforward man in whom Prince Kung put great confidence. In a memorial to the Emperor he said "The relation of the Empress-Dowager to the late Emperor Tung Chih was that of his own mother, but her relation to you is that of the widowed concubine of a former Emperor." When the Empress-Dowager came to know this she was in a great rage. Prince Kung was also in great fear. When the Emperor issued an edict, by command of the Empress-Dowager, to degrade Chang Lin, Prince Kung was weeping on his knees. When asked the reason of it, the Emperor waved his hand and said, "Don't ask him." The Emperor and the Prince wept together, and the Prince wept so bitterly that he had no strength to rise up. The Emperor commanded the eunuchs to help him up and lead him away. Wên Ting Shih begged the Emperor to exercise his rights. The Emperor waved his hand, saying, "Don't speak," for the

Emperor knew long ago that when he took the reins of government into his own hands the Empress hated him.

When Port Arthur, Ta Lien Wan, and Formosa were lost in succession, the Emperor said. "I will never be the ruler of a perishing empire. If I have no power, then I had better abdicate;" for he well knew the Empress-Dowager's hatred, and has not till now been able to avoid it. He risked his life in the hope that some way of deliverance might be found. [On the 10th of the 4th moon Prince Kung died] After the Emperor had announced his policy on the 23rd day of the 4th moon, the Empress-Dowager immediately, on the 27th, dismissed Wêng Tung Ho [who had been President of the Supreme Military Board since the death of Prince Kung], and commanded Yung Luh to become the Viceroy of Chihli and have the three Generals, Tung Fu Siang, Nie Sheh Ching, and Yuen Sheh Kai [*i.e.*, the army], under his command, issued an edict that she would review the troops in Tientsin in the 9th moon, and that all officials of the second rank and upwards should send memorials to her and have audience with her. Thus joint rule, or usurpation, was plainly determined on under cover of reviewing troops.

Now, Wêng Tung Ho had been the Emperor's tutor for over twenty years, and was his only intimate friend among the great Ministers. After his dismissal the Empress-Dowager gave audiences to the great Ministers herself, commanded them to memorialise her directly, suppressed the Supreme Military Board, and put all the generals under the command of her favourite. Thus the Emperor saw that the so-called joint rulership of the empire with the Empress-Dowager was really an empty phrase. If he sat idly and allowed her to go on in the old way the country, piece by piece, would be all gone and the empire lost.

Rather than lose his empire like those of the Chin and the Ming dynasties, and become a by-word of disgrace for all future generations, he would risk the dangers of reform. If he succeeded, then he would get power into his own hands and save his country. If he failed, he would greatly open the minds of the people and prepare them for the future, and thus, perhaps, preserve a remnant of China. At this time the Emperor considered the chief thing was to preserve the country from being lost to foreign nations, and looked upon his position on the throne as of little consequence in comparison—considering the welfare of the people as of supreme importance, while his own person was of little importance. He had none to consult with, but decided to risk all danger and try. This was like Hang Yu destroying his cooking-pots and sinking his boats before the battle, and like Pin Su fighting with his back to the city wall. It was *death or victory*.

If he succeeded it would be the merit of his ancestors, if he failed, then let power go—

"Let the farce of ruling go, let poison come, let assassination come. With death I shall deliver up my Imperial charge. With death I shall report to my ancestors. With death I shall be worthy of my 400,000,000 subjects. I would rather be assassinated like the Emperor Chung Tsung of the Tang dynasty, or be assassinated at the hand of a licentious concubine like Hien Tsung of the Wei dynasty, so as to make known my will to the people, than be a prince under a foreign yoke, or have my life spared to serve as a common menial, and bear the disgrace of a lost empire. From the time I was made to rule, now ten years ago, I have secretly been longing all the time for an opportunity to act. I hated the idea of losing Anam. Again, I was indignant at being shorn of Manchuria and Formosa, and a third time I was indignant at being shorn of Kiao-chow and Port Arthur. As for the rest, being shorn of the principalities of the aborigines in the south, the concessions of railways, river navigation, mines, trade, military power, &c., I cherished indignation and veiled myself in shame. My mind being full of indignation, I deeply pondered over all the circumstances, and I saw no other way but to risk my life on behalf of the empire."

Thus the Emperor vowed that he would not go to Tientsin to review the army, in order that he might prolong his reign and not fall into their trap.

Unfortunately, owing to the treason of the Board of Rites, matters came to a head earlier than was expected. A general, through fear, became disloyal and joined the party to put the Emperor away secretly.

But the essay-system had been abolished, and schools and reform societies and newspapers were started everywhere as thick as clouds. Tens of millions of the scholars and people danced with joy and united in going in for these new things. Even if these were in their turn stopped, the result of giving some fresh knowledge to these tens of millions could no longer be done away with. So there remains in them, perhaps, a shred of hope for China.

A rapid daily issue of Reform Edicts for the good of the people was published at home and abroad. The readers of these edicts wept for joy, and all said that there was some hope for China now.

But when they heard of putting the Emperor away secretly they wept for grief and could not be comforted, all mourning the loss of our sacred Sovereign as if they were mourning for a tender mother, and grieving that forthwith China must perish.

Alas! that such nobleness and tenderness of our Emperor, who was willing to sacrifice his throne and his own life for the good of his country, should come to this! From of old till now has there been any love greater than this? He would rather be secretly put away, dethroned and assassinated by a concubine stepmother, than endure the shame of ruining his empire. This decision was most fitting. Can there be sounder judgment than that? Yet some say he acted too hastily, while others say he was not sufficiently patient in his plans. For ten years he was unceasingly patient. He endured licentiousness, endured extravagant expenditure on buildings, endured

eunuchs selling offices, endured traitorous Ministers employing old and obstinate men, endured that all the dependencies of China should be given away, his country disgraced in battle, and the boundaries of the empire curtailed, endured the paying of immense indemnities and the loss of the control of the sources of revenue—he saw these things being done every day and every year, and he had to put his seal to them ! He alone was held responsible to his ancestors for the rule of the government of the country and the people. He alone would be blamed by his subjects and despised by foreigners in all future time. Having endured this for ten years, each day and each year worse than the last, he saw his country about to sink in the earth, about to be buried in ruins, about to burst like an egg, about to be divided up, about to mortify, about to be torn in shreds, about to become like India, or Anam, or Burmah—a dependent of another Power. His ancestors' heritage was to fall to such a depth ! The myriad people of the Celestial Empire henceforth were to sink to oblivion, the ancestral temples to be deserted ; our national gods to have no more sacrifices offered to them ; our bell towers to fall into ruin and our clothes to be covered with mud and ashes ; our Imperial palaces to become cultivated cornfields ! And this without any knowledge of the danger—the people fast asleep on a heap of fired fuel ! If one had but the slightest knowledge of this, at every thought of it one would get so anxious as to break into perspiration, and be so angry as to make one's hair stand on end, one's eyes stare out of their sockets, and not be able to endure it for a single day. How much more one of our Emperor's sacred intelligence, who saw the prosperity of other nations as clear as the sun in the heavens, and thought of all his people in dust and ashes ! Since he was compassionate and wise, how could he endure the shame ? But he waited for an opportunity for reform, and endured insult and bore his burden in silence for ten weary years, till at last he could not endure it any longer, and then came out with his reform.

If he had not done so and sat quietly waiting, enduring things easily, and letting the Empress do as she liked, attending the military review at Tientsin in the 9th moon, and allowing himself to be quietly put aside there, then his sacred intelligence and ability and his great goodness would not be known throughout the Empire nor his love treasured up by his subjects.

Moreover, the calumnies which made the Emperor appear exactly like Chang Yih in the days of the Empress Woo Tsz Tien of the Tang dynasty—to which would be added the shame of his losing land and power, and thus sinning against all his people—could not be shown to his subjects and after-generations to be false unless he took such a course, which if he had not taken, they would have said it was but right to dethrone him. If unfortunately he was dethroned, then let the Empire again have the Empress Na La with her private

pleasures and her extravagant buildings; let them have their eunuchs to do as they please, let them have official corruption, have old incompetent men, and care only about those inches of ground called the I'Ho palace, and let them daily go on cutting off more land and losing more power while they sit down quietly and let the ten thousand li [three li=one English mile] empire of their ancestors be lost without a protest, and finally have nothing but an empty name like the rulers of Anam, or be taken prisoners like the King of Burmah. It was this that made the Emperor decide on reform at any cost.

China's talk of change has been like this for thirty years, but how is it that we do not see any good of it, but an increase of evils? Now the old must make way for the new—one replace the other—then we can see good of the change. But if the old is not put away and the new only added, then the accumulated evils of the old government will get into the new, and thus will be the means of aggravating instead of removing the evils. It will be like some hard swelling in the stomach, for which you partly use purgatives and partly use tonics in order to get cured. By only taking tonics daily one aggravates his disease and hurries on to his death. The changes which we in China have had since the time of our last Emperor Tung Chih have been the drilling of soldiers, opening mines, and foreign trade; in international intercourse, the establishment of a Foreign Office and Ministers sent abroad to represent China; in education, the Tung Wên College in Peking, the schools of foreign languages at the ports, and the regular schools of China. These were all the changes that were formerly thought of.

As to drilling soldiers: the generals are not chosen because of their experience; how can they then know what to do? In the raising of soldiers there is no method but to get them anyhow, though half of them be beggars; they care not whether they are strong or weak, whether they can read or not; how can such learn obedience? The officers' pay is very small, and the soldiers' pay is a mere pittance. The calling is not at all respectable, therefore scholars are ashamed to join; thus the good-for-nothings have their own way. How can such troops be honest and loyal to death? Then there are no maps or surveys, and the military strength or weakness of places is not known; how can this lead to victory? Gunboats and arms they cannot manufacture, but must look to others for them; how can they be according to one's wish? The navy does not visit other countries, and the generals have had no experience; when they meet an army some day can we expect them to show much excellence? There is no police department, there is no census, and the drilled soldiers run away constantly; how can they be relied on? So the drilling of soldiers is just as if there were no drilling going on. Moreover, they

have no good generals. Those whom they have, like Tung Fu Siang, take advantage of large numbers to create rows to the disgrace of the country. If they do not often create trouble on our borders they worry our own people. They cannot protect the nation, all they can do is to worry the poor people. Again, when gunboats are bought from foreigners, the mandarins and merchants who manage them fatten themselves by large commissions. Immense sums of money are expended and you get rubbish for them. Thus drilling soldiers becomes a worse evil than not drilling them.

As to opening mines, there must be a school of mines, otherwise there will be no mining engineers. How can the resources of the country be fully developed by only engaging foreigners whom we do not know to do the work? Is it not throwing our money away to attempt to work with imperfect machinery and imperfect knowledge? Then there are no roads from the mines to the ports; how can the work prosper when the carriage will increase the original price several times over? Thus to open mines now is just as if they were not opened.

Again, foreigners are prepared to work them, and every nation seeks concessions, so that all is given away to other people. If not, then our own selfish merchants rush in and arrange with corrupt mandarins, so that the mines of every province are in the hands of expectant officials, who, though absent, draw salaries as directors. Thus the nation's wealth is wasted, and the opening of mines is worse than not opening them.

As to foreign trade: statistics are not studied, and few understand the principles of commerce; how can we look after the wealth of our country? Industries and manufactures are not considered, and the natural products of the country are few, how then can we be enriched by our commerce?

Then the means of communication are primitive, and carriage is therefore very expensive; how can the produce go far? There are customs barriers all over the land, where there are extortionate charges [called *likin*] and much delay, taking away all the profit. As the officers are like tigers and wolves, how can they promote trade? The Chinese consuls sent abroad do not inquire into foreign trade, and the Government does not protect its merchants abroad; how can they prosper? Thus to open the country to foreign trade is as if they had not done so. Moreover, foreign produce comes in daily, and Chinese money goes out daily. When the fishpond gets dry the fish die; so with this kind of trade the people cannot thrive, and foreign trade is worse than not having foreign trade.

As to international intercourse: the ten odd members who daily attend the Foreign Office in Peking are sixty or seventy years of age. They do not know even the names of the foreign countries, much less

where their boundaries are. Even China's treaties they have not read, much less have they read international law.

Those who have been sent abroad as Ministers and consuls are sent because there is a scramble for the post, not because they are fit for it. The Ministers after they have presented their credentials have nothing to do. The diplomatic attachés and consuls have nothing to do but travelling about and feasting. What benefit can there accrue to China from such a crew as this? Thus to have international intercourse is just as if we had none. Moreover, some of these Ministers and their followers who go abroad are vicious and worthless, or shamelessly niggardly, do menial things, and dirty beyond endurance, and are the laughing-stock of foreigners, and a disgrace to our country. Chinese consuls not only cannot protect their own country's merchants, but they insult and oppress them. Thus to have international intercourse is equal to not having any at all.

As to foreign education: it is only teaching foreign languages in order to enable the students to act as interpreters. There are no examinations in the art of government or the art of education; how can these students be well trained? As the national educational system is not changed, and Western education is not the open way to official preferment, the best families and the most intelligent students consider it degrading to attend such schools, how can we then expect good material out of them? Thus to have foreign schools is as if we had none. Moreover, the object of the school is not to build up character or to produce patriots; therefore the pupils only learn the habits of the inferior men of the West, and do not know that they have a country of their own. The best of them are engaged as foreigners' employés to get a living. The worse become Chinese traitors to upset the Government. Thus to have foreign education is worse than having none at all.

All these things which we have touched upon have done harm instead of good; the rest are of the same kind.

Now all these things are the result of the best efforts of all the famous men of China during the last thirty years. But if there is no radical change of customs and regulations and the whole civilisation, but only minor changes with the old foundation, then we know that, though they had many noble governors throughout the Empire, yet without a brave Sovereign with a clear head to govern, the work attempted would be impossible.

Why? Because a government is a very complex machine, and the elements of government are very various. There are stems and branches; there is also a grand trunk, as well as roots, all dependent on one another for sustenance and fruit. So when we talk of changing No. 1, then we find we must change No. 2; change No. 2, we find we must change No. 3, till it becomes endless. Thus

we find that unless we change the whole with all our might we shall never succeed in our efforts, but only aggravate the evils. It is just like a building a thousand years old, with its roof broken and its pillars and beams rotten and about to tumble down. Yet the inhabitants of the house are mad with laughter or fast asleep, and do not hear anything from outside. If they do, it is to stop a leakage in the roof or another crack in the wall in order to keep it together. These two methods, though different, have only one ending. When the wind and rain come the house must fall and the people inside will perish. Now those who dance and sleep are the Manchus, those who stop the leaking and the cracks are men like Li Hung Chang and Chang Chih Tung. The proverb says when you patch a leaking roof the more you patch the more it leaks, and when you sew your old rent garments the more you sew the more they will rend. Under these circumstances, can anything be done but build a new house and get a new suit of clothes? Moreover, when you see that the Chinese Government is full of conservative and useless old men, that promotion is by seniority, and that fat posts are obtained by bribery, can you expect to find many of the ability of Li Hung Chang and Chang Chih Tung? Then, again, foreign affairs are every month more and more pressing, and different every year, how can we expect to have another ten years of respite?

But, besides folding their hands and waiting for their doom, there is no plan. It is said any unusual thing makes the people afraid. It is also said that the people will gladly rejoice in accomplished service, but they cannot think out a plan of action for themselves. It has always been so; how much more is it so to-day in China when officials and students and people are all in ignorance, and have no inkling of the problems of the empire? If, when they hear of reform they are astonished, it is but natural. But without getting rid of our evils we cannot replace them with good, as we have already pointed out.

Yet to get rid of old evils is difficult without exciting the hatred of many, therefore those who want to keep their own positions are seldom willing to attempt it. For instance, the essay-system for promotion to official life is well known to be a great hindrance to the development of ability; why then do not people hate it with all the power of their heads and hearts? Chang Chih Tung constantly says that to change this essay-system is of the first importance. But we never heard of his memorialising the Government to have it changed, because he fears the hatred of some hundreds of Han Lins (Chief Doctors of Literature), some thousands of Chin Shih (Doctors of Literature), some tens of thousands of Chû Jêns (provincial graduates), some hundreds of thousands of Shiu Tsais (prefectural graduates), and some millions of undergraduates.

He is afraid that they would all unite in denouncing him and push him off the bench

At present the true patriots of China consider that if there is anything to be done for the good of their country they must do it at the sacrifice of both their life and reputation if need be. But those who style themselves patriots love their own lives too, and also their reputation. If they cannot retain the three, then they let go their country and save their lives and reputation. If they cannot preserve both their lives and reputation, then they let go their reputation and save their lives. The end of all is that there is no change, but a going on to ruin. Only this! Only this!

I was always fond of studying Western learning. After the French took Foochow in 1885 there was evident danger of China's end drawing nigh. Consequently, in 1889 I memorialised about the matter in great grief. I feared Russia's advance southward, and pointed out the secret intentions of Japan and the latent danger in Corea. I thought that China had come to such a pass that if she should devote these years for the purpose of speedy reform she might become strong, but if there was delay nothing could save her.

At that time the high Ministers of State were all Conservatives, and would not present my memorial to the throne. After the loss of Formosa Wêng Tung Ho was sorry that he had listened to their advice, and was very cordial to me. Then I exhorted him to reform, and I wrote a long memorial, signed by 1300 provincial graduates, to urge reform again and again, and a Reform Club was formed in Peking, and the newspaper, *Chinese Progress*, was started in Shanghai. At this time (1895) Wêng Tung Ho strongly urged reform on the Emperor, but was checked by the Empress-Dowager, and almost put aside then, and the Reform Club was shut up. I then returned to Canton, and founded the Ethical Society in Canton province and the Sacred Society in Kwang-Si province. My disciples, Liang Chi Chao and Tan Tze Tung, formed the Southern Learning Society in Hunan province; Liu Shio started the Fookien Learning Society in the Fukien province; Yang Tui the Szechuen Learning Society in the province of Szechuen; Yang Shin Sheu and Sung Peh Luh opened the Pass Learning Society in the provinces of Shansi and Shensi; I and my brother K'ang Kwang In, with King Yuen Shen, opened a Chinese girls' school and formed the Anti-foot-binding Society in Shanghai; and many newspapers were started. Thus newspapers and new schools flourished in all the provinces, and all the empire knew of the reform.

When Kiaochow was taken by the Germans I went to Peking again and sent up another memorial strongly urging reform, with the same motive as Peter the Great, and on the same political lines as have been adopted by the present Emperor of Japan. I also presented my

books on the history of reform in Japan and the history of Peter the Great's reforms, and suggested that all the coast of the empire be open to international trade. Wêng Tung Ho approved of it, and strongly supported the measure at Court. But the crowd of Conservatives opposed, and he could not carry it. Then it was proposed to make an alliance with England, as was advised in the reform paper of Macao. The Government was undecided and feared that a great nation like England would not be willing. But when England asked that Port Arthur and Ta Lien Wan should be open ports I hastened to Wêng Tung Ho and said, "China is saved and will not perish. You must grant the request. Since God gives us this opportunity, it should on no account be let slip." But the Empress-Dowager and Li Hung Chang had made up their minds to give them to Russia.

Again, England promised to lend China ten millions at 3 per cent. Russia was forcing China to borrow from her at 4 per cent. The Foreign Office was in great fear between these two great nations, and undecided. They then discussed about borrowing from both, and finally decided not to borrow from either. I said, "You should decline Russia's offer and borrow from England. Russia, though she might threaten us, will never dare to declare war on this account." The Empress-Dowager favoured Russia and was afraid. In the end they did not borrow from either.

When Russia was seeking Port Arthur and Ta Lien Wan, I presented two memorials that they should be refused to Russia and both made open ports. The Emperor blamed Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang, and asked, "What is the use of a secret treaty with Russia? Not only does Russia not protect us, but she herself takes away territory from us." Both the Prince and Li replied: "It is by giving Port Arthur and Ta Lien Wan to Russia that the secret treaty is preserved." At this the Emperor was very angry.

When the Empress-Dowager decided to give them to Russia, and Wêng Tung Ho found that all my prophecies came true, he strongly recommended me to the Emperor. Kao Hsueh Tsêng, the Supervising Censor, Chen Pao Chen, the Governor of Hunan, Su Chih Ching, of the Hanlin College, and Li Twan Fên, President of the Board of Rites, also had recommended me from time to time. When the Emperor asked the members of the Cabinet, Wêng Tung Ho recommended me, saying, "His abilities are a hundred times superior to my own," and prayed the Emperor to listen to me in all matters of reform.

I also presented to the Emperor a record of England, France, and Germany, a comparative diagram of all nations, and the Rev Timothy Richard's "History of the Nineteenth Century" and his "Essays for the Times," and translations of Western books. The Emperor then understood something of the cause of the rise and fall of nations, and

made up his mind to introduce great reforms. Desiring men to help him, he invited me, and acted on my former suggestions. On the 8th day of the first moon I sent in a memorial.

[The writer has here set forth the whole of this memorial, which is too long for insertion in full. After insisting on the necessity for reform if the State is to be preserved, he recommends the example of Japan, and supports (1) a body of Ministers pledged to a national policy; (2) a Board of Memorials to receive suggestions and secure talented administrators, and (3) a Cabinet; and the memorial proceeds as follows: *]

"If your Majesty has made up your mind to reform, then I pray that you begin by three methods. Assemble all your Ministers at the Temple of Heaven or at the Kien Ching Gate. Decide on a national policy, and yourself propose the things to be sworn—to put away the old and put on the new, so as to begin a new era for the people. Command all the Ministers to subscribe their names that they will change the old and strive after the new, or, if they cannot subscribe to that, let them ask permission to resign, so as to get the officers and Government all of one mind.

"When that is settled, then establish a Memorial Office at the Woo Gate, and have two Censors in turns daily to superintend the place. Let all the scholars have the power to present memorials to this court and all the lower officials have the power to present them themselves, and not necessarily through the high Ministers as at present, so as to avoid suppression. If satisfactory, the writers may be admitted to audience and be further asked questions and engaged, according to their ability; then troubles arising from ignorance of the lower classes will disappear, as all able scholars can memorialise.

"Then establish a Cabinet in the Palace. Select about a dozen of the ablest men of the empire to be members of it. Whether princes, or high Ministers, or mere scholars, when once elected, let them meet in perfect equality, somewhat similar to the rules of Emperor Kanghi's Southern College, and somewhat similar to the rules of Emperor Yung Ching's Cabinet. Let your Majesty visit the Cabinet daily and decide finally what should be added or changed, what to keep and what to put away; consider the advantage and disadvantages of changing the various regulations of the Government—then you may act without mistakes.

"At present Western nations divide the government into three departments—viz., the Deliberative, the Executive, and the Judiciary. When these three are established, then the government is complete.

"As to our country: your Majesty is the head which directs all parts of the body. The Grand Council is the Government which presents memorials to the Emperor and receives his commands. But

when kneeling before him, men cannot in a moment properly consider matters and are only mouthpieces and have no power of discussion. The presidents of the Boards and the governors of the provinces are merely executives, like hands and feet, and are too busily engaged with their own duties to think of these things. Moreover, the presidents of the Boards consider it their duty to follow precedent, and as reform is against precedent they put it down, and there is an end of it. Where, then, with the present system, can one find the possibility of considering anything better?

"At present most matters of reform are referred to the Foreign Office. As the duty of this office is to attend to foreign affairs, how can it attend to home affairs as well? Moreover, most of the members are old, or hold several other posts. They are expected to discuss together such a great subject as the reform of the Government and make up their minds at once. If it is to be done well, such a thing is impossible.

"As for the Censors, they gather up information, and the Board of Punishments sees after the breakers of the law. Thus we have the Executive and the Judicial departments complete. But there is no Deliberative department whose special duty is to be always at hand and have a general oversight of everything. For instance, whether there should be reform or not is a matter of real importance to the peace of the realm. Yet if it is adopted lightly, without any safe principle to guide, without a body of men whose special duty it is to consider all matters, and without some definite rules of action, if they have power to act arbitrarily, changing about indefinitely, rejecting peremptorily what they dislike, carrying out their own wishes hastily without due consideration, and changing constantly like weather-cocks, their subordinates cannot complete anything well. It is like making a model of a man with head and eyes, hands and feet, mouth and tongue all complete, but without a soul; he will stumble and fall like a man in a fit. What use is he? If reform is sought after in this way, what is the use of it? Therefore the establishment of a proper Cabinet is the thing of first importance in reform. Now, the present Boards in our capital are all under the control of conservative Ministers. It is too much to expect them to change all at once.

"When a proper Cabinet is established to have general control of affairs, then there should be twelve departments under this Cabinet.

"1. Law Department.—Foreigners in our country are allowed to rule themselves, and our people are not allowed to be on terms of equality. This is a great shame to our country, and arises from foreigners regarding our punishments as too severe and different from their own. We should now take the Roman, English, American, German, French, and Japanese laws, and revise them for our own use. They should not be used at once in the interior, but first tried

at the open ports. All sorts of laws for the people—for merchants, for lawyers, for the military, for international use—are carefully drawn up by foreigners. As we cannot close our ports against foreigners we must adopt some laws common to all. Since we have no laws made for all these matters, our officials are at a loss how to act, and so evils accumulate. Moreover, in regard to all these modern affairs we have no law whatever, and the times are such that we should add to our incomplete laws; therefore there should be specialists who shall select such laws as shall be suitable for China.

“2. Revenue Department.—The area and population of our empire is double that of Europe, but we are much poorer, and our revenue is only like that of small nations, such as Chili and Greece, because we do not know how to manage this department. The modern methods of Western nations, such as duties on cheques, banks, stamps, post offices, tobacco, spirits, mines, forests, public debts, amount to hundreds of millions. Most of these things do not exist in our country, therefore a new department should be established to superintend the revenue.

“3. Education Department.—Peking should have a university. Every provincial capital should have a college, and every prefecture and county should have schools. There should also be special schools, such as naval and military, medical, legal, and normal schools, and books of all kinds should be translated and courses marked out. The Board of Rites cannot superintend this; there should be established a special department for it.

“4. Agricultural Department.—Arable land, forests, fisheries, herds, require that suitable land should be provided for each, so that every branch may be benefited.

“5. Works Department.—This is to look after arts and manufactures of the nation; to encourage discoveries and invention, in shipbuilding, in bridges, in embankments, and in roads.

“6. Trade Department.—All the trade of the nation, commercial schools, chambers of commerce, commercial customs, commercial goods, and commercial law, should be under the control of this department.

“7. Railway Department.—Trunk railways of the empire should be carefully mapped out and power to act given to this department.

“8. Postal Department.—Post offices should be established throughout the empire, in every province, prefecture, county, and parish, and the telegraphs should be also under the same control.

“9. Mining Department.—All the different mines of the empire, mining duties, and mining schools should be under its control.

“10. Travelling Department.—Statesmen, educators, and religious teachers should travel abroad and see how other nations carry on their respective departments, and specially look after the constitution of the Government.

"11. Army Department.—This is to raise an army throughout the empire and drill it

"12. Naval Department.—This is to see about gunboats and naval practice.

"When these twelve departments are established then the Government is completely under control

"But the object of establishing a Government is for the good of the people. If the people are not considered then the whole is but an empty name.

"But all government begins with the people. Below the district-magistrate there are only some nominal officials who have no real power to govern the people. But the district-magistrate has heavy responsibilities, though any one can buy the post. The salary is small, and the office is the lowest rung on the official ladder. He looks after the gaol and the revenue; all other matters he regards as of little importance. Above him are the Prefect, the Taotai, the Judge, the Treasurer, and the Governor of the whole province, in five tiers. Only the Governor has the right to memorialise the throne, while the Treasurer, the Judge, the Taotai, and the Prefect must fold their hands in silence; all these are dummies who receive despatches from their inferiors to forward to their superiors, wasting fine salaries. When old and feeble they look on even old regulations with fear because of their immensity; if, in addition to this, they are expected to study the new and carry them out, it is simply impossible. Hitherto they have been accustomed to frequent Imperial edicts to stimulate education, agriculture, and sericulture, but in most of the provinces it is easily seen that they evade their responsibilities by their ambiguous despatches

"In Japan, on the contrary, all officials of the rank of district-magistrate and upwards can memorialise the throne directly. In the Han dynasty in China, too, the Prefects had power to memorialise the Son of Heaven. But our country is very different from Japan, and we should adopt the method of the Han dynasty, and establish in every circuit of about thirty counties an office to be called 'Government for the People,' or 'People's Parliament.' Let an intelligent man be carefully selected to direct the whole. Let the rules of the Southern College and those for chancellors of education be adopted in this People's Parliament—*i.e.*, any mandarin of the first seven ranks may be appointed to the post, and authorise him to memorialise and be on an equality with the Governors. Let him choose his own secretaries and subordinates to help him—just as the Chinese Ministers who go abroad have liberty to choose their own men.

"If the present Taotais are able for this department of government let them be appointed to this post. If not, then let them resign and await other appointment

"Let the new man be given the Taotai's position, and the funds of the *liken* be at his disposal for the carrying out of reforms.

"Let each county have a branch 'People's Council,' and the director appoint a deputy-director to meet with the county gentry in council and carry on reforms, while the district-magistrate is only to look after the punishment of crime and the collecting of revenues. All surveying, census, roads, forests, education, agriculture, trade, rearing cattle, and police, to be under the new council's care to be gradually carried out. Have a beginning made in three months, and have good results to show at the end of a year. Thus there will be co-operation in the capital and in the provinces, each will assist the other, like arm and hand, and we shall have an outline of new government. Reform after this will be possible, and its fruit easily reaped.

"As to sending many princes and chief Ministers to travel abroad to understand the ways of foreign countries, and as to the translation of Western books and sending students to study new learning abroad, as to the increase of salaries so as to avoid corruption, and as to changes in the curriculum of our provincial graduates, these should be first attended to, as we are afraid our strong neighbours all round will not readily let us reform our Government.

"Again, since our people are poor and our country is in debt, how can we go on with reform? I have heard that Japan when reforming issued paper money, established banks, and money flowed throughout the country, and there was enough to carry on their reforms

"Now we should provide some hundreds of millions of taels for this purpose. For this end issue paper money and let branch banks be established in each province. Let the Indian method of land tax be adopted. Let stamp duties be raised as in all other countries. As our country is great and goods are many we may increase our revenue tenfold. Then let all kinds of schools be established in all the prefectures and counties. On the coast let there be military schools and a big fleet, thirty gunboats bought and an army of a million soldiers drilled; then there will be a change in the tide of affairs, and something may be hoped from reform. Although we might not expect to be strong all at once, yet we may be able to protect ourselves.

"I have for many nights mourned over our country, and carefully considered the general situation. Whether these suggestions can be carried out or not your Majesty's intelligence alone knows. If they cannot be carried out the crime of it rests with all the Ministers of State. I have considered our country's danger, and thus show what I humbly think. Kneeling, I beg your Majesty's Sacred Glance on this memorial."

Memorials have also been sent in as to removing the capital,

encouraging learning, reform in taxes and dues, putting down the *likin* tax, reform of the laws, increase of official salaries, commissions to be sent abroad, students studying abroad, establishing of police, drilling of reserve soldiers, selection of generals, appointment of (foreign) advisers, great increase of navy, the pacification of Tibet and Ili, &c All these should be carried out altogether and at once, not one after the other. The Emperor well knew this, but the difficulty was that he had no power, and could not carry them out at once. He therefore first stopped the essay-system and competition for calligraphy, and started (foreign) schools and newspapers for agriculture, mechanics, and commerce. He often took my memorials and laid them before the Grand Council and the Foreign Office, to consider, and stringently commanded them not to return them with empty phrases, for he desired their co-operation to support him in order to prevent opposition from the Empress-Dowager. But there were aged Ministers of the old school, who, though frequently rebuked, did not learn. Above all, there was the chief obstruction in the Empress-Dowager, who hated him. Whatever he asked was refused by her. Therefore, of the hundred things which the Emperor and myself wished to reform we could not get one carried out. If it had not been for the Dowager's opposition, by the end of the 11th moon the old evils would have been all removed, new government would have been working everywhere, the rules of the Cabinet would have been very complete, the rules of the twelve departments would have been most minute, the laws would have been changed, a large sum of money for reforms would have been provided, police would have been established, military would have been drilling, the capital would have been removed south, (foreign) advisers would have been secured, and the beginnings of all things seen, the whole empire heartily uniting.

But the Peking officials, high and low, were of the old school, and were afraid to lose their posts if there was to be reform, and so raised all sorts of rumours. The Manchu high officials are still more ignorant of foreign affairs, and Yung Luh, the Viceroy of Chihli, was bent on not having reform. Hwai Ta Pū, the President of the Board of Rites, obstructed the presentation of memorials on reform, and was greatly disliked by the Emperor. When the Emperor dismissed the President of the Board of Rites, his friends, the Ministers of the Imperial household, knelt round the Dowager, and said that the Emperor was making wild reforms and would soon ruin the empire, that the Emperor was about to appoint Yuen Shih Hai to consult the Board of War, and put an end to the Dowager's authority.

At this the Viceroy, Yung Luh, telegraphed for General Tung Fu Siang to bring his army to Peking, and General Nie to look after Tientsin, and prayed that the Emperor's authority should be ended.

On the 29th day of the 7th moon, after the Dowager had inquired of the Emperor about these things, the Emperor secretly commanded myself and Yung Tui, Lin Shio, Liu Kwang Ti, and Tan Sze Tung, the four Ministers of the new Cabinet, to devise means for saving ourselves. The Cabinet thought of General Yuen Sheh Kai [formerly famous as the Chinese Resident in Corea during the early stormy years]. When Yuen Sheh Kai had just gone to Peking Yung Luh took his soldiers to the capital. Then the Dowager, on the 6th day of the 8th moon (September 21), came to Court and put the Emperor aside.

At this time the intention was to assassinate the Emperor. An edict was issued throughout the Empire to find a good doctor, a thing which had not been done in China before for a thousand years. Wishing to put the blame of his death on his illness, they first published it to the world, so that afterwards they might put him to death.

Fortunately the foreign Ministers talked of the matter, and a doctor was sent in to see the Emperor; therefore the Government could not after this lay violent hands on him. But during this time they were making daily search for me, because, the order said, I had given poison to the Emperor, and so the Shanghai Taotai on this account had secret orders to arrest me. As this turned out to be false, the orders then were that, as I was the leader of a rebellious party, I was to be deprived of my office; the orders also stated that it was because my writings upset the Government, therefore my books were to be burnt; and other orders were that I advised surrounding I Ho Yuen (the Dowager's palace) with soldiers, and rebellion against her authority; therefore I was to be arrested. Thus the reasons given in the various orders are contradictory.

Yet they sent 3000 soldiers to Peking, shut the gates of the city twice, sent orders for fast cruisers, and telegraphed throughout the Empire to catch me and seize my whole family and relations. My relations within about ten *li* of my home all fled. They also tried to seize my disciple, Liang Chi Chao, and all his relations.

On the 13th of the 8th moon (September 28) six men were beheaded—viz., my brother, Kang Kwang In; a censor, Yang Sheu Shiu, together with the four Ministers of the Reform Cabinet, Yang, Lin, Tan, and Liu.

The Emperor, finding that the great Ministers were of the old school and useless, and that he had no power to put them away, had just begun to take the last-mentioned four men as his Prime Ministers in the Reform Cabinet. Yang was formerly a Censor, and strongly urged reform. Even after the Emperor was put aside he memorialised the Empress-Dowager to resign her authority to the Emperor, and it was on this account he was put to death. The young Empress's two brothers, Wêng Tung Ho, the late Prime Minister; Li Tuan Fen, Pre-

sident of the Board of Rites ; Chang Yiu Hwan, Vice-President of the Board of Revenue ; Chang Peh Hi, Sub-Chancellor of the Grand Secretariat and Vice-President of the Board of Rites ; Kwo Pu Tung, Vice-President of the Board of Rites ; Sung Peh Luh, a Censor, the Chancellor of Education in Canton province, two successive chancellors in Hunan, several Hanlins, Chen Pao Chen, the Governor of Hunan ; Tan Ki Seun, Governor of Hupeh ; and Tseng Ho, his successor as Governor of Hupeh ; and Hwang Tsun Hien, Minister Elect for Japan ; and several lesser officials and secretaries of the Government Boards in Peking, for advocating reform or Western learning, or recommending Kang Yeu Wei, or being his disciples, were all punished in different ways—some imprisoned, some put under watch, some deprived of their rank, some ordered to be arrested ; and others who were in sympathy with reforms are now at the mercy of anti-reform mandarins throughout the empire, being squeezed out of their property in order to be let alone.

As to the rest, about a hundred founders of societies for the protection of our country, and about a hundred editors of newspapers, and promoters of new education are all in danger of being arrested at any time.

On the 11th of the 8th moon (September 26) the useless officials removed by the Emperor were all restored ; literary men of the people were forbidden to memorialise the throne, and official newspapers were also forbidden. The new schools of Western learning founded by the Emperor in all the provinces were stopped. On the 20th of that moon the essay-system of examination and calligraphy was restored ; examination in the new learning was discontinued, and the study of agriculture, mechanics, and commerce, &c., became useless ; the governors of the provinces throughout the empire were commanded to suppress the newspapers and at once arrest the editors.

On the 26th of that moon it was forbidden to form societies, and the promoters were ordered to be arrested. Collecting revenue in kind was still to go on, instead of commuting into money (as had been done by the Emperor), and the offices of Governors of Hupeh, Yunnan, and Kwangtung, which had been abolished, as these provinces had viceroys, were again restored ; military examination by bows and arrows, by swords, and by lifting heavy stones, which had been replaced by foreign drill by the Emperor, was now restored. All reforms were reversed and reformers put in bonds ; thus all the Empire became dumb, and dared not speak about Western ways. This has now gone on for more than six months. Whoever speaks of Western ways is regarded as a dangerous man, and persons look up and down the road lest they should be found out, and China is thus bound to old ways more than ever. It only leans on Russia, and in this way allows itself to be easily divided up and ruined. Alas !

KANG YEU WEI.

THE SEVEN SENSES OF FISHES.

TO live in the sea must be very different from living in the atmosphere. The softness, clearness, and lightness of the latter make life more secure and the pleasures of existence more safe than is possible in a medium which is nearly a thousand times heavier, and which is often so violently disturbed as to lash into fragments every thing fragile existing near the shore. At times, when the war of the elements means death to all coming within range of its fury, the five senses seem very weak and inefficient defences for meeting all the exigences of life under these violent conditions. Since all the senses are tactile, the five organs in use in the heavier element must be toned and modified to receive impressions in keeping with the weight of their surroundings; and this must entail a dull record of life, without some other additions, except possibly in the case of the sense of smell. But in the sixth and seventh senses the balance is fully made up to most of the fishes through their calling in the use of magnetism and electricity.

Like man generally, nearly all the fishes have strong homing instincts, but their intention is more divided in its purpose, usually fishes have a summer and a winter residence, often far apart from each other. If man had to live in these different localities, with no better mental activities or senses than he now possesses, the worry consequent on following these weak sensations would be a thousand times more perplexing in the sea than on land. For with the violence of the tides, the fierceness of the storms, and the free and overwhelming vastness of the ocean, the neighbourhood of the home at times would be a most embarrassing place to find.

Again, the sea is not always a crystal medium, as will be seen further on, for it is continually receiving excretal matter and other

waste from creatures inhabiting the land, through its rains and rivers. But this is only a trifle compared with the quantity of fecal matter, in its many forms, which is sown broadcast in the sea by its own countless inhabitants. The matter sent there from the land is in solid form until diluted with water; but the waste from the denizens of the deep is about of the specific gravity of water, and hence is found floating everywhere, until the ocean is often made so foul that the fisherman cannot see his net even in the day-time for more than two or three feet down.

Again, it is nothing uncommon for the excessive spermatozoa of the herring alone to whiten the water for scores of square miles, and to make it so thick that objects can only be seen a few inches under water. And often in the month of March the sea seems polluted by vast masses of strings of brown mucus, filling water, mile after mile, to such an extent that fishing nets have been known to be carried to the bottom with the weight of slime entangled in the meshes.

Then every year, sometimes in March, but generally in April and May, if rain is ample, we have the spores of the olive seaweed in untold millions floating in the sea. Their depth it is difficult to find, but on looking down it sometimes seems hard to determine whether the ocean have more of water or spores in it. How far the spores extend at one time it is not easy to say, but it is nothing uncommon for the mass to surround the whole of the coasts of Cornwall, including the Scilly Isles, stretching some twelve miles out from land. When fully developed these spores are something like rice grains in form and size, and they colour the sea a deep olive.

And these are soon followed by the spores of the red and green weeds, together with the spawn of the mussels, barnacles, pectins, and sea-shells generally, all of which in their turn, or in combination with each other, still go to darken the sea.

Then we have the foul odours of the ocean often throughout the spring months. The first in the succession is that caused by the breaking up and dissolving of the first crop of spores; and the like comes on again and again, with some weeks between, until the various crops are exhausted. Beside this we seem to have the decomposition of masses of surplus spermatozoa from some other fishes, or from creatures living in or on the sea bottom; for in the late spring or early summer, at times, vast areas of the depths give out stinking fishy effluvia, which are almost unbearable, and sometimes make fishermen ill. When the water is in this dirty and offensive state most of the surface-living fishes will leave it, especially mackerel.

Again, we have the *Infusoria* in their many varieties, which are generally microscopic and almost transparent; but, nevertheless, they are there in their untold and incalculable myriads. When seen at night under favourable conditions in all their phosphoric

glory they seem to fill the sea; in the daytime they must hinder the rays of light, especially in the lower depths. Finally we come to the *Diatomacea*, or the microscopic seaweeds: these exist in vast patches, each patch often filling scores of square miles of water, they are overpowering in their numbers, and can only be compared to the sands on the sea shore, which in all probability they exceed in multitude.

It would seem that these are the food foundations from which almost all the lives of the innumerable inhabitants of the sea are built up. These minute algæ are known and sought for by some of our fishermen; they give the sea a thick, greenish olive hue, which makes it very difficult for their net to be seen, consequently the surface-feeding fishes are more easily caught in it.

Next comes the question of light and darkness in the sea. From good evidence we may conclude that in water fifty fathoms deep, on the brightest day, it is always twilight, while two hundred fathoms down all life is out of the reach of a single beam of sunshine. So there are vast spaces of the ocean where never a ray of sunshine comes to gladden the life of its shady inhabitants,* and where existence has quite other conditions than those which are found nearer to the shore.

Such combinations of dirt, dregs, and darkness must surely make the sea anything but a pleasant transmitting vehicle for the use of the senses as we know them. Yet, notwithstanding the improbability of any beings endowed with only human intelligence finding their way through such unexplored, obscure, and undefined regions, these denizens of the deep master this difficulty with ease; nothing strikes one more than the quiet method these creatures have of knowing their true position, and the certainty with which they find the neighbourhoods wherein are found the pleasures and necessities of life. The facts seem to point to finer and higher perceptive faculties in fishes than in man, and this can only be accounted for by the former possessing two extra senses, which we shall deal with as we proceed.

Let us first consider the question of

SIGHT IN FISHES.

From what we have shown respecting the condition of the medium to be seen through, it must be inferred that eyes for the sea must be somewhat different from those for the air. The eyes of fishes

* In the lake of Geneva Professor Forel ascertained that at thirty fathoms photographic paper was entirely unacted upon by light, see Day's "Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," vol. II p. 28. And Dr Gunther also states that probably the rays of the sun do not penetrate the sea to the depth of two hundred fathoms, see his "Study of Fishes," p. 297.

generally are larger in proportion than those of land animals, and some have special and beautiful arrangements for the modification of light on the retina. This mechanical adjustment is equal to, though generally very different from, those in the eye of the cat or horse, but is only found in those fishes which have a dark or shady winter home, but whose habits take them in the spring and summer months to the surface of the sea, or to the extremes of great light near the shore.

In many of the rays it is seen in the form of a serrated screen or veil, which descends from under the lid and would cover the eye, but for its indented form, while in the turbot, viper, weaver, and most of the sharks, the principle varies again.*

But a decided change is seen when we come to the arrangements of the eye of the pilchard, mackerel, and herring; these have transparent adipose shields, in two parts, one coming from the front and the other from behind, until they cover about half the eye; protecting it probably when the fish are feeding in the night on their favourite food, copepods and amphipoda, &c. (or minute crustacea), which exist in the sea in shoals of miles in extent; and when, if pursued by enemies, darting through these masses of crabs to escape from their pursuers would produce immediate blindness but for these shields. Beside this, I think the shield has another purpose—viz, to protect the eyes from the light when coming up from the depths and pursuing the purposes of life by day in the surface of the sea.

Again, the eyes of most fishes are separate in their actions, so that they can survey two objects in opposite directions at the same time, and act on the results. In tanks I have seen wrasses taking stock of their enemy on one side, and their food on the other, and using or leaving the latter according as danger was near or far off. And, further, I have seen wrasses with one eye awake and watching objects, while the other eye has been asleep. And in the sea I have observed large pollocks circling around a central rock, with the inside eye apparently asleep and with the outside eye awake and doing duty in watching for food or enemies.

The difficulty of our old naturalists, who thought fish did not sleep because sharks and pilot-fish have been known to follow ships for weeks together, is met when these statements are known; but they point to a double nervous system, or possibly to a dual existence in some of the fishes.†

Some fishes have such power over their own appearance, that when they like they can change the colour of their skin in keeping with their surroundings. I have seen surmulletts, when going from the

* In giving the names of fishes I shall follow Couch

† I first remarked on this habit in fishes in a paper I read before the Falmouth Polytechnic Society, September 1836

brown sand to the dark rocks, quickly change from one colour to the other, and I know of about forty other fishes which can do the like in more or less time. Among them is the turbot. This creature, when quite young, about a child's finger-nail in size, like all the flat fishes, has an eye on each side of its head, and is not much unlike a *dorée*, and when in this state the colouring matter, for its future adorning, is held in a few pigment cells, like spots or stars along its transparent side.

And so keen are the eyes of these little ones that they can assimilate themselves at will to many colours, especially those which are likely to hide them from their enemies. It may not be out of place to state here how I arrived at these conclusions. Before the year 1882 I had collected, from time to time, several small turbot, which enabled me to give the information to Dr. F. Day, when writing his great work on the Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland, that the turbot, when young, carried an eye on each side of its head longer than any species of flat-fish I was acquainted with, and that when about the size mentioned it was black in colour. (See Day's works, vol. ii. p. 13.)

But one stormy morning, July 30, 1886, I found quantities of young turbot, less than a month old, swimming in the surface of the water in Mevagissey harbour, all white in colour. This fact much surprised and, indeed, troubled me, seeing I had committed myself to the statement that about this age turbot were black. The next day I again anxiously scanned the sea, hoping at least to find a specimen or two which might in some measure bear out my original statement. But although there were probably thousands of these little ones in the harbour I looked in vain for a single black specimen. I was, however, agreeably surprised to find that on the morning in question there were but few white fish to be seen, nearly all had a decided olive colour, and many a dark olive hue. This led me to hope I was on the track of discovering many colours in these young creatures, for now I had certainly seen them in white, olive, and black. Accordingly, I engaged persons to row me into every nook and corner of the harbour and around the fishing-boats. For hours I sought, without success, for a single black outline, and was about to give up the task when I was pulled through a patch of black ashes and cinders recently thrown into the pier, and noticed two black spots, like ebony chips, dart away from the boat. Instantly I had them in the net, and carefully, but quite unwittingly, put them into a bucket of water, with a black bottom, and then added a few more of the olive and white forms to keep them company. On reaching home I proceeded to put them into spirits for preservation, when another surprise awaited me, for on taking these little things out of the bucket I found that the olive-coloured and white turbot had all

turned black in transit. On going over the circumstances in connection with these two days, the following facts came out: On the first day, July 30, the strong east winds had forced the white china-clay water from the Pentewan River into the harbour, and in it the young turbot had assimilated their skins to the colour of the water. On the next day the continued strong winds had driven quantities of floating olive seaweeds within the pier, and the turbot, which swam in their neighbourhood, had again coloured their skins in keeping with their environment. And those among the black cinders in like manner had put on this black hue. From these facts I think it may be concluded that the eyes of young turbot are able to discriminate all the shades of olive in going through the extremes of this colour between white and black.

However, going back to the power of the eyes in adult fishes, I much question whether their eyes can generally be used for the discovery of friends, foes, and food in the distance, like those of animals on the land (as in fishes the sense of smell performs that office). Their eyes, as a rule, would seem to be not telescopic, like those of the higher vertebrata, but rather microscopic in their action, and are only used for the instant and immediate wants and pleasures of life a few yards around them.

That the eyes of most fishes are formed on such principles may be inferred from the fact that most of the young fishes I have had the opportunity of observing have such eyes. The flounder, dab, plaice, blenny, pollock, and grey mullet are of a rather high microscopic order, for it took the full power of a half-inch object glass to see the diatomacea and animalculæ they were feeding on, but it seems probable that with fishes generally the focus of the eye extends a little with age, nor does necessity seem to claim more than this for their desires.

However, while this is the usual state of the seeing power in fish, there are extremes on either hand. In the mackerel, grey mullet, salmon, pilchard, and other surface-feeding fishes, vision is better than in the average, and some of them are so keen-sighted as to discover the reflected sheen on new gut and to refuse the bait as a consequence, or to show pleasure in taking a gaudy-coloured fly when the appetite is delicate.

Other fishes have a much less accommodating sight; take congers as an example, whose home is in the fissures of the rock, in the shelter of the wreck, or in burrowed holes in the sandy plains of the sea bottom. In them the cuticle or skin of the body covers the eye also, so that the conger is always looking through a not very transparent window. This arrangement, no doubt, is very good for keeping out the mud and sand from the eyes when scooping out a home, but it must greatly obstruct the light and narrow the range of sight.

Then we have the motella, with splendid eyes in youth, and living in the surface of the sea, but whose eyesight is almost gone when adult life comes on, although it lives near the shore, and builds its nest in a fissure of the rocks, near low water; but in this state it hides from the light, feeding only at night, by hunting through the Laminarian forests. Then it develops a beard or tentacles around the head which, in this thick darkness, act the part of eyes.

This leads up to our considering the sense of feeling or

TOUCH IN FISHES.

The nervous system of fishes generally is not highly developed throughout, but they possess certain centres of extreme nervous activity, which are especially seen in those which have prehensile lips or papillæ around the head or snout. The jaws, mouth, and throat of fishes generally are not very susceptible of pain. Bream and whiting when taking bait, if slightly hooked, may be drawn up many fathoms from the sea-bottom, and through their struggles to get free may break away from the hook; but should the fisherman, when this happens, instantly stop his line, the same fish will generally come back and take the bait again, and when caught the mark of the first attachment may be distinctly seen in or near the mouth. Similar results are also often known in catching cod, ling, and turbot, which shows that, what to some animals would be an extremely painful incident, does not, to the same extent, affect others.

We had once a strange freak performed by a blue shark here in this neighbourhood (Mevagissey). About the year 1845, one fine July evening, some three miles off the bay, William Oloke, in his hooker, held on to Joseph Dunn's pilchard drift-boat, in order to have live bait for night fishing purposes, when the nets would be drawn in soon after dark. About sunset all assembled on board the larger boat to have tea together. Just then a shark, about seven or eight feet long, was seen swimming around them; a line was put out and the creature was soon caught and disposed of, the belly being opened and the liver cut out and put aside for medicinal purposes, and the body thrown back again into the sea. After tea a line was again used for the purpose of catching a few whittings, when to the great surprise of the men the first fish that came to hook was this self-same shark—alive.

And I have yet another case, only a little differing from the above. I once saw a common rockling caught alive, which had evidently not long before been taken by another hook, and the captor, in freeing the fish, had drawn the stomach and its surroundings from the cavity of the belly, and had thrust it out under the gill cover, on the right side, so that the creature was swimming in the sea with its stomach

and entrails towing alongside, and when in this condition it had again taken the bait *

These last two may be extreme cases, but they go far to show that the nervous system in the bodies of fishes generally is not of a very high order; but the expressions of pain would have been very different from this if any of the fishes had been hooked in their nerve-centres or papillæ. Take the conger as an instance; being short-sighted and a night feeder, and very strong and fearless, it hunts through the Laminarian forests, standing on its head or nose with its tail aloft, and in this position moves in and out among the tangled weeds and stems, amid extreme darkness, trusting only to its sense of smell and its sensitive lips for all knowledge concerning its food and enemies. If in its wanderings the conger should find a fisherman's bait with its usual attachments, and in the endeavour to obtain it, should get the hook fastened to its lip, and by a great effort should wrench it out and escape, the fisherman's night work will be over unless he moves to another place, for the pricked conger will be so mad with pain that it will drive away all fish from the neighbourhood; if, however, the bait should be taken well down into the stomach, and in the struggle to be free the line is broken, no harm will be done to the fishing, and the same fish finally may take the bait again and be caught.

Again, when writing on this subject to the late Mr. Jonathan Couch of Polperro, I told him that I had seen surmulletts using their barbels under the lips, and putting them in front of the mouth on the sea bottom, as if turning over small stones and sea-shells in search of food; and he told me he thought it not an improbable act, and that the appendages might be used as an elephant uses its trunk, for he had dissected the barbs and found that the nerves running into them were such as, in man, run into the hands.

I may also refer to the sensitive filaments covering the under surface of the head and stretching up around the snout and mouth of soles; their food is generally worms living in the ground they swim over, and being night feeders, the lightest touch on these filaments tells the story of the food being near, and thus they act the part of eyes to the creature in the mud and darkness of the sea-bottom.

Day, in his work on British Fishes, states that "special organs of touch are developed in fishes in several different manners; some, as carps, have highly sensitive barbels around the mouth; they are

* I had the first statement from the crews of these boats on separate occasions spontaneously given—more truthful men than some of them I *never knew*. Couch in his great work, "History of the Fishes of the British Islands," states that a blue shark had been caught—I presume off Polperro—and its liver cut out, and after the creature had been thrown back into the sea it was seen to chase a mackerel which had escaped out of the net, see vol. i. p. 30.

likewise well seen in siluroids, which, as a rule, live in muddy water, and have mostly to obtain food by means of the delicacy of their power of sensation, while the organs of vision are but little developed; . . ." and he further shows that the doré and angler have tactile developments around their fins and bodies.

We shall next consider the sense of

TASTE

and appetite in fishes. This certainly has a very decided and active expression in these creatures, but probably is not so acute as in some of the higher vertebrata; but seeing they have to take their food under such a variety of conditions, one may well be misled respecting its delicacy. Thus, with the predatory fishes generally, when live food is seen and desired, it is taken with a rush and a snap, and whatever tasting there is can only be enjoyed while mastication is going on; but if other live food is still seen, and the fish is hungry, mastication is out of the question, and what is caught must be instantly swallowed whole, so that the pleasure of tasting can only be enjoyed when there is no more food in sight.

Therefore, when pollocks, bass, mackerel, hakes, and whiting are caught by the trick of whiffing, plummeting, or sawing, they are all deceived, and are made to think they are grasping a living fish, when, to their sorrow, they find they have only a phantom. But in taking dead fresh food their actions are very different: if at such times the weather is ordinary (for the coming on of storms again alters matters, as I shall point out later on) it is nothing uncommon to see pollocks and bass, through some secret force in their gills, suck in the bait and blow it out again several times, as if tasting it, and possibly settling the question as to whether it is appropriate food or not; if tainted it is generally refused, and I have heard reliable old fishermen state that often they have seen the neglected bait beaten with the fishes' tails.

If while these actions are going on the fisherman attempts to hook the fish, failure is sure to be the result. The bait should be accepted with the mouth closed, and the fish should dart away at right angles, as if the bait were alive, before the fisherman should attempt to do his work. In the conger, hake, cod, and ling probably the same thing happens, as they can be felt for some time nibbling at or playing with the bait before the final rush is felt on the hand, which the successful fisherman knows how and when to reply to.

Then comes the question of the choice of foods in fishes, in which the taste must play a very important part; plaice will only eat cuttles, lugworms, and cockles, and will refuse pilchards, mackerel, or herrings, whereas dabs, which live on the same ground as the plaice, will eat either or all of them as they have opportunity. Wrasse also

will eat all kinds of broken crabs, worms, and cuttles, but refuse, in any form, mackerel, pilchards, or herrings. Surmullets, again, will refuse all or any of the latter fish as food, eating only worms, broken crabs, seaweeds, and shell-fish ; and soles will refuse all kinds of fish foods, eating only worms, small crabs, and shells, whereas the sea-bream will eat freely all the varieties of food mentioned. This subject might be continued to a tiresome extent, especially if we trenched on the uncertain and fickle tastes in fishes, as found in the experience of the angler and shore fishermen ; but we must turn from these and only touch the question in its broader aspects.

Thus, in the North Sea, a fresh herring is preferred by fishermen as a bait before all others, and seems to be the choice desire of all the larger food fishes living there. Whereas in the Cornish and Devon waters, for the same class of fish, nothing as a bait equals a fresh pilchard, the herring being only a second or third class article.

Of course these facts point to an educated appetite in some fishes ; and as the herring is the most plentiful food in the North Sea, through its constant use, its flavour has been favourably impressed on the taste of the fishes living there. And the pilchard, being the most universal food in these more southern waters, has created like impressions on the appetite of fishes existing at the entrance of the English Channel.

This education of the taste or appetite is seen in pilchards in another direction from that given above, and applies rather to the controlling or ruling of the sense. When pilchard food (crustacean life) is fairly abundant in the surface of the sea near the shore in the summer months, these fish will take the opportunity of forming into shoals in the daylight and swimming slowly through it until its extreme limit is found near the shore ; on this journey the greatest order prevails, even when these little ones are jostling their faces and sides. The restraint on the appetite is perfect, as only the outside fish in the shoal will take any as food, and these after having a decent grip will fall back into the centre, and allow others on the inside to take their place and taste the dainties. When the same fish, however, are feeding in the twilight all semblance of order is lost or forgotten, and excitement of the wildest description begins ; like men in a sinking ship every fish is for itself. Then comes the mad rush to grip these tiny atoms of the sea. Old fishermen describe it as like the cliffs falling down, when millions of pilchards dash forward and throw themselves headlong out of the water in this wild feeding orgie. Moreover, by taking up a position on the shore side of the food, and feeding from the land (which they always do), they avoid running on the beaches and shallows of the coasts, which in their madness would be sure to happen if feeding from

almost any other position, and this would certainly entail death to quantities of pilchards; but now, instead of disaster, they have had a successful time, and with the morning light they are again ready to gather up in shoals, and to manifest a strong will-power by quietly passing through these tempting delights to be ready for the evening's excesses.

My next remarks will differ much from the above, as I propose to consider the varying tastes and appetites of the mackerel in their deep-sea life. Taking them as a whole, I know of no fish with such a variety of tastes, and which so delights in its many changes.

Noting the creatures the year through, possibly the larval forms of crabs and the floating minute oceanic crustacean life constitute their most continuous food. The latter is more especially their diet in the autumn and winter months, and keeps them in splendid condition far beyond any other food; but, notwithstanding this fact, their weakness for a change is seen when the early spring brings with it its myriads of seaweed spores; then all other food is given up and they will rush forward and ravenously devour it, and for a month or six weeks they will delight in the change. I much question if such food adds anything to their strength or condition, but it softens the skin and makes it feel like velvet to the touch.

Again, with the month of May, when young sprats and herrings are about an inch long, and are tender and transparent, like whitebait, the spores and crustaceans are neglected, and the mackerel rush on these innocents with a vengeance, and seem to revel in the destruction of young life. If these little things are abundant they will often follow them throughout the summer; but with the autumn, if the mackerel continue to prey on them, their flesh becomes very hard and muscular, and they lose much of their fat; then, satiated with slaughter, and having satisfied every taste and appetite, they again turn back to their old crustacean food.

Remarks of this kind may be made concerning most of the fishes, especially the pilchard, herring, haddock, and conger, but I think I have fairly shown that many of the fishes have a preference for certain foods, and that this is mostly determined by the taste, so that this sense is in fair use among these inhabitants of the deep.

I next proceed to remark on the sense of

HEARING

and on the voice in fishes.

Of the existence of this faculty there have been many opponents. The late Dr. Day says, "It is very remarkable how diversity of opinion can exist as to their possessing this sense, for if fishes cannot hear,

why do they possess a complicated auditory apparatus?" That hearing in fishes may not be so keen as in creatures living in the air is quite possible, considering the lightness of the air and the density of the water, but concussion in either element must produce mechanical results of the same character, only the sound may be more or less modified to animals receiving it by the nature of the auditory organs

Dr. Day leaned to the idea that some fishes have voices which may express fear, anger, danger, and conjugal endearment, and that the air-bladder which exists in most fishes is the part corresponding to the lungs in the superior vertebrata; it acts also as a float, causing fishes to rise in the water, and it acts as a sounding-board in hearing by communicating to the internal ear the vibrations of the sea acting on the whole body; while Dr. Gunther, late of the British Museum, says that many fishes "have fontanelles in the roof of their skulls, where the auditory organs approach the surface, by which means sonorous undulations must be conducted with greater ease to the ear." And this seems to be the mode of operation in the hearing of fishes, hence the final use of the ear-bones, or otoliths, in conveying the character of the sounds to the brain.

Dr. Day states, in his work on the "Instincts and Emotions in Fishes," that in the scad the air from the air-bladder passes through the mouth, and that the same thing is found in several other species. Also that the corrina, a fish found in the Tagus, emits sounds resembling the vibrations of a deep-toned bell, and that other fishes give out purring noises which can be heard from twenty fathoms under water. Further, that in the Island of Borneo there is a singing-fish which sticks to the bottom of boats, and which regales the occupants with sounds varying between those of a Jew's-harp and an organ; and that a sole in the waters of Siam attaches itself to the bottom of boats and gives out sonorous music. Coming back to our own fishes, since gurnards, congers, dorées, and scads use their internal machinery for making noises in the air when caught by the fishermen, no doubt the same can be done by them under water.

In my paper on "Pilchards" (see Falmouth Polytechnic Society Records, 1892) it is shown that pilchards, when migrating, send up strings of bubbles to the surface of the sea. Since then I have given the subject more attention, and I find that these bubbles are not given out continuously, but occasionally, and under the will of the fish; the bubbles, on coming to the surface, make a singing noise, so that our people when expressing themselves on the matter say, "the bubbles came singing up," but it is possible that this music is made by their bursting on the surface. Outside this suggestion, however, there is the possibility that these vesicles, on leaving the mouth, are modulated into significant sounds, as they would seem to meet a want in

the habits of these fishes ; for when migrating they all move onward or rest together, and it is difficult to know how this can be done unless sounds are emitted and understood.

That sound of a distinctive and delicate nature can be readily conveyed under water may be gleaned from the experience of the fishing-boat *Glance*, of Mevagissey, which in May 1896 was fishing for mackerel off the Deadman headland, Cornwall, with a crew of five hands. After tea the watch was set, only one having the look out ; the others went under the deck into their sleeping berths, one of which was under the level of the sea, with only an inch plank between it and the world of waters beyond. Here, about eleven o'clock, the sleeper was disturbed by a decided act of breathing, as if some one were lying beside him in his berth, and being of a credulous turn of mind, and having exhausted all the probabilities of its cause, he communicated the fact to his partners, and stated that he feared it was a premonition of death, and possibly it was concerning his wife, as the breathing was so much like hers when sleeping. One of the men of a more practical type instantly went and lay down in the same berth, and he too declared he could hear these significant sounds, and they were about the same as a human being made when under the influence of sleep. The watchman, on being questioned, said he had not seen or heard anything during the night except a whale blowing a while before, but on his being told of the circumstances happening within, he looked over the side, and there was the whale sure enough, lying quietly against the boat. But now comes the most important part of the story ; the men were not alarmed, for they knew that whales, when on an errand of love or friendship, were not vicious, and they concluded that in his excitement he had mistaken their boat for Mrs. Whale, and as he found no response from her, he was continually going from and returning to the object of his affections. In these journeys he would always go out of sight of the crew, although he kept in the surface, and the water was in a highly phosphoric state ; and in returning he always came up from astern. On his going off at right angles from them the breathing would cease, to the ear, when about thirty or forty feet away, but on his coming towards the boat the man in the berth could hear his breathing 150 feet off, and long before the men on the watch could detect him by sight.*

Again, when from 50,000 to 500,000 pilchards are enclosed in a seine, and tucking is onwards, and the fish in the bag have darted down on the bottom, no power which the crew has can raise them from that position. Then by rattling the hatches, as the master calls it, that is by the men stamping on boards with their feet, the whole mass of fish become frightened, and are quickly up and away to

* When the men were tired of this adventure they finally pumped out the bilge-water on him, and this treatment so disgusted the creature that he quickly left them.

another part of the net, which gives the crew the opportunity of hastily dragging up the seine and bringing the fish alongside.

On the same lines fishermen around all the coasts of Britain find pilchards, mackerel, or herrings, when fishing for them by night. Often when their first shot is a failure the boat is got under weigh, and a man is stationed on the bows, and either with his feet or with a weight makes concussive noises, and if any fish are within reach of the net, say about thirty feet down, they are instantly seen by the phosphorescent glare they make in rushing away. Successful work is almost sure to be made when fish are seen by this method.

Then we have the fact that often in the summer evenings, when our fishermen are fishing between the Deadman headland and Falmouth, and are full thirty miles away from Plymouth, when the citadel nine o'clock gun is fired, the excitement in the sea is intense, for all the surface-feeding fishes will instantly rush out or along the water, making a din to be remembered. And again, in Mevagissey Bay, in the extreme quiet of a calm summer evening, with cod's roe we have enticed thousands of pilchards around us; they would come within a few inches of the basket containing this dainty food; but on the approach of a rowing boat, with its usual noise, even when it is some fifty yards away, every fish will dart out of sight into the depths below. From these facts we think there can be no doubt that pertinent sounds are easily continued to great distances under water, and that they are understood by most of the creatures living there.

There is one incident which seems to suggest the possibility of pilchards being able to appreciate sounds in the shape of human music. About the year 1840 large pilchard seines in the summer months, manned by some eighteen hands, were in full swing fishing in Mevagissey Bay. One of them, owned by Mr. Peter Furse, had singers of the choir belonging to the Methodist chapel among the crew, and one evening when pilchards were scarce, and no fish had been noted by the sixty craft watching the sea, the two boats of this seine closed together to practise music for the coming Sunday service. They had not done this very long before pilchards were seen springing out of the water around them. The stringed instruments were quickly dropped, and in a few minutes the men were prepared to enclose the fish; but when the sounds ceased no more fish could be discovered. After waiting a considerable time, no fish appearing, the boats again dropped alongside each other to finish their practice. The sweet sounds had not been long echoing from the cliffs when again the pilchards sprang and played around them. Fortunately, this time, the boats were in a better position, and quickly these lively creatures were surrounded, much to the satisfaction of the owner, for it was found in the morning that they had a splendid shoal, while no other seine in the bay had observed or caught any.

My next remarks will be on the sense of

SMELL

in fishes. This is one of the most important faculties in these creatures, for it gives a wider knowledge of life around them than any other sense.

From the foregoing statements it will be seen that the power of vision of fishes is generally very limited, so that in their migrations and wanderings after food a greater knowledge of their prey and enemies than their own sight can give is a necessity. This want is met in an extra smelling activity, whereby they perceive both their food and their foes from their excretal ejections floating in the sea; and we find it is a fact that by this means, when tides and winds are favourable, they have an intimate knowledge of their environment, often within a thirty or possibly a forty mile limit. Taking pilchards and mackerel as an example, these, as a rule, feed on larval fishes, small crustaceans of various kinds, and the spores of the seaweeds. Most of these forms throw off a fatty fecal matter, which, by the initiated, can be observed in streaks, some two inches wide and two or three feet long, in the surface of the sea, which is usually seen here and there over very large areas, and in a stiff breeze goes some fifteen or twenty miles an hour, the tide running with it. These floating excreta point out their prey quickly to these surface-feeding fishes, which, when it suits them, will come up on the track as certainly as a pack of hounds will follow the scent of a fox.

Then we have the spores of the olive seaweed, which, when touched with fresh water, expand from microscopic forms into the size of rice grains, and have a strong weedy smell. Of all the proofs we have of fish finding their wants quickly I know nothing equal to the mackerel finding these spores. These expansions are easily detected by man, and the time of their coming is expected and longed for, and the fact that pilchards and mackerel are fond of them, and come near the land to feed on them, causes our fishermen to watch for their development with as much interest as the farmer watches for the growth of his spring grass.

As this is a yearly condition, perhaps it will not be out of place to record here the facts of a single season.

February 1893 had been rather a dry month, and as the temperature of the sea had been below 48 deg. Fahr., no olive spores were noted or expected, as the water must be above this temperature for fresh water to have any effect on these microscopic atoms. But with the first week in March warmer weather had set in, and in the week beginning with March 6, good catches of mackerel were made nightly some fifty miles south to south-east of the Deadman headland, Cornwall, their food being small crustacea. The fishing was followed by over one hundred boats. During the week rain had fallen, and the temperature of the sea had risen to 49 deg. Fahr., and up to the

Friday night of that week mackerel had been plentiful in these outer waters.

In the week beginning with March 13 olive water was noted within three or four miles of the land, but our mackerel fishermen sailed through it, fearing it was too close to land for these fish to be comfortable in at this early date ; and went on to the former week's fishing grounds, but found no fish there, and returned to shore as quickly as possible. And on the first opportunity of putting out their nets in this olive water the same class of mackerel was found in abundance.

But at these dates the pilchard fishermen had been more successful. On Saturday morning, March 11, pilchards were plentiful about twenty-five miles from land ; and on Monday, March 13, the pilchard fishermen, like the mackerel fishermen, saw the olive water and concluded that the pilchards in the deep water had scented it, and had left their old food and were on the new, so they returned and set their nets in it, nor were they mistaken, for, although there were only a few boats, the next day they landed over 150,000 pilchards.

We think these facts demonstrate that both pilchards and mackerel through this sense have a knowledge of their food in the sea around them within an area of from twenty to forty miles.

Another curious fact connected with this food question is, that if masses of food are in any locality, masses of fish will come to feed on it ; but if only a medium quantity of food is there, a much smaller quantity of fish will assemble on it. This points to the great discriminating power fish must have over large areas of water, through the use of this sense of smell.

I now come to the sixth or

ELECTRIC DERMAL SENSE

which is found in the lateral lines of fishes. When noticing this faculty, I was, for a time, somewhat misled, by finding that leading ichthyologists had not settled what fishes had these dermal tubes and what fishes had not. Dr. Day seems doubtful whether they are to be found in sharks, and only mentions one as possessing it, and he further states that in the Clupea family the lateral line is mostly absent, while a more recent author declares that a remarkable peculiarity in the herring family is that the lateral line is absent.

But in going roughly through the English fishes I found two lateral lines in all the sharks I have been able to get hold of—viz., the blue, porbeagle, spinous, toper, thresher, smooth hound, rough hound, nurse hound, and picked dog. And among the herring family it is seen in the chad, herring, pilchard, sprat, and anchovy, some kinds having several such lines. But I failed to find these lines in fishes with suckers on their breasts, from which fact we may conclude that they have no need of these organs, seeing these fishes are generally located near the shore, and have the power of clinging fast to

the rocks when in difficulties; having this convenience, they may be able to dispense with that knowledge of the coming storms which is evidently given to other fishes which possess one of these lines.

On a further search respecting the use of this sense, I find—as before intimated—the vast amount of animal and vegetable matter which is often found afloat in our waters, at times almost turns the sea into a putrid state, so that storms are necessary for its purification. That violent weather does this can be proved by any observer. At one time in the winter of 1893 the sea was so thick that it was difficult to see a yard through it, but shortly after the storms of February, which blew directly on our coasts, objects could be discovered on the sea bottom full twenty yards down. When such foulness comes on most of the fishes—but for this extra sense—would be in a dilemma. For when nature rises to the occasion of cleansing the sea, and the ocean is lashed, tossed, and churned, until the foundations of the great deep are disturbed, the excretal matter which formed the connecting link, through the sense of smell, between the fishes and their food, is removed; hence the need of some pre-arrangement to tide over this difficulty, and this is done by the assistance of the electric dermal tube.

Science seems to have had no knowledge of this sense; and we have only discovered it by observing the fishes using it as one of the necessities of life. Mr. J. T. Cunningham, late of the Plymouth Biological Laboratory, in his valuable work on the Sole, recently published, devotes several interesting pages to the lateral lines, proving that the cells in them are sensory in their action; but concludes with the statement that the functions of these sense organs are entirely unknown, and that it is difficult to imagine what stimulus affects them. While the late Dr. Day declared these lines to be essentially organs of sensation, he did not give us the slightest information as to their object, except by suggesting that they may be tactile, but all sense organs must be of this order—it is impossible for them to be otherwise. And Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, says these lines are abundantly provided with nerves.

But the fishes themselves tell us the story of their use, when we observe their actions and habits of life under certain critical conditions; and their many premonitions of coming calamity distinctly point out that they must be under the influence of this far-reaching and expressive sense. This view induced me to look more carefully for the organs which represented it, and I was more than a little surprised to find the beautiful adaptability of this tube to its work.

I shall now proceed to give cases in which I have seen premonitory warning acted on by the fishes. In Mevagissey Bay in the winter months, for many years prior to 1896, herrings kept hiding themselves along our shores for spawning purposes, but were difficult to catch. At last our men found that these fish would rush into deep water before the coming of storms; consequently they moored their nets

across their track and waited for the event ; and again and again it was proved that they always left the shore, sometimes ten or twelve hours before the coming storm.

Pilchards also, when near the shore, have the same knowledge imparted to them, and will flee from danger in the same manner. Then surface-feeding fishes, such as mackerel, pilchards, herrings, and scads, when out of danger in deep water, in the calms which generally precede storms, will begin to feed ravenously. At such times, the younger members of a crew are led to believe that masses of fish are around them, when it is nothing more than the few fishes which are in the sea in their immediate neighbourhood rushing through the surface to obtain quickly what little food may be there. The old men's version of it is that the fish are up against the weather.

Again, in fine weather, when a pollock, hake, or conger finds the fishermen's bait, it will be known by the nibble at the line that he is tasting his food before swallowing it ; but when the storm is coming on, no time is allowed for tasting, for the bait is swallowed instantly, and the fish is off with a rush, and many fish are lost to the fishermen in consequence on such occasions. The younger men of the crew will complain that the fish are mad, and they have never known such capers before ; while the older hands will remark : " Biting against the weather : don't you see the turks' heads in the clouds ? there will be a gale before morning."

This excitement among the fishes before the coming storm clearly points to the circumstance that they are fully aware of what is approaching them, and prepare for the occasion ; the feeding fish, well knowing that the storm will break up and destroy the connecting medium between their olfactories and their food, are anxious to take in a reserve to sustain them until communication can be again established.

That these fishes act resolutely on the first touch of this intimating sense is almost certain, for inattention might end in a merciless death, which may be inferred from the fact, that in one of last winter's gales, blowing directly on our coasts, I noted several of the *Octopus Eledone* and the *Octopus Vulgaris* beaten to death on our beach at Portmellon. If these creatures could not save themselves from destruction, with their powerful valved suckers clinching them to the rocks, where would such fishes have been without this safeguard ?

This, again, brings me back to look at these mysterious lines, which in most fishes are seen running from the brain down the sides and meeting at the tail, and are known as the lateral lines.

Looking closely at these organs, we find the line consists in some instances of two tubes close together ; and in others of two far apart ; and in more than one of the *Clupea* family there are several such lines along the sides. In their construction they are divided into cells, consisting of jelly or mucus, having patches of sensitive hairs in them

here and there These are the organs I so anxiously looked for, and I find them to be of the same character as those in the electrical ray; they are electrical instruments pure and simple, enclosing the whole fish, whereby the electrical knowledge collected is thrown into the brain.*

It may be urged that an electric sense in fishes is little other than an hypothesis or a suggestion, and that the foregoing statement is no proof that the tube is actually electric in its action; and this to some extent is true. Here, however, we are certainly in the same boat with all the scientists, who say that certain jelly cells in the back of the torpedo are an electrical apparatus, since no individual has yet been able to make an electric battery out of this mucus or jelly. Nor has any person, to our knowledge, been able to set this jelly machine in this fish's back in action to prove its electric character. In fact, it is only considered to be such from the actions of the animal possessing it. This is precisely our case respecting the electric force in one of the lateral lines of fishes. It may be asked, "How can the simple possession of a few electric cells without accessories be of any use to the fishes?" But having electric cells in the sea is very different from having them on the land. The torpedo ray has no wires to his instrument, but he has only to see the fish he desires as food in the distance, and by an effort of the will he can make them dead. This almost perfect expression of electric power has been in existence throughout the ages among these fishes, and man is only now discovering its first outlines. When the storms send their earth-currents along the deep, far ahead of their course, the fishes in the track with their electric cells catch the inspiration and instantly know whether it is a gale, storm, or tempest which is coming; and they act accordingly. It is nothing uncommon with sailors at sea to observe these electric indications at the masthead of ships before and during storms. These Corposants, or St Elmo's fires, seem to be nothing more than electric currents interrupted in their course by the ship, and sent into the air by way of the masts. I have seen them several times: their light is certain and distinct.

This brings me to consider the

MAGNETIC DERMAL SENSE

in fishes. And here I think I shall be able to demonstrate that in the lateral lines is another secret sense, which is mainly used in guiding and directing the inhabitants of this watery world.

* Mr J T Cunningham, in his great work on the Sole, says of the tenth cranial nerve (*nervus vagus*) that the sixth branch is the nerve of the lateral line—it runs close above the vertebral *centra* on the ventral side of the band of connective tissue—and from this position it sends off nerves which supply the sense organs of the dermal canal of the lateral line. See page 71.

Consider the habits of fishes in their migrating and homing activities. That mackerel, herring, and pilchards swim without error to their desired spawning-beds, sheltered homes, and pleasant feeding-grounds I have shown in previous papers on this subject. Now, these fishes cannot, like man, have objects to guide them to their desired haven, in the shape of high lands, lights, and seamarks, nor can they be aided by telescopic sight in going these long distances, for in the obscure sea, as before shown, this is impossible; hence we conclude that some magnetic principle must assist in guiding them.

Thus pilchards, when migrating to their winter home in the English Channel, move as certainly by night as by day, keeping up the necessary course throughout. I have sailed for miles across their track at such times, with the compass before me, and observed that all were moving on the same point.

Surmullet also have their summer and winter homes. In the sunshine they live near the shore, their arbour being under some projecting ledge or rock near an expanse of sand the first is their spawning-bed, the second their feeding-ground. With the autumn they depart for their winter home—a trackless journey, from twenty to fifty miles out, across the great plain at the bottom of the English Channel. It would be a most difficult passage for a human being to undertake without chart or compass; we might well think it impossible when it is considered that the expanse is without cape or promontory to serve as a guide for the voyage, or any means of external intimation when going either inwards or outwards, east or west. But not only is the journey comfortably accomplished by the mullet every year, but in the following spring, when, going back into the sunlight, a seemingly greater difficulty is undertaken. All that dark and misty grovelling on the sea bottom associated with their outward migration is given up, and, rising to the surface in the night, they boldly stretch out for the shore. Often this story is unwittingly told by the surmullet in their night journey by meshing in our fishermen's mackerel nets.

The boar fish act much on the same lines as the surmullet, rising near the surface of the sea when, for breeding purposes, they migrate towards land; sometimes by night they will mesh by the thousand in the pilchard nets here.

Then we have the turbot, brill, sole, and many other fishes, which will rush out into the depths of the English Channel and take up winter quarters there; but with the spring, on their return visit to the shore, they, too, will leave the mists and shades of the bottom and mount to the upper regions of the sea, and move away towards the land and its summer pleasures.

With these facts before us I think it is clear that besides electricity, magnetism, to a high degree, is a fixed principle, and plays an impor-

tant part in the life history of most of our fishes. But whether the magnetism reaches them on primary or secondary lines at this moment it is difficult to say; I lean rather to the secondary expression, or that shown to be stretching from the shores only.

Mr. Thomas Clark, of Truro, our Cornish magnetist, states that all basic rocks are highly magnetic. They are found at the Manacles, Cape Cornwall, Padstow, and many other places in and out of the county; and further, that the magnetic power of such rocks is intensified by friction. Thus the basic beaches brought into motion by storms increase their magnetic power to an almost incalculable degree, of which he gives ample proof. Hence, he infers, it often affects the compasses of passing ships, and in fogs leads them on to destruction.

Scientists are not surprised at this discovery, for it has long been known that rocky coast-lines and headlands are surrounded by a highly electrified atmosphere, and all know how closely electricity and magnetism are associated. These facts point to the probability of all shores being more or less magnetic, even under the influence of the most gentle breezes. Hence it is interesting to think that these magnetiferous headlands have another and brighter side, and may be the means by which the inhabitants of the sea find their way from winter and tempest to shelter and rest; and when the spring advances direct them back to sunshine and their summer homes.

No doubt the intricacies of the compass are too much for the comprehension of these fishes; but they may have a magnetic indication suitable to their apprehension, on the lines of sight or smell, which may impress them as to the whereabouts of the headlands, and consequently of the vicinity of the sea shore. I can understand the possibility of the idea being objected to because the creatures have no metals from which such a talisman could be built up, but the same kind of objection can be raised respecting the formation of an electric battery in the back of the electric ray.

And in this instance may not the brain itself, assisted by the dermal magnetic tube, be a substitute for the loadstone? For this organ is to a great extent constructed on the same lines as Lord Kelvin's latest compass invention—viz, a magnet floating in liquid. I have opened the skulls of several fishes at death, and have found the brain in the cranium floating in a fine, clear, tasteless fluid, of about the consistency of water, which, with the brain, in many instances completely fills the brainpan.

MATTHIAS DUNN.

“AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW.”

I.

I OBSERVE that those who agree with Mr. Round's article in the June number of this REVIEW describe him as an “expert” on the question on which he has written. I propose to test his qualifications, and, without any preliminaries, I come at once to close quarters with his argument in so far as it concerns myself. He cites the following (I modernise the spelling) from Elizabeth's Act of Supremacy :

“That such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by *any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority* hath heretofore been or may lawfully be exercised or used for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state or persons, and for reformation, order, and coercion of the same and of all manner of *errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, &c . . . shall for ever by authority of the present Parhament be united and annexed to the Imperial Crown of this realm.*”

I quote this extract with all the emphasis of Mr. Round's italics, for it furnishes us with an admirable test of Mr. Round's qualifications as an interpreter of statutes. He calls his quotation “the essential clause” of the statute, and accuses Sir George Arthur of bad faith for having omitted it. But it is Mr. Round who has omitted the essential part of the statute, a part which gives a totally different complexion to the passage to which he has appealed. The title of the statute is :

“An Act to *restore* to the Crown the *ancient* jurisdiction over the estate ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all *foreign powers* repugnant to the same.”

The preamble says :

“In time of the reign of your most dear father, King Henry the Eighth,

divers good laws and statutes were made and established, as well for the utter extinguishment and putting away of all *usurped and foreign powers and authorities* out of this your realm, and other your Highness's dominions and countries, as also for the *restoring* and uniting to the Imperial Crown of this realm *the ancient jurisdictions, authorities, superiorities, and pre-eminences to the same of right belonging or appertaining*"

The second section of the Act provides

"for the repressing of the said *usurped power*, and the *restoring of the rights, jurisdictions, and pre-eminences appertaining to the Imperial Crown of this realm.*"

The seventeenth section is the one relied upon by Mr. Round, and its meaning is placed beyond a doubt by the preceding parts which I have quoted. It was not a question between the State and Church of England, between the civil and the spiritual powers, but between the Imperial Crown of England and a foreign Power claiming authority and jurisdiction over the English realm, alike in its civil and spiritual sphere. Some years subsequently Elizabeth put out a proclamation in which she said

"that she claimed no other ecclesiastical authority than had been *due to her predecessors*, that she pretended no right to define articles of faith, or to change ancient ceremonies formerly adopted by the Catholic and Apostolic Church."^{*}

Compare this disclaimer with the insinuation conveyed by Mr. Round's italicising of "errours, heresies, scismes, abuses," in the passage which he has quoted from the Act of Supremacy, as if the Act meant, as he affirms, that the trial of spiritual causes was henceforth "transferred from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown." The whole case of the Royal Supremacy is stated concisely in the majestic language of the grand preamble of the statute of 1532, which Mary repealed and Elizabeth revived. In that preamble the King claims, as his predecessors had claimed before him, to be "the supreme head of this realm of England." And this realm is

"a body politic, compact of all sorts and degrees of people, divided in terms and by names of spirituality and temporality, . . . the body spiritual whereof having power, whenever any cause of the law divine happened to come in question, or of spiritual learning, then it was declared, interpreted, and shown by that part of the said body politic called the spirituality, now being usually called the English Church, . . . sufficient and meet of itself, *without the intermeddling of any exterior person, or persons*, to declare and determine all such doubts, and to administer all such offices and duties as to their laws spiritual doth appertain."

Over against "this body spiritual" is

"the law temporal, for trial of property of lands and goods, and for the

^{*} Lingard, "Hist." v. 295

conservation of the people of this realm in unity and peace, without rapine or spoil, [which] was and yet is administered, adjudged, and executed by sundry judges and ministers of the other part of the said body politic, called the temporality and both these authorities and jurisdictions do conjoin together in due administration of justice, the one to help the other "

The meaning of this is perfectly plain. In the administration of justice the Royal Supremacy energises by excluding all foreign jurisdiction, and leaving the duly appointed judges—as now in Scotland—to expound the law, and "declare and determine all doubts" in their respective spheres: spiritual judges for spiritual causes; temporal judges for temporal causes. The sovereign cannot constitutionally administer justice personally.

"It is now an undisputed principle that, though the King should be present in a court of justice, he is not empowered to determine any cause or motion but by the mouth of his judges, to whom he has committed his whole judicial authority "—

Let us elucidate our "expert's" qualifications for his task of judicial critic a little further. He falls foul of Mr Balfour for finding fault with Sir William Harcourt's ecclesiastical history and constitutional law; and the dictum of Sir William which Mr. Round sets himself to defend is "the fundamental fact"—namely, "the transference of the authority of the Bishop of Rome to the sovereign, as representing the laity" Shade of Elizabeth! She, forsooth, in her sovereign capacity "representing the laity"! It would have fared ill with any man who took the liberty of telling her so to her face. She regarded herself as the Lord's anointed, representing a long line of predecessors by divine right, and ruling over a subject laity, to whom she peremptorily denied the right of interfering in spiritual affairs. Resenting some attempt on the part of the House of Commons, in the year 1593, to initiate ecclesiastical legislation, she commanded Sir Edward Coke, Speaker of the House, to deliver the following message to that assembly.

"That in her Majesty's pleasure, delivered to them by the Lord Keeper, it was not meant that they should meddle either in matters of State or ecclesiastical causes, and she wondered that any should be so forgetful of her commandment, or so bold as to attempt a thing so expressly contrary to that she had forbidden. She further directs that if they attempt to exhibit any Bills tending to matters of State or reformation in causes ecclesiastical, the Lord Keeper, on his allegiance, shall refuse to read them "†

This stern reminder probably refers to a snubbing lecture which the Queen administered to the House of Commons seven years previously for intermeddling in ecclesiastical affairs. "If anything were amiss," she said, "it appertaineth to the clergy more properly to see the same redressed. *Unicuique in sua arte credendum.*"‡

* Allen on the "Prerogative," p 93
‡ Cardwell's "Synodalia," ii 559-61

† Calend of Eliz. Papers, 1591-94, p 322

After quoting Sir William Harcourt's dictum, on which I have just been commenting, Mr. Round asks triumphantly, "Does Mr. Balfour deny this fact? And is his authority Canon MacColl, or what he has been told by the Bishop—let us say—of Rochester?" A gentleman who writes in this lofty tone of supercilious superiority must bear to be told that he seems to labour under an invincible incapacity to understand either what he has got to prove or to disprove. Sir William Harcourt has won laurels in so many fields that he can afford to stumble in a field where he has been playing the part of an amateur. But a gentleman who poses as an "expert" deserves no quarter when, not satisfied with blundering egregiously, and grossly misunderstanding his own documents, he lectures down upon others—among them two of our greatest authorities on English history—from the empyrean height of his own infallibility.

But Mr. Round appeals to "the trained lawyer and historian." By "the trained historian" he evidently means himself; for he undertook, some years ago, to demolish Mr. Freeman, and in this article he claims to have demolished "his master," Dr. Stubbs. We have had some specimens of Mr. Round's competency as an historical critic. But, meanwhile, let us consult the "trained lawyers."

First, however, let us carefully note what Mr. Round's proposition is. After his quotation (already cited) from Elizabeth's Act of Supremacy, he says:

"Thus this great revolution, which is part of our statute law, and by which the reformation of errors, heresies, and schisms was transferred from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown, was wrought by the authority, not of the Church, but of *Parliament* acting as supreme."

I have already demonstrated the gross inaccuracy of this statement. The transfer was made, not from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown, but from the Pope to the Crown: the Crown on its part pledging itself, by Act of Parliament, to see that spiritual causes were tried "by that part of the body politic called the spirituality, now being usually called the English Church." Moreover, there was no "revolution," "great" or small. It was but the extrusion, once and for all, of the intermeddling of a foreign potentate, claiming, but never constitutionally receiving, temporal and spiritual jurisdiction in this realm. But what I am now going to submit to the judgment of "the trained lawyers" is Mr. Round's assertion that jurisdiction over "errors, heresies, and schisms" "was transferred from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown."

There was a debate in the House of Lords just twenty-nine years ago, in which the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy was expounded by two "trained lawyers." After quoting the preamble of the great statute of 1532, which defines so clearly the respective spheres of the

spirituality and temporality, and also 25 Henry VIII, which repudiates "the observance of laws of any foreign Prince, Potentate, or Prelate," and proclaims the restoration of "the customed and ancient laws of this realm, originally established as laws of the same," and after reminding the House that those laws were revived by Elizabeth, Lord Cairns adds :

"Now these statutes of Elizabeth continue to the present day ; they are the statutes which are the full and broad expression of the Royal Supremacy, they are binding upon every subject of the realm, whether a layman or a clergyman "

That is plain. "Every subject of the realm" is bound to accept the doctrine that what the Reformation settlement did was not to make a "great revolution," but to restore "the customed and ancient laws of this realm," and that, too, in matters of doctrine, discipline, and ceremonial ; in other words, to restore to the spirituality, "usually called the English Church," the prerogatives which the Popes had for centuries, and with varying success, been struggling to usurp. Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor, was followed by another luminary of the law, a greater authority even than himself, and an ex-Chancellor to boot, and this is what he said :

*"The Crown has not supremacy in any matter of doctrine, nor any authority whatever to assent anything with respect to doctrine except the meaning of the written law. The supremacy of the Crown is this that all jurisdiction proceeds from the Crown, and must be exercised by virtue of appointments made by the Crown. The final jurisdiction in all matters ecclesiastical and spiritual is centred in the Crown. Now your lordships will be good enough to observe that I use the word jurisdiction and not authority. There may be spiritual authority and pastoral authority, but jurisdiction, which is the right *jus dicendi*, is vested in the Crown, and can only be exercised by authority of the Crown. This was the prerogative of the Kings of England even before the Reformation. At the time of the Reformation the supremacy of the Crown was finally asserted and established in this, that there should be no appeal to Rome, but the ultimate decision of all ecclesiastical cases should centre in the Crown" **

This is the authoritative utterance of the late Lord Westbury. And now what becomes of the supercilious sciolism of the "expert" ? This is precisely the doctrine which I have expounded in the tenth chapter of my book, though I forgot the speeches of Lord Cairns and Lord Westbury till they suddenly flashed upon my memory as I was reading Mr. Round's article. It is the doctrine of Coke and of all our constitutional lawyers. Nothing was further from the intention of the great statesmen and lawyers of the sixteenth century than to initiate a "great revolution." The keynote of all their legislation is not revolution, but restoration. They looked back, not forward ; back to "the customed and ancient laws of this realm," not forward to organic

* Hansard, vol. 193, pp. 1228-32.

changes. Of course the sovereign is supreme over all the estates in the realm—who doubts it?—but supreme in the sense of seeing that the spirituality and temporality in the body politic are duly governed by their own laws, which are to be administered according to the precedents of the ancient laws of the realm, not according to the new-fangled innovations of some sixty years ago, superseding "the ancient laws" by what seems to have been an undesigned "fluke." Scotland is a perfect example of the Royal Supremacy operating in the spiritual and temporal spheres, each independent of the other. The establishment of a spiritual court dealing with spiritual things has been characterised as equivalent to "disestablishment of the State." Is it so in Scotland? The Royal Supremacy, I repeat, energises through courts sanctioned by the sovereign, and whether those courts are civil or ecclesiastical is a matter which does not touch even the fringe of the Royal Supremacy in the sense of encroaching on its prerogative. If space permitted it would be easy to show that this doctrine of the Royal Supremacy has prevailed in continental countries, conspicuously in France and Austria. There, too, we read of an internecine struggle between the Papal power and the national sovereignty. Austria vindicated the national supremacy over the Papal. For example, an Austrian bishop cannot ask for a coadjutor without the permission of the Government. The Austrian law restrains appeals to Rome; and when such appeals are exceptionally allowed, the Pope must delegate as judges for them persons residing in Austria. No new festival, no new form of devotion, can be introduced without permission of the Government. The Austrian Government empowers all bishops to grant dispensations from matrimonial disabilities, and forbids Papal faculties for this purpose except by special permission of the Government. The Bull *In Cœna Domini* was never received in Austria, and the faculties granted to the Austrian bishops by the Pope in that Bull are rejected. No pastoral letter or charge can be published by the Austrian Bishops without the approbation of the Government. In Austria, with the exception of the Archbishop of Olmutz, who is elected by the Chapter, all the bishops are nominated by the Emperor. No excommunication of an Austrian subject can take place without the consent of the sovereign and his *Placet Royal*.* In short, the Royal Supremacy in Austria is placed much on the same footing on which the statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth have placed it in England. Yet the Austrian ecclesiastical courts are independent of the civil power as in Scotland, so long as they observe their own laws and rules of procedure. On complaint of their transgressing any of these there is always an appeal to the sovereign, who remits the question to the proper civil tribunal on the matter complained of, and on that alone. This power the sovereign must possess in the

* See "Catholicism in Austria," *passim*, by Count Dal Pozzo.

last resort, and the final assertion of it by the Elizabethan statutes was but the culmination of a struggle between the national sovereignty and the Pope extending over centuries.

In France, too, Napoleon vindicated the national over the Papal sovereignty; but he destroyed the liberties of the Gallican Church in the process. He erased the old French sees from the map of France by consent of the Pope, reorganised the French Church *ab initio*, and then handed it over in the chains of servitude to the Pope, whom he had in his power. In this way he hoped to manipulate the conscience of France at his discretion.

Mr Round thinks that he has said something striking and original when he italicises the fact "of *Parliament* acting as supreme" in the final vindication of the Crown, not as against "the ecclesiastical power," as he inaccurately puts it, but as against the Papal power. What other power but Parliament could "act as supreme"? Parliament is omnipotent even in its follies and blunders (as when it substituted the Judicial Committee for the old ecclesiastical courts). There is nothing which Parliament cannot do. It can declare decisively that no man of the name of Round shall ever be able to sit on the Woolsack. But surely it needs no "expert" to expound platitudes.

The limits of space assigned to me forbid my discussing Mr. Round's original method of confutation by disposing of my argument, not on its merits, but because of the alleged contradiction of four lines of it by seven lines quoted out of Mr. Wakeman's book, which Mr. Round himself forthwith hastens to say, with the illogical artlessness which characterises his polemic, that he, too, has contradicted! I think the extract from Mr. Wakeman overstates the case. But Mr. Wakeman adds immediately—though Mr. Round, *more suo*, omits the correction

"The sanction which the Elizabethan compromise may rightly claim to have from the Church is not that of formal acceptance, but of subsequent acquiescence. As such it is really more binding, because more searching, than the formal vote of an official body. When the oath to the Act of Supremacy and the obligation to use the new Prayer-book were offered to the consciences of the clergy, they were found to present no difficulties, except to those who by their public action had identified themselves with the Papacy in the days of Mary" (p. 312)

Who would have guessed this important qualification from Mr Round's garbled quotation? Even the decrees of General Councils derive their final validity from the subsequent assent of the Church. I advise Mr Round's readers to take no assertion of his for granted without verifying it. He seems to labour under an incurable incapacity to be accurate; not in the sense of verbal misquotation, but in the sense of a constitutional inability to present the whole of the argument which he undertakes to refute. Out of some ten

thousand clergy then in England, all but about two hundred took the Oath of Supremacy and accepted the new Prayer-book. It is on this state of facts that Sir William Harcourt has declared that "the Crown and Parliament enacted the Prayer-book in the teeth of the bishops and clergy." Sir William Harcourt has other things to do than to master the minutæ of ecclesiastical history. But for an "expert" to come such a "cropper"! I remarked on Sir William Harcourt's assertion that "it is ill luck for a controversialist to run his head against the stone walls of history." This Mr Round calls "a somewhat unfortunate remark." Yes, for him, after taking Sir William Harcourt under his wing

As to the votes of the bishops in the House of Lords, I have quoted Elizabeth's emphatic declaration in the Letters Patent by which she sanctioned the Latin Prayer-book in 1560, that the English Book of 1559 was passed *consensu trium Regni nostri statuum*. That is a remarkable statement, which I have discussed at length in my book. Yet Mr Round leaves it unnoticed, as he leaves unnoticed everything that tells against his method of refutation by means of irrelevant scraps. But I here subjoin an important letter from Bishop Tunstall,* written four months after the Act of Uniformity of 1559, which implies his readiness to accept, if he had not already accepted, the new Prayer-book, provided he received an assurance that his diocese (Durham) should be secured against the iconoclastic illegalities in which some of the Royal Commissioners indulged to such an extent, indeed, that the Queen threatened to have some of the episcopal visitors deposed for breaking crucifixes in parish churches—a proof

* "Right Honourable, after my humble recommendations to your Mastership it may like you to understand that where I have been the last week of the Queen's Majesty's lying at Hampton Court somewhat importune upon you to have brought me to the speech of Her Majesty And now she is departed thence and by her gests (as I am informed) should go to Horsley, Guildford, Chobham, and Windsor, and in removings I know the time not to be convenient to make any suit unto Her Majesty shall come to some stay I beseech Her Majesty to send me word by the bearer where she think best for me to repair to Her Highness at some resting-place, wherein you shall do me singular pleasure and find me to be yours and to be ready in some part to recompense it to my power (God willing) or occasion may serve

"And where I do understand out of my diocese of a warning for a visitation to be had there these shall be to advertise your Mastership, that albeit *I would be as glad to serve the Queen's Highness and to set forward all her affairs to her contentment as any subject in her realm*, yet if the same visitation shall proceed to such end in my diocese of Durham as I do plainly see to be set forth here in London, as pulling down of altars, defacing of images by taking away of the crucifixes, I cannot in my conscience consent to it, being pastor there, because I cannot myself agree to be a sacramentary nor to have any new doctrine taught in my diocese Wherefore I thought meet to advertise your Mastership, humbly beseeching the same not to think me thereunto moved either for any forwardness, malice, or contempt, but only because my conscience will not suffer me to receive and allow any doctrine in my diocese other than Catholic As knoweth Almighty Jesu who ever preserve your Mastership to His pleasure and yours.

"From London the xixth of August, 1559

"Your Mastership's humble most assured, loving friend,

"CUTH^s DURISME

"To the Right Honourable and my very loving friend

"Sir Wm Cecil, Knight, Chief Secretary unto the Queen's Highness"
I do not know that this letter has ever been published

that the crucifix was a legal ornament under the new Book. Tunstall's letter is one of several indirect indications that we do not by any means know as yet all the facts of the ecclesiastical legislation of 1559. Evidently he considered the old ritual still legal.

I must conclude with one final test of our "expert's" competence as an historical critic. Professor Maitland's "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England" seems to have turned his head. I read that book when it came out, and found what I expected, the modesty combined with the accuracy and learning of a true scholar. Mr. Round salutes the book as if it were destined to occupy in the domain of ecclesiastical history the place occupied by Newton's "Principia" in the domain of physical science. No one is likely to feel so much offended by the grandiloquent ecstasies of Mr. Round as Professor Maitland. All he aspires to is the "hope" that his book "may perhaps do a little to promote the further exploration of a not uninteresting tract of English history." And, while combating the view of Dr. Stubbs and other great writers, Professor Maitland thinks "it is likely that they are in the right and I am in the wrong." There you have the language of the true scholar in contrast with the hysterical rhapsody of Mr. Round. For myself, I will only presume to say here that it is possible to admit the general accuracy of Professor Maitland's statements without necessarily accepting his general conclusion. And I will venture to say that he seems to me sometimes to draw inferences wider than his facts will warrant. For instance, speaking of the decretals of Gregory IX., Boniface VIII., and John XXII., he says (p. 3):

"Each of them was a statute book deriving its force from the Pope who published it, and who, being Pope, was competent to ordain binding statutes for the Catholic Church and every part of it, at all events within those spacious limits that were set to Papal power by the *jus divinum naturale*"

Now, in the first place, this statement does not apply to the Orthodox Church at all in any of its branches. Nor does it apply in its integrity to Catholic countries on the Continent, as I have shown by the examples of France and Austria. And by no formal act did the Church or Parliament of England ever accept the Papal decretum or the Corpus Juris Canonici in its integrity. On the contrary, the State—by prohibitions, by restraint of appeals, by checks on the reception of Papal Bulls, by renunciation of unlawful gifts by Bulls, by declarations in Parliament on the action of Legatine Courts, and of ecclesiastical courts as Legatine, especially in the fifteenth century—persistently refused to admit the claim which Professor Maitland has made on behalf of the Papal jurisdiction. So that, with every possible respect for Professor Maitland's great learning and ability, I respect-

fully submit that he has not spoken—as he is far too learned to pretend to have done—the last word on "Canon Law in the Church of England"; and the authority of Dr. Stubbs has yet to be overthrown.

Mr. Round thinks otherwise, and he performs a sort of barbaric war dance over the corpse of "his master," whom, not content with gibbeting him as an *ignoramus*, he accuses of bad faith in addition—namely, an "evasive phrase" and the "strange suppression of" an important "fact." But the truth is that Mr. Round, after his fashion, builds his conclusion on a scrap of fact, and runs away with his treasure without mastering the whole circumstances, like the man who exhibited a brick to show the architecture of a building. His testing case is that of Nicolas Hereford, who was condemned for heresy by the Archbishop of Canterbury (A.D. 1382), and then escaped to Rome, and got the Pope to re-hear his case. Of course he did. The Pope was only too delighted at any time to get a plausible excuse for hearing appeals from the English courts, and thereby establishing a precedent for his supremacy in England. The question is whether the Archbishop of Canterbury admitted Hereford's right of appeal. But that is a question which Mr. Round thinks of no importance.* Who but an "expert" would have ventured on so fatuous an observation? Everybody else knows that when a right of appeal is admitted the appeal suspends all further proceedings until it is disposed of. Did Hereford's appeal have this effect? On the contrary, Archbishop Courtney denounced the appeal as "*frivola*" and "*pretensa*," and proceeded forthwith to excommunicate Hereford at St. Paul's Cathedral, with all the formalities, on the first day on which "the largest congregation" could be present to witness it.† Mr. Round does not appear to have consulted Wilkins at all. Having found in Knighton a passage which seemed to suit his purpose, he straightway rushed off with his scrap of Latin in his pocket to fire it at Dr. Stubbs out of his popgun.

Yet even his own extract from Knighton ought to have warned him of the pitfall towards which he was marching. If the Pope had reversed the Archbishop of Canterbury's judgment, and the Archbishop had submitted to be overruled, Mr. Round would have had some ground to go upon. But the Pope was far too wise to put his claim to hear appeals to so crucial a test. He confirmed the Archbishop's appeal, and imprisoned Hereford, but pardoned and released him afterwards. Thereupon Hereford returned to England. Did the Archbishop respect the Pope's decision? On the contrary, he clapped Hereford in prison for the rest of his life ‡ This Mr. Round would have found in Knighton if he had not been in such a hurry to demolish "his

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June, p. 816

† Wilkins, "Concil," iii. 165-6.

‡ Knighton, ii. pp 170-4

master" in the apologetic tones of Aristotle for attacking *his* master's doctrine of Ideas. But there are no patronising airs in Aristotle's attitude towards Plato, whom, moreover, he does not accuse of bad faith.

"This is history 'as she is written' by the sacerdotal party," exclaims Mr. Round with the complacency of a victor singing his pæan over his prostrate opponents. This is history, I retort, "as she is written" by an "expert." As Mr. Round is to enjoy the advantage of criticising me in the current number of this REVIEW, I hope that he will meet my points instead of pelting me with irrelevant pellets.

Meanwhile the reader will observe that the test case on which Mr. Round has relied for the purpose of destroying the authority of Dr. Stubbs has demolished Mr. Horace Round's instead. I will only add that the question which I have argued is not whether Parliament has power to alter the fundamental basis of the Church of England. Of course it has the power. The question at issue in the present controversy is what, in matter of fact, are the doctrines and ritual of the Church of England at this moment "as established by law?"

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

II.

I HAVE no difficulty in replying *seriatim* to Canon MacColl's points, though hampered by shortness of time and a strictly limited space. He commences by criticising, he says, my article "in so far as it concerns" himself. But the matter he deals with is, on the contrary, one on which I join issue with "Sir George Arthur's argument, that 'questions of doctrine and divine worship . . . were not included among the causes transferred to the King after the Reformation'" (p. 817). With Canon MacColl himself I join issue directly on pp 820-821, as we shall see below. Now, I met Sir George's argument by quoting 1 Eliz. cap. 1, sec. xvii., which the Canon quotes anew. His reply, in accordance with his whole position, is that the meaning of this section "is placed beyond a doubt," and that it refers to a foreign jurisdiction.

"It was not a question between the State and Church of England, between the civil and the spiritual powers, but between the Imperial Crown of England and a foreign Power claiming authority and jurisdiction over the English realm, alike in its civil and spiritual sphere."

Unluckily for him, we have only to turn to the authorised editions of the statute to learn that it was not this section, but the section *preceding*, which dealt with foreign jurisdiction. Here are their authorised marginal headings :

"VII * All foreign spiritual jurisdiction abolished.

"VIII * *All spiritual jurisdiction* annexed to the Crown."†

The two things are carefully distinguished in this statute throughout; and my reply to Sir George Arthur remains intact.

* This is the modern numbering of secs 16, 17

† "The Statutes Revised. By Authority." I, 579.

Canon MacColl next appeals to "the majestic language of the grand preamble of the statute of 1532," which we may class, in a phrase of Dr. Stubbs (whose authority, says the Canon, "has yet to be overthrown"), "among the other false preambles of Henry's statutes." Moreover, this statute was promptly modified by 25 Hen. VIII. cap. 19, giving an appeal in *all* cases to the King's delegates in Chancery, while 37 Hen. VIII. cap. 17, knocks the bottom out of the whole case of Canon MacColl and his friends by giving the exercise of "Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction" to lay and married persons, the Chancellors, in fact, of to-day. I do not say that the Canon has wilfully suppressed this statute, because, in his colossal ignorance, he may never even have heard of it.

On p. 223 the Canon assails me for stating that "the reformation of errors, heresies, and schisms was transferred from the ecclesiastical power to the Crown . . . by the authority, not of the Church, but of *Parliament*" In this, we have seen, I merely follow the words of the statute itself. The "gross inaccuracy" with which he charges me is, we have also seen, his own, when he states that the transfer effected in sec. 17 was "from the Pope to the Crown," and when he further, contrary to fact, speaks of the Crown "pledging itself by Act of Parliament to see" that only spiritual persons should exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction. As to what I say of the action of "*Parliament*," I need only quote the words of Mr. Green, the friend and favourite disciple of him whom the Canon deems one of our two "greatest authorities on English history":

"The importance of the new measures lay really in the action of *Parliament*. They were an explicit announcement that Church reform was now to be undertaken not by the clergy, but by the people at large

"The whole religious fabric of the realm rested on Parliamentary enactments."

I now pass to another subject, Canon MacColl's own argument against Sir William Harcourt's view that "the Crown and Parliament enacted the Prayer-book in the teeth of the bishops and clergy."* This he denounces as "incorrect" I had only to quote, in reply to this, the admission Mr. Wakeman was forced to make, although, as I had shown, he wrote as a sacerdotal partisan:†

"The arrangements thus arrived at could boast of no sort of ecclesiastical sanction whatever They were purely the work of the civil Government Convocation had not been consulted either about the Prayer-book of 1559 or about the Act of Supremacy . . . Neither in its original form of 1552, nor in its revised form of 1559, did it [the Prayer-book] receive any eccle-

* "The Reformation Settlement," p. 333

† See p. 820 above. I there showed clearly that I cited him against the Canon as "the champion of his own side" The Canon's usual perversion of my words (*cf.* Bishop Thirlwall below) will be found on p. 226, where he speaks of "illogical artlessness."

siastical sanction whatever Convocation was not consulted, and *the vote of the bishops in the House of Lords was given unanimously against both the Act of Supremacy and that of Uniformity*"*

Even Mr Wakeman was here forced to admit what Sir William Harcourt claims and Canon MacColl would deny. But the latter charges me with a "garbled quotation" because I did not add another passage which does not alter the above admission by one jot or tittle, and which owns, indeed, that "the Elizabethan compromise" did not obtain "formal acceptance" from the Church!† "Subsequent acquiescence" in what the State had forcibly enacted cannot affect the fact of that forcible enactment. In the words of Green, the historian :

"The restoration of the Prayer-book in the teeth of the unanimous opposition of the priesthood‡ had established the great principle of the Reformation, that the form of a nation's faith should be determined not by the clergy, but by the nation itself"

That was, and is, the issue.

Canon MacColl actually proceeds to quote a letter from Bishop Tunstall (August 19, 1559)§ protesting against "pulling down of altars" and "defacing of images" by the Queen's visitors in London, and terms these acts "iconoclastic illegalities"! Why, they were, as I have shown in my articles, openly carried out under the eyes of the authorities, as an essential part of that Reformation the existence of which he seeks to deny. Had they been illegal, the Bishop could have called, as a matter of right, on the Courts, or on the Queen herself, to stop them; but the horrified Bishop of Aquila is found writing to Philip :

"They have just taken away the crosses and images and altars from St Paul's and all the other London churches and the Bishop of Durham [Tunstall], a very able and learned man, came up from his diocese solely to tell the Queen what he thought about these affairs *He showed her documents in the handwriting of King Henry against the heresies now received, and especially as regards the sacrament, but it was all of no avail*"||

Yet the Canon coolly tells us that these were "illegalities," and that the Queen was indignant with some "episcopal visitors" (who did not, and could not, exist at the date!) for committing them

And now as to Professor Maitland, on whom, even since my article appeared, the University of Oxford has bestowed, in recognition of his brilliant scholarship, the highly valued distinction of its D C L. His "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England," we read, "seems to have turned" my head. My "hysterical rhapsody" on the subject,

* "Introduction to the History of the Church of England," 1896, p 312

† See p 226 above ‡ As had been seen in Convocation § See pp 227-8 above

|| Spanish Calendar, p 89, cited by me in *Nineteenth Century*, February 1897, p 200 This should be compared with Tunstall's letter.

I may incidentally observe, consisted in quoting from "so sober an organ as the *English Historical Review*," the verdict of a qualified scholar, Mr. Rashdall, that "there is literally not a vestige of evidence" in favour of Dr. Stubbs's view, and that "the history of the mediæval Church in England must be re-written in the light which this little volume supplies." * Canon MacColl asserts, on the contrary, that "the authority of Dr. Stubbs has yet to be overthrown" Now, precisely as I quoted Mr. Wakeman, though a writer on the Canon's own side, against his pleas on the Act of Uniformity, so will I here appeal to an organ of his own party. The *Saturday Review*, as is well known, has, from the days of Mr. Beresford Hope, supported the High Church party, and, throughout the present crisis, it has made itself conspicuous by its persistent and frankly partisan attacks on the "Protestant" party. Yet this is what it says in its review of Canon MacColl's book.

"We cannot go with Canon MacColl in his version of the Reformation. He seems dangerously to underestimate the gravity of the change involved in the final breach with the Papacy . . . Canon MacColl still holds to the theory of English Church history, which was popularised by the Tractarians, sanctioned (in some measure) by the great authority of Bishop Stubbs, but that theory cannot be maintained Professor Maitland has destroyed it in the sphere of constitutional law, every step in the advance of historical knowledge confirms his position" †

Such is the verdict of an organ of Canon MacColl's party, published after my article had appeared, and absolutely confirming its statements on the point. And the Canon can only relieve his feelings by frantic rage against myself.

I proceed to his next point. He selects as the test case of my "competence as an historical critic" that of Nicolas Hereford, which, he shouts in a final pæan, has "demolished" my authority for ever. His "test case" is a test indeed—of his own historical accuracy. For this is what the Canon writes:

"The Pope imprisoned Hereford, but pardoned and released him afterwards Thereupon Hereford returned to England Did the Archbishop respect the Pope's decision? On the contrary, he clapped Hereford in prison for the rest of his life. This Mr Round would have found in Knighton," &c. &c.

Such is the Canon's case. I call attention to "the Pope's decision," by which he "pardoned and released" Hereford. For what are the facts? They are indeed found in Knighton (II. 173), from whom I here subjoin them, not as any version "garbled" by myself, but as they are given independently, by two historical experts. The first is

* *Ut supra*, p. 815.

† *Saturday Review*, June 17, 1899, p. 756.

Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, the head of the Public Record Office; the other is Mr. G M Trevelyan, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge.

"On going to Rome to prosecute his appeal, he was thrown into prison by Urban VI, and he only regained his liberty in consequence of a riot in which the doors of his gaol were broken open" *

"Two years later, in the absence of Urban the Sixth at Naples, there took place in the streets of Rome one of those frequent insurrections by which the populace of that strange dead city kept alive the memory of their ancient liberties and of their modern tribune, Cola di Rienzi. The English heretic was released in this accidental way, together with all prisoners whom the mob found in the dungeons" †

So Hereford was released by a popular rising; "the Pope's decision" is sheer fiction; and the statement that the Pope "pardoned and released" him is the exact converse of the truth. "This is history, 'as she is written' by the sacerdotal party." In the words of the old Spanish proverb, "One may go for wool, and return shorn."

Canon MacColl claims to have proved

"that the Purchas and Ridsdale judgments are a gross perversion of justice, history, logic, and grammar. The Advertisements gone, their Lordships' whole case collapses, and they are left floundering in the deep, like Sindbad and his companions when the whale, which they had mistaken for an island, sank beneath them" ‡

It may strike our readers that, in this instance, it is the Canon himself who is "left floundering" when his own private whale thus collapses beneath him. He had better, like another illustrious romancer, have mounted nothing higher than a turtle. I need only add that, according to the Canon, the Pope "confirmed the *Archbishop's* appeal" (p. 229)! That is to say, he is so recklessly, so inconceivably careless in his facts that he represents the *Primate* as appealing, when the very point on which he wants to insist is that the *Primate* firmly denied any right of appeal to the Pope.

It is obviously waste of time to deal at any length with such a writer as this. But the public unhappily, now as ever, *vult decipi*. The Canon's book has run rapidly, we learn, through several editions, and forty members of Parliament, it was stated in the public press, informed him that it influenced their votes on the Church Discipline Bill. It would seem, therefore, necessary to illustrate its true character and worth. In the midst of his argument on "the Ornaments Rubric," with its furious diatribes against the Privy Council, the Canon prints in full a list of "the ornaments of the parish church of Wellow,"

* "History of the University of Oxford" (1836), pp 273-4.

† "England in the Age of Wycliffe" (1899), p 310

‡ "The Reformation Settlement," p. 413

which is 'written in the Register between 1704 and 1705'*. This is immediately followed by the words, "It is not necessary to expose all the blunders of the Judicial Committee," and preceded by the statement that the list was sent him "by a friend." This, then, is the Canon's notion of evidence, and such is the testimony on which he claims to overthrow the Judicial Committee! Truly his party has the best of reasons for objecting to submit their case to the scrutiny of trained lawyers!

The history of this precious piece of "evidence" is this. The Vicar of Banwell sent the *Guardian*† this "list of the ornaments of the parish church in 1704-1705," as completing "a chain of evidence extending from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne." In the very next number of the *Guardian*‡ this evidence was "nailed to the counter" by the Vicar of Milton Clevedon, who pointed out that the list belonged to a far earlier time, and that "the entries for 1704-1705 are in a totally different and contemporary hand." And yet this "evidence" reappears in "The Reformation Settlement," and helps to turn the votes of forty members of Parliament! §

But the point is this. Here is the Canon quoting, as of Queen Anne's reign, a list which not only the "expert" of his jeers, but every one who knows anything of the matter will recognise at once as an inventory of the sixteenth century. If he was really ignorant of this when he used it for Anne's reign, he stands confessed as a charlatan and impostor, who, after the manner of his tribe, breaks into wild bluster when his ludicrous pretensions are exposed.

Yet the crowning instance is to come. Treating the Bull of Excommunication (1570) as the real turning point in our Church history, he denounces "the arrogance and insolence of that Bull" (p. 87), and claims that the old belief and ritual were unmolested "till the issue of the Bull" (p. 127), producing in proof of that assertion a piece of evidence so startling that it has doubtless exercised on his readers' minds the effect he intended it to produce. Speaking of the Channel Islands, he asserts that

"the Bishop of Coutances accepted the reformed Liturgy for that part of his ancient diocese, and continued to govern it *till the eighth year of Elizabeth*, || when the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances in the Channel Islands was abolished *in consequence of the Pope's Bull of Excommunication*.|| To that arrogant exhibition of intolerable insolence is due no small share of our troubles in Church and State ever since. The Bishop of Coutances remonstrated against what he regarded as arbitrary injustice, and offered, on con-

* "The Reformation Settlement," pp. 431-432

† November 9, 1898, p. 1754

‡ November 16, 1898, p. 1795

§ This "evidence" was actually produced at the Lambeth Hearing "on the authority of Canon MacColl"! Investigation proved, says an organ of his own party, not merely that "the writing was that of an earlier period," but that even then the list "only purports to be 'a copy' of some previous inventory!"—*Church Quarterly*, July 1899, p. 293

|| The italics are mine.

dition of his jurisdiction being allowed, to give institution to such priests as the Queen might nominate from Oxford and Cambridge, waiving the right of presentation enjoyed by certain Abbots in Normandy, (Falle's "History of Jersey," p 137)

"This interesting incident proves two things first, that there was no question then on the part of Rome as to the validity of Anglican orders, secondly, that belief in Transubstantiation, so long as it was not enforced on others, was no disqualification for office in the Church of England until the violent action of the Pope compelled the English Government to treat Roman Catholicism as treason' (pp 127-8)

The Pope's Bull, therefore, was the source of the whole trouble.

"An interesting incident," no doubt; but is there a word of truth in it? The bishop's jurisdiction, we learn, was abolished "in the eighth year of Queen Elizabeth . . . in consequence of the Bull of Excommunication"—in consequence of a Bull which was not issued till the *twelfth* year of Queen Elizabeth (1570)! In a foot-note to this very passage the Canon sarcastically exclaims:

'It is a great pity that the history of the English Reformation is so little known by those who are most loud in protesting their loyalty to it'

Is it possible that he himself is so grossly, so incredibly ignorant of the whole history of the subject as not to know that the Pope's Bull, to which he attaches so vast an importance, was not even issued till 1570? But we must go further. How can the bishop have "remonstrated against what he regarded as arbitrary injustice," in the Pope's Bull years before that Bull was issued? Some one here is obviously romancing. Is it the writer whom the Canon cites? Or is it, can it be, the Canon himself? We need only turn to the writer he cites to learn that he has coolly interpolated the statements that the change was made in consequence of the Bull, that the Bishop of Coutances protested against the Bull, and that he offered to institute priests "from Oxford and Cambridge"* And as to this "Popish" bishop "governing" Jersey, Elizabeth had actually sanctioned, as early as 1565, the continuance of the *Genera* discipline in the church of its capital!

The Canon's character has not changed; I may fitly close my reply to his attack with the words of a great scholar and divine, Bishop Thirlwall of St David's. †

"I conceive that a man of honour, when he finds that he has had the misfortune to bring a wrongful accusation against any one, would feel himself bound, not only to retract it, but also to give some explanation of the way in which he was led into his mistake Mr MacColl wishes it to be believed that his accusation was the result of an examination of facts I must remind the reader that the accusation was not simply a falsehood . . .

* Falle himself explains that Jersey was, on the contrary, dependent on France for its ministers, "the difference of language making it impracticable to have assistance from England"

† *The Guardian*, January 8, 1873, p 46.

but it was as directly the reverse of the truth as it was possible for human imagination to devise

"So complete a *fasco*, so signal a miscarriage of an onset ushered in by such a flourish of trumpets, does not occur every day

"Will he plead a treacherous memory? No doubt he might easily forget a thing which he had read. But, unfortunately for him, he professed to remember what he had not read . . . One thing, at least, is certain—that no assertion of Mr. MacColl can be safely trusted until it has been carefully verified. I suppose he knows some way of reconciling his conscience to these breaches of morality. Possibly on the principle that the means are justified by the end. For this is an opinion which has so much authority, ancient and modern, in its favour, that it may well be an article of the Church of Mr. MacColl, though it has not yet become a doctrine of the Church of England.

"I feel that I am unequally matched with such an opponent. He enjoys two advantages which have been withheld from me. One is the readiness of invention, the other is that pachydermatous nature, of which he is so proud, which shields him from the pain thin-skinned people feel in the shame of detection. If he goes on as he has begun, he will, no doubt, when he next appears at a meeting of the English Church Union, be rewarded by an ovation proportioned to the sacrifices he will have made to the cause. But I think I can employ myself more profitably than in following his track to sweep away the stones and mud with which he bestrewn it.

"In the ignominious position which he has made for himself I now leave him."

J. H. ROUND.

* Don't doubtless by confession and by absolution for his service in so good a cause, such as the pupils of the Jesuits may have been given for their work in the Dreyfus case

NATURE IN THE LAST LATIN POETS.

THE century of the first Christian and the last pagan Cæsar witnessed a truce of God between the old order and the new—a truce not always kept. The masses were loth to keep it, but among educated men the principle of tolerance found wider acceptance than in any other time till our own. Congenial spirits joined in intellectual marriage, at whichever altar they worshipped. Equality was more advanced socially than politically, reversing what usually happens, for in general people persuade themselves to give their religious opponents the right to exist long before they are ready to ask them to dinner. Such a period favoured the cultivation of poetry, though not the growth of a great poetry; it produced elaboration rather than strength, scholarship rather than originality, art for art's sake rather than art as the irrepressible expression of a nation's manhood. The one great piece of literature that bears the date of the fourth century was not poetry but prose: it is the "Confessions" of St. Augustine.

The poets of that period were impelled to write about Nature, a neutral theme on which they could all alike write, but what they wrote is often spoilt by conceit or formalism. Sometimes, however, through the husk of conventionality we catch glimpses of the great undiscovered treasure of modern sentiment. The poet-professor of Bordeaux, Ansonius, describes scenery, in his charming poem on the river Moselle, very much as a modern writer with a gift for word-painting would describe it. As we read his enthusiastic verses we actually breathe the elastic air and see the swift rushing waters coursing before us. We pass the noble cities, the smiling villas, the woods and richly cultivated slopes; we hear the gay throng of vine-dressers calling to one another, and the river boatmen singing mocking songs to the country folk who return home along the banks in the late

evening The river abounded in fish, whose pretty sports were described affectionately by Ausonius—not, alas! without a cannibalish relish, for he was very fond of good living. Where can we find a more vivid word-picture of the magical effects of reflection than in the following passage?

“The blue depths give back the river’s wooded banks, the waters seem full of leaves and the stream planted with vines. When the evening star lengthens out the shadows and casts the verdant hillside on the breast of the Moselle, what glowing hues tinge the quivering surface! All the slopes swim in the ripples which hold them suspended, the vine wreaths—that are not there—tremble, the grapes swell beneath the crystal water. The deluded boatman counts the number of the young shoots as he rows his bark skiff among the little waves, to and fro across the outline of the reflections where the image of the hull loses itself in the water.”

Ausonius might have said, with a character in Balzac’s “Médecin de Campagne,” “Ah, monsieur, la vie en plein air, les beautés du ciel et de la terre, s’accordent si bien avec la perfection et les délices de l’âme!” His tenderest thoughts are linked with memories of natural things. When Paulinus does not answer his letters, he reminds him that all nature is responsive: the hedge rustles as the bees despoil it, the reeds murmur sweetly to the stream, the tremulous tresses of the pines hold converse with the winds. It was a pathetic friendship, this, between two men of irreconcilable temperaments. the light-hearted Hedonist and the god-intoxicated Saint. Both were of the same religion, for it seems unnecessary to have ever doubted that Ausonius was nominally a Christian, though he had far less in common with Paulinus than with a pagan man of the world such as Symmachus. He loved him, but the saying that to love is to understand is often tragically wrong. Ausonius did not understand his former pupil even well enough to gauge the abyss there was between them. He looked on his abandonment of the world, in which no career would have been closed to him, as an inexplicable caprice. Paulinus refrained from argument he knew that what men are they are—had he not given in to something very like the sacrifice of a pig to console the peasants for the loss of their ancient rites? He did not rebuke Ausonius for his frivolity, but after a time he wrote no more. In what seems to have been his final letter, without any reference to a last farewell he takes leave of his old friend and master with the promise that he will cherish him even after death, “for if the soul, surviving the dissolution of our mortal coil, is sustained by its heavenly origin, it must keep its sentiments and affections even as it keeps its existence: *it can no more forget than die, but must live and remember for ever.*” A beautiful saying, worthy of the Saint who was one day to be followed to the grave by all the Jews, pagans, and

heretics of the remote South Italian town to which he had exiled himself, and where he had spread the faith by love, not hatred.

On his side, Ausonius lived out his blameless if worldly life, and got a great deal of enjoyment out of it. That was a good time for literary men, and the Bordeaux professor rose to be Consul. He had the refined taste, however, to prize beyond everything the estate of moderate extent on the banks of the Garonne which his father and grandfather and great-grandfather possessed before him. A devoted son, he was grieved when the day came for him to be lord of his "ancestral kingdom"; though his father was old, yet he died too soon. "When people love each other," says Ausonius, with a touch of the real tenderness which was his best gift, "it is so sweet to enjoy things together." But this filial piety only made him the more attached to his inheritance. It is amusing to find him, like so many Roman literary men, the hopeless victim of his steward. Philon, the steward, was a Greek, who insisted on being called *ἐπιτροπος*. His hair was wild and his appearance lamentable, but his pretensions were enormous. He cursed the gods when the crops went wrong through his carelessness, and, at last, occupied himself wholly with trafficking; racing from market to market, from village to village, and imposing alike on the buyers and on his master, who seems to have had an amiable weakness for being cheated.

Ausonius once wrote a description of town-life which throws light on the Roman longing for rural repose. This was a minor town in Aquitania to which the poet had gone on business; he is resolved to get away as soon as he can after Easter, and heartily glad he will be. Who has not pictured, as he walked in the streets of Pompeii, the dignified calm of an antique city? No bicycles, no electric tram-cars, no automobiles; only men in togas moving with deliberate steps. Ausonius lifts the curtain on a different scene. In the midst of the clamours of the mob and the vulgar rows at the street corners, one is seized with disgust at the seething human mass, swaying up and down the narrow streets and blocking up even the squares. A whirl of confused cries wakes the echoes: "Tene, feri, duc, da, cave." Here there is an escaping pig, there a mad dog ready to spring, in another place a scrimmage with badly harnessed oxen. In vain you shut yourself up in the most retired nook in the house; the cries pierce through the walls. Does it not make you long for the sweet leisure of a rural retreat, where you can write cartloads of poetry with no other provision than the poet's only luggage—blank paper?

Martial gave not much better an account of Rome, where he groaned over the cries of the baker at night and the exasperating "two and two make four" of the school-children in the morning, for the Roman schools were open to the streets except for a curtain, and

the ears of the passers-by were "assassinated" by the repetition of the class lessons.

In Provençal poetry, and afterwards in the early literature of France, there was a mass of verse in which the spring, the dawn, flowers, and leaves were played with for the mere pleasure of naming pleasant things. It was a taste as old as Anacreon, a copy of one of whose songs is a folk-song to-day in Provence. But it was not a Roman taste. the seriousness of the Roman mind rejected the use of words as pretty toys. Ausonius wrote about the dawn and flowers as if he had been one of the *Pléiades*; in spite of what by a pun he called his "Italian name," he was, in truth, one of those Frenchmen before there was a France in whom Mommsen recognises all the characteristics of their modern representatives. He gave Ronsard the model for his most famous poem, a forgotten service, as many have read "*Mignonne, allons voir la rose*," but few recollect where it came from. Critics have even tried to rob poor Ausonius of his rose-poem because it is "too good," and to bestow it on Virgil (who never wrote anything in the same vein), but this unkind attempt seems to have been abandoned. Here is the poem :

"It was the spring, the dawn a softer breeze
Sent through the chill air of the passing night,
And Nature prophesied the golden light,
Though still the mist lingered among the trees

I wandered through the garden drinking in
The new life of the morning, from the stalks
Hung the dew-laden leaves across the walks,
And the wet roses watched the day begin

Did Dawn take from the Rose its vermeil hue,
Or did the new-born Day make blush the flower?
Each wears the beauty of the morning hour,
To each the ruddy tint and heavenly dew.

Of each is Venus queen, the flower, the star,
And e'en one perfume dwells perchance in each;
But roses spread their sweets within our reach,
While the dawn's sweets are lost in vaults afar

The little life of roses lasts an hour,
Age kills them, for they learn not to grow old:
The bud the morning star had seen unfold
The evening star sees droop and fade away

Maiden! Gather the newly-opened rose,
And gather it ere thy youth be past,
For if the rose's bloom will perish fast,
The bloom of maidens all as quickly goes "

Before Ronsard, Bramante, better known as the architect of St.

Peter's than as a sonneteer, paraphrased Ausonius with or without knowing it :

“Dunque, mentre che dura il tempo verde
Non far come quel fior che'n su la pianta
Senza frutto nessun sue frondi perde.

Che quando il corpo in piu vecchiezza viene,
Più di sua gioventù si gloria e vanta,
Vedendosi aver speso i giorni bene.”

After Ronsard came the inimitable parson with the gay pagan soul who was surely own brother to Ausonius; after Herrick, Edmund Waller, rather gruesome than gay; and in the train of these immortals, a host of poets and preachers with basketsfull of roses and an assortment of morals.

“Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?”

The poems of Ausonius are buried with yesterday's roses, a fate that would not have distressed him overmuch had he foreseen it, for he lived in the present and wrote for his friends more than for fame. He would have still enjoyed his morning walk and the sight of the dew on the cabbages. There were cabbages in that garden of his—a confession which honesty compels. Ausonius put his cabbages in his garden and in his verses, and did not think they spoilt either. It was an “old English” garden, with shrubs and roses and grass and vegetables mixed together. Who first made a walled garden in Europe for flowers alone? Probably the Moors. The anti-utilitarian instinct of the Oriental could not endure confusing a plaisance with a *potager*.

At the end of the fourth century the country house was still the Roman's ideal of felicity. Symmachus, the correspondent and ardent admirer of Ausonius, had fifteen villas in Latium and Campania. Like Pliny the Younger, his preference was for Laurentium, but it seems to have been forsaken since Pliny's time, as Symmachus says that his villa “is not in such a wild, remote spot as people think.” He liked to hunt the wild boar whose descendants fall to the gun of King Humbert at Castel Porziano. In summer he leaves the sea for the hills, where, of course, he has several charming retreats. He has been accused of not appreciating Nature because he speaks of pure air and leisure for reading as the greatest attractions of a country life; but he took care to carry his books to the loveliest places in the world. The great administrators of the Roman Empire had that love of studious ease, that conception of literary activity as *rest*, which has characterised many English statesmen, and some, at least, of the

British proconsuls in India, such as Mountstuart Elphinstone and Sir Alfred Lyall.

Claudian, of Egyptian birth but purely Roman in spirit, approached far more nearly than Ausonius to the perfect style of the old poets, whose religion remained for him the only faith; it was natural, perhaps, that he had fewer intuitions of modern sentiment, but two out of his many idylls form distinct landmarks in the history of rustic poetry. The idyll had been successfully revived by Calpurnius a hundred years before, in eleven charming little poems, which show, however, the predominating Virgilian influence. In these two pastorals Claudian struck out a line for himself: he excluded all make-believe, all prettiness—he is simply realistic. One feels sure that he met the identical old man whom he describes in the following lines on some excursion to Virgil's lake, which doubtless he would have visited during his residence at Milan:

“Blest he whose life, in fields paternal spent,
With one same house as boy or man content,
Propt now by staff on ground where erst he crawled,
Of his old home the ages are recalled
Him has not fate through countless turmoils led,
Not to drink foreign waters has he sped.
Merchant nor soldier, waves nor wars with awe
Have scared him, nor hoarse clamours of the law:
Shunning affairs and cities howe'er nigh,
With freer glance he gazes on the sky,
By crops, not consuls, he computes the year
Apples show autumn, flowers that spring is near
His field both hides and shows the solar ray,
And by the sun's round he divides the day
From what small germ the vast oak sprang he knows,
And marks the grove that with his own growth grows;
Deems far as Ind Verona close at hand,
Benacus' lake far as the Red Sea strand
Yet with firm force, strong arms that never fail,
The third race sees the grandsire stout and hale
Others may roam and distant Spain explore,
This man lives longer though they travel more.”

The old man is in easy though modest circumstances: his narrow bounds are those of choice, not of necessity. I know an old gentleman who, living within a few hours of Venice, has never seen the sea nor wished to see it. Do we belong to the last century which can produce such types?

Claudian's poem on the “Gallic Mules” is even more original than the one just quoted:

“See the tame natives of the rapid Rhone,
Loose or in harness, like obedience own;
A different order marks a different road,
They know which path to take without the goad

Though each from the slack rein may distant be
 And each from the hard yoke its neck could free,
 Yet their hard toil with patience still they bear
 And cries barbaric mind with docile ear
 Their master's distant voice command retains,
 The human voice sufficing 'stead of reins,
 When scattered this collects them, and again
 Scatters, and makes them speed, or speed restrain
 'To left' the order—to the left they go,
 The call changed 'To the right,' and so they do.
 Unforced by bonds, submissive, not afraid,
 Servants not slaves, nor fierce by freedom made,
 They, like in will and like in tawny hue,
 Dragging the creaking wain their course pursue
 Wonder no more that Orpheus' song could sway
 Wild beasts, since cattle Gallic words obey."

There is other evidence that the Gauls were celebrated for their skill with mules and horses, Varro says, "*Galli appositissimi maxime ad jumenta.*" The pleased interest which Claudian takes in the doings of the clever creatures reminds one that, though the Romans cannot be acquitted of insensibility to animal suffering, they could yet be charmed by any instance of superior intelligence in animals. Statius told the story of a tame lion who knew how to come out of its home and go back to it without guidance; when it died, the Senate and people of Rome were in despair, and even Cæsar wept a tear.

Of the other late Latin poets in their relation to outdoor life, the one most worthy of notice is Rutilius, because he was more free from conventionality than the rest. Born in Gaul at the beginning of the fifth century, he composed a *voyage pittoresque*, narrating a journey from Rome to his native country, which was convulsed by barbarian inroads. "When the fatherland is tranquil," he exclaims, "it is pardonable to neglect it, but in its misfortunes it has a right to all our devotion." He was very sorry to leave the "beloved climate" of Rome, and before setting out he kissed its sacred gates. He took the sea route on account of inundations in the plains and also to avoid encounters with Gothic freebooters, whose devastations rendered the roads dangerous. His journey seems to have been the slowest on record: either from stress of weather or want of wind, or because it was hot or because it was cold, the ship was always putting in to shore, and Rutilius and his fellow-travellers profited by the delays to explore the coast. Sometimes they slept on land in a slight, improvised shelter, after warming themselves by a fire of fragrant myrtle branches—it was October and the nights were chilly. On one of these occasions they visited a town in Tuscany called Falerium, famous for its beautiful white oxen, which were highly prized in Rome for

sacrificial use. No one was indoors, for it was the celebration of the re-birth of the germ after the fruit is gathered and the leaves have fallen; the hidden, mysterious renovation of Nature:

“The merry folk, dispersed in country lanes,
Solaced, with joyous rites, their wearied hearts,
Because that day Osiris life regains
And life to every living thing imparts.

Keats had never read those lines, yet he might have been thinking of them when he wrote, in the wonderful ode which breathes the spirit of antiquity pure and undefiled.

“What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?”

In exploring the country round Falerium Rutilius finds a farm, a charming place with a coppice at the back, and a fine fish pond, broad and deep, in which you could see the fish playing about. It would appear that the poet and his companions were amusing themselves by stirring the water when they were discovered by the owner, who resented their intrusion and declared that they were ruining his trees, his pond, his fish, all that was his. A modern proprietor might not be much better pleased with a party of tourists who were making exceedingly free use of his domain, but for the Roman the stranger was sacred; this farmer (apparently a very good farmer, too) was, to use Rutilius' uncivil description, “a churlish Jew, a sort of wild beast, unfit for human intercourse,” and the offended Gaul screams his invective. “Wretched race, mother of all errors, which scrupulously keeps the frigid feast of the Sabbath, and has a heart more frigid than its religion. They pass in idleness one day in the seven to imitate the fatigue of their God after the creation. The other dreams of these impostors would hardly find credence with children. Would to God that Judæa had never submitted to the arms of Pompey nor to those of Titus. The contagious superstitions of the Jews have only made the more way in consequence; this vanquished nation has proved fatal to its vanquishers.”

Fatal to its vanquishers! “Qu'il est beau,” wrote Pascal, “de voir, par les yeux de la foi, Darius, Cyrus, Alexandre, les Romains, Pompée, et Hérode, agir sans le savoir pour la gloire de l'Évangile!” So do extremes meet, the cry of despair and the cry of triumph. Rutilius reveals to us, as by a flash of lightning, a pagan who was not tolerant—quite the contrary. Fresh from the spectacle of a joyous Nature *fête*, a vision confronts him of the cold austere cere-

monial of the Hebrew Temple. It oppresses and stifles him. The thought of the Jews is confused with the thought of the Christians, whom he regards as simply a Jewish sect. Presently he comes across some real Christians who have colonised the isle of Capraria, near which his ship passes: "a sort of men more like owls than anything else, calling themselves by the Greek name, 'monk.'" They spend their lives shut up in cells "like vile slaves," whether by order of destiny or by their own morose temperament Rutilius does not know, but he deems it folly to fly from the joys and sorrows of life instead of taking its goods and putting up with its ills. And in this criticism there is a certain discrimination, for without doubt in all times timid souls have sought the cloister not less to renounce joy than to shun sorrow, though who can tell if sorrow did not find them out? Happily for Rutilius, he soon forgets Jews and monks in the excitement of a wild boar hunt in the forests near Pisa; the prize, a splendid boar, is carried home with blowing of horns and songs of mirth, like a stag in the Highlands. Meanwhile, the sea rises mountains high, and the great white waves break on the sands of Viareggio; but the storm subsides, and Rutilius can continue his voyage to the Bay of Spezia, where he admires "the marble hills whiter than snow"—words with which his poem, as it comes down to us, closes, for the rest is lost.

Antiquity was already in the article of death. Its last backward look in literature was cast on the peasant, the last of the faithful. Whoever was the author of the Greek romance which goes by the name of the "*Pastorals of Longus*," he puts forth unconsciously a defence of Paganism where it was strongest—as the interpretation of Nature to simple folk whose toil it consecrated and whose minds it satisfied. He shows that degeneration had not invaded the country: Daphnis and Chloë are as innocent as Paul and Virginia, and far more innocent than the splendid dames and knights of the great cycle of Christian romance, in which not the dawn of love, but its sultry meridian, formed the text.

But just because the Roman peasant was not debased, he felt little need to raise himself, just because his religion was tangibly real to him, he wanted no other. No European peasant, with the possible exception of the Celt, ever had the nostalgia of the Unseen of Hebrew shepherds or Arab camel-drivers.

In the towns, not in the country, the Christian Church found the ground prepared for it. The idea of a divine brotherhood appealed to slaves; the idea of morally obligatory self-denial appealed to men sick of self-indulgence, not only in the lower but in the higher sense—indulgence in the appetites of the mind, not only in those of the body; the presentation of a Perfect Object of loving service appealed

ARMS AND THE GENTLEMAN.

IT is proposed in the following pages to call attention to a matter which, although it may at first sight seem of comparatively small importance, is now assuming the position of a not inconsiderable scandal. I refer to an organised plan of campaign conducted with extraordinary energy through books and through the public Press. The avowed object of this campaign is to hold up to ridicule and scorn certain "prominent people whose social position is undoubted," and who will cease to be attacked, and will even be extolled as examples, if they will pay, to put it plainly, a sum of money in a certain quarter. When I have made this statement good, as I shall proceed to do, I shall invite the responsible authorities, and even her Majesty's Government, to investigate a matter which badly needs the light of public inquiry.

In a former number of this REVIEW the late Professor Freeman dealt, in slashing style, with "Pedigrees and Pedigree-makers."* The object of this article, which attracted considerable attention, was to make a protest against the "monstrous fictions," annually repeated in "Burke's Peerage," as to the origin and history of certain titled families. These fictions, originating often with some officer of arms, had already formed for Thackeray a fertile theme for satire and for parody of scathing skill. But it was the onslaught of Professor Freeman, followed up by the relentless criticism of the new school of historical genealogists, that has forced the peerage-writers to set their house in order and to drop their worst absurdities. Of the justification for this criticism, prompted only, as it was, by a zeal for historic truth, there is, of course, no question. But the movement to which I would call attention is of a wholly different character. In spite of

* THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, vol. xxx pp. 11-41.

the professions by which it is attempted to cast dust in the eyes of the public, nothing can obscure the ugly fact that its object is, in its own words, to "insult publicly" certain persons, and that the screw will cease to be applied, and they will no longer be exposed to insult, if they should be induced to pay certain fees in a certain quarter.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that the social world was startled two or three years ago by the appearance, in a well-known weekly review, of articles bearing the peculiar titles "Arms and the Snob," "Some Snobbish Peers," "Snobs on the Judicial Bench," and so forth. The writer, who masqueraded under the pseudonym of "X.," undertook to teach us what a "gentleman" really was—namely, a man who had paid his fees for a grant of arms at the Herald's College. The peer, the judge, who had not yet paid his fees for this purpose, was in the meanwhile violently attacked as a "snob," while the City Fathers were denounced as "insignificant tradesmen," one of whom was actually "born over his father's shop." But, on one of these denounced magnates applying for a grant of arms, the writer clasped him to his bosom as a gentleman, and expressed the hope that "his example will be widely followed in the Corporation." There is now, according to the Press, a "boom" in grants of arms.

It would be insulting the intelligence of my readers to comment on such facts as these. But there are one or two matters which it is desirable to explain. Within the last few months "X." has returned to the attack with a small volume entitled "The Right to Bear Arms." This had been preceded, about the beginning of the year, by a "third edition" (the second, we believe, was of the character of "Napoleon II.") of "Armorial Families," by Mr Fox-Davies. The two works have a strange resemblance in language, in doctrine, and in aim; but, while "X" insists in his book that the "odium attaching to" himself must not involve any other writer, Mr. Fox-Davies describes "X." as "a writer who on a few occasions has laid" his "pages under contribution," in spite of which he is good enough to give him a gratuitous advertisement, and announce the "republication" "at an early date" of his articles. Indeed, in spite of a venerable maxim that "two of a trade never agree," there is not a trace of jealousy between these rival performers. Nor do they ever interfere with one another by attracting our attention at the same time. They are the Box and Cox of heraldic life, or, perhaps we should say, its Corsican brothers, for they have never been seen, we believe, on the stage together. Both of them, in the spirit of a *preux chevalier*, are eager to break a lance for "the glory of knightly honour"; and both of them employ language peculiar rather than polite. "X." denounces the "rotten idea" that is prevalent on coat-armour, and Mr. Fox-Davies boisterously shouts: "What price for the Norman descent?" "X." appeals to what he

has himself "heard and seen in a public-house." Mr. Fox-Davies addresses us, as above, in the language of a sporting publican.

It is not, therefore, surprising that reviewers of "X.'s" book have stated in more than one instance that "X." is Mr. Fox-Davies. For myself, I find it difficult to distinguish between the two, and I must, therefore, be excused if I at times confuse them. Their teaching, at least, is absolutely the same, and the means of enforcing it identical. Of the man whom "X." denounces as a "snob" Mr. Fox-Davies writes: "One has to insult him publicly in black and white before he can be induced to make the least inquiry about the arms in question." With the amiable object of doing this, he has issued "*Armorial Families*," in which those whose names appear in italic type are held up to public scorn as "bogus pretenders" (p. xxx).

Mr. Fox-Davies has, in fact, erected what we are tempted to describe as a "private adventure" pillory. In his work, which he tells us has now attained so established a position that he will probably issue it every two years, he proposes to distinguish real "gentlemen" from the vulgar and "plebeian" herd who masquerade as such. The sheep will appear in Roman, the goats in italic type. On this scheme the *Saturday Review* has observed in a weighty article.

"The point lies in the intention—we might almost say, the threat—to make the issue biennial. Those who decline to take steps which involve the payment of fees to professional men . . . are periodically to be described by implication as impostors. This, if done at all, should be done officially. In an amateur it is meddling, it is a kind of scandalmongering."

The Roman type in the above work is the guarantee, we read, of a genuinely "armigerous person"; the italic denotes cases "in which I could not satisfy myself that the right to arms legally existed." We are not told, nor can I imagine, what concern it is of the author to satisfy himself on the subject, or by what right he claims to erect a kind of private pillory, "disregarding," in his favourite phrase, "the laws of the realm."

Mr. Fox-Davies is ever harping on the "legal" aspect of his case. It occurs to us that its "legal" aspects are, perhaps, more than one. An enterprising writer who recently announced that he intended to publish the life of a dignitary without that dignitary's assent was somewhat severely handled, if I remember right, by the law. Is there not a certain parallel in the device of Mr. Fox-Davies when, without any official authority, he inserts in his work the names of individuals who have no desire to figure there, in order to place them in his new pillory among those "prominent people whose social position is undoubted," but who, he informs us, "openly break every law in existence"? To this phrase I invite attention. Such language, of course, only proves that, in the author's own words, "there is still a good deal of unblushing audacity in existence." But to the

uninstructed public, which takes Mr. Fox-Davies seriously, the character of those thus denounced may seem to be gravely impaired. Remembering, therefore, that the payment of fees, as observed above, "to professional men" will relieve them at once of this annoyance, I ask whether such a scheme as this does not require to be exposed?

The *modus operandi* is simple enough. The public is first to be persuaded or bamboozled into the belief that a grant of arms is a high privilege, a kind of patent of nobility akin to the grant of a peerage. It is next to be assured that the right to this privilege can only be granted or proved through the College of Arms, of which the authority and the powers are of course exalted to the uttermost. Lastly, the records of the College are treated as decisive evidence and the documents without its walls decried as of no account. And all this teaching is enforced by loud bluff and bluster, in language eloquent, in its violence, of the weakness of the writer's case. The ideas of those who decline to accept it are dismissed as "idiotic" and "rotten"; they themselves are "insane," "lunatic," or "silly fools"

Let us take the points in order. "X." insists that

"A grant of arms is a patent of gentility in precisely the same manner as the letters patent creating a peerage constitute a patent of what we in England commonly and colloquially call nobility . . . The cases of a Patent of Arms and a Patent of Peerage are identically the same, inasmuch as on the issue of either patent certain fees are required to be paid"

Need we reply that the cases are fundamentally different, inasmuch as a patent of peerage is a special favour from the Crown which cannot be purchased by fees, while a grant of arms is a commercial transaction, needing nothing but the payment of fees? The Crown need know no more of the matter than the man in the moon. With these writers (or this writer) the commercial aspect of the matter is, of course, a tender point. It conflicts with the ludicrous pretence that the grant is a high privilege. But, indeed, we have only to turn to the pages of Mr. Fox-Davies to find the world turned upside down by the application of his doctrine. Men of county family and established social position figure among his "plebeians," while among his "gentlemen of coat-armour" are men whose origin is familiar enough, whom no one could accuse of being gentlemen by birth, by education, or by breeding. How it would have gladdened Thackeray to hear that "Jeames de la Pluche" was no fiction! we recognise at least one "gentleman of coat-armour" whose first promotion in life was from the rank of helper in the pantry to that of footman. It may interest the Crown to learn that, if report speaks truly, it has "ennobled," through its officers, the enterprising chemist whose pills are so highly valued, gentlemen in the drapery and in the door-mat business, and the late Mr. Barney Barnato. It has not, indeed, so

far as we know, conferred a patent on the public hangman, possibly because when the heralds did so the matter came to the ears of the King, and two of them were sent to prison.

The point on which these writers harp is well expressed by "X," who, after denouncing the "idiotic" application of the word "gentleman" to "a man of polite and refined manners and ideas," insists that

"Such an idea is absolutely wrong . . . Nothing a man can do or say can make him a gentleman . . . without a grant of arms . . . That the word gentleman continues to be wrongly used is simply due to the vanity of plebeians, who prostitute the word to carry only that lower qualification which they conceive themselves to possess . . . That I call snobbery, rank, utter, and absolute"

With singular if quite unconscious felicity, the writer of these words describes himself on his first page as only "an outsider"

In the same spirit Mr Fox-Davies displays a burning zeal to convert mere "plebeians" into really "armigerous persons." "Simply a member of the general public," who sighs for "the gloriously brilliant guiding-star of honour," he is consumed with a desire to explain to his fellows that they are but "plebeians" until they have paid certain fees to officers of arms; but that, if they do so, they will at once become "gentlemen of coat-armour" It was, we think, the British Solomon who said that the King could make a nobleman, but could not make a gentleman. Mr Fox-Davies knows better. The latter, he is never weary of proclaiming, can be made only by the King, or rather the King of Arms The Herald's College is but a development of the penny-in-the-slot machine. A certain sum is deposited in the slot and a "gentleman" issues ready-made. But the public, it appears, has not availed itself so eagerly as he thinks it should of this admirable device. It continues to degrade the name of "gentleman." How an abuse can be degraded it is not for me to say, but Mr. Fox-Davies, having scolded in vain at this most shocking scandal, is determined at last to put a stop to the "degradation of an abominable abuse." Here, as elsewhere, the vehemence of his feelings must excuse the imperfections of his English. "X" is fond of quoting documents which he cannot read, and Mr. Fox-Davies of attempting eloquence in a language which he cannot write. In a burst of uncontrollable emotion he insists that

"We are proud of that corner of Westminster where cluster together our national Valhalla, hallowed by every glorious and sacred tradition of which tongue can tell."

For my own part, I have never seen a Valhallum, and I cannot imagine how it clusters. Richmond herald, I fear, will scarcely thank the writer for reminding us that they enjoyed the same education.

But the crowning jest is this. In the midst of all this stage thunder "X." prints the formula of an actual grant of arms, in 1885, to a man and his wife who had none. And in this the fathers of both parties are by the heralds themselves formally styled "gentlemen"! Here is the very "abominable abuse" against which he and Mr. Fox-Davies shout and shriek in vain. The very men to whose authority they appeal ignore their contention as absurd.

Turning now to the alleged powers vested in the heralds at the present day, is it altogether wise, in the interests of the College of Arms, to adopt this arrogant position on the subject of its legal powers? There are cases in which it is the best policy to "let sleeping dogs lie," and if the heralds should complain of revelations on the character and the exercise of their powers, they have only to blame Mr. Fox-Davies and the one member of their body who has acted with him from the first, and without whose help, he writes, he "could have done but little." Mr. Fox-Davies is merely bluffing when he scornfully declines to argue the point and exclaims that "*nothing* can alter the fact that the officers of . . . the College of Arms have the *sole* authority and control of armorial matters." It is useless to appeal, with an air of confidence, to "the two charters" which they hold and exercise their authority," for "X." has admitted that these charters are concerned with the constitution of the college, rather than with any "control of all armorial matters." And Mr. Fox-Davies knows this as well as we do. Indeed, he confesses that "the most important of all" their sources of authority are "the warrants commanding the visitations." Now, "X." has printed a specimen of these, from which we learn, firstly, that the issue of the warrant was necessary before the King of Arms could act; and secondly, that its duration was limited. If, then, these expired commissions are the best authorities the College can show, its officers are hardly likely to thank Mr. Fox-Davies for inviting attention to the fact.

There is, indeed, a recorded decision in which arms were rejected as "unlawfully borne," but it is one which, for obvious reasons, these writers carefully ignore. In 1597, the Earl of Kent having brought an action against Garter King of Arms for wronging him in a peerage case by allowing a fraudulent pedigree, the Commissioners "determined that part of the pedigree made by Garter to be unlawful," and the arms dependent on it, therefore, to be "unlawfully borne." This leads us to glance at the manner in which the heralds have acted in the past, with the very regrettable but natural result of overwhelming their office with ridicule and contempt.

It is with sincere regret that I refer, however remotely, to an amiable and universally respected nobleman, but it is "X." himself who drags him in when describing the control of arms and pedigrees

as "definitely, legally, and in all due form, delegated to the Earl Marshal and the officers of the Corporation of the College of Arms." The actual result of the combination is that for what Mr Fox-Davies would term a "bogus" pedigree and arms, we must turn to the Howard family. Though Burke's Peerage has been largely purged of the fictions denounced by Mr. Freeman, it still annually repeats this gross fable:

"Recent inquiries enable us to trace the ancestors of the Howards to a period much more remote than Sir William Dugdale thought possible, and to establish the pedigree by undoubted evidence. Ingulph and Mathew Paris concur in stating that Howard or Hereward was living in the reign of King Edgar, 957-973."

The "undoubted evidence" consists, we see, of the forgeries of the pseudo-Ingulph and of a statement by "Mathew Paris"—which is not to be found in his works! And the "recent inquiries" seem to be those of an officer of the Heralds' College, who, in 1638, traced for the Howard family their pedigree from "the reign of King Edgar." Protests have appeared in vain against this wild fable, for which the present Somerset herald, as one of Sir Bernard Burke's sons, appears to have shared responsibility down to 1896. The Howards rose rapidly by the law at the close of the thirteenth century, but before this all is obscure. Yet the "Almanac de Gotha" has been thus misled into styling them a "*maison féodale anglo-saxonne que l'on fait remonter à . . . vers 950.*"

If the pedigree is thus demonstrably wrong, the family arms are no better. "X," insisting rightly on the fact that an augmentation must be granted by the Crown, rashly prints the wording of the patent by which the famous Flodden augmentation was granted to the victor and "*heredibus suis.*" So indeed does Mr. Fox-Davies, who admits that "there has never been any question that the meaning of these words is and was 'and his heirs-general,'" and that this was "well understood at that period."* He insists, as would indeed any peerage counsel, that the meaning of "'heredibus suis' is 'heirs-general': of that there can be no question"† He holds, consequently, that not merely "the famous augmentation" granted for Flodden, but the "royal crest" of a golden leopard (now a lion statant guardant), granted by special letters patent by Richard II. (1394), belongs to the "heirs-general of the grantee"—namely, Lord Mowbray and Segrave and Lord Petre, and that of this "there can be no doubt."‡ That is to say, the Earl Marshal uses an augmentation and a crest which rightfully belong, not to himself, but to two other peers! When this is done by lesser folks, Mr. Fox-Davies proceeds, in his own phrase, to "insult" them, and "X." bluntly charges them with

* *Genealogical Magazine*, II, 400

† *Ibid* pp 400, 440-441

‡ *Ibid* pp 440-441.

"theft pure and simple" But when the offender, on the showing of Mr. Fox-Davies himself, is no other than the Earl Marshal, he suggests that "probably, subsequent records and exemplifications have regularised its use," not only by the Duke himself, but even "by other members of the Howard family" As he does not venture to produce the slightest ground for supposing that the original limitation has been changed, this is equivalent to admitting that the Howards wrongly bear these proud emblems by collusion between the heralds and earls marshal in the past. And yet, because the College sanctions them, Mr. Fox-Davies, as usual, follows blindly in its wake.

But if the heralds obliged their chiefs, they did not forget themselves.

Take the very "father of the College," as Noble terms him, John Writhe or Wrythe, whose origin, on the same authority, "is unknown," and who had "no paternal arms." He held the supreme office of Garter at the incorporation of the College, and, "in compliment to him. the Herald's College have adopted his arms as their own." One of his sons was York herald and ancestor of the Earls of Southampton, while another rose to be Garter himself. The use he made of his office was to change the family name to Wriothesley, "pretending that they descended from a family of that surname, whose pedigree he produced." It is supposed that he wished to claim connection with the ancient Staffordshire house of Wrottesley of Wrottesley. One of the greatest of modern antiquaries, Mr. Eyton, the historian of Shropshire, has described a pedigree of the Wriothesley family as a "tissue of falsification and forgery," and as containing at least one deliberately falsified document and one "detestable forgery." As with the Writhe, so with the Dethicks, father and son, who successively held the office of Garter under the Tudors. Their real name, as was pointed out by their own colleague, York herald, was Dericke, and their progenitor, he alleged, was a common Dutch workman. But they took advantage of their official position to change their name and pretend "to be descended from a family of Dethick, seated at Dethick Hall, in Derbyshire." It was, doubtless, also due to Francis Thynne's connection as Lancaster herald with the College that his family, which rose somewhat suddenly under Henry VIII, discovered that its former name was De Botteville, and that it came from Poitou in the twelfth century. Even so, in Thackeray's pages, did the son of "Muggins the elder" become "Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns," descended, according to "Fluke's Peerage," from "Hogyn Mogyn of the hundred beeves." But, seriously speaking, if the officers of arms took advantage thus of their official position to provide themselves with sham ancestors, what can be the value of those pedigrees which they signed, certified, or "recorded" in favour of their paying clients? What of Lancaster herald's Mauleverer pedigree (1591), or that of

the Westons, signed throughout by Garter King of Arms (1632), or one by his contemporary, York herald, which has tainted even the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography"? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* But, it may be urged, such scandals as these belong to a distant past. Not at all; for rumour has it that the same thing was done even in the present century.

The fundamental thesis of the heralds and their friends—namely, that (as "X" expresses it) "arms are good or bad as they are recorded or unrecorded"—is one which I deny point-blank. There is heraldic authority for the fact, which, indeed, is notorious enough, that grants were made of arms and crests without any record of them being entered, and, indeed, the present Maltravers Extraordinary has printed a grant to Skynner, with the note that "no record of this grant is now to be found in the College of Arms." The test of "record" at the College is no test at all, and it is mere impudence to stigmatise a man as a "bogus pretender" because his coat is not "on record" there. Mr Fox-Davies having coolly branded the coat of the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge as being "without authority," had to withdraw humbly his "incorrect statement" on being confronted with the evidence that it was duly granted by Cooke, Clarencieux, in 1590*. It is an open secret that arms were granted and, by culpable neglect, not "recorded" at the College. Indeed, this very year, an original grant by Cooke, discovered in private hands, was "placed on record" for the first time. By this practice the College confesses the imperfection of its records. It is the same with the (more or less original) Visitations, of which the authority is treated as if it were sacrosanct. Writing as their champion, "X," of course, magnifies the authority of these Visitations, of which "the corrected and authoritative copy was delivered into the custody of the College of Arms in conformity with the requirements of the Royal Commission."† No more scathing comment on this language could be wished for than the revelation which has just been made by an accomplished member of the College, the present Windsor Herald, Q.C. In his official contribution to Mr Wheatley's "Pepysiana," he proves that a Visitation pedigree of 1684, duly recorded in the College, among its other blunders, makes three brothers die bachelors, although they all three married, one of the two who left issue being actually the grandfather of the famous diarist, in whose very lifetime these fictions were "recorded." We have indeed here, as Windsor exclaims—

"Truly a fine collection of blunders for one generation of a pedigree, which, being reported under a Royal Commission, is *ipso facto* evidence and *prima facie* proof in a court of law."‡

But I must hurry on to the converse proposition—namely, that even

* *Genealogical Magazine*, 11 73, 124-5, 173

† *Ibid* 11 24

‡ "Pepysiana," pp. 5-6

a "recorded" pedigree is no proof of right to arms. I relate the tale with real regret, but "X" leaves me no option.

Mr. Fox-Davies closes the preface to his third edition with thanks "to Mr. Lee, Bluemantle Pursuivant." Now in 1883 this gentleman's father published an interesting topographical work, in which he traced his own descent from a younger son of the ancient house of Lee of Quarrendon and Ditchley (Lord Dillon's ancestors), and assigned himself accordingly the coat of that family. This pedigree was called in question by Mr. J. H. Lea, an American amateur, who set himself to overthrow it. When he had done so in the *Genealogist*, the recognised organ of research among students of these matters, the above Mr. Ambrose Lee, writing from the Heralds' College as Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, scornfully informed the public that

"the College of Arms has judiciously dealt with the pedigree of the Lees of Pocklington, as given in Dr. Lee's book, and has found their descent from 'Francis Lee of Spilsbury' duly proved."

He could, therefore, dismiss the "gross and untenable" criticism upon that pedigree, although an "apology" was due for it.* To this the American amateur courteously replied (April 1895):

"Deeply as I must regret to impugn a pedigree which has been 'judiciously dealt with' by the College of Arms, I feel it necessary in self-justification to print the pedigree and proofs which follow, and which establish the true genealogy of the Leckonfield and Pocklington Leas beyond the shadow of a doubt."†

And he thereupon proceeded to prove that, in place of the alleged descent from Lee of Quarrendon and Ditchley, this family was really descended from a race of butchers and grocers living in the last century. To inform ourselves if his criticism were sound, we need only turn to the book of Mr. Fox-Davies himself, where we find Bluemantle and his father denied that ancient coat of Lee, which the College of Arms had "judiciously" decided to be their right, and assigned a different and presumably a new one

Let us briefly consider what follows from this unfortunate *esclandre*, which naturally made some stir among those interested in the study of genealogy and heraldry. Is it possible to conceive a more smashing blow to the authority and *prestige* of the College of Arms than that an American amateur, from "across three thousand miles of ocean," as he himself expressed it, should thus bring it to its knees, and make it retract a pedigree it had solemnly accepted as proved, precisely as Garter King of Arms had been forced to retract a pedigree three hundred years before? And yet, in the very teeth of this ghastly exposure, "X." assures the public, as to pedigrees registered by the heralds, that "the risk of falsehood being deliberately palmed off upon them is, through their precautions, practically non-existent."

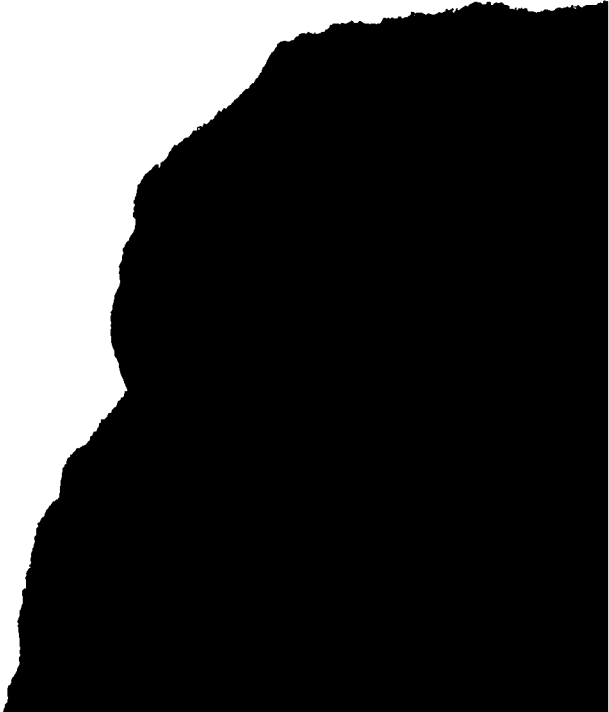
* *Genealogist* [N S], xi. 63.

† *Ibid.* p. 204.

We are told that their Visitation books are still evidence in a court of law, and we know that heralds' books are produced at times in peerage cases. It is even said that judges recognise the heralds' jurisdiction. Yet already, more than a century ago, Blackstone had written in his "Commentaries":

"The marshalling of coat-armour, which was formerly the pride and study of all the best families in the kingdom, is now greatly disregarded, and has fallen into the hands of certain officers and attendants upon this court called heralds, who consider it only as a matter of lucre, and not of justice, whereby such falsity and confusion have crept into their records (which ought to be the standing evidence of families, descents, and coat-armour) that, though formerly some credit has been paid to their testimony, now even their common seal will not be received as evidence in any court of justice in the kingdom "

What is the truth? Are their "records" trustworthy evidence, or are they honeycombed with error and tainted by forgery and fraud? I do not, of course, imply that they are; but as James I. had to intervene in consequence of scandals and complaints, so, I suggest, should her Majesty's Government obtain an expert report on the real nature and extent of the records, registers, and miscellaneous MSS. now in the custody of the College. There is no occasion to "take the bread out of the heralds' mouths" by divulging the information they contain. What we want is a critical report by an officer of the Public Record Office or the Historical MSS. Commission stating what original records the College actually contains, and what is their value as evidence. That any such demand for light will be met by an indignant outcry is likely enough. But the College will then in vain regret that it did not quote, in the first instance, to Mr. Fox-Davies and his friend the immortal words of Lord Melbourne: "Why can't you leave it alone?"



As "X" and Mr. Fox-Davies include within their purview the Irish Office of Arms, I would say a few words upon its records, which to him (or them), of course, are sacred. But in doing this I in no way reflect upon the present Ulster, a learned and a courteous officer, under whom the office is shaking off the unfortunate traditions of his predecessors. Mr. Fox-Davies has expressed surprise that any question should be raised as to the right to a baronetcy which originally obtained "a full recognition" (as the late Ulster phrased it), in 1821, from "the Office of Arms in Ireland." I will enlighten him on the subject. In the previous year Sir William Betham, the head of that office, had solemnly certified, published, and declared, as Ulster King of Arms, under his seal of office, that one of the grossest concoctions known, a pedigree tracing the descent of the Burkes in the male line from Charlemagne, rested on "original documents of unquestionable authority," and "is registered in the archives of Ulster's Office of Arms." Yet this, as a well-known critic has observed, "is one of the most audacious concoctions in the whole range of genealogy."* It was the same amazing officer who had certified, five years before, that the descent of the Morres family from the famous house of Montmorency was "established on evidence of the most unquestionable authority, chiefly from the ancient public records." It was on the strength of this certificate—or, to quote an expression of Mr. Fox-Davies, "this colossal lie"—that, in spite of the just protests of the French house of Montmorency, the name and arms of their illustrious race were granted by the Crown to the Morres family, who hold them at the present day. Their claim is ridiculed in the "Complete Peerage," and Mr. Freeman observed that it marked the point

"where the faith even of Sir Bernard Burke gives way. He had stood a long time, but he must draw the line somewhere, and the change of position was too much for him . . . There is somewhere on the back even of an Ulster King of Arms."

than preposterous; it is demonstrably the value of pedigrees "proved and published" by the Irish Office of Arms? Is the especially in the case of titles of nobility that Betham was Ulster down to Sir Bernard Burke, the object of Mr. Fox-Davies may accept as gospel their records, it is about time that the public

that I desire to make as my policy for a policy of concealment in virtue of their records, the records are.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

THE general characteristics of the Trans-Siberian Railroad may be described in a few words. It will be by far the longest railway on earth. It is very much more solidly constructed, for the most part, than is generally supposed. The road-bed is perfectly firm, and the track is well ballasted. Though in certain of the sections far to the east great engineering difficulties have to be contended with, the gradients on the greater part of the route are remarkably easy.

Uniformity of gauge is the keynote of Russian railway engineers. Accordingly, in possessing a five-foot gauge, the Great Siberian is uniform with all the railroads throughout the Russian Empire. Thus, the ample breadth of the cars harmonises with the luxury which astonishes the traveller who visits Russia for the first time, no matter in what region of the Empire he happens to be touring. The great height of the carriages, proportionate with the width, adds to the imposing aspect of the trains. It is necessary to bear these considerations in mind, for the idea prevails throughout the world outside Russia that this colossal road is being carried through, not only with great haste, but also on a flimsy and superficial system. The bridges are necessarily very numerous, for Siberia is a land of mighty rivers with countless tributaries. All the permanent bridges are of iron. Those which were temporarily made of timber are being in every case reconstructed, and the Great Siberian will include some of the most magnificent bridges in the world.

The bridge over the Irtysh is unrivalled. Being nearly four miles long, it is on that account phenomenal, but its stupendous piers, designed specially to resist the fearful pressure of the ice, would alone convince any sceptic of the determination of the Russian administration to spare none of the resources of the Empire in order to make-

this railway absolutely efficient, alike for mercantile and military purposes. The Trans-Siberian Railway is intended to create a new Siberia. It is already fulfilling that aim, as I shall show. The most potent of the civilising factors of the twentieth century will in this enterprise be presented to the world, and in a very few years people will realise with astonishment what this railway means.

The Trans-Siberian nominally begins in Europe. It is inaugurated by the magnificent iron bridge which spans the Volga at Samara in East Russia. The Volga is here a giant river, and this noble bridge joins the European railway system with the new Asiatic line. But practically the Asian line commences in the heart of the Ural Mountains, if that long and broad chain of low and pretty hills ought to be dignified with the name of mountains. Here lies the little town of Cheliabinsk, which five years ago was the terminus of the European system.

The effect of this wonderful undertaking will be the opening up of Siberia, making it easy of access in any spot, and the development of its incalculable but splendid resources and capabilities. During my own wanderings in Russia I saw nothing which so much surprised me as that large section of the Pan-Russian Exhibition at Nijni-Novgorod which was devoted to the display of Siberian products. I found that few foreign visitors to Russia who inspected that extraordinary exhibition were prepared for the revelation to which they were treated. All with whom I had any conversation seemed amazed at the evidences of the wealth of Siberia. Not only natural products, but also artificial commodities and manufactured articles of almost every class were shown in the grand Siberian Halls at Nijni. So great are the potentialities of Siberian development that the Russians are fully justified in the romantic expectations they cherish of the results of this enormous railway extension. Too many critics of Russia, otherwise accurate enough, leave out of consideration the all-important fact that she is about to become, in a predominant sense, an Asiatic Power. In a few years she will be able to supply all her essential needs from her territories beyond the Ural. The facts to be taken into account are that Siberia is the greatest country in the world so far as mere magnitude is concerned; and that this huge territory is one vast repository of undeveloped resources, both mineral and agricultural. Before the middle of the next century, millions of the posterity of the poor "moujiks," the peasants now dwelling in the European districts of the Don, Samara, Toulá, and the Ukraine, will be occupying countless "mirs," or village communes, which will dot the forests of the Siberian Tundra, the Steppes of South Central Siberia, and the lovely valleys between the mountain ranges that make the regions towards Kamtchatka one of the coming playgrounds and hunting paradises of the near future.

It is an interesting fact that Americans and Englishmen were the real authors of this splendid and romantic scheme for spanning the Asiatic continent with a railway from west to east. Here and there in the Russian provinces I met Englishmen very successfully engaged in trade. These were, however, almost invariably working on their own account, or for firms in their own countries which had commissioned them to go out. The time is almost past when the Russian Government will engage a foreigner to direct public works. Only two generations ago nearly every position of responsibility was committed to some clever man from the universities, laboratories, engineering works, or counting-houses of Britain or America. For the construction of the Great Siberian Railway the Russian promoters are relying entirely on native engineers. Nevertheless, it is certain that the scheme would never have been ventured on but for the impetus given to Muscovite enterprise by Anglo-Saxon brains.

In 1857 an American named Collins came forward with a scheme for the formation of an Amur Railway Company, to lay a line from Irkutsk to Chita. Although his plan was not officially adopted, it was carefully kept in mind, and it actually forms the main and central part of the present line. An English engineer offered to lay a tramroad across Siberia, after Muravieff had carried Russia to the Pacific by his brilliant annexation of the mouths of the Amur. In 1858 three Englishmen offered to construct a railway from Moscow through Nijni Novgorod to Tartar Bay. Though all proposals by foreigners have been courteously shelved, they have in reality formed the bases of native enterprise. It is to the credit of Russia that she has determined to depend on the energy and ability of her own sons to carry out this colossal undertaking. It took forty years to think out the ideas now being executed, and meanwhile another great system of Russo-Asiatic railways has been mainly completed. I refer to the Trans-Caspian, by which a passenger can now travel continuously, with every luxury, from St. Petersburg to Merv. This fact alone must convince the thoughtful observer that a revolution has commenced in many of the conditions of civilisation hitherto regarded as perfectly stable. A great disturbance of things is at hand, as the nations of Europe are about to realise. Great awakenings await our statesmen and our merchants. Splendid possibilities, moreover, are at hand for those who may know how to use them. Russia will need peace, and will seek to secure it on terms advantageous to herself. Why should she not? But it will ere long be more difficult than ever for even the most powerful foes to wage war with her, with the idea of making any impression on her impassive bureaucracy. Contingencies will arise which will seriously affect the international equilibrium, and many of these will be occasioned by the completion of the Siberian Railway. Any

who think that this enterprise will constitute no very important factor in the world's progress are dangerously out of the true reckoning.

One of the chronic troubles of the Russian Government arises from the uneven distribution of the population. It happens that those are the most thickly inhabited districts which are the least able to support a dense population. For instance, immense numbers of villages are scattered through the vast forest regions of Central and Western Russia, where birch trees grow by millions, while the great wheat-growing plains of the west centre and south-west are but sparsely inhabited. Then again, the infatuation of the military oligarchy has been evidenced in the plan by which all the railways except this new Siberian line have been designed for purely military purposes. The Emperor Nicholas insisted on all the lines being developed without the slightest regard to the wants of the towns and the conveniences of commerce. Even the natural facilities for engineering operations were not allowed by that autocrat to be for a moment taken into consideration. His engineers were once consulting him as to the expediency of taking the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow by a slight detour, to avoid some very troublesome obstacles. The Tsar took up a ruler, and with his pencil drew a straight line from the old metropolis. Handing back the chart, he peremptorily said, "There, gentlemen, that is to be the route for the line!" And certainly there is not a straighter reach of 600 miles on any railroad in the world, as every tourist knows who has journeyed between the two chief cities of the Russian Empire. Even the Siberian line will scarcely contain anything direct enough to compare with this, though the perfectly straight sections are in some cases extraordinary. For instance, not very far beyond the Urals there is one magnificent stretch of perfectly straight road for 116 versts, or nearly 80 miles.

The traveller who expects that on the great Siberian route he will speedily find himself plunged into semi-savagery, or that he will on leaving Europe begin to realise the solitude of a vast forlorn wilderness, will be agreeably disappointed. This great line is intended to carry forward in its progress all the comforts of modern civilisation. Every station is picturesque and even artistic. No two stations are alike in style, and all are neat, substantial, comfortable, and comparable to the best rural stations anywhere in Europe or America. In one respect Russian provision for travellers is always far in advance of that in other countries. Those familiar with the country will know at once that I refer to the railway restaurants. The Great Siberian follows the rule of excellence and abundance. There, at every station, just as on the European side of the Urals, the traveller sees, on entering the handsome dining-room, the immense buffet loaded with freshly cooked Russian dishes, always hot and

steaming, and of a variety not attempted in any other land excepting at great hotels. You select what fancy and appetite dictate, without any supervision. To dine at a railway restaurant anywhere in the Russian Empire is one of the luxuries of travel. Your dinner costs only a rouble—about two shillings, and what a dinner you secure for the money! Soup, beef, sturgeon, trout, poultry, game, bear's flesh, and vegetables in profusion are supplied *ad libitum*, the visitor simply helping himself just as he pleases. I mention these little details to prove that the longest railway in the world is to push civilisation with it as it goes forward.

Readers who will glance at any map of the new line will notice that the track runs across the upper waters of the great rivers, just about where they begin to be easily navigable. This will enable the navigation of the Obi, Yenisei, and Lena to be taken advantage of for the extension of commerce throughout their entire length. When all is finished there will not in the world be so splendid a system of communication by rail and river combined as in Siberia. It is fully understood by English authorities that the great valley of the Lena will become one of the chief granaries of the world, especially for the benefit of England. Captain Wiggins, by his famous voyage round the Arctic as far as the mouth of the Yenisei, by the Kara Gulf, has already demonstrated that we can for commercial purposes tap Siberia during most of the months of the year.

All through the summer, at any rate, America and England will, by the Arctic passage and by these mighty rivers, communicate with the heart of Asia, the railway in the far interior completing the circle of commerce. Other results will follow. Siberia at present contains a population of four millions—less by more than a million than London reckons within its borders. Millions of the Russian peasantry in Europe are in a condition of chronic semi-starvation. Ere long thousands of these will weekly stream to the new Canaan in the East. Within the borders of Siberia the whole of the United States of America could be enclosed, with a great spare ring around for the accommodation of a collection of little kingdoms. In the wake of the new line towns are springing up like mushrooms. Many of these will become great cities. There are several reasons for this development. The first is that the railway runs through South Siberia, where the climate is delightfully mild compared with the rigorous conditions of the atmosphere further north. The next reason is that all the chief goldfields are in this southern latitude.

The Russian Government is, of course, in most matters of administration the narrowest and most exclusive in the world; but in some directions we must give it credit for being liberal. For instance, it has thrown open the goldfields alike to native and foreign enterprise. There is absolutely no restriction, except that all gold

gathered must be assayed at the Government offices, and that 10 per cent. of the net proceeds must go to the Crown. I was not a little astonished at the Nijni Novgorod Exhibition to see the enormous gilded pyramid representing the mass of gold that has been taken from Siberian mines. When these vast goldfields are rendered more accessible by the completion of the railway, all the gold needed by Russia will be extracted from mines in her own territories.

One characteristic worthy of note is the absolute security aimed at by the administration of the line. Train and track are protected by an immense army of guards. The road is divided into sections of a verst each, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile. Every section is marked by a neat cottage, the home of the guard and his family. Night and day the guard or one of his household must patrol the section. A train is never out of sight of the guards, several of whom are employed wherever there are heavy curves. There are nearly 4000 of these guards on the stretch between the Urals and Tomsk. All sense of solitude is thus removed from the mind of the traveller. The old post road through Siberia is one of the most dangerous routes in the world, being infested by murderous "brodyags," or runaway convicts; but the Siberian line is as safe as Cheapside or Oxford Street. With the fact of perfect safety is soon blended in the mind of the observer that of plenty. All along this wonderful route grass is seen growing in rank luxuriance that can hardly be equalled in any other part of the globe, Siberia being emphatically a grass-growing country. It is the original home of the whole graminiferous stock. Wheat is indigenous to Siberia. Here is the largest grazing region in existence. Through this the train rolls on hour after hour, as in European Russia it goes on and on through interminable birch forests. Countless herds of animals in superb condition are everywhere seen roaming over these magnificent flowering Steppes, over which the Muscovite Eagle proudly floats.

Parts of the great railway, however, traverse regions other than these. To make the reader understand the general characteristics of Siberia and the importance of the railway in the light of these characteristics, a few words must be said about the three great zones which mainly make up the country. The first is the Tundra, the vast region which stretches through the northern sub-arctic latitudes. This desolate belt is not less than 5000 miles in extent. In breadth it varies from 200 to 500 miles. In winter the Tundra is, of course, one vast frozen sheet. In the brief summer it is swampy, steaming, and swarming with mosquitoes. Treeless and sterile, the Tundra is the home of strange, uncouth tribes, but it is a valuable training ground for hardy hunters. To the minds of most people the Tundra is Siberia. This mischievous fallacy is difficult to dispel. In a few years the Siberian railway will have completely dissipated it. Much

more valuable is the far wider zone called the Taiga, the most wonderful belt of forest on the surface of the earth. I can testify to the profound impression of mingled mystery and delight produced on the mind by riding a thousand miles through Russian forests as they still exist in European Russia, where myriads of square miles in the north and centre of the land are covered by birch, spruce, larch, pine and oak plantations. Where do these forests begin and where do they have an end? That is the traveller's thought. He finds that they thicken and broaden, and deepen as they sweep in their majestic gloom across the Urals, and make up for thousands of miles the grand Siberian arboreal belt. In this Taiga the Tsar possesses wealth beyond all computation; and the railway will put it actually at his disposal. The third zone, the most valuable of all, is that which mainly constitutes Southern Siberia. It is the region of the Steppes, that endless natural garden which again makes Siberia an incomparable land. Sheeted with flowers, variegated by woodlands, it holds in its lap ranges of mountains, all running with fairly uniform trend from north to south, while in its heart lies the romantic and mysterious Baikal, the deepest of lakes. Through the spurs of the Taiga, running irregularly through the lovely Steppes, passes the new railroad, which thus taps the chief resources of the land. It will open up the forests, the arable country land, the cattle-breeding districts, and, above all, the mineral deposits. Here is a fine coming opportunity for the capitalists of the world.

Various speculations have been made concerning the probable cost of the Siberian line. The official estimate at the beginning was 400,000,000 roubles, or about £40,000,000. But in such a colossal undertaking the ultimate actual expenditure must far exceed all anticipation and all initial intention. It is not likely that the two termini can be reached without a total outlay of £80,000,000. It must be remembered that for an immense distance in the far eastern section the line branches into two. The original scheme is totally altered. The proper Siberian portion has been diverted, and a Manchurian branch is to be added. How this has come about, and what profound issues depend on the alteration and ramification, we are about to note. But it must be remembered that, as the land belongs entirely to the Government, and therefore costs absolutely nothing, the original estimates might well be based on very economical calculations. Contingencies have arisen which involve enormous modifications, both in policy and in expenditure.

The Siberian Railway starts at Cheliabinsk, just across the Ural Mountains, which it reaches through Samara on the Volga from the European side, coming over the boundary hills through Ufa, Miass, and Zlatoust. Shortly after leaving the latter town, which is the centre of the Uralian iron industry, the train passes that pathetic "Monument

of Tears" which marks the boundary between Europe and Asia. The triangular post of white marble, which thousands of weeping exiles every year embrace as they pay their sad farewell to Europe, is simply inscribed on one of its three sides, 'Asia,' on another, "Europe." Passing down the eastern slopes of the Urals the train soon reaches Cheliabinsk, running beside the Isset, a tributary of the Irtish, one of the main branches of the grand Obi river. On leaving Cheliabinsk, the traveller begins to realise that he is in Siberia. In the near future this section of the line will be traversed by many an explorer and many a hunter, who will in summer come to seek fresh fields on the course of the Obi, to track out towards the north the haunts of the seal, the walrus, and the white bear. The line crosses the Tobol at Kurgan, the Ishim at Patropavlosk, and the Irtish at Omsk, where the majestic new bridge spans a stream of 700 yards. The three fine rivers are confluent of the Obi. Kurgan lies embosomed in the finest and richest, as well as the largest, pasturage ground in the world. The magnitude of this undertaking may be imagined from the fact that the Yenisei river is only reached after a ride of 2000 miles from Cheliabinsk, and then the traveller has not traversed half the distance across the Continent which this railroad spans.

We arrive at the main stream of the Obi when the train rolls into the station at Kolivan. Thus Tomsk, one of the chief cities of Siberia, is missed, for it lies further north on the Obi. In the same way does the line ignore Tobolsk, the Siberian capital, as it touches the Irtish far south of the city. These important places will be served by branch lines. Indeed, the branch to Tomsk is already finished. It is 80 miles long, and runs down the Tom valley northward to the city, which is the largest and most important in all Siberia. Tomsk will become the "hub" of Asia. It lies near the centre of the new railway system. It has a telephone system, is lighted by electricity, and possesses a flourishing university with thirty professors and three hundred students. Tomsk, Tobolsk, and Yeniseisk would be difficult to reach by the main line, as they are surrounded by vast swamps, and therefore the line is thus laid considerably south of these great towns. They are accessible with ease by side lines down their respective rivers.

The Siberian line is designed to run through the arable lands of the fertile zone. The adjacent land will be worth countless millions of roubles to a Government which has not had to pay a single kopeck for it. On for many hundreds of versts rolls the train through the pasture lands of the splendid Kirghiz race. The Kirghiz are by far the finest of the Tartars. They are a purely pastoral people, frugal, cleanly, and hospitable, living mainly on meats and milk and cheese, the products of their herds. Both for pasture and for the culture of cereals, the vast territory between the Obi and the Yenisei will be un-

rivalled in the whole world. Kurgan is the capital. It will become an Asiatic Chicago

On the Shim river, a fairly important though minor tributary of the Obi, is Patropavlosk, with a population already of 20,000. It is growing rapidly, and fine buildings are springing up, in attestation of the immense influence of the new line. This city was once the frontier fortress erected by Russia against the Kirghiz. It was of commercial importance before the railroad was thought of, as the emporium of the brisk trade with Samarcand and Central Asia; great camel caravans constantly reaching it. All the old towns which are traversed by the Great Siberian are being transformed as if by magic. From Patropavlosk to Omsk is a distance equal to that between London and Edinburgh, about 400 miles. New and promising villages are frequently espied in the midst of the level, fertile, flowery plains, varied by great patches of cultivated land. All along the track the land is being taken up on each side, and crops are being raised. We are in the midst of the great future granary of the whole Russian Empire, and not of that Empire alone.

Reaching the Yenisei river, the grandest stream in Siberia, the train crosses by a bridge a thousand yards in length. But some time before this a stoppage is made at the town of Obb, which is a striking sample of the magical results of the railway. Three years ago not a house stood on the site of this city of 14,000 people, in which are to-day many handsome buildings, including several churches. The whole country was till recently a scene of wild desolation. The thriving community, busy with a prosperous trade, is typical of the coming transformation of Siberia.

A short distance beyond Irkutsk the line reaches one of the most remarkable places in the world—Lake Baikal. It is at once the pride of Siberia and the despair of the railway engineers. It is here that the really formidable difficulties begin, and from that point they do not cease, for it is the western section of the railroad which was comparatively easy of construction. From Baikal to the Pacific the work is much more troublesome and costly, both on the Amur branch to Vladivostock, and on the Manchurian to Newchwang. The Russian engineers dislike tunnelling, in which they are anything but experts. Baikal and the surrounding district they have found a terrible bugbear. This grand lake is as long as England. It is nearly a mile deep, and covers an area of 13,430 square miles. Its surface is 1500 feet above the level of the sea. On every side it is hemmed in by lofty mountains, covered with thick forest. Only a few tiny villages relieve its dreary solitude. The early Russian settlers, impressed by the mystic silence and gloomy grandeur of Baikal, named it the "Holy Sea." It abounds in fish of many species, and every season thousands of pounds

worth of salmon are caught and dried. At the north end great numbers of seals have their habitat, the Buriat hunters sometimes taking as many as a thousand in a single season. Baikal is the only fresh-water sea in the world in which this animal is found.

The Circumbaikalian section of the line offers stupendous difficulties. The track has to run round the south end of the lake, from Listwinitza to Mysawaya. Many torrents have to be bridged where the shores are rocky, and where they are flat they are very marshy.

The Transbaikalian section takes the line from Lake Baikal to the great Amur river. The line gradually ascends to the crest of the Yablonoi Mountains, reaching a height of 3412 feet above the sea level. This is the greatest altitude of the Siberian Railway. In this province of Transbaikalia lies the interesting city of Chita, the far-off home of the most famous and estimable Socialist exiles sent from Russia. From this point to the Amur, where Manchuria is reached, the line is carried down the Pacific slope, through one of the wildest and most romantic tracts ever penetrated by railway engineers. Political events have revolutionised the original scheme for the eastern portion of the line, which is now to have three branches, touching the Pacific at the three points of Vladivostock, at Newchwang, and ultimately at some spot on the coast of Korea. The Vladivostock end is already finished as far as Khabarovski, the town which stands at the junction of the Ussur and the Amur. This last section of the line is called the Ussurian, and it covers a distance of 483 miles. It is not generally remembered by Englishmen that the Great Siberian Railway was begun at the Pacific end, and that the present Tsar Nicholas II, when Tsarevitch, inaugurated the colossal enterprise by laying the first stone of the eastern terminus at Vladivostock, on May 12, 1891, after the publication of the Imperial rescript solemnly decreeing the work on March 17 of the same year.

It may be a matter of mystery to many readers how the rapid performance of the undertaking can be ensured. The process is very simple. Seven sections are being made simultaneously. These are (1) the West Siberian, from Cheliabinsk to the Obi, 880 miles; (2) the Central Siberian, from the Obi to Irkutsk, 1162 miles; (3) the Circumbaikalian, from Irkutsk to Mysawaya, round the south of the lake, 194 miles; (4) the Transbaikalian, from Mysawaya to Strietensk, 669 miles; (5) the Amur, from Strietensk to Khabarovski, 1326 miles; (6) the North Ussurian, from Khabarovski to Graphska, 230 miles; (7) the South Ussurian, from Graphska to Vladivostock, 253 miles, giving a total length of 4714 miles, or more than a thousand miles more than the length of the American line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The chief troubles at present are encountered in the Amur section, where labour and the necessaries of life are most difficult to procure. The first train reached Irkutsk in

August 1898, an astonishingly early date considering that the distance of that city from Cheliabinsk is 2042 miles.

The future possibilities of this railway are little dreamed of by the world at large. The Russians tell us that when their grand line is open throughout, the journey from Moscow to Newchwang or Vladivostock will be made in four days, and Shanghai may be reached from London in nine days. As to the fare, it will certainly be possible to go from London to Shanghai by using this Russian line, for £40 first class, about half of the present fare to China by the cheapest sea route *via* Brindisi. As Russia now has increased complications on her hands with regard to both China and Japan, she is determined to accomplish with the utmost rapidity the task of completing the two branches into which the line forks off in the Far East. Into the political difficulties connected with the Manchurian branch I do not here enter. They will be overcome by compromise with England. There is room for the working out of the interests of both Britain and Russia in the remote East. The fate of China is settled. She may not be partitioned, but she must at any rate come under the virtual suzerainty of the overshadowing occidental Powers, which may put new life into her effete civilisation without necessarily coming into collision with each other.

WILLIAM DURBAN.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN CREED.

SO much, of course, has been written about India that, as a rule, educated public opinion at home is well informed on Indian questions ; but the particular subject with which this article deals has up to the present been sedulously avoided. It would scarcely be believed by Englishmen at home, who have long been accustomed to freely ventilate their opinions in the Press, on public platforms, and in the ordinary conversation of everyday life, to what an extent all freedom of opinion on certain topics is eschewed in Anglo-Indian circles. On certain points perfect unanimity is demanded, and any dereliction from this rule is fiercely resented and, when possible, sternly repressed. Were it germane to the matter under discussion, sufficient reasons might be found to explain this condition of things ; the fact that the Europeans in India live continuously in proximity to a political volcano, the strong tendency to a conventional unanimity that an exclusively bureaucratic society is bound to engender, and the formal optimism which is considered a necessary safeguard against native disloyalty. Certain it is, whatever may be the causes, that to many an Englishman the present conditions which determine free speech among Anglo-Indians will seem both strange and arbitrary. He knows that in 1858 the natives of India gained many privileges by passing under the direct rule of the Queen ; and though he may surmise that between conquerors and conquered many of these rights must be held rather in theory than in practice, yet he is in most cases utterly unprepared for the fetters on free expression of opinion that exist not merely for the Asiatic, but also for the European. The newly arrived must expect to find not only a native Press which is practically restricted within very narrow limits, not only a population, both native and European, which is unrepresented

in any Parliament, and which even in its municipal constitution can be over-ridden at any time by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, but he must also prepare himself for an everyday conversation which is jealously guarded and fenced by certain rules which are not expressly stated, but are, nevertheless, very well understood. It is partly out of pity for those who have still to learn these hidden laws that this article has been written. There exists, in fact, an Anglo-Indian Creed which is far more effective in its action than any of the three confessions of Christendom. In these days of religious toleration a man may with perfect safety, as far as this world is concerned, deny the tenets of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, and it is even considered fashionable to ridicule that of St. Athanasius; but let him beware how he offend against the confession of faith of the English official community in India!

The first article of the Creed is that "long residence in India as an Anglo-Indian official alone enables a man to express correct opinions on any Indian question." This is treated as an axiom more sound than any to be found in Euclid; and any one who seriously dared to question its accuracy in the drawing-room of an Indian bungalow would be treated as a heretic of a very dangerous order. It is on this account that globe-trotters are so much ridiculed in Anglo-Indian literature; because coming fresh from a country where they have been accustomed to express themselves freely, they are not even aware of the heinousness of their offence. By expressing any opinion at all on an Indian question they poach on the preserves of the Anglo-Indian official, and by expressing a conviction they break the first article of the Anglo-Indian Creed. All Anglo-Indian writers and journalists, from Kipling downwards, have poured forth the vials of their wrath on the Radical lord and the globe-trotting member of Parliament. For the satirists of India have not been Dickenses to attack popular prejudices, but are quite content to sail along into the flowing tide of conventional unanimity. This first principle of the Creed is a very ancient bulwark of conservatism and vested interest; and has often succeeded in checking the onward course of reform or innovation. But it has often been shown that truths have been revealed to babes which have been hidden from the wise and prudent,—as, for instance, at the beginning of this century when the abolition of the death penalty for offences against property was under discussion in England, where the justice and the expediency of the reform were perceived by the masses long before they had penetrated the intelligence of the great lawyers and ecclesiastics. Heretics in India, when they meet in secret conclave, have been known to whisper that prejudice and vested interests are factors in determining decisions of officials, and are hardly less potent in their influence than that acquaintance with the subject and technical

knowledge which long residence in India may give. The Anglo-Indian official is but mortal; and it has even been found that there is a strong tendency for all mortals to be influenced by their own prejudices and vested interests.

The second article of the Creed follows closely on the first; it runs as follows: "All interference from London, whether from the Indian Secretary or from debates in Parliament, is to be condemned as alike useless and harmful." This tenet is closely connected with the first, because if residence in India alone qualifies a man to form a correct judgment on any Indian question, it is obvious that the House of Commons is a very unfit body to criticise Indian administration. Nevertheless, the whole judicial system of the country, resting as it does on trial by jury, completely contradicts the theory that technical knowledge of a dispute is the only factor worthy of consideration; and the Indian Government itself, by associating purely military men with specialists on a sanitary board, show that they fully appreciate the value of lay opinion. It is also hardly to be supposed that the English nation would consent to send 80,000 of her sons to maintain in lucrative positions a body of officials who asserted that they and they alone were competent to decide all questions that concern the government of India, and that they should resent any interference from the Home Government. Incredible as it may appear, this is the El Dorado of Indian officialism—to be free from all criticism and all external control, to reign as undisputed despots, suppressing all hostile comments in the Press, on the platform, and even at the dining-table or club smoking-room. If Mr. Chalmers' amendments for the government of the Press could have been made more stringent, if sentences such as those passed by Mr. Aston could be made more general, and the palmy days of John Company could come again, when every official was a little autocrat, then would the El Dorado be found and the golden dream of the bureaucrat be realised in its fulness. Mr. Caine, Mr. Webb and Mr. Naoroji compete with each other in unpopularity in the columns of the *Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette*. The roving tourist is an especial abomination on account of the freedom with which he frequently expresses his opinions; especially as his immunity from punishment renders his heresy the more grievous and detestable. A few weeks ago an American tourist and his wife were violently assaulted at Indraput Fort, near Delhi, the lady was hurled down some steps, and the husband with great difficulty after a very severe struggle succeeded in mastering his assailant. The affair seems to have been handled very clumsily by the local officials, and when the American wrote a very courteous letter to the papers complaining of the delay of justice in the matter (which must be especially irritating to a tourist), he was

met with an answer in the *Pioneer* from the District Superintendent of Police, which displayed all the worst vices of an ill-disciplined bureaucrat, combining as it did rudeness with ignorance. His letter charged the American with disloyalty, entirely oblivious of the fact that he was not a subject of Queen Victoria, and also with having written a letter worthy of a "half-educated Baboo," forgetting that his own reply gave evidence of no education at all—that is to say, if education is held to include courtesy and fairness. This extraordinary answer to a perfectly legitimate complaint appeared in the *Pioneer* on January 18, 1899, and is quoted as a sample of the anger which is excited in the official mind at the slightest attempt at criticism.

This circumstance is introduced to show the working of the third article of the Creed, which is that "no external criticism is to be tolerated either in the native or European Press; and still less on a public platform." In this matter, too, the Anglo-Indian Creed is very complete in its unrelenting orthodoxy; for it has defended itself by a most perplexing dilemma. For the critic must be either an Anglo-Indian official or the reverse; if as an official he is so far forgetful of his position as to dare to dissent from the universal optimism of the Government, he generally effectually blocks his own promotion, and is frequently called upon to withdraw his statements and apologise for his misconduct. Should the critic belong to the non-official community his remarks are treated as ignorant and impertinent; and if, as is usually the case, he has only visited India for a few months, he is even more severely handled in the columns of the *Pioneer* as one who has violated the three first articles of their beloved Creed. With the two-edged sword of a charge of disloyalty against the official and of ignorance against the non-official, the Anglo-Indian jealously guards his paradise of irresponsibility to public opinion whether at home or in India.

Some months ago a prominent official so far forgot himself as to break roughly through the crust of bureaucratic optimism, and from a public platform in Simla he boldly criticised the actions of Government with reference to the conduct of the Tirah campaign. Sir James Westland, duly horrified at this extraordinary breach of official decorum, complained that he felt as though he were present at a meeting of the National Congress. For in India every speech or action that savours of freedom is at once likened to the method and speeches of the unfortunate Bengali Baboo, who is the invariable butt for Anglo-Indian orthodoxy. Though Mr. Thorburn's heretical opinions were cherished by many, and though his strictures on the harsh transport measures sanctioned by authority were never refuted, he was nevertheless censured in an official despatch from Lord George

Hamilton, and was graciously pardoned on the understanding that he had recanted his errors, and had become once again a true believer in the Creed.

But it sometimes happens that some critic escapes impalement on either horn of the dilemma, and can neither be punished by the Indian Government nor treated as one altogether ignorant of the subject with which he deals. For it occasionally happens that a returned official, after having breathed for a time the freer air of England, forgets the orthodoxy which had so long fettered his better judgment, and breaks forth into terrible heresy. Sir William Wedderburn is a well-known heretic, and about three years ago Mr. Frank Skrine, on retirement from his post as Commissioner at Chittagong, penned an incisive article on the favouritism and unfairness prevalent at Simla. Such men cannot be put aside as ignorant of India, nor can they be compelled to recant and apologise; and their very immunity from attack renders the orthodox Anglo-Indian the more furious at their defection. The most fitting retort that has yet been discovered for this most annoying form of heresy is to express wonder and disgust that such men should presume to draw their pensions, instead of rather hiding their shame in complete obscurity. The logic which leads Anglo-Indian journalists of the orthodox type to suppose that all who do not agree with them ought to refuse to draw their own pensions is of a kind that only the orthodox can fully understand.

If such are the feelings with which criticism from a European has to contend, it can be readily understood how the orthodox in India regard the native Press. Quite recently the laws on this matter have been revised, and the legal acumen of Mr. Chalmers was employed to tighten the reins that bind the native editor. Several very severe sentences were passed; but the rigidly orthodox are still not satisfied, and their general opinion is that it is a shame that such low fellows as native editors should be allowed to criticise their betters. It may here be noticed that the only difference of opinion on articles of the Creed which is permitted is when the caviller out-Herods Herod by being even more reactionary than the Indian Government. This mild form of criticism is only reprovved very gently; or else it is allowed that the view is quite sound and orthodox, but that, alas, owing to the degeneracy of the times it can only safely be held as a "pious opinion."

The fourth article of the Creed is, however, the most sacred. "Lord Ripon and all his works are anathema maranatha," such is Article IV., and before all things, as is aforesaid, it is necessary that you should hold firmly this article of the Anglo-Indian faith. For did not Lord Ripon, as Viceroy, act upon the hateful principle that the interests of the three hundred million natives were of paramount

importance? Did he not in many ways damage the vested interests of the Englishmen in India? He threw open to natives branches of the public service which were before the peculiar heritage of Europeans; he allowed natives to govern their own municipalities; and manifested in general that he held heretical views concerning the Creed. That a Viceroy should behave in such fashion was as though a Pope of Rome should astonish his Cardinals by announcing that he had become a bigoted Protestant! The municipalities which he created should be ridiculed and decried; and whenever a Lieutenant-Governor feels called upon to over-ride their powers all who desire to bear a character for untainted orthodoxy should rejoice exceedingly. The enthusiasm with which the natives always greeted that wicked Viceroy should not be mentioned, and such benevolent institutions as the Ripon Hospital at Simla should not be accounted unto him for righteousness. Was he not a friend and ally of Gladstone, that great arch-heretic?

A fifth article of the Creed is that "a forward policy is the best." In this particular the orthodox in India are brought into close alliance with the "Jingoes" at home, and the military section at Simla can join hands with General Gatacre and Ashmead Bartlett in England. The forward policy, though frequently explained in learned and laborious phrases, is of the very greatest simplicity. It consists in always supporting English aggression, and indefinitely extending our frontiers, whenever there is a favourable opportunity. The advance to Quetta and to Kandahar, the wars in Chitral and in Tirah, and the occupation of Gilgit have been advocated and supported on the plea of a good forward policy. In the discussions in Council the unfortunate member for finance is completely outweighed by the military element, which is represented by the Commander-in-Chief and the military member; and unless the Viceroy is a firm opponent of needless aggression, the forward policy is invariably carried. The newcomer to India, who may not be fully conversant with the Creed, must avoid mentioning the heavy increase of taxation that all these little wars entail, with their attendant contingencies of increased garrisons and renewed levies. The supporter of the forward policy must refuse to consider that a continued increase in military expenditure means either increased taxation or a corresponding decrease in moneys voted for irrigation, police, postal, and educational departments. Any discontent that may arise among the educated natives of Calcutta and Bombay must be treated as mere disloyalty. But this new gospel of annexation and aggression, termed alike Imperialism, Jingoism, or a spirited foreign policy, is to be found not in India alone, but among all the chief people of the world. Bismarck in his rejection of the German Liberalism of 1848, and in his creation of the military and political power of Prussia by his

three wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870, gave the initiative to this craving for conquest and annexation. Even the United States has at last succumbed to the universal fever; and by her present war against the Filipinos she has stultified her former theories of Government. Among the English, politicians like Chamberlain, poets like Kipling, and generals like Gatacre, fan the flames of international rivalry; whilst alone among rulers the Tsar strives to make men give ear to his gracious message of peace.

The sixth article is to the effect that, "though missionaries and missions may to a certain extent be recognised, yet one must believe that of all natives native Christians are the worst." The orthodox Anglo-Indian, though possibly himself a Christian, must believe that Christianity produces the most disastrous effects in India. He should remember that the natives already possess two excellent religions of their own, *z c*, Hinduism and Islam. He should point out that almost invariably converts to Christianity spring from the lowest orders of the people, and that the hope of financial gain is the main inducement towards baptism rather than any real conversion of the heart. He should himself as an official be very careful to abstain from even a suspicion of any way favouring Christians; and, as they are of course worse than other natives, he will neither employ them as household servants himself nor suffer others to do so without warning them of their folly. In all these ways an orthodox person can maintain a proper position with regard to missionary efforts; though of course the *ne plus ultra* of orthodoxy was in vogue in the glorious Georgian era, when all missionaries from England were excluded from British India. With regard to financial help to missions, facetious remarks should be made with reference to the cost per head of each convert, and the probable time that must elapse before India be converted. Those who prefer the Creed of Christendom to that of Anglo-India may reply with certain tiresome arguments. They may allude to the fact that certain parts of Europe, notably in Prussia and Poland, were not converted for more than a thousand years after Christ, and that Christian efforts in India are comparatively modern. They may point out that when Paul preached it was the slaves and poor people who were especially drawn to Christianity, and that not many mighty and not many noble were Christians first of all at Corinth; they may say that the Christian leaven is working now even as it worked then—upwards rather than downwards. They may even dare to question that glorious palladium of this sixth article, and assert that they believe that native Christians are quite as good servants as are their heathen brethren: they will perhaps point to the fact that in the market they command higher wages in clubs, restaurants and private houses. But though the fresh arrival may have obtained high marks both in history and in political economy,

he must treat all such arguments as mere devices to shake the faith of the orthodox, and unworthy of serious consideration. In fact, the discussion of such topics is in itself bad form, and at all social gatherings he will do well to confine himself in conversational limits which may extend from the polo ground to the bungalow and from the golf links to the tennis court. Station gossip, sport, promotions and transfers should form the staple of his conversational repertoire. If when in England he dreamt of intellectual conversations between some of the cleverest men of their year, let him at once dismiss such an idea as one that is preposterous and chimerical. In truth, the severity of the Anglo-Indian Creed, which has ruled so many matters to be beyond discussion, has produced a condition of things which goes far to explain the monotony and dulness of Anglo-Indian conversation.

The last article of the Creed is rather curious, and its belief is not so imperative. If, however, you desire to be thoroughly orthodox it is well that you should believe that "Mohammedans are much better than Hindus" You should be prepared to think that the Mohammedan is braver, manlier, and more worthy of respect in every way, whereas the Hindu is too frequently cowardly, treacherous, untruthful, and dishonest. Of course the facts of the case are in many ways absolutely opposed to any such convictions. For if we consider the matter from a military point of view, we shall at once be challenged by the undoubted fact that of all the inhabitants of India, the Sikhs and the Gurkhas were our most valiant and troublesome opponents; and at the present time no regiments are more loyal or more brave than those composed of these non-Mohammedan soldiers. In the matter of education, of course, there is no comparison in intelligence between the quick-witted Hindu and the Mohammedan, the former is so immeasurably superior. In the matter of morality the Hindu can again claim from statistics a superiority over the Mussulman. A study of the relative number of prisoners in the jails will convince all except the rigidly orthodox that the follower of Mohammed is far more criminal than the believer in the Shastras. No doubt the true believer in this article of the Creed can explain this unfortunate position of Mussulmans by that superior independence of character which induces them to commit such pleasantries as the cutting of throats and the lifting of cattle. With regard to dishonesty both alike are such adepts in the science that it is hard to award the palm, but probably he who has many servants will learn that the Mohammedan cook is the more audacious and persistent in his fraud. With regard to loyalty it must be remembered that Delhi, the ancient seat of the rule of the Moguls, became the headquarters of the rebels in 1857, and that the Maulvi of Fyzabad was the most effectual of all the agents that excited the Sipāhis

to rebellion Mohammedanism has a great fascination for the orthodox Anglo-Indian, and in the war between Turkey and Greece their sympathies were, of course, strongly enlisted on the side of tyranny. The victories of the Turk were hailed with enthusiasm by the *Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette*, and the bombardment of the Christians in Crete was regarded as an omen of a return to the policy of Disraeli. For though professing in a patronising tone to be like poor Mercutio in his views about the quarrels between the Montagues and Capulets, the really orthodox Anglo-Indian is invariably a robust Conservative. For him Ashmead Bartlett is too milk and watery and the lion of Birmingham is too tame; he desires especially a good understanding with Turkey and the Mohammedans on the theory that by so doing we can best oppose the advancing Muscovite. For though the Imperialist talks with a light heart of a war with France or Russia, he becomes absurdly timid directly there is any chance of our becoming embroiled with Turkey, or in any way giving offence to our Mohammedan subjects in India. They are still like ruined tipsters who persist in putting their money on the wrong horse, and every instance of the utter feebleness of that unfortunate quadruped only confirms them in their folly. As the Israelites of old persisted in looking to Egypt for support, so these philo-Mohammedans wish England to lean on that broken reed—the Sublime Porte. In fact, so infatuated have they become in their zeal for the religion of Mohammed that they are desirous that the new college at Khartoum should spread its tenets among the people of the Soudan. They are wilfully ignorant of the corruption that invariably marks all Mohammedan rule, and persist in ascribing to temporary accidents courses of failure which are in reality inextricably bound up with the religion itself. The paltry victory which Turkey succeeded in gaining by her superior numbers over Greece has buoyed up the fanatics with a delusive hope; and they fail to discern that the Crescent must finally disappear before the Cross.

In order that any one who has neither the time nor the inclination to peruse the whole article may see at a glance the Anglo-Indian Creed, it is here given *in extenso*

THE ANGLO-INDIAN CREED

I believe that long residence in India alone qualifies any one to express an opinion on any Indian question

I believe that all interference, whether from the Indian Secretary or from debates in Parliament, is pernicious.

Furthermore, no external criticism is to be tolerated on any Indian official, either in the Press or on the platform or in ordinary conversation.

As I believe that Lord Ripon and his works are anathema maranatha, so am I bound to confess that the forward policy is to be practised.

And though it be lawful to regard missionaries with toleration, yet is it essential for a right faith to believe that of all natives native Christians are the worst.

Finally, for complete orthodoxy, it should be allowed that Moham-medans are in all ways superior to Hindus.

This is the true Anglo-Indian faith, though it is here given and signed by

A HERETIC

THE IMPERIALISM OF BRITISH TRADE.

III. THE BURNING QUESTION AND THE ANSWER

THE burning question of to-day is—whether the capitalistic era which is now slowly superseding the industrial era of England is not fraught with dangers. We ought to ask ourselves very seriously whether, in the acquisition of wealth and in the establishment of manufactures abroad, we are not moving too fast for our well-being at home. We are in duty bound to watch that our capitalistic expansion does not react too forcibly on the social fabric of England, and injure the vital interests of the nation.

For once I agreed with Mr. Chamberlain when he said in his Wolverhampton speech :

“The centre and the heart of this Empire, the hub of the wheel, from which radiate all its colonies and dependencies, is to be found in these three small islands . . . but these three islands, upon which all depend, with the enormous possibilities of good, could not themselves enjoy any measure of prosperity, could barely enjoy the confidence even of existence, but for that gigantic trade upon which everything depends. . . . Therefore the first duty of the Government is to maintain and defend this trade, the foundations of which were laid by our ancestors.”

It is only regrettable that Mr. Chamberlain does not carry this idea further, but “in his manner” confounds national trade, capitalistic expansion, and Imperial interests, and therefore cannot see how the one may be seriously injured by the unchecked growth of the others.

We can scarcely hope for any help from him, however much he may talk of the first duty of the Government to maintain and defend the trade in these three small islands. Whatever he offers—to-day an International Zollverein, to-morrow an Imperial expansion by conquest, or, in the *Economist's* graphic phraseology, a “grabbing for posterity” at all costs—will neither improve our national trade, which to-day he calls gigantic, and which to-morrow may be, to his

great mind, only of parochial importance, nor advance our true Imperial interests. If we must get rid of the Manchester school we must certainly not replace it by a Birmingham school.

Mr Chamberlain's proposals for maintaining and defending our trade are really, to use his own words, not worth being touched, "not even with tongs" They are in conflict with the most fundamental laws of trade, of which he evidently does not know much. However fools may fight about the question whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade, trade will after all follow its own laws. These laws, if allowed full play, and if not meddled with by Colonial Ministers, will all work in our favour. They have, however, been almost continuously ignored for the last fifty years, and we cannot hope for our salvation save from their rehabilitation.

We have seen in what manner and to what degree our capital investments abroad enriched us when our profits at home threatened to decrease. The large excess of imports over exports, far from making us poorer, was only the means by which we received the incomes from our extensive properties beyond the seas. There can be no doubt that the tremendous stream of wealth which set in from our outer domain towards our shores, in the shape of commodities, must have given an impetus to certain new branches of enterprise at home. It has engendered in certain sections of the community a feeling of ease and well-being which has deceived even thoughtful observers into the belief that all is well in this best of all worlds. But there can be no doubt that this stream of wealth has choked many of our national enterprises and injured many of the most vital interests of our islands. We cannot, therefore, share this convenient optimism. On the contrary, we fear that the advantages arising from our inflowing wealth from all parts of the world, beneficial though they may be to certain classes of our population, are overrated, and that the grave disadvantages to our producing classes in general, and to the community at large, are overlooked. There are ugly signs of a decline, if not decay, in some of our most important industries. Our agriculture, which we proudly call our greatest industry, is smitten by chronic disease. Other industries, on which we thought our national greatness rested, seem almost on the eve of meeting the same fate. It is no secret that Manchester itself is feeling the pinch. Only the other day Mr. Albert Simpson, in the *Manchester Guardian*, called our attention to the serious depreciation of cotton mills, and to the fact that no new capital is entering the trade, whilst employment is gradually decreasing.

Our iron industry has lost its leading position, and is far surpassed by that of the United States. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the boom which for the time being has given us a lift and galvanised our home industries into a semblance of life. The rela-

tively low prices which continued to rule until quite recently ought to have given us warning that this life was far from being real. It was chiefly brought about by demands caused by armaments for war, and by the new rush of capital into all sorts of remunerative or speculative investments after long famishing years of low interest. We are afraid it will not be very long before we are in the slump again, and resume our downward course; for the competition with ourselves which we have created abroad must soon begin to tell again, and to show its peculiar economic effects. The newly born American pseudo-imperialism which has helped to boom business in the United States cannot last, and we may be sure that its collapse when it comes will be quite on an imperial scale. We shall then realise anew how much our profits are dependent upon the business in the United States, and it may be safely predicted that this time it will be our manufactures, more even than our agriculture, which will have to suffer from the forced sales of the products of the new huge manufacturing combinations in America.

In the decline of our home industries the future of our labouring classes is sure to be involved. The industrial labourer will soon share the lot of the agricultural labourer, who, for want of employment in our rural districts, has lost his livelihood at home, and is forced to seek it abroad by following in the wake of our capital. The cheap prices of food and the exceptionally high nominal wages which at present prevail may delude the labouring classes as to their real positions, but they cannot and will not last for ever. We cannot but consider both as more or less transitory.

It is commonly thought, and seems at first very natural to suppose, that, for the present, all limitations of production of food is at an indefinite distance, and that ages must elapse before any practical necessity arises for taking the possible limits of production into serious consideration.

This John Stuart Mill declares to be not only an error, but "the most serious error to be found in the whole field of political economy. The question," he adds, "is more important and fundamental than any other; it involves the whole subject of the causes of poverty in a rich and industrious community."

With the rapidly increasing population of the world we are probably much nearer to a restriction in the production of food than the present generation, which takes no thought for the morrow, cares to admit. The cheap prices of food now ruling are the effect of our capital having taken into cultivation, within the last thirty years, immense tracts of fertile lands beyond the seas and temporarily outrun population. The high rate of wages which our labourers at present enjoy is caused, not only by the world-wide demand for labour which has sprung up from the rapid expansion of modern capital over the whole

globe, but chiefly by the possibility given to labour of flowing into and freely acquiring those fresh and fertile lands which were suddenly opened to it. This naturally served as a powerful regulator of wages, and contributed much to keeping them up for the time being. But, as Ricardo puts it: "Whilst the land yields abundantly wages may temporarily rise, and the producers may consume more than their accustomed proportion, the stimulus which will thus be given to population will speedily reduce the labourers to their usual consumption. When poor lands are taken into cultivation or when more capital and labour are expended on the old land, with a less return of produce, this effect must be permanent."

It is impossible that the countries beyond the seas which send us our food on exceptionally low terms will continue to do so for all time to come. They cannot eternally supply as cheaply as they do now an ever increasing demand. Within measurable distance their superior soils will be taken up and cultivation extended to inferior soils.

Prices of food will then rise and profits will fall, for the law of Ricardo that profits of stock are determined by the yield of inferior soils taken into cultivation will prove as true to-day as it was in his time. With an increasing population wages will fall also. Things will then begin to look serious.

The warnings which Sir William Crookes gave us last year on this subject are not so much out of place as some people would wish to make us believe. To the economist there is no essential difference of opinion between the great Professor of Chemistry and our great authority on Agriculture, Sir John Lawes. The former predicted a scarcity of wheat in a future not very far ahead; the latter consoled us by the assertion that there would be no scarcity if we only paid higher prices. To the economist both eminent men mean the same thing: they only express themselves differently; for to the economist the high price of wheat is synonymous with its scarcity. If, then, prices of food rise, if profits fall, if we allow our great industries to decay or to be transferred to other countries, and if we allow our labourers to lose their employment, how can we hope in the future to feed our masses?

Statesmen worthy of the name ought to consider seriously this "most important and fundamental question" of John Stuart Mill. The gain which the moneyed classes draw from their investments abroad, and the temporary golden rain which through them falls at present on that part of the community which is in their pay or ministers to their luxuries, cannot possibly last for ever, and cannot compensate us for the misfortune which will overtake us if we allow our great national industries to be sacrificed.

We are not possessed of that philosophic equanimity with which Mr Mulhall, in the passage quoted above, views the decline of British

agriculture and declares the continuance of the present economic system to be most desirable. We are rather of Ricardo's opinion that it is always regrettable for a nation to be deprived of important and beneficial branches of trade. We cannot but see in the paralysis of our agriculture and in the decline of our other great industries a national calamity, and we feel assured that we have been landed in this our present predicament, notwithstanding all our riches, by the utter neglect of all sound laws of trade. The sooner we revert to these laws the better it will be for us

The movement which we have outlined, of our flowing capital seeking investment and expanding abroad, was in itself a very natural one, and was, if kept within natural bounds, beneficial to our economic development. Up to the present it has prevented, as we have shown, the profits of our capital from falling, and has acquired for us immense new potentialities. With these potentialities we ought to have at least been able to maintain our home industries, if not in their former monopoly or supremacy, yet in a prosperous and flourishing condition, with our capitalistic expansion we ought at least to have defended the "mighty trade, the foundations of which were laid by our ancestors," and to have kept sound the centre and the heart of the Empire built upon these foundations. We ought to have given to this Empire that solid economic structure which would have secured to ourselves and to the world at large those "enormous possibilities of good" a vision of which flashed through the mind of Mr. Chamberlain. This we could have done if we had been true to the teachings of our great ancestors, and if we had not, by an unjust, an unscientific, and a short-sighted policy, dangerously precipitated the movement of capitalistic expansion then in the course of development.

It was the perverse fate of England that she, the very country which gave to the world the science of national economy, should have become unfaithful to the principles of this science, and should have followed the voice of a charmer who juggled away these principles and substituted for them, by legerdemain as it were, a mere sham.

Torrens gives the following expression to this thought, in regretting that Sir Robert Peel should have been misled by Cobden :

"Sir Robert Peel, suddenly awakening from the long delusions of his early life, and eager for guidance through paths he had failed to explore, turned to the voice of the charmer no adder's ear. Not possessing the mastery of scientific principles which would have enabled him to perceive the limitations to which they are liable in practice, he embraced the Cobden creed with the headlong zeal of a recent pervert. *Regardless of the necessary laws which govern the terms of international exchange, he substituted direct taxation for import duties, while foreign countries continued to enforce their tariffs, and thus destroyed the equality without which no real freedom of commerce can exist.*"

Cobden's friends and biographers, even Cobden himself, used still stronger language with regard to his Free Trade agitation. Morley, in his "Life of Cobden," for instance, writes as follows :

"There is one more point on which it is worth while to say a word in connection with Cobden's character as an agitator. The great danger of the career is that it may in time lessen a man's moral self-possession. *Effect becomes the decisive consideration instead of truth, and character is gradually destroyed by the parasites of self-consciousness and vanity*"

Cobden spoke thus of himself in relation to the public : "I have been obliged to amuse them, not by standing on my head or eating fire, but by kindred feats of jugglery, such as appeals to their self-esteem, their combativeness, or their honour."

It will always remain an incomprehensible fact that the country of Ricardo, Malthus, Torrens, and Mill made the "*sacrificio dell' intelletto*," and for half a century shaped her policy by the teachings of a Cobden !

Cobden called himself "a practical man," and did not trouble himself much about scientific principles. From the teachings of our great economists, which he neither understood nor cared to understand, this only had he gleaned—that, in order to enable him to reduce wages and raise profits, he needed cheap food for the Manchester labourers. This was the true inwardness of his principles. In his parliamentary speeches he protested, with an adroit display of philanthropy, against this imputation. He pretended that the rate of wages had no more connection with the price of food than the moon's changes. But, in his "Russia by a Manchester Manufacturer," he allowed the truth to leak out. In this pamphlet he confessed that there was, indeed, a very close connection between cheap food and cheap wages, and that he wanted the former in order to enforce the latter.

In order to procure cheap raw material, this later saint of Free Trade and arch-enemy of bounties and monopoly became director of a monopolistic concern, the Algerian Cotton, Land, and Irrigation Company, and had enormous privileges and extravagant bounties on exportation of cotton granted it by the French Government. To secure for the cotton mills of Manchester immunity from poor-rates, he, though always posing as the friend of the labourer, was ready—as the *Times* of January 15, 1863, pointed out—to withdraw, without a pang of conscience, from the operatives the very funds upon which they must have depended in a crisis. In short, Cobden tried his best to increase the profits of his industry at the expense of the labourers, by all kinds of quackery, tricks, and jugglery ; but he failed. The inexorable laws of international exchange were against him. The only result of his machinations was to expose English manufactures,

through one-sided Free Trade, to the then rising competition from abroad, and to lay the axe to their roots. With an utter disregard for economic truths, Cobden told the landlords that only badly tilled farms would go out of cultivation. The derelict fields of England are a sad comment on this prophecy!

Torrens, the great Free Trader who opposed Cobden's school as the school of imperfect Free Trade, dismissed all further discussion with an adversary so unworthy of his steel in the following remarkable and amusing letter—well worth preserving:

"The inevitable consequence of the adoption of your scheme of one-sidedism would be a decline in the rate of manufacturing profits.

"It is somewhat curious to mark the points regarding which we agree, as well as those respecting which we differ. We are agreed upon the fact that the adoption of your principle of one-sidedism would cause a fall of rents, but in dealing with this fact we march in opposite directions. I, borrowing my theory of rent from Malthus and Ricardo, urge the farmer and the farmer's labourer to resist one-sidedism, because, if this theory be correct, *the fall of rent occasioned by one-sidedism would throw inferior soils out of cultivation, and diminish the demand for agricultural labour*

"You, deriving your theory of rent from some process of transcendental logic, not yet presented to the public, urge the farmer and the farmer's labourer to support one-sidedism, because, if your occult theory be correct, the fall of rent which one-sidedism would occasion, instead of throwing out the poorer soils, would give an increased employment on the land.

"Again, we agree in desiring that monopoly should be abolished, while we disagree as to the means by which the abolition can be effected.

"I contend that monopoly cannot be abolished by removing restrictions on one side, and leaving one party with an advantage over the other.

"You see in me an advocate of monopoly. *I see in you monopoly personified.*

"You have discovered a new theory of rent, and you protect your discovery as effectually as if you had drawn round it Bishop Berkeley's wall of brass. This seems to me somewhat inconsistent in a free trader.

"Why do you not bring your discovery into the open market? Though a little learning may be a dangerous thing, yet, as half a loaf is better than no bread, we should like to obtain a few grains of your bonded knowledge, though subject to some restrictions, and however limited the supply.

"Once more, we appear to be entirely agreed as respects the estimation in which each holds the arguments of the other. You pronounce my reasoning absurd, and I venture to suspect that your logic is occasionally defective. Our controversy is thus conducted upon a principle of perfect reciprocity, and, as reciprocity is all that I contend for, I subscribe myself yours very truly,

"R. TORRENS."

By the adoption of Cobden's one-sided Free Trade and the remission of import duties in England whilst other countries insisted on retaining their tariffs, the international demand for the goods of the several countries was of necessity altered.

The demand for foreign produce in Free Trade England naturally increased; the demand for British goods in protective countries natu-

rally decreased. For this reason the value of British goods was lowered in foreign markets. They had to be offered at cheaper prices, and, the demand for them from abroad falling off, to bear the burden of foreign tariffs. Thus, as Torrens had predicted, naturally lowered profits in England, and in order to make good the loss English manufacturers were compelled to cut down wages, or to resist an increase of wages which otherwise might have taken place. The state of things, therefore, which obtained during and after the revolutionary wars, when the extraordinary demand for British goods had given to England her enormous industrial supremacy, was now reversed. At that time the value of all foreign products fell in relation to the produce of English labour. Now, after the adoption of Free Trade, the value of English products fell in relation to the produce of foreign labour.

In the case of the United States of America, Torrens describes this process in the following manner :

“ Because America imposes heavy duties upon the products of British industry, while England imposes no countervailing duties on the great staples of American industry, it will be apparent upon a due consideration of the subject, that the whole of the American duty falls upon the British producers, in the form of a deduction from their profits, or from their wages, or both.”

Such a disturbance of international demand by import duties, with its effect on international values, is constantly ignored by our modern free-traders. They repeat *ad nauseam* the old threadbare truisms that imports must always be paid for by exports, and that if we take care of the imports the exports will take care of themselves.

They refuse to understand that truisms like these, even supposing that commerce should continue to be nothing but a mere exchange of commodities for commodities, and that the equilibrium of this exchange should not be disturbed by payments not originating in such commerce, have no bearing whatsoever on the paramount question, which is, *whether the prosperity of a country will be promoted by admitting foreign produce free of duty, whilst foreign countries refuse to relax their tariffs.* Even on the above supposition, the real question at issue is not whether the increased amount of our exports would be proportionate to the increased amount of our imports, but whether the requisite amount of exports could be effected without such a reduction in the value of British goods as would cause a decline both in British profits and British wages. This question must be answered in the negative. A country which rashly abolishes its tariffs will and must always be the loser if other countries do not follow suit. In order to save it from such an experience, it is maintained unanimously by all economists that Free Trade could confer an advantage on countries only if it were reciprocal, and that the adoption of one-sided Free Trade was nothing but the offer of a bounty to protective countries upon the

retention of their tariffs. In the very name of Free Trade, therefore, it was insisted upon by all our classic writers that equalising, countervailing, or retaliatory duties should be imposed in order to maintain or enforce the principle of reciprocity. Torrens, in his letters to the Marquis of Chandos, insisted on our forcing Russia to abolish her tariffs against us by retaining or re-imposing duties on her products. Pennington demanded that the unfavourable effects of hostile tariffs on the trade of England should be counteracted by retaliatory duties; and Mill declared that the only mode in which a country could save itself from being a loser by the duties imposed by other countries on its commodities was to impose corresponding duties on theirs.

If we did not act on this advice, we cannot wonder that Peel's and Cobden's prophecy of an early abolition of tariffs by foreign countries was not realised, but that, on the contrary, foreign countries were too far-sighted to abandon the conspicuous advantages which our Free Trade had created for them. We continue, therefore, to suffer from the inequality of foreign demand for our commodities, and the constant tendency to lower the value of our goods in foreign lands and of our profits in England. We do our best, as we shall soon see, to artificially drive out our capital into more favoured lands.

For some time after the adoption of Free Trade, the evil effects of the new policy were not revealed in their magnitude, except to some few astute observers. The tremendous momentum of the unique force of English industries was too great to have admitted of a sudden collapse. The almost uninterrupted series of wars which raged from 1854 to 1871, even to 1877, counterbalanced the effect of the Free Trade folly. It not only checked the industrial development and competition in the respective countries, but also increased enormously the demand for the produce of British labour. The experience of the Napoleonic wars was almost repeated, and the supremacy of British industry temporarily restored. The outflow itself of our capital to foreign lands acted in the beginning as a stimulus to our home industries, for before our competitors were in the field this outflow was effected almost solely by means of English commodities needed for the new enterprises abroad. The hurtful consequences of the sinister Free Trade policy were thus kept so much in abeyance that the Free Trade school could and did audaciously claim this exceptional and temporary trade prosperity as the result of their one-sided fetish.

Six years, however, after the adoption of the Free Trade policy, Torrens gave the following description of its influence on the state of affairs in the United Kingdom:

“As regards Ireland, agriculture declined rapidly since the repeal of the Corn Laws, and as regards Great Britain, the blindest devotee to the policy of Sir Robert Peel will scarcely venture to exemplify its success by reference to the recent statistics of British agriculture. The statistics will dissipate the popular illusion that the policy of Peel has accelerated the prosperity of

the country The industrial condition of the country, as revealed by these figures, demands grave consideration We have an extension of foreign commerce, accompanied by a diminution of commercial wealth, this may be accounted for by the following three facts The incomes of the classes depending on the land have been diminished The terms of international exchange have been so altered to our disadvantage that the value of British goods in foreign markets has fallen in a greater proportion than that in which the quantities exported to foreign markets have been increased The general fall in the rate of profits throughout all the departments of industry has caused the amount of British capital annually invested in foreign securities and foreign speculations to exceed the amount annually accumulated, the reduction of the rate of interest driving capital abroad "

That which was clear to the genius of Torrens in 1852, when he wrote the above lines, became painfully felt by the nation a quarter of a century later. Torrens anticipated the precipitating influence which the Free Trade policy would necessarily have on the emigration of British capital. It no longer remained a natural and spontaneous emigration of superfluous capital; on the contrary, capital was actually driven out, and forced out, by the artificial lowering of its profits at home and the raising of them behind the Customs barriers of foreign nations It paid the capital better to establish factories behind those barriers, and under their protection, than to fight them in an unequal battle by a reduction of prices.

Torrens on general principles looked askance at the emigration of our capital, especially he regretted its being artificially forced. And yet, as we have already seen, he did not take into account that special effect which later on, in the natural course of things, the payments of profits, dividends, and interests on this capital were to produce on our home industries. No one of our great classic writers before Mill had made this particular question the subject of his inquiry, for the simple reason that the question itself had not arisen in his time. Mill was the first to throw light on it, but his teachings have passed unheeded.

The capital which left our shores did not emigrate in the sense in which our great economists had alone considered its emigration, that is to say, in the sense that it was lost to England It never was naturalised, so to speak, in the foreign countries, but it remained English, and made the respective countries tributary to England.

Thus, apart from the inequalities forced on us by our one-sided Free Trade policy, a new cause of disturbance was created for our commerce, which revolutionised the latter and hopelessly upset the very idea of an equilibrium of trade.

The tributes were paid in commodities. The "damping of foreign stuff" on English shores, the glutting of English markets with foreign goods which had to be sold for account of English creditors, began

The sales could only be effected by offering the goods at lower

prices. With continually rising imports of this kind the slaughter of prices became chronic. We must see in these sales the true, the real cause of that terrible fall in prices which for more than thirty years has puzzled the public mind, disorganised our home production, and impoverished our debtors. Our own industries had to bear the brunt of this new state of things; they were forced out of their own markets by the tributes of the foreigner. Free Trade no longer existed; it was replaced in an ever increasing degree by what must be more correctly termed a pawn trade.

It is another proof of our absolute thoughtlessness, not to say ignorance, in matters economic, that the true nature of this change and its effect on commerce and on prices has never been recognised in its true significance. All the nonsense that has been written by monometallists and bimetalists about the fall of prices in the last thirty years might have been spared us if we had taken the trouble to read, mark, and inwardly digest the following masterly passage, in which Mill gave us, a generation ago, the perfect description and the complete theory of the payment of tributes.

"If before the (tributary) country became liable to the annual payments foreign commerce was in its natural state of equilibrium, it will now be necessary, for the purpose of effecting the remittance, that foreign countries should be induced to take a greater quantity of exports than before, which can only be done by offering those exports on cheaper terms, or, in other words, by paying dearer for foreign commodities. The international values will so adjust themselves that either by greater exports or smaller imports, or both, the requisite excess on the side of exports will be brought about. The result is that the country which makes regular payments to foreign countries, besides losing what it pays, loses also something more, by the less advantageous terms on which it is forced to exchange its productions for foreign commodities."

Or, in other words,

"the paying country will give a higher price for all that it buys from the receiving country, while the latter, besides receiving the tribute, *obtains the exportable produce of the tributary country at a lower price.*"

Here we have it stated in a most lucid manner and by the highest authority, that through the payments of tributes the natural equilibrium of trade is overthrown, and that this is effected by the lowering of prices. One has only to compare this classic statement of Mill's with Sir Robert Giffen's explanation in his paper formerly alluded to—of the inequality of exports and imports—in order to form a sad perception of the collapse of economic thought in the present day.

Sir Robert Giffen is justly looked upon as one of our chief modern economic lights. His views may therefore be taken as fairly representative of modern economic opinion; but beyond stating the fact that the purchasing power of our foreign customers was diminished through

the increased difficulty of paying their debts to us, owing to the fall of prices, and that we gained at their expense, Sir Robert Giffen gave us very little enlightenment on the nature and the effects of international debt-paying. By expressly saying "whatever the cause of the lower prices may be," he betrayed that he had no glimmer even of any connection between such debt-paying and the lowering of prices, although he ought to have known from Mill that the latter were the agency through which the former was effected, and that debtor countries, by paying tribute, "lose not only the tribute itself, but something more." The very fact, therefore, of paying tribute and debt to us made our foreign customers poorer. Our gain at their expense was doubtful: we may have acquired wealth, but we have lost the markets for our exports and we see our industries ruined!

So we arrive by economic reasoning at the truth of Goldsmith's words:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay"

Wealth, after all, is not the chief end to be attained; it does not replace men—Englishmen, who decay through having their occupation, their trade, and their livelihood taken from them by our capital employed abroad.

Under our present economic system our industries not only lose their foreign markets by foreign restrictions, but also by the diminution of the purchasing power of foreign customers. At the same time, English industries find themselves constantly undersold in English markets by forced sales of foreign commodities on account of English creditors. Last, but not least, industries find the general cost of production in England increased by the rise of the level of general prices in England—that is to say, of prices of all things not imported from abroad. The prices of these things are necessarily raised by the influx of the tributes, while the prices of imported articles fall.

All home industries, therefore, which are in competition with commodities imported from tributary countries, are sure to be driven to the wall, and are doomed to certain extinction. They must ultimately be ousted; for no industry in the long run can stand falling prices of its products and rising cost of its production, with weakened markets.

British agriculture had to succumb the first to the inroad of foreign produce, for it was first with agricultural produce that foreign countries began to pay their debts. Other industries, if not already attacked, will in due time share the same fate, for foreign countries will, by-and-by, find it cheaper to pay with manufactures.

This is the portentous meaning of the increase of exports of manufactures from the United States. The natural equilibrium

between the different home industries themselves is thus disturbed. Under these circumstances we completely fail to see how we can possibly be compensated, or more than compensated, for this general derangement by the development of any home business such as that promised by Sir R. Giffen. Our incoming wealth may set in motion some new wheels of minor manufactures, but it surely will clog the fly-wheels of our great national industries.

With our agriculture going to the dogs, with our big manufactures declining, with the labourers employed in them suffering or thrown out of employ, we cannot see that the ease of the moneyed classes which draw their incomes from abroad can compensate us for the decay of production at home.

We therefore must give to the burning question, asked in the beginning of this chapter, the answer that we are moving too fast in our new capitalistic departure. Our artificially fostered and almost forced expansion makes us look out too eagerly for high profits and quick expansion abroad. A sham Imperialism turns our heads. We lose sight of the manner in which it reacts on our truly national interests centred in these islands. The chief duty of a true national policy should be to defend their industry and their trade. Until now we see them sacrificed to the Moloch of false Imperialism.

We are the last to object to a sound Imperial policy and expansion. No one can take a greater pride in the progress of our economic development and in the rise of our Imperial position than we do. We will not be deterred from working to that end by any necessary sacrifices. As Englishmen, we are ready any day to bear the obligations of our greatness, and to make every sacrifice required of us. But we must demand that our advance be pursued on true English lines, and that, as in times of yore, it be brought about by British individual pluck, enterprise, and business capacity, which, as we have seen in our first article, laid the foundations of our Empire. To us both the un-English blustering Jingo, who revels in conquests by shot and shell whilst he discreetly remains at home, and the meek Little Englander who fears lest England should grow too big, are equally deplorable figures.

The thriving forces in our development—apart from individual qualities—are the forces of trade and of capital. Our true policy must be to keep both these forces sound and to secure fair play to each of them. For this end we must look for guidance to our English economic science, which established for us the fundamental principles to be followed.

In a former article we have seen what was the nature of our growth and expansion. We have created an Empire, the basis of which far exceeds not only our island, but also our colonial possessions, and extends into all regions of the globe. We have pointed out what an

enormous part of our possessions and wealth is lying outside of the British Isles, and is scattered over the earth.

Things develop fast in our times ; one half-century more may see that by far the greater part of our wealth is lying abroad. We have seen how the fruits which we reap from this wealth and which we import into England react—according to the laws of trade and values—on our industries at home and, consequently, on the social fabric of England. If this reaction is painful now, how much more so will it be later on, when a much larger stream of wealth will pour into our islands from abroad ! English capital and English labour will be driven out in an ever increasing degree, and England will become more and more the pleasure-ground of the new Imperialist, the foreign investor. This, at least, will be the direction in which we shall be moving—indeed, in which we are already moving. There are noticeable signs of such a movement ; so plain, indeed, are they, that he who runs may read. Some may approve of this development, and look upon it as a most desirable and natural end. They believe in wealth at all costs. We do not agree with them ; we think that we have overdone somewhat the keeping of our cows in Australia, Canada, or Argentina, cultivating our wheat-fields in Manitoba or in India, spinning our cotton in China and Mexico, or making our machinery in Germany and the United States. We believe that in what we are pleased to call “developing foreign countries” we have neglected the development of our own land, England, and allowed her to fall back.

Mr. Williams, we think, has justly said that we are “marching backwards.”

If in former times it was argued that it was dangerous to make ourselves dependent for many articles on our foreign trade, and on the consent of foreigners to exchange them with our produce, surely it was far more dangerous to depend on foreigners for their permission to keep our cows or run our factories in their countries.

To us—even to-day—according to Macaulay, “an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia.” We are usually proud to compare ourselves with the Romans of old, as well as compare our Empire with theirs, boasting that ours is even more magnificent and boundless. We confess that the England of to-day reminds us rather too much of the Roman Empire when it had expanded over the boundaries of Italy and made tributary a large part of the then known *orbis terrarum*

It was the time when, under the weight of the tributes from the provinces, by the influx of African corn, and by the inroads of Oriental manufacture, the agriculture of Italy declined and Italian industries showed signs of decay, but when, notwithstanding all this, the wealth of the Empire pouring in from the provinces increased by leaps and bounds, and Rome was driven by elementary forces to

ceaseless new conquests. In good, and more still in evil, we should learn from this history. In vain in those times did Cato lament the beginning dissolution of the economical fabric of Italy under this new strain. The rising plutocracy of Rome, the Roman Imperialists, fattening on the profits drawn from the provinces, hated the inopportune warner, and called him the "Little Italian." The labouring classes, rejoicing in the temporary cheap bread coming to them as a tribute from the provinces, did not listen to Cato's lamentations at the decline of agriculture. "The stomach has no ears" The decay of Italy went on *pari passu* with the turning of vast areas into the pleasure-grounds, and the building up of opulent Tusculums of the new plutocracy. The heart of the tree of empire having become rotten, the tree itself was bound to fall to pieces sooner or later. And yet the decay, not only of Italy, but also of the provinces, might have been arrested and postponed for a long time to come, perhaps prevented altogether, if the provincial tributes had not been allowed to choke the Italian producer, and to turn the population of men, as said Pliny, into that of cattle and deer. "Man," wrote Ricardo, "grows from youth to manhood, then decays and dies; but it is not the progress of nations. When arrived to a state of greatest vigour, their further advance may, indeed, be arrested, but their natural tendency is to continue for ages to sustain undiminished their wealth and their population."

We need not, therefore, fear the fate of Rome; the tree of our Empire may yet grow for numberless ages, sound in the heart and vigorous in all its branches, if we keep the sap in healthy circulation. This is in our power to do, for our great English economists have given us the science which was lacking to the Romans. Thanks to our economic thinkers, we are in possession of those principles of trade by which we may be able to restore the equilibrium of trade and of wealth. This equilibrium was disturbed, as we have seen, first by our one-sided Free Trade, and later on by the payments of our incomes from abroad. Economic science teaches us that the evil consequences of this state of affairs presses not only on the paying countries, but even more ruinously on the producers of the receiving country. To fulfil the requirements of the science we must give back to the home producers that perfect Free Trade which is necessary to secure them full scope and freedom for their energies and resources.

Before the Cobden school invented the paramount rights of the consumer, in order to catch votes at elections, economic science guarded first of all the rights and interests of the producer. It is with the interests of the producer that the interests of every country are bound up, and there is no doubt that it is the home producer who has the strongest claim on our assistance. "In order to encourage

the home trade," writes Torrens, "it is the first duty devolving on a Government to secure to every member of the community a perfect empire over the produce of his industry. The way to render men industrious is to convince them that their earnings are their own, and that they labour for themselves" Mill puts the case of the producer even stronger still:

"What a country wants to make it richer," he writes, "is never consumption, but production. The legislator, therefore, needs not give himself any concern about consumption. He has to look solely to two points—that no obstacle shall exist to prevent those who have the means of producing from employing those means as they find most for their interest; and that those who have not at present the means of producing, to the extent of their desire to consume, shall have every facility afforded to their acquiring the means, that, becoming producers, they may be enabled to consume. These general principles are now well understood by almost all who profess to have studied the subject, and are disputed by few except those who ostentatiously proclaim their contempt for such studies."

Ricardo declares "that the end of all commerce is to increase production, and that by production you increase the general happiness."

We are sorry to say that the "general principles" expounded in the above quotations, notwithstanding Mill's assertion to the contrary, are still far from being understood. And yet it seems to us that in the carrying out of these principles lies the very first and chief condition of that self-reliance and independence which is the pride of Englishmen and the only basis of British trade.

Give to an Englishman the perfect empire over his produce, secure to him the full scope for his energies, and he will soon acquire the means which enable him to consume, without caring for the treacherous cheapness which Cobdenites dangle before his eyes.

"The cheapness of an article," as Mill expressly remarks, "is not measured solely by the money price, but by that price compared with the money income of the consumer." If, therefore, you secure to the producer a greater money income through his energies, even a higher price of the article will be cheap to him. If you do not secure this to him, nothing will satisfy him, nothing will be left to him but the cry of the hungry masses of Rome: "*Panem et Circenses*."

But how can you give and secure to him the very first conditions of his existence if you expose him defenceless to an unequal battle with foreign tariffs, and, moreover, allow him to be driven out of his home markets by foreign produce mortgaged in advance to an English creditor and sold in our markets to pay his bill?

This is a much bigger question than that of the foreign prison labour so dear to the heart of Imperial Sir Howard Vincent! It is a much bigger question, too, than the sugar bounty question so useful to the schemes of colonial Joe Chamberlain. Ricardo clearly defined the stimulus given to exports by international payments as a bounty.

Bounties, therefore, to-day are not limited to continental beet-sugar, but affect almost the whole range of our imports. It is a question which, to quote from a most intelligent article in the *Financial News* on "Some Difficulties of Empire," "will not entirely be digested."

"Somebody," this article remarks with regard to the establishment of cotton-mills in Egypt and to their threatening competition with Manchester,

"has got to be sacrificed, and, in deciding who the victim shall be, some knotty points present themselves, points which raise a much larger question than an Egyptian cotton-mill, which involve, indeed, the whole question of modern Imperialism. Imperialism according to the Little Englander . . . is solely bent on the aggrandisement of the governing country's own capitalist and official class. That is only burlesqued, degenerate Imperialism, the assumption of the real Imperialist is, that we go to a country for that country's good, and in the process do good to our own people. But the new growth of world-wide industrialism tends to unsettle the basis of that assumption . . . The mobility of capital makes against its realisation.

The tendency to found manufacturing industries wears a serious aspect in regard to our own industries . . . It is those countries which are now being dotted with manufactories whose competition will be ruinous to home industries. Not only have we to face the ominous shrinkage in the area of possible new markets, but these same new markets we are so eagerly opening up threaten to become not markets at all, but competitors in our markets. These thoughts should give pause to our Empire-building projects."

We put our home producer into a wrong position if we do not defend him against the new ruinous competitions.

It is in accordance with the doctrines of Free Trade—which requires first of all that labour and production should not be artificially handicapped in relation to the labour and production of other countries—that the natural equilibrium between the different branches of industry should be maintained. This latter principle, established first by Torrens, then accepted in his "Treatise on the Protection of Agriculture" by Ricardo, and afterwards by all later economists of any significance, requires that in all cases of artificial interference with production a countervailing duty should be established in order to restore the natural equilibrium. Ricardo, the founder of the theory of foreign commerce, the great champion of Free Trade, was for this very reason of the opinion that "the importation of corn should not be for all times allowed without the payment of any duty whatever."

He recommended a permanent duty of 10s. per quarter to be put on the importation of wheat, and a drawback of 7s. per quarter to be allowed on its exportation, in order to countervail all artificial inequalities caused in the production of wheat in England by taxes, tithes, &c.

Our producers have the right to ask from us the restoration of the

conditions under which they can maintain the old-fashioned British superiority in pluck and enterprise. Our Government is in duty bound to grant this to them, if it would come up to the standard of those Governments which, in the time of our rising trade supremacy, backed individual enterprise by securing for them fair play. On general principles, then, we must claim for our producer, first, full reciprocity with all protective countries; and secondly, countervailing duties against those countries which, from having been made tributary to British capital, are forced to undersell with their produce the home producer in British markets.

British producers have not been loth to clamour for support; agriculturists have especially put forward this demand. The latter have a special claim to consideration. So utterly destitute are we to-day of economic knowledge, that we no longer make any distinction between agriculture and industry as obeying different laws, but speak of foreign competition with regard to both of them.

As a matter of fact, there can be no real competition in agriculture. Competition, properly so called, can take place only where, with the application of greater capital, more labour, and more skill, the quantity of the produce is proportionately greater. This cannot be the case in agriculture, where the quality of the soil is the determining factor, and where the cheaper produce of superior soils will always throw out of cultivation inferior soils. British agriculture, therefore, had the first charge on our fostering care. Why should we have "an acre in Middlesex" thrown out of cultivation and the capital employed thereon destroyed, simply because a cheap and careless cultivation on new grounds in "Utopia" produces wheat cheaper? It is not a question of higher intelligence, better cultivation, but simply a question of soils; and an acre of land in England, though of inferior soil, with its population and its contributions to the general well-being, must be of more worth to us than the vaunted wheat-fields of Manitoba or Argentina.

Manufactures, too, ought not to be neglected. If anything weakens the energies and enterprise of a man, it is a fight in which the odds are always against him. The English manufacturer has seen the value of his produce reduced and his profits cut down, simply because other nations understood how to turn international values in their favour—by laying duties on his produce. He has seen around him industrial undertakings disappearing from England and emigrating to other countries. The industrial life-blood of England unnecessarily and prematurely ebbed away, while it flowed in a swelling tide into protected neighbouring countries. All this time our Government looked quietly on and did not choose to move a finger in the matter. It stood by paralysed under the spell which was worked upon all England by one fool!

No wonder that increasing uneasiness crept over English producers. Complaints of depression in agriculture and trade became almost chronic; yet the only thing conceded to their complaints by Government was the appointment of Royal Commissions to investigate matters. One Commission after the other investigated, and one after the other reported, but they all missed the point; for they all, from the very start, confessed their unshakable belief in the Free Trade Catechism of the Cobden Club, and declared the question of countervailing protection to be beyond the pale of practical politics. Hereby they all from the very start foredoomed themselves to ignominious failure, and completely gave away the case of the home producer in favour of the supremacy of our capitalistic interests abroad. The direful process which grinds down the home producer is taking its course unchecked. We allow the foreign investor to weaken and eventually to destroy, with the forced importations from our Imperial domain, the national production and trade which was our first and will be our last resource. We give to our capital, driven from home, the unrestricted power to exploit our provinces, drain them of their profits, and impoverish our customers. Unless we counteract this unnatural state of things by countervailing duties, we are in danger of building up an Empire of mushroom growth, instead of a solid structure based on sound economic productions—*aere perennius*. We are in danger of building up a Tower of Babel which we take a childish pride in being seen all over the world, but which will collapse, or will be destroyed by the wrath of Heaven, as surely as its prototype.

By the imposition of reciprocal and countervailing duties the financial expansion might be retarded. Capitalists would be slower to invest abroad, for the levying of countervailing duties would be equivalent to a reduction in their profits and dividends drawn from abroad; Stock Exchange values probably would suffer; the concession-hunter would be discouraged; but then, ours most surely is not to be an Empire which shall sweat foreign nations, fatten the foreign investor, enrich the stock-jobber and company-promoter, and choke the home producer. We will not be Empire-floaters, but Empire-builders. We will keep sound the centre and heart of this Empire. Mr. Chamberlain has left the Cobden Club. That does him honour. Better late than never. After that we might have expected something from him. In his speech on the West Indian grants he came somewhat near the truth. "The main object of Free Trade," he said, "is to secure the natural course of production and exchange; that each nation is to produce what it is best fitted to supply and to exchange its produce without artificial preferences." But by an unfortunate quotation from Hume—that Free Trade could only properly exist where the nations were in like circumstances and where they were at liberty to apply the same means to the same end with equal

facility—he spoiled his case. Under such conditions there would obviously be no trade at all. His knowledge of the principles of trade is evidently limited.

If Mr Chamberlain, appealing to these principles, asserts that countervailing duties would be justified against the sugar bounties of France and Germany, in favour of the West Indian colonies, because of their artificially interfering with the course of production, we should like to ask him why he does not stand up frankly, first of all, for the introduction of countervailing duties in favour of the home producer?

To ask countervailing duties against continental bounties for the benefit of London capitalists who have their sugar plantations in the West Indies, in Mauritius, in Queensland, in Argentina, or in Brazil—plantations fostered and protected by all kinds of Government privileges and bounties—while English producers and labourers are left without any protection against the much more devastating powers of foreign tributes, is simply idiotic. The British home producer who, by means of cheap sugar, has succeeded in building up paying industries of jam and biscuit making, is again to be sacrificed to the interests of capital invested abroad. This clearly shows that Lombard Street and St. Swithin's Lane, and no longer the English producer and labourer, are the determining factor in our politics. We cannot, however, and must not accept this state of things as final. From our old political parties we can expect very little. They continue to run in their old grooves, though circumstances, as we have shown, have radically changed. The rising power of capital is fast dissolving the old parties as it threatens to dissolve our very Constitution. We seem to *rue in servitium* of this new capitalistic Imperialism, and to allow it, as we did in the case of the typical Empire-builder in South Africa, to override the authority of Parliament and to set aside the demands of justice. Both our old historical parties have broken down before this new power. Those few leaders of Liberalism who still fight against it, by upholding Cobdenism as an unshakable dogma, yield up all effective weapons for mastering it. It seems as if a new party were required to undertake the arduous task of combating the domination of capital, and of reinstating the English producer in his former rights and his old independence. As we have said before, this is a very big and urgent question, and one of the very highest statesmanship.

It is hardly worth our while to point out the hollowness of all schemes which aimed at constituting an Imperial Zollverein and creating Free Trade within the boundaries of our colonial possessions. The very reference to its prototype, the German Custom Union, reveals a hopeless deficiency in economic reasoning. The German Zollverein was a Custom union between States financially independent

of each other, and forming one comparatively small territory. Between these States Free Trade was possible; within their territory only the laws regulating internal commerce, and not those regulating international trade, were brought into play.

Between England and her possessions real Free Trade is impossible. The possessions are built up by and dependent on English capital. The trade between them, far from being free, is more or less mortgaged or pawned to it. The trade, therefore, is fettered by the necessity of paying profits and interest to English capital. We have seen in what manner and in what degree international values had to adjust themselves to the requirements of such payments. Values had to be lowered disastrously in the colonies, while their exports to England disastrously lowered the prices of the same kind of goods in England. Hereby all payments became more onerous. Gold exports came in sight and threatened to overturn the credit system. Not only for revenue purposes, but still more in order to retrench obligations abroad, the majority of the colonies had to take refuge in Custom duties.

For these reasons the Zollverein idea was no sooner advanced than it was dropped. The colonies could not possibly accept it on account of their indebtedness.

The first principle to be followed in our treatment of the colonies must be this—that we leave to them their full independence to arrange their economic policy according to their own interests. It is their business to make their economic dependence on our capital as tolerable to themselves as possible. We must avoid even the appearance of meddling with their affairs for our advantage. Only thus can we secure their invaluable political coherence. No one appreciates this coherence more highly than we do; but we see it endangered by all nonsensical plans of drawing the colonies, as a whole, economically closer to us.

A true national policy, on the other hand, must be to take care of ourselves. Good policy, like charity, begins at home. We must defend "that gigantic trade centred in our islands of which our ancestors laid the foundations." We must defend it against all odds to which, as we have seen, it is exposed. Our first duty will be to defend it against the inroads of one-sided Free Trade and of one-sided pawn trade, by restoring perfect Free Trade, reciprocity, and equality by means of reciprocal and countervailing duties. That done, we shall be at liberty to arrange our commercial intercourse with each foreign country or with each colony according to the peculiar circumstances of the case. We might hereby create a great elastic commercial system working in harmony with the interests of all countries concerned. We might hereby ensure to our World-Empire the conditions of a sound and healthy growth.

With the security thus accorded to our home producers in agriculture and manufactures we shall have a *locus standi* for approaching those necessary internal reforms which in the pursuit of sham Imperialism have been too long neglected. If we procure security of rent and capital to landlord and farmer, we can undertake the necessary reform of the Holdings Act. If we procure security of profits and wages to manufacturers and labourers, we can take up social reforms in favour of the labourer. Last, not least, we can take in hand the much needed reforms of taxation; reduce direct taxation which presses hardly on our own industries, and restore indirect taxation which will benefit them. Nothing, under the circumstances, can be more just than such a taxation. By the enormously increased imports which we receive without return the international demand is affected in such a manner that it would throw on the British capitalist the burden of import duties levied on the goods sent in payment of his income from abroad. It is therefore he whom this taxation would chiefly affect, in the shape of a reduction from his rent or profits—drawn from abroad. Nothing can be more just; for not only does the capitalist cause increased expenditure to our Exchequer for the protection accorded to his interests abroad—as we now see by the deficit we have to meet—but he has also escaped until now all taxation and contributions to the Imperial Exchequer from his investments in foreign countries. In fact, he almost enjoys immunity from taxation, while he lays increased taxation on the home producer who is already ground down by the influx of the investor's profits. Our representatives abroad have to work every year more and more to secure to the foreign investor his concessions; he therefore is a very fit subject from whom to obtain a just contribution to the public revenue. Our Empire abroad has never yet been duly taxed. The burden and heat of the day has fallen solely on the home producer.

There is, then, a wide field of action and beneficial reform before us. Both require statesmanship of the highest order. We have arrived at a period of our national and Imperial development when we need again the guidance of great minds such as those which laid the foundation of our development in the period under review.

We want another Lord Burleigh and another Sir Thomas Gresham to pilot us in the crisis through which we are passing.

We will not allow that, through the mistaken policy of half a century, the creation of those great men—our national and Imperial fabric—should be jeopardised. They made English merchants independent of the foreigner, because “it is they who must stand by their kings, at all events in their necessity.” We expect a new Sir Thomas Gresham or a new Lord Burleigh to make English producers independent, and safe from the invasion of foreign produce. With

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND THE RITUALISTS.

IF the Primate ever indulged the hope that the "Hearing" in Lambeth Palace would end the dissensions in the Anglican Church, he must indeed be of a sanguine temperament. Such an illusion, however, if it ever existed, must long ere this have been dispelled. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it was ever stated by any one outside episcopal circles, unless it be the optimist who writes on ecclesiastical topics in the *Spectator*. His unbounded faith in the Establishment may induce the conviction that a beneficent Providence will never suffer any evil to overtake an institution which confers such blessings upon mankind. But those who take a more mundane view of such subjects have from the first seen the hopelessness of the experiment on which the Primate had ventured, and in which his brother of York had associated himself. True, they are Archbishops, and both clergy and laity might be expected to show supreme deference to the chief rulers of the Church, but observation of this particular virtue is, to say the least, compatible with a strong individualism, apt, when provoked, to pass into a profound lawlessness. In the present case, indeed, it might be suggested that as the party from whom submission was required had been the loudest in professions of allegiance to the authority of "spiritual rulers," and, in fact, had been clamorous for the assertion of their rightful prerogative, it would have been eager to prove its sincerity by its practical obedience. But those who argued thus betrayed a strange ignorance of human nature, especially as it is developed in clerical innovators. It was easy to foresee innumerable openings for the exercise of an independent judgment upon any deliverance of the Archbishops which militated against their ideas and practices, and any anticipations of this recusancy have been exceeded rather than reduced by the actual experience. It is

idle for those who would fain have had it otherwise to complain. The determination of extreme High Churchmen may—nay, must—be extremely inconvenient for all whose first concern is the safety of a great national institution, in the shadow of whose wings they have built their nests, and much more than inconvenient—extremely distressing—to those who see in Ritualism the revival of a superstition which has wrought incalculable mischief in the past. But it is as well for us to recognise that this is a matter of conscience on both sides. In no other way can we really understand the conditions of the problem with which we have to deal. Looking at it in this light, how was it possible for any whose common sense was touched by anything of spiritual insight to suppose that men, who at least have shown themselves intensely in earnest, would at once abandon positions for which they had so strenuously contended simply in deference to the opinions and wishes of others, even though they happened to be Archbishops.

As a matter of fact, there are no indications of a result so ardently desired by the supporters of the Establishment. The Primate is undoubtedly a strong man—whether in this procedure he has shown himself a wise ruler is open to question. There must have been many who in these troublous times have looked wistfully back and sighed for the days of Archbishop Tait. It was, however, a bold and courageous act for the Primate to attempt the settlement of disputes which he might, without any failure of duty, have left to be adjudicated in other courts, to whose jurisdiction they belong and whose judges may reasonably be regarded as experts in the law they have to administer. Without any intention to depreciate Dr Temple, who has many qualities which command the admiration of men of all opinions and all parties, it may be suggested that his whole action savours rather of the Head Master of Rugby than of the Archbishop of Canterbury. That he is anxious to be absolutely just cannot be fairly questioned. Both in his charge of last autumn and his recent delivery at Lambeth he has distinctly shown that he is not a party man. Few, perhaps, entirely escape the “High” tendency which haunts episcopal palaces. The man who is a chief in a sacred order is naturally tempted to magnify his office, and, in order to this, to exalt the claims of the order itself. A firm and resolute headmaster, who has had to cultivate all his imperial instincts as a matter of positive duty, is peculiarly exposed to such temptations, and it would be blind partiality to pretend that Dr. Temple has escaped them. Pronounced Low Churchmen even regard him as a distinctly High Church bishop, and, after his extraordinary views of Consubstantiation set forth in his charge, have much excuse for doing so.

“Yes,” said a leading Evangelical layman to me the other day, “he is one of the bishops for whom we have to thank Mr. Gladstone.”

"But," was my reply, "Mr. Gladstone did not appoint him as a High Churchman, but with an honest desire to place upon the Bench a conspicuous representative of Broad Church views." There was no answer, but to me it was evident that my friend had forgotten the stirring incidents attendant on Dr. Temple's nomination, and regarded him as raised to the episcopate because of his High Church proclivities. Assuredly if Mr. Gladstone contemplated such a development as has been seen in Dr. Temple since the days when his nomination to the See of Exeter was received with a howl of execration from all the homes and haunts of High Churchmen, he must have been gifted with a sagacity far surpassing the utmost ideal his warmest admirers have accorded to him. The real truth is, he had not made allowance for the effect of episcopal surroundings even on a sturdy member of the distinguished company to whom we owe the "Essays and Reviews."

But, despite all that, it would be unfair to describe the Primate as a High Churchman, much more to attribute to him any undue bias in his official utterances. It is not of their substance that I am speaking here. Taking the views of Consubstantiation, as given in the charge of last October, and the recent decision as to lights and incense together, it might appear as though his desire was to please each party in turn. To impartial outsiders, indeed, it seems that, if he is to conform to the law of the Prayer-book, this is precisely what he must do, and that the inclination first to the right and then to the left, disappointing as it is to extreme partisans, is due to his desire to be inflexibly just. He seems to have studied the details of the subject, and to have done his utmost to judge righteous judgment. Ecclesiastics will probably think that he has looked at the singularly delicate points submitted to him as mere abstractions and forgotten how they touch some of the most cherished convictions and tender susceptibilities of those who appealed to him. What they desire is a court with clerical sympathies, whereas the Primate has shown too much of the lay spirit. This is greatly to his credit, and it is tolerably certain that he has given not only an honest but a thoroughly sound exposition of the law.

Unfortunately this does not end the controversy. On the contrary, it only takes us one stage back and raises the very point which the Primate's action was intended to avoid. The persistent contention of the High Church clergy is that secular courts have no jurisdiction in spiritual matters, and in some well-known cases they have submitted to sacrifice and sufferings rather than acknowledge the tribunals which have been created by the State. The appeal to the Archbishops seemed at first to be a happy expedient for evading this difficulty. The most advanced Ritualist, it was supposed, would listen to the voice of the Most Reverend Primate. It was true that such a court was unknown to the law, and could bind only those who, of their own

free will, accepted its authority. Still the Archbishops resolved to hear cases submitted to them by other Bishops, and no effort was spared to surround the occasion with pomp and circumstance. The consideration it received from the Press—the *Times*, even at a busy time, devoting several columns to a report of the speeches of the “experts” who, at great length and with an imposing display of clerical learning, discussed the tangled questions of law and practice which were at issue—invested the whole affair with greater importance. And yet it was well known that it was but the simulacrum of a court, and that the only authority it could possess was that derived from the personal respect in which the Archbishops are held. It was, to say the least, a curious expedient to adopt, that of suppressing the spirit of lawlessness by the creation of a tribunal of which the law took no cognisance. The spectacle of the Archbishops sitting in solemn state as a court, which yet was not a court, pronouncing a decision which was not a judgment, and giving advice when the one thing needful was the utterance of a final decree, was not edifying in itself. But as it came to be more carefully considered, it became more objectionable still, for what was it but a practical concession to the demand which ought to have been most strenuously resisted, that clerics, who claimed independence of the law of the land and flaunted defiance at the courts which that law had set up, were to be supplied with a new tribunal after their own heart. Lawlessness on the part of the clergy was to be cured by a still more daring exhibition of lawlessness on the part of the Archbishops.

It is not pressing the argument too far to say that, however hateful the idea of disestablishment may be to the Primate, he has himself taken one of the most decided steps towards this dreaded issue. His proceeding would have been not only permissible in the Head of a Free Church, but might even have deserved commendation as an admirable piece of ecclesiastical strategy by which accord might have been established between the representatives of rival parties. But the Primate of a National Church occupies a different position. No censure can be passed on him because of any honest endeavour he makes to uphold the establishment. For him that is so manifest a duty that the failure to discharge it would be a grave fault. Even a Primate, who had been a strong partisan prior to his elevation, would be reprehensible in the highest degree, if in so acute a crisis he did not forget all party considerations in order to safeguard an institution which had reposed such confidence in him. The complaint of Dr. Temple's action in this matter is not that he sought to meet the scruples of a section of the clergy, but that in his endeavour to do so he trifled with the fundamental principles of the Establishment itself. The primary aim of the lawless and revolutionary party was to shake off the control of the Queen's Courts, and their Archbishop

meets them by doing the one thing which they desire by setting up a new court of his own. He was careful, indeed, to repudiate all claim to authority; but no disclaimers, however numerous, could save the situation. The mischief was done when the appeals were invited, and it was not undone when the Archbishop, in giving his answer, gave all parties to understand that his reasoned argument was not a judgment, but only a piece of fatherly counsel. It has, indeed, been very curious to mark the ingenuity which has been shown in inventing names for this most interesting document, which will doubtless be preserved as one of the honoured records of an exciting controversy. With what feelings posterity will regard this Eirenicon it is not necessary to speculate. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. That is the failure of an attempt which was very well meant, but which involved the surrender of much more than its authors seem to have understood.

It may at first appear strange that the keenest criticism proceeds from those whom it was intended to conciliate. Yet surely this was precisely what might have been expected by all careful observers of the tactics of the Ritualists. If the Archbishops had pronounced in favour of the practices they have condemned, it is probable enough that no question would have been raised by them as to the authority of the court, and even that they might have been loud in their denunciation of any evangelical objectors. In view of the decision itself, they naturally fall back on the previous question. It must be confessed that there they are on strong ground, as the trenchant writer in the *Church Times* understands:

"There are," he argues, "two things to be said. The one we have said already. It is that regulation of divine worship by Act of Parliament will not be tolerated. The other we shall now say with equal bluntness. It is no business of Archbishops to interpret Acts of Parliament."

The "bluntness" of these statements no one will dispute. It is a virtue, but if it is to be practised those who pride themselves upon it ought, at all events, to be tolerant of critics who adopt a like plainness of speech in relation to themselves. In either case it is quite as well that it should be tempered with a spirit of courtesy. This, however, is a mere *obiter dictum*. As to the statements themselves I absolutely disagree with the first, but the sting is in the second. It is not the province of Bishops or Archbishops to interpret Acts of Parliament, and it may safely be said that the usurpation of such functions is not likely to be attended with beneficial results. It has produced a very able statement on some burning questions, but there is little hope that those who are most affected by it will acquiesce in its conclusions. It has given both Evangelicals and Erastians a weapon which they will not fail to

use for all it is worth. It will probably be accepted by the large bodies of Churchmen who are weary of disputes, the merits of which they do not understand, as a satisfactory exposition of the law of their Church. But instead of ending the old controversy it will, in all probability, lead to a number of new ones which, however, will not be able much longer to obscure the real issue.

Practically the Archbishops have sought to promote a new compromise in an institution which is itself a compromise, and the result of the attempt has only been to expose the weakness of the original agreement. It has lasted so long because it was the policy of the rulers to avoid all critical questions—a policy in which they have been helped by the desire of the rival parties to maintain their own position and to baffle the aggressive efforts of Dissent. But it was certain that the truce would come to an end as soon as there rose up a party sufficiently strong in number to assert its own views, and sufficiently resolute in spirit and loyal to conscience to prefer the interests of principle to the status of the Establishment.

Fifty years ago the Evangelicals could have exerted a dominant influence, might possibly even have dictated their own terms. It is not necessary for me to tell the story or to analyse the causes of the decline of their power. Possibly it may have been mainly due to the singularly optimistic view they had formed of their own position. There was much excuse for the delusion that the Anglican Church was theirs, and that Sacerdotalists of every type were traitors, for when the Oxford movement began its leaders were denounced from platform and pulpit everywhere as traitors. If there had been less of this denunciation and a more impartial study of the men and their teaching, the story of the intervening period might have had a very different character, and the prospects of Protestantism in the Anglican Church would probably have been much more hopeful than they are to-day. I contended in this REVIEW some months ago that the Evangelical party is not losing its hold, but that does not mean that the Evangelical party is holding its own. "How is it," an earnest Evangelical asked me the other day, "that our party seems so feeble? The Church Missionary Society has great vitality, and can count on resources which seem almost inexhaustible, and yet it looks as though we had no power in the land—how is it?" It was not for me to give the answer, and yet surely it is not far to seek or difficult to learn. The contrast suggested is indeed very striking, but it is easily understood. In the field of Foreign Missions the Evangelicals are free and unfettered, and their zeal is able to act without let or hindrance. At home they are hampered and hindered by the difficulties of their environment. They are oppressed by the necessity of keeping their feelings in subordination to their ecclesiastical duties. Hence their course during the last thirty years has been one of steady decline. How far this is

true of their numerical strength I do not stop to inquire. It is of their influence on public opinion and on the course of events in the Church itself that I am speaking.

Canon MacColl, in the Preface to his book on the "Reformation Settlement," gives some vivid sketches taken from the journals of the day of some of the scenes of riot to which the early innovations of the Tractarian party led. These extracts will serve (he says) as fair specimens of the intensity, bitterness, and wide-spread excitement and alarm lasting from 1844 to about 1861, and all caused by the use of the surplice in the pulpit, chanting of the Psalms, and responses after the Commandments, the offertory in the Communion Service when there was no celebration of the Sacrament, and such-like trivialities as we should call them now.

It needs a retrospect like this to remind us of what the Evangelical party have surrendered for the sake of the Establishment. It is a long road to travel from the Courtney riots at Exeter about preaching in a surplice to the present time, when the question that looms in the immediate future, and even now is waiting for the "advice" of the Archbishops, is the Reservation of the Sacrament. Alas! every point in the journey is strewn with some signs of Evangelical defeat. If protests, memorials, petitions to Parliament, speeches at Church Association Conferences, suits in courts, and bitter complaints of their disappointing results, grand demonstrations and strong resolutions could have saved the Church or safe-guarded its Protestantism, the salvation would have been secured. But all this has been of no effect, and for the obvious reason that politicians speedily perceived how little force was behind these brave words, and soon began to regard all these agitations as a mere game of bluff. In this they were wrong. There is nothing more sincere than that Protestant cry which is a favourite topic for ridicule with so many. But, unfortunately, those who are so eager to treat the Protestant sentiment as their own pet monopoly had not counted the cost, and when they understood what it was, proved unequal to the sacrifice. The result has been the continued and continuous advance of Ritualism all along the line, and to-day we have a state of things which the Tractarians of 1840 did not dream of in their most sanguine mood, and the forecast of which would have been scouted as practically impossible by the Protestant leaders of that time. The change is nothing short of a revolution, and the worst is that its seriousness does not seem to be realised. The true Protestant sentiment of the nation remains unchanged, but, unfortunately, its religious guides have inculcated the belief that the Establishment is the bulwark of Protestantism, and have refused to recognise the obvious fact that it is under its shadow that the Sacerdotalism which, in its essence, is Romanism, has been able, subtly and quietly, to extend its influence.

In the face of all this we, as Nonconformists, are asked to help the "Protestant" party in its endeavours to maintain the Protestantism of the State Church and the strictures on those of us who decline to commit ourselves to so hopeless an undertaking are severe. One of those omniscient correspondents of the provincial press, who are never more dogmatic than when they are writing on subjects of which they can know nothing, informs the world that "there are not wanting signs that a somewhat embittered controversy may be anticipated, with curious cross-currents, among the Free Churches." Of that I am ignorant, but when he proceeds to describe my own attitude, I may be allowed to speak with some confidence. His idea of the line of demarcation between, say, my friend Dr. Clifford and myself is, to say the least, singular. I am credited with holding that "the principle of attempting to purify an Establishment which they" (*i.e.*, Free Churchmen) "are pledged to get rid of appears to be something worse than delusive." If the word "policy" be substituted for "principle," there is nothing here to which I should object. But the writer proceeds to say: "*On the other hand*, men like Dr. Clifford and Mr. Price Hughes contend that so long as there is a State connection any citizen has a right to insist that the supposed conditions on which the alleged patronage of the civil power has been granted shall be observed." With the exception of the opening words, this also is true. The mistake is to suppose that there is any difference between my friends and myself on this point. It is quite possible that there may be divergence of view between us on some question of policy. Independent men naturally take their own course, especially on practical measures. At all events, I do not believe in coercive legislation, even in the interests of Protestantism. But of the right of the State to control the Church which stoops to accept its patronage I have been an uncompromising advocate for the whole of my public life. In the present controversy I made my position clear at an early stage in some sentences which Canon MacColl has quoted: "We, as Nonconformists, would be false to all our principles were we to lend ourselves to any endeavour to strengthen a creed—even though it were one with which we are in hearty accord—by Act of Parliament. We shall resist all attempts to Romanise the establishment—that is, we shall do our utmost to prevent the present compromise from being altered in a sacerdotal direction." That is the position which I have always taken. It is, I venture to think, consistent and coherent throughout.

But, supposing Nonconformists, waiving for the moment the abstract objection to a State Church, were to co-operate with Evangelicals within the Church to promote legislation intended to give a more Protestant character, is there any reasonable prospect of success? To be effective, such legislation must be drastic, and the more thorough it is the more serious the difficulties it would have to encounter. Pos-

sibly not the least of them would be that of securing the hearty co-operation of the Evangelical clergy themselves. For it must be based on a revision of the Prayer-book, and it is easy to foresee the diversity of view which any proposals of that kind would evoke, or the fierceness of the controversy to which they would certainly lead. But, were a scheme of reform agreed to, we should still be only on the threshold of the actual struggle. Can any one imagine a General Election with this as the dividing line of party? It passes my power to conceive of any politicians with the slightest claim to be regarded as leading statesmen consenting to accept such a demarcation of parties. Indeed, the very idea is so ludicrous as itself to suggest the absurdity, to say nothing else, of casting the sacred things of religion into the arena of political strife. But, were this done, is it so certain that a Protestant majority would be returned to Parliament? True, there is a strong Protestant sentiment in the nation, but it is extremely doubtful whether that would be roused in support of a measure of exclusion. It might safely be trusted to resist Papal aggression, but it is by no means so certain that it would approve of a policy which would turn out of the Church a large body of the clergy, numbers of whom have commended themselves by their devotion to their work. These forecasts may, of course, be entirely mistaken, but, at least, they are not to be dismissed as incredible. They will certainly enter into the speculations of politicians, and will be sufficient to start very grave doubts as to the wisdom of making the Protestantising of the Establishment a plank in any electoral programme.

I may be excused if I emphasise this point still further, as so much depends on it. It is said that Canon MacColl's book on the Reformation Settlement changed the votes of many (I do not care to insist on the exact number) members of the House of Commons on the "Church Discipline Bill." The fact is significant. The Canon is an able disputant, but it is not consolatory to those who believe in the rooted Protestantism of our legislators to find that so many of them were affected by his arguments, which, if they prove anything, show that Anglican Protestants have been living in a fool's Paradise. If he be right, many of our notions of history have to be wholly reversed. What judgment we shall form of the Reformers and their works it is hard to say, but we shall certainly be left wondering how it was that England was at that time regarded as the head of the Protestant world, and so powerful in that character that Philip of Spain organised and the Pope blessed a crusade against her. Yet the Canon so impressed the minds of a number of our legislators that they refused to support a measure which certainly did not err on the side of severity. If this was the fate of so tentative and moderate a Bill, where is the hope for one of the wider sweep and the sterner type, which will be necessary if any lasting result is to be secured?

Is not the time come when the whole subject needs to be looked at in a more serious temper and from a more elevated standpoint? We have been detained long enough in the discussion about forms and symbols, is it not necessary that we grapple with the essential principles involved in this long-standing controversy? It is only fair to the extreme Ritualists that they have raised them, and not for the first time, in the most decided and even extreme form, and do not show any signs of flinching. *L'audace et toujours l'audace* seems to have been their motto, and they have been justified by the results they have achieved. Perhaps they have not grasped the full consequences of the principles they have laid down, but, at all events, they have not been afraid of being regarded as extreme men, and among their virtues they must be credited with the courage of their convictions. They have further shown a considerable skill in perspective. If they have sought to introduce obnoxious rites, they have never so exaggerated their value as to invest them with an importance even greater than that of the doctrines they are intended to symbolise. I speak, of course, of the men who may fairly be esteemed representative, not of a few extremists who seem to find a pleasure in introducing any new rite which has struck their fancy without even inquiring whether it has any title to be considered a Catholic usage, and apparently liking it all the more if it has a flavour of superstition which makes it peculiarly offensive to the Protestant mind. But these are not the dangerous element in the party. They would, indeed, be of little or no account but for the abler and more sober-minded men who are behind them, and who are very slow to abandon their defence even though they disapprove of many of their proceedings. It is bad strategy and still worse Christianity to treat men like Lord Halifax and Canon Gore, or a number of others who might be named, as though they were traitors beyond the pale of argument and deserving only condign punishment. Opprobrious epithets prove no more than the vapourings with which French generals have been shocking the conscience or provoking the contempt of the world. What is wanted is proof, and the sooner this is understood the better.

The Ritualists hold that their logical position is unassailable, and they prove their sincerity by their readiness to accept Disestablishment rather than accept the authority of the State in matters of doctrine and discipline. To outsiders like ourselves they show a confusion of thought which, however, is easily explained by the history of the State Church itself. We are looking at it from opposite sides. Nonconformists have taken a good deal of trouble to understand their position. It is not unreasonable for us to ask that they should show us a similar courtesy. As to our relative position to the "Holy Catholic Church," that does not concern us who believe that that Church is not a great organisation, with a powerful hierarchy, a

Procrustean creed, and an Apostolic succession ; but the whole fellowship of believing souls, who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. It is our relation to that " Church of England " whose honour and emoluments they enjoy, but from which we are excluded, about which we are interested. The difference is not racial, is not even social—for the line of cleavage runs through the whole of society, if we except the highest section of all—not educational. It is one which the State has created, and which the State could abolish in the next session of Parliament. The Act of Uniformity marks the dividing line, and we are on the wrong side because we will not accept the conditions it prescribes.

But here comes the anomaly of the Ritualist position. Its defenders claim the privileges of conformity and the liberty of Nonconformity. The demand is an impossible one, and they are bound, sooner or later, to choose between the two. Their position in the Catholic Church we do not presume to judge. If they believe that they are obeying a divine law, while we are heretics and schismatics, that does not trouble us. To our own Master we stand or fall, and comfort ourselves with the faith that we shall be holden up. At all events, in this matter our appeal is to the higher tribunal. But as to their place in the Church of England, that must be determined by the Act of Uniformity. It is against this that the *Church Times* and its supporters chafe, but their fretting is unreasonable and vain. The Primate has plainly taught them this, and they rebel against his decision because it is based on the law, which nevertheless is the power which makes their Church the Church of England. Do as they will, that is a fact from whose iron bond they cannot escape. Suppose the Primate had taken another line of reasoning which yet led up to the same conclusion, would their position have been more satisfactory? Now they object to a decision resting upon the law of the State—would they not, in that case, have objected to a judge nominated by the Crown and holding his position by the authority of the law they abhor?

Disestablishment alone can afford relief and give liberty to them, but, on the other hand, it will afford to us, as Protestants, the only security we are entitled to ask. I yield to no one in the intensity of my Protestantism ; possibly I should startle some of its more zealous champions by the extent to which I should push its principles and the enthusiasm I should throw into their advocacy. I have watched the various ecclesiastical movements of the generation with an interest that began with the early days of Tractarianism and has never slumbered during the long years and the many vicissitudes of the intervening period. Observation and experience have deepened my conviction that if Protestantism has suffered any injury, it has been when it has been unfaithful to its fundamental principle, which is that

of perfect liberty of conscience. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual," and I have a strong and ever growing conviction that we never employ the former except to the injury of the cause we most love. Disestablishment simply means a return to the spiritual warfare—the battle between truth and error. If we doubt as to the issue of that, we only betray the weakness of our faith.

In writing this, I do not indulge the fanatical temper which despises the use of legitimate means on behalf of the truth. If I repudiate the appeal to "chariots and horses" in defence of Protestantism, I am not the less ready to oppose their employment on the other side. I have not shrunk, nor shall I shrink to-day, from the most strenuous resistance, whether to Ritualist innovation in the Established Church, or to endeavour to secure fresh endowments for sectarianism at the cost of the State. This is only part of the general advance towards disestablishment, to which, in common with the great body of Protestant Nonconformists, I look as the only true solution of the present difficulties. The Duke of Argyll, in a recent letter to the *Times* says, "Free Churches are in all probability the future of the world." It is a most significant utterance, especially when coming from so unexpected a quarter. Very earnestly do I hope that my own country may take a leading part in that great movement in which is the hope of the Christianity of the twentieth century.

My general conclusion is that the Primate has employed what is nothing less than a revolutionary measure, in the hope of ending the crisis, and that he has failed. Dr. Cobb, who has a representative character as an official of the E C U., assures the Archbishops that the discontent with their "reasons"—that is, practically, with the appeal to the Act of Uniformity—is widespread and bitter, adding, "It is merely stating a fact, and not an aspiration, when I say that unless measures are taken to undo the effect of these reasons, disestablishment is sooner or later inevitable." How far this prediction is coloured by personal feeling the event only can show. It is not to be forgotten that the conservative and quietist forces making for submission are enormous, and the experience of the half-century justifies the anticipation that the much-talked-of crisis will pass away leaving the Ritualists victory. On the other side it must be said that for the moment they are in a difficult position, which will become still worse if the Reservation of the Sacrament be also declared illegal. The pending decision on that point is anticipated with a natural anxiety on both sides, and on it much will depend. Under all conditions, however, it is clear that the game of the ecclesiastical politician has become much more difficult, and that there is a growing disposition to deal with the vital issues at stake. These, however, are very different from those which Anglican writers seem to contemplate. Dr. Cobb, for example, speaks of "entrusting the laity with a decisive voice in all domestic

questions." But what laity? We have been frequently told in the course of the Disestablishment controversy that Parliament represented the laity, and already Parliament is supreme. The laity are the people of England, and will remain so so long as the Church is established. Self-government by a select body of Churchmen means Disestablishment. On one point, however, there should be no misunderstanding. The Church of England is an institution in which the Nonconformist laity are as much concerned as the Archbishops themselves. A Church writer, who has a patent scheme of reform of his own, suggests that Parliament should decide it, the "unbaptized" abstaining from taking any action. On which the *Times* observes that the suggestion shows that the writer is still "young and trustful." The same may be said of all who hope that any part of the nation will surrender its right to pronounce on the character of the National Church.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN IN CHINA.

I.

THE news of Lord Salisbury's agreement with Russia concerning China has just reached us out in the Far East. It indicates a turning-point in the whole Chinese question. The moment, therefore, is opportune for a general review of the situation and reconsideration of our policy in future.

Does this agreement portend a future parcelling out of China between the Great Powers? Does it mean that Lord Salisbury despairs of a "hands off" *plus* "open door" policy, which hitherto he has steadily maintained, and which, indeed, may broadly be said to epitomise the general policy of Britain towards China for the last fifty years? Has he made up his mind to a future partition, or are Russia and Britain simply arranging a mutual understanding to prevent undignified squabbles between them as to railway and other concessions?

I greatly prefer to believe that Lord Salisbury honestly means what he says in the preamble to the treaty, and that it is really intended to provide a guarantee for the integrity and independence of China. Many people will probably regard this preamble as a more or less conventional utterance, usually probably prefixed to a treaty of this kind for decency's sake. At all events, the effect of it will entirely depend on the spirit in which the treaty is worked in practice; and Russia's interpretation thereof may differ widely from ours.

No doubt by such an undertaking with Russia we have earmarked still more decidedly the Yang-tse Valley territories for Britain's sphere of influence. But it by no means follows thereupon that we are intending by-and-by to swallow up those territories ourselves. On

the contrary, we propose to deal with the matter in a self-denying spirit we shall so work our sphere of influence in practice as simply to keep other Powers out while keeping our own hands clean. This is the only legitimate interpretation of the treaty, and I shall here assume that this is its real meaning and purpose, at least as far as we are concerned.

We have therefore marked out the great Yang-tse Valley territories and the larger half, at least, of Kwangtung for our sphere of influence, in order to keep them open to our trade and to the world's trade, while, so far as they are concerned, preserving the integrity of the Chinese Empire. We shall confine ourselves to the legitimate exploitation of trade, commerce, and industry in them.

I add Kwangtung to the Yang-tse Valley in the above statement of our position, because it is perfectly well known everywhere that we shall not tolerate any interference by any Power in this great and fertile province immediately adjoining Hong Kong, and containing the city of Canton, which is a great commercial emporium in the closest relations with Hong Kong itself. Of this our intention we have, moreover, practically given public notice in two ways. First, when the French included it in the non-alienation declaration which they obtained from China regarding the extreme south-western provinces bordering on Tonking we promptly restored the disturbed equilibrium by gaining a similar declaration from the Chinese to ourselves concerning the same territory. Secondly, we have more recently taken a more decisive step, by getting from the Chinese a lease of an additional slice of Kwangtung to round off and strengthen our hold upon our pre-existing territory at Hong Kong and Kowloon.*

Including, therefore, one-half of Kwangtung, by the above policy we shall, for the present at least, preserve to the Chinese about half the area of China proper, including considerably more than half of its total population. Moreover, by our influence, direct or indirect, on other Powers, as by a coming treaty with Germany, we shall tend to preserve from any actual occupation or annexation the greater part at least of the large balance which lies outside our sphere. Briefly, while Manchuria may be regarded as lost to Russia, we shall give the Chinese a fair chance of preserving practically the whole of China proper, less sundry little nibbles on the extreme coastline occupied by the various Powers as *pieds-à-terre* in their respective spheres of influence. The future, therefore, of China depends upon herself; she has now got another lease of life. If she is willing to learn she may yet preserve her empire from being broken up

* We have not opposed the French occupation of Kwangchow Bay in the peninsula of Lien-chow. The S W portion of Kwangtung comes therefore within the French sphere.

Let us now examine this policy in its moral, political, and commercial aspects.

II

In a former paper on this subject* I have indicated very clearly my opinion of the morality, or the immorality, of such an unprovoked aggression by the Great Powers on China as was then in full progress. But as some readers appear to have wrongly credited me with aggressive ideas of my own on the subject, may I be permitted to quote the following words from that paper to show that they are in error?

"The present condition of China presents a very sorry and pitiful spectacle. What is the result of eighteen long centuries of Christianity and civilisation in its bearing on the present conduct of the European Powers? They have found a sick man by the wayside, how will they treat him? Why, of course, they will pour oil and wine into his wounds; they will find balm of Gilead for his sorrows. As a matter of fact, are they not, one and all, surrounding the helpless Chinese Empire like a set of hungry sharks attacking a dying whale? Each shark vies with his neighbours in biting out a choice mouthful for himself."

Surely this is plain enough, and I need only repeat that the aggression of the Great Powers on China, so far as it has been due to a greedy coveting of their neighbour's goods, is immoral and unrighteous. Lord Salisbury, therefore, is greatly to be congratulated that he has now set up a more altruistic and Christian standard, by crying "Hands off." To this enlightened and unselfish policy let us hope we shall now steadily adhere. Thereby we shall keep our hands clean whatever happens in China.

It is only a very few years since we Britons were loud in our complaints of the selfish greed of the French in their aggression in Siam. Let us not give any real occasion to them or to any other Power to cry "*Tu quoque*" to us in relation to China.

This, however, does not mean that we must sit up in a balloon, serenely aloft, and allow British interests to go by default in China, for fear it should be said that we are greedy and covetous. On the contrary, we must look after them and secure them by every legitimate means. Nevertheless, I freely admit that it will tax the trained capacity in law and equity of a Lord Chancellor in the future to say precisely, in many concrete instances, where the legitimate protection or exploitation of British interests ends and an unjustifiable aggression on China begins. All that Lord Salisbury can reasonably be expected to do is to take a broad view of the whole matter, and do his best to hold a fair and even balance between the onerous demands of "British

* "Our Future Empire in the Far East," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, August 1898.

interests" on the one side, and the just claims and rights of China on the other.

It may most easily happen, and will, as I think, most probably happen, that we shall be driven to assert ourselves strongly in the great Yang-tse Valley, or even to proceed, for a time at least, to an effective occupation of it. This will not necessarily be a robbery and spoliation of China, any more than was Gordon's occupation of certain portions of Chinese territory in order to put down one of the worst curses that ever afflicted humanity, the Tai-Pings, whereby he practically saved China from destruction. But having now laid down sound guiding principles, Lord Salisbury can only wait upon events, and deal with each new development on its merits as it arises.

III.

Morally, then, the partitioning of China among the Great Powers, by the conversion of their vague spheres of influence into actual territorial annexations out of pure greed, would be a crime. I shall now endeavour to show that, politically, it would be that worse thing in the view of the cynical philosopher than a crime: it would be a mistake. This at first sight is not very obvious, and we must look a little closely into the matter before I can hope to justify this position.

Unquestionably, the cardinal fact of the existing situation is that China is helpless, bewildered, and prostrate. And I have already argued at length, in my former paper on this subject above referred to, that we could, if we were so minded, proceed to a more or less effective occupation of the whole huge Yang-tse Valley with comparative ease. I have also there endeavoured to show the many blessings and the enlightenment which such a British rule might probably bring with it to the Chinese themselves. Here then we have, no doubt, strong arguments in favour of such a course. But it was quite impossible, within the limits of a single paper, to exhaust such a vast subject as this. I could only deal with one side of the question, so let us now consider the other side. We may best state the problem in this way: Granting that the Great Powers can now partition out China if they will, and that the probable fall of the dynasty and collapse of the central Government may presently give them a good opportunity and excuse for doing-so, will it pay them? Can they hold the country permanently when they have got it? or, will they not ultimately be driven to withdraw from it after endless trouble and expense? In order to answer this question we must look beyond the temporary conditions of the moment, which, as I admit, are politically very favourable to a forward policy, and take a broad view of the Chinese and of the whole case.

For a long period prior to the war with Japan, the general tendency everywhere was to over-estimate the coming strength and the fighting capacity of the Chinese. We had a whole series of articles, it will be remembered, in the English and American Reviews, with such titles as "Will China Rule the World"? The only question then seemed to be, not whether China was a vast reservoir of potential power, which was universally admitted, but whether this future power would be sufficient to endanger Western civilisation. Lord Wolseley led the way in this by expressing an alarmist view of coming Chinese fighting strength.*

The besetting tendency of human nature is always to rush to extremes in these matters, to worship success, and to run down the beaten side. For a whole generation after Jena the fighting capacity of the Germans was most unduly depreciated all over Europe, and I well remember when the war of 1870 was declared, there was only one officer to be found in a certain British garrison to back the Germans; and had he supported his opinion by betting, he could easily have won large sums at very favourable odds from all his brother officers in that garrison. Accordingly, now that the Chinese have been hopelessly beaten by the Japs, the tendency everywhere is to pour contempt upon their fighting value present or future, without making any fair allowance for the special conditions of that struggle, which simply never gave their rank and file—or the coolies dressed up in uniform—who figured largely in it—any fair chance at all.

Nevertheless, after some personal experience of the Chinese in China, I am now prepared to stand by the favourable estimate of their military value which I published in 1892, from which I venture to quote the following:

"The Chinese are a tough and stubborn race. They hold human life very cheap, their own lives as individuals included. They have small sympathy with that overstrained sensibility, that almost morbid humanitarianism, that nervous shrinking from wounds, suffering, and death, which is a growing characteristic of our recent European civilisation. Thereby the endurance and fighting capacity of all or most European armies, as compared with what they were a century or less ago, may perhaps have been lowered much more than we are as yet aware." . . . "The Chinese can live on rations which would starve European troops, and face fatigue and hardships with wonderful patience and endurance. These are invaluable military qualities."

Lord Wolseley's estimate, although no doubt it may have been somewhat overstrained, is yet not nearly so far astray as most people imagine. The Chinese will probably make very good troops when they are properly fed, disciplined, trained to a fine *esprit de corps*, and led by good officers.

But we need not argue further on this question, as I hope to show

* See *Review of Reviews*, September 1890, p. 282.

that, apart from actual fighting in the field, the Chinese can make their country too hot to hold foreigners if they really set themselves steadily to do so.

If there be one Chinese characteristic more fixed and certain than another it is emphatically their toughness and stubbornness. Herein the Chinaman is far more like the badger than is any other specimen of the *genus homo*. This inherent race quality arises naturally out of, and might well have been predicted from, Chinese history and environment. The Chinaman of to-day is pre-eminently a specimen of the survival of the fittest. His ancestors for untold generations have been accustomed to work longer hours, to prolong existence under more trying and insanitary conditions, to eat humbler food, and rest in a more uncertain and casual sleep than probably any other race on earth. His physical constitution has responded to this ordeal. If we were to select fifty good average healthy specimens of fifty of the most varied races of men, white and coloured, and set them all to work together under similar but specially arduous and trying conditions of hard toil, scanty and repellent fare, bad water, little sleep, &c., till forty-nine of them were knocked up and done for, we should very probably find that the solitary survivor would be the slow-moving Chinaman; and that he, after a good square meal and a day's rest, would be fit for work again the day following.

His mental constitution is closely akin to his physical constitution: it is tough, stubborn, unresponsive, and slow to move. This is why the Chinese and their Government are moving so slowly or not moving at all at present. Any other race of 400,000,000, possessing one-half of the real vitality and capacity of the Chinese, would have been up in arms *en masse* long before this against the inroads of the foreigner. But the Chinaman is very hard to move. He does not see why he should put himself out of his accustomed paths for anybody, whether foreign devils or others; consequently his feeble central Government is left helpless and gets no support. Nor will he move most probably until the visible presence and iconoclastic workings of the foreigner are fairly brought home to him in his own native village, where he works surrounded by the graves of his ancestors on every hillside. Then he will move, and, as I venture to predict, he will move in such a case to some purpose, but it will be in his own way—quite apart from any Government—for he will not be likely to consult the far-off and helpless powers at Peking.

In order to show the sort of way in which he will then go to work, I will here give a few extracts from a report* of a missionary of high standing in Chi-me, a district in Shangtung; premising that there is nothing in the least unusual or uncommon about it. It is only an ordinary average specimen selected at random from similar accounts.

* See the *Hong Kong Daily Press*, May 8, 1899

It shows how John Chinaman is now just beginning to move in Shantung with reference to the German inroad on that province.

"Early in March this year a sect was organised in Western Chi-me called the 'Great Knife Sect' The object of this sect, so far as can be learned from outside sources, is unrelenting hostility to the Christian religion and to all foreigners. It is estimated that the enrolled members now number more than 1000, and daily increasing."

Then he goes on to describe how they attacked and plundered fourteen villages containing native Christians and savagely maltreated the villagers. When he appealed to the local magistrate he did not get much comfort or support from him or from his myrmidons, the Yamen runners :

"The magistrates did not deign to reply, or even send a card acknowledging my letter. No one has been arrested The men sent from the Yamen to see the wounded men, it is said, reported concerning one man, whose head was battered by the rioters so that his life was almost despaired of, that he was suffering from a severe attack of boils and not from any other injury "

The report about the boils is thoroughly Chinese. These things are but the first catpaws of a rising wind, which presently will be a storm, if the Germans should try to annex any considerable portion of Shantung, and to ride roughshod over its inhabitants with their military methods and disciplinarian ideas. China has long been honeycombed with secret societies, at the organisation of which the Chinese are past masters. They are adepts at co-operation generally, as is well shown by their powerful guilds or trades unions all over China. These constitute a great standing protection to the people, as, if the local magistrate tries to "squeeze" them with taxation beyond what they consider fair and reasonable, the guilds assemble to mob and frighten him, or in various ways bring strong pressure to bear on him.

These societies, whether secret or open, are most easily capable of a vast and incalculable development. I repeat that, should the Germans or any other Power try to rule any considerable fraction of China with the "mailed fist"—that is, with a personal and visible rule enforced by an overt display of foreign force and foreign methods, calculated to bring them and their occupation unpleasantly home to the minds of the slow-moving villagers—they will infallibly find themselves confronted with a stubborn and prolonged opposition, far too strong to be coped with by any reasonable or practicable expenditure of European money and European power. Should the Germans try to push their actual occupation far into Shantung, they will probably find presently that the game is not worth the candle, and will be glad to clear out again, and confine themselves to a small strip on the sea coast, and to the exploitation of railways, mines, commerce, &c, in the interior.

But, it may be said, these societies are destitute of arms and ammunition; they have no money, no skilled leaders, no knowledge of war; how can they contend against the disciplined troops of a first-class Power? Any one who talks thus shows that he is ignorant of the existing secret societies in China, of their power of raising funds, of the nature of their workings, and still more ignorant of the great scale of their probable operations and their vast potential power once they are strongly supported by universal popular sympathy. These anti-foreign societies in the supposed case, judging by what they actually do now, will raise large sums by enforced contributions levied on a gradual scale as a regular tax on the entire population. Any one who refuses to pay will be promptly brought to book, and will be lucky if he gets off with his life, or with the loss of all he is worth. They will import rifles by the thousand and ammunition by the ton from Europe and America, for rifles and ammunition can always be obtained by people who will pay for them. They will terrify and pillage every village or town that does not support them. If open warfare does not suit them, they have only to issue orders that the foreigners are to be boycotted, and then life to the foreigners will be made intolerable. They will get no servants, no coolies to carry their equipage, no food, forage, or supplies without an armed escort to fetch and protect it. Any villager who sells them a bottle of milk or a fowl will be heavily fined and terrorised. If the foreign devils occupy any given town, mysterious Chinese placards will appear by the score on the walls and houses in the morning, calling on the inhabitants to murder them or poison them, and threatening them with very heavy penalties if they do not. Then any foreigner will eat food at the risk of his life, and if he goes a mile outside the town without an escort he will be cut to pieces. All the well-known methods of Irish boycotting will be brought into play in a greatly aggravated form, *plus* a hundred others which the inexhaustible ingenuity of the Chinaman will easily devise. Briefly, such societies, part open, part secret, but all more or less in sympathy with the populations, and covertly supported by any and every native Government of China, can, and will, if they are so minded, make life unendurable by the foreigner. These considerations will, it is hoped, tend on a broad view to justify my position above, that any extended territorial annexations by the Powers generally would be politically a mistake.

IV.

Nevertheless, it by no means necessarily follows that we Britons could not, if we were so minded, or if circumstances should compel us or induce us, occupy the whole Yang-tse Valley, with all the vast territories therein, in a certain very real and practical sense. That is,

we could proclaim it British protected territory, paint it red on the map, assume in a general way the responsibility for its administration, and exploit it to advantage commercially. This, I think, we could do with comparative ease. The question has been argued at some length in my former paper.

The cardinal point and keystone of such an occupation or administration is that it must be harmonised with, and adapted to, the genius of the slow-moving and ultra-conservative people with whom we are dealing. The millions of quiet toiling folk, who form probably 97 per cent. of all the inhabitants of China, must find no appreciable change. They will never see a red coat, and seldom at first see a white man. They will only hear of them occasionally as foolish and ignorant foreigners, who pay much more than it is worth for everything that they want, and are easy to squeeze. The only difference they will find in their lives will be that by degrees their heavy burdens will be lightened. Extortionate taxation and perpetual squeezes will be minimised and eventually abolished. The courts and the administration of justice will be gradually purified. There will be a steadily increasing hope of justice and mercy for the poor man. Cruel and inhuman punishments will disappear and be no longer heard of. All these improvements will come down from above, through Chinese officials and Chinese agents, mysteriously chosen and influenced by some unseen power which will always remain in the background and out of sight. Briefly, we must rule the Chinese by Chinese men and Chinese methods, from the top, with no appreciable change at any given moment anywhere, except in directions which will be most welcome to the people themselves. By a wise and well-directed policy of this kind the masses of the people will never be stirred against our rule. It will be a purely nominal matter between their Chinese Governors and us, with which they will have no concern, and about which they will never trouble themselves, so long as they are let alone to pursue their old paths and their accustomed avocations in peace. The slowness and inertia of the race will then be an all-important factor on our side. It must be borne in mind in considering this whole subject that all analogies drawn from the experience of more sensitive and highly organised Western communities are entirely misleading. If a hostile force of French or Germans were to land in Kent, the telegraphic news would instantly create a ferment in Land's-End and John o' Groats, and vibrate to every corner of the British Empire. But in China we might be in actual occupation of whole provinces for months or years before the toiling millions in other provinces even heard of it. Or, if they did hear, it would be a far-off matter about which they would never trouble themselves, so long as they were not affected.

Great Britain is probably the only Power in the world at this

moment which, by its traditions and experience, is fitted for and capable of establishing and maintaining such an unseen rule as this over China. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that we could do it, and make a grand success of it, provided we were to undertake it with becoming wisdom, caution, and circumspection. The secret and other societies, which at first, no doubt, would be opposed to our rule, will then tend to die out and disappear. They will have no fulcrum to work from—that is, they will get no support from the masses of the people, whose anti-foreign feelings and prejudices will never be really stirred, and who would be increasingly contented and happy under our rule.

The French and Germans are quite out of the running, unless we are to imagine that they are capable of laying aside all their ingrained ideas and deeply rooted methods, and of taking an entirely new departure in administration. This to me is incredible. The Russians will presumably be fully occupied for a generation to come in exploiting Manchuria, which forms no part of China proper.

The various provinces of our future Chinese Empire would then be ruled by Chinese Governors, appointed by the British Government, which would pay them liberal salaries, with strict precautions against squeezing and maladministration. They would be supported by a few British bayonets and British gunboats stationed in central localities; but the majority of the troops would be Chinese under British officers. A practically omnipotent British Resident would “advise” the Viceroy or Governors. The lines of our administration are clearly marked out for us by the existing provincial system of government. This is excellent in theory, well adapted to the Chinese, and we should simply set ourselves to raise and purify it by degrees. Our British officials and representatives would, in the first instance, be partly borrowed from India, where the semi-independent feudatory States are in a very similar position, and partly from Egypt, where also we are dealing successfully with a somewhat similar set of conditions. We should then gradually train up a more enlightened and progressive Chinese civil administration, whose chiefs would learn to look to the British Resident for light, leading, and promotion. After some years of such a rule we could probably afford to introduce British officials in all the higher appointments throughout the country by degrees as vacancies occurred. Presently they would control all the departments. Then the administration would tend gradually to approximate to the Indian standard. I have already pointed out in my former paper that in all this we should be very powerfully aided by the Chinese system of public examinations, which we should direct on the required educational lines. The gist of the whole matter is that, in such a quiet rule, there would be no point, from first to last, at which we should stir up the silent slow-moving masses of people against us.

V.

Now comes an all-important question : Are we, then, called upon thus to "take up the white man's burden" and rule China, or a large slice of it? Most certainly not, at this moment; for I have already said above that Lord Salisbury is highly to be commended for laying down a "hands off" and unaggressive line of policy. To this, it is to be hoped and expected, he will adhere. Nevertheless, it is quite possible and, as I think, most probable that his hands will be forced by coming developments, and that we shall be practically driven to take up the white man's burden whether we like it or no.

For the present situation is that the whole of China is seething and fermenting with growing discontent and unrest. We have had several partial and local rebellions during the last two years, sundry defeats of the Imperial troops, and much trouble given to the Chinese authorities. They fortunately succeeded in disposing, by a simple and thoroughly Chinese process, of one unusually capable and powerful rebel leader, Yu Man-tsi, who was terrorising a wide district in Szechuen and too strong for them. They bought him off, imported him *per saltum* into the ranks of the Imperialists, and made a great man of him.

In spite of our presumed predetermination to stand by a non-aggressive policy, at any moment a serious crisis may arrive, and in all probability it will arrive in the course of the next year or two, necessitating our naval or military action in China. Thus, suppose a rebel leader with a strong force to be threatening any of the numerous ports along the 1500 miles' course of the navigable Yang-tse from Shanghai to Ichang. And suppose, as has so recently happened already, the Chinese Government officials concerned are not strong enough to beat him and unable to buy him off. What is to happen? Are we to leave our small British colony to be destroyed, their property burnt out, and their numerous Chinese employés and myrmidons massacred? No British Government would hesitate to take action in such a case. If they did, the Russians, who have very considerable interests and many Russian subjects to protect there, would promptly send up a strong force from Port Arthur, where they have a small army in readiness; and then what becomes of our sphere of influence in the Yang-tse Valley?

Similarly for Canton and the Si-kiang or West River, in Kwangtung. Briefly, our hands are liable to be forced at any time, and will most likely be so forced some time in the course of the next few years.

But once we have undertaken such an expedition into China it may not be easy to withdraw again. British Governments are sometimes slow to move; the necessary troops for any land operations of the

the whole human race plunged into a seething chaos of misery and ruin. In military as in most other matters, a stitch in time saves nine. But, alas! spite of the moderate increase now in progress, the British army is still much too weak for its great and steadily growing responsibilities, and the question is—where are the men to come from? It is to be feared that we may have to wait a long time for them. Meanwhile, and pending their arrival, the keys of the whole situation in the Far East may, in circumstances which will most easily arise, tend to slip out of British hands altogether, and pass into those of any Power which has a small body of troops immediately available at the right moment—that is, into the hands of Russia or Japan. This will land us in much worse difficulties later for want of a little timely display of force.

VII

Another item wherein there is a great and crying need for improvement in our position in the Far East at this moment, and which is probably more immediately pressing than the last, is our Intelligence Department. I use the word Department by courtesy and rather in reference to what ought to be than to what is. For, judging by all the signs of the times, such a properly organised office in connection with our British Embassy at Peking is practically non-existent. Otherwise how can we account for the fact that our Minister chose the critical moment when the Queen-Dowager was just on the very point of practically deposing the Emperor and putting herself in his place to go off for a holiday and sea-bathing? I am not for a moment blaming Sir Claude Macdonald, a capable and hard-working Minister, who is doing his utmost for British interests under very arduous and trying conditions, and who deserves very well of his country. But clearly the organisation and equipment of his office leave very much to be desired in the matter of intelligence. It was perfectly well known by thousands of Chinese, and probably by every foreign embassy in Peking except ours, that matters were then in a very critical state, that Kang-yu-Wei and his reform party were supported by the Emperor, but strongly opposed by the Queen-Dowager *plus* a very strong body of conservative Ministers, and that a storm was brewing. But our Embassy was slumbering in profound ignorance of all this, and so the critical moment was lost when our intervention might possibly have been very important.

If we consider the general question we shall find that we of all the Powers are, or ought to be if we went the right way to work, in the best possible position for acquiring good information relating to every part of China. There are hundreds of capable and well-informed English missionaries spread over every district therein. Most of

slightest consequence are not stationed, as they evidently should be, in the Far East. They must be sent from England or India. It seems very possible that we shall have to be indebted to the Russians after all, in the first instance, for the protection of British lives and British property in our own sphere in the Yang-tse Valley, as their men are more immediately available. Then our Government will also send troops, and we shall have the further complication of British and Russian troops employed in the same locality in putting down a numerous but badly armed crew of bloodthirsty insurgents. In such a case, however, I make no doubt that Russian and British officers will fraternise and work amicably together in the common cause. There will then be this good result: that old estranging Crimean memories will be happily washed out by the British and Russian blood shed in friendly co-operation and alliance. Nevertheless, politically, the resulting situation will, perhaps, not be altogether pleasant or reassuring to Lord Salisbury.

Of course, the practical outcome of such a likely contingency as this will entirely depend upon the circumstances of the case, upon which it is vain to speculate in advance. We may, if we are lucky, be able to give the necessary protection to British lives and property at the moment by a naval flotilla and naval forces only, and then withdraw again. But it is equally possible that we may have to send strong forces, both naval and military, and find ourselves committed to prolonged operations over wide areas. These may easily end in, or eventually necessitate, a more permanent occupation, unless by withdrawing we are to leave the whole country to anarchy and ruin. Those Powers which, by their action, cause the breakdown of the existing Chinese Government, and then put nothing in its place, will incur a terrible responsibility to humanity.

VI.

By far the best way, and as I think the only way, to avoid such complications, is that we should have in readiness for instant action a small available field force on the spot in the Far East.

If a brigade of infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery were stationed at either of our two available *pieds-à-terre*, Hong Kong or Wei-hai-Wei, they could be sent up promptly whenever required, to co-operate with the British Admiral in snuffing out such a budding rebellion, say in the Yang-tse Valley, as soon as it became clear that this was too strong to be coped with by the Chinese Government. Then we should be in a position to rule the storm before it gathered too much force. The great Tai-Ping rebellion is a standing warning to us that in China it will not do to let such movements gain headway, unless, that is, we are prepared to see a very appreciable fraction of

them would be only too glad to give valuable reports from time to time to the British Minister at Peking of the state of affairs in their district. Being in the closest touch with the natives and speaking Chinese, the information which they would supply would be invaluable. They say that their advice and opinion are never sought. There ought clearly to be a competent official attached to the Embassy whose province it should be to collect, collate, and digest their reports and present the substance of them to the British Minister at regular intervals for his information and for transmission to the Foreign Office. Then we should be in a far stronger position all round in dealing with Chinese affairs. At present the most wide-awake and well-informed man in Peking is outside the Embassy altogether. He is the *Times* Correspondent, and the editors of that journal are to be congratulated on his able conduct of his work.

VIII.

A few words only on the economical or commercial aspects of a hands-off policy will suffice. I have already, in my previous paper, called attention to the tremendous risk we are running in opening up a silver-using country where wages are at a very low minimum, labour superabundant, and raw materials plentiful and cheap, while ourselves adhering steadily to gold monometallism. It means the future destruction of British manufactures by putting a ruinous premium on Eastern production. I am not a bimetallist; on the contrary, my ideas and personal interests, in common with those of all recipients of fixed incomes, are strongly in favour of the gold standard. Of course, it is to our direct advantage to keep the purchasing power of the sovereign as high as we can, instead of depreciating it by linking it with cheap silver. Nevertheless, we must all face the facts. And the facts are that, before we set ourselves to open up China in any real sense, which, unhappily for our future peace, we are now doing by the introduction of railways, we ought in reason, as an indispensable preliminary, to set ourselves first to abolish this ruinous premium in favour of Eastern production by remodelling our entire monetary system. So long, therefore, as the bankers and financial magnates in the City of London adhere steadily to gold monometallism, so long will Lord Salisbury be highly to be commended in adhering steadily to the hands-off policy. By this we shall delay, though we cannot ultimately avert, the future economical revenge of China, whereby she will be likely to drive our manufactures out of the world's markets. The enormous present and coming output of gold from the mines may yet, however, save the situation, without any such remodelling of our financial system. It must tend to depreciate gold, and thereby to restore the balance in favour of silver.

IX.

Hitherto we have dealt with this whole question *ab extra*—from the foreigner's point of view. One word as to the Chinese position and the general commercial situation. I think that the only way in which the Government at Peking can save their empire from being broken up is to open up their whole coast-line, and probably their leading inland waters as well, freely to the world's trade. The mutual jealousies of grasping Powers will then save them. Any design of any one Power to secure for itself exclusive rights and privileges will be met by the determined opposition of all the rest, who will promptly appeal to the powerful "most favoured nation" clause. By this simple policy the Chinese may yet save their empire.

X.

Great and growing empires, such as ours, are like maelstroms. They tend irresistibly, and perhaps unconsciously, to suck into their ever-widening orbits all the smaller Powers, especially weak, backward, and barbarous or semi-barbarous races. Lord Salisbury is apparently intending to do his best to prevent the vast empire of China from being sucked into our British orbit. I wish him all success, but am very doubtful about it. It seems more probable that the march of events and the growing might of the great whirlpool, which is beyond the controlling power of any single statesman however eminent, will be too strong for him. Then we shall be driven to assert ourselves strongly in China, whether we like it or no.

In this situation it behoves us to consider well betimes all the conditions of the problem with which we shall have to deal, and to welcome light upon it from any and every quarter. This is my reason and justification for submitting to British readers this further contribution towards a consideration of the subject.

SENEX.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE majority of Liberal members of Parliament and agitators seem to be of opinion that the ending or mending—they are not sure which—of the House of Lords is the best and only card to be played at the next General Election. This conclusion may be doubted. In the first place, so long as the present craze of militant imperialism lasts, no internal reforms of importance will be dealt with, and therefore no collision between the House of Lords and the House of Commons is likely to take place. We may look forward to a Conservative Government in this country for many years to come, unless some wholly unforeseen contingency should arise. It is quite true that a Liberal Ministry might, owing to those political oscillations so common in modern politics, come into office, but I see no reason to suppose that it would hold real power, and I feel confident that its useless and undignified existence would be of brief duration. Consequently the question of the House of Lords must, under such conditions, be mainly academic, because the English people, immersed in business and amusements, slow-moving, and caring nothing whatever for the theoretic absurdities of their constitution, will never trouble their heads about the House of Lords unless on the ground of a practical grievance. I have no sympathy with their point of view—I am merely stating it. The House of Lords presents no problem at all to the average Englishman so long as it is in rough harmony with the other House, and therefore it will not be touched until such harmony comes to an end. But the Conservative party will be foolish if, before that time arrives, it does not make the attempt at reform on generally Conservative lines. Only the pressure of foreign affairs can prevent that.

There is a second difficulty in dealing with the House of Lords from the point of view of a strong Radical who, unlike his so-called

"leaders," is really in earnest on this question. This difficulty is that the English people are not democratic in feeling. By the English I mean the "predominant partner," and not his lesser partners in Scotland, Wales and Ireland. The English are, perhaps, the least democratic people on the planet, if we except the Prussian junker and the Austrian archdukes. Were one considering a policy for Dakota, Norway, or New Zealand, the course would be plain; nothing which was not absolutely democratic could be entertained for a moment. But it is John Bull with whom we have to do—John Bull, with his rooted instinct for inequality. Mr. Bagehot spoke of the English as a "deferential" people, which is, I suppose, a pleasant euphemism for a people steeped in the feeling and tradition of inequality. Mr. Arnold said that inequality had materialised our upper classes, vulgarised our middle classes, and brutalised our lower classes. Thackeray went further in saying that an Englishman would rather be kicked by a lord than taken no notice of by him. Emerson, the most acute critic we ever had, saw in the persistence of the aristocracy evidence of the English acquiescence in the main outlines of an old-world structure of society. Democracy is not by any means, as Maine tried to show with wearisome reiteration, merely a form of government. It is a temper, a spirit, an all-pervading sentiment. The life precedes the form in politics as in physiology, and the form of politics in England is not democratic because the life is not. It is folly to try to force artificial democracy on a people who are not by instinct democratic. The recent investigation into the Hooley companies proves that when an adventurer wants to extract money out of the pockets of the average English investor, the best bait he can use is a lord—a fact which speaks volumes as to the real structure of our society. As national characteristics are rarely changed, it may be assumed that England will remain what she is, an oligarchic country, dominated by the idea of inequality.

But the newspapers are constantly talking about something they call "the democracy," and so an impression grows that we are a democratic people. By the democracy, however, the newspapers mean the working classes, who are thus opposed to the upper and middle classes. But in a true democracy, if special and separate classes there be, they are all united in democratic union, and the wage-earning class has no more right to arrogate to itself the title of democracy than any other class. A true democracy is not one class taken by itself and sundered from all other classes. Another mistake constantly made is in the confounding of democracy with liberty. It is assumed that because liberty exists in England to a greater degree than in any country in the civilised world, therefore democracy exists. Such blunderers forget Mill's admirable discussion of this subject, where he compares the political ideals of England and France. I agree with him in preferring liberty to equality, *i.e.*, in

preferring the English to the French ideal, assuming that the two ideals are incompatible, as two such eminent thinkers as Taine and Renan think they are. But the point is that the two are perfectly distinct, and that while England has always stood for liberty, she has never shown any permanent and consistent devotion to the idea of equality. An opportunity was given to England in the seventeenth century to establish a Republican commonwealth, and she missed it. The remarkable closing chapter of the second volume of Mr Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate" shows us the democratic ideal dead in the heart of Cromwell and of the nation, and the idol of trade set up in the place of the dethroned goddess of the Republic. When the Restoration came the Whig reformers and the middle classes tried to secure liberty, not equality. That ideal has guided the Whig and Liberal parties ever since in the reforms they have undertaken.

The aristocracy, on their part, have managed to maintain their power substantially, though here and there concessions have been made. They have even thrown up, in the persons of Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Salisbury, men, if not of genius, yet of high talent and capacity for political leadership. The character of the aristocracy which, in the last century, was their weak point, has undergone a change for the better. Scandals there have been of a grave character, but on the whole the newer and younger peers have improved greatly on their predecessors. Many of them have devoted not a little time to the study of social questions, so much so that you will probably hear as intelligent a discussion of these subjects in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons. The economic decline of the Lords, also, which was freely anticipated a few years ago, has been broken if not wholly prevented by prudential marriages with the daughters of American plutocrats. In the next place, the rampant imperialism of the last few years has brought to many peers appointments in army, navy, and public service, and it has enabled peers to lend their names for a consideration to companies which have been engaged in commercially exploiting the countries opened up. By a peculiar dispensation of Providence it has also happened that the standard of ability and character in the House of Commons, especially among the younger men, has simultaneously declined. On the Liberal side not one of the younger men has taken hold of the country or ever will. And as everything which weakens the House of Commons fortifies the House of Lords, it is clear that the latter institution has received a new lease of life.

Moreover, the masses suspect, and well-informed persons are aware, that the Liberal agitation against the House of Lords is half-hearted and insincere. There have been at intervals agitations directed against the House of Lords ever since 1831, and to-day the House of Lords is much stronger than at any other time during that long

period. Some reason for this striking fact must exist. Recollect the threats and the actual violence of the Reform era, of the Corn Law agitation, of the Irish Church controversy, and ask yourself why this institution, so threatened, said to be so unpopular, has maintained its life unimpaired till now, and why its members are to-day quite indifferent to the menaces coming from Liberal politicians. On every occasion during my time when any measure brought in by a Liberal Ministry was thrown out or mutilated by the House of Lords I have heard vague threats as to what was going to be done with that assembly of bold bad men, and the threats have proved to be vain. How many hundred resolutions have been passed demanding that the House of Lords should be put down? But the House of Lords has not been put down, it has been added to, and that by Liberal Ministers. When more innocent than I am now, I mentioned the singular discrepancy between the deeds and talk of Liberal leaders to a well-known academic Radical of the old school. He smiled and said to me, "You will know one day what nonsense all this is. The Government Front Bench and the Opposition Front Bench put their heads together at one of these so-called crises, they allow their dupes to shout, and meanwhile a little arrangement, to which the Sovereign is a party, is come to, and another great demonstration against the Lords collapses." These sham fights resemble the contests between Tammany and the Republican machine in New York. Mr. Croker would be the first to mourn the utter overthrow of Mr. Platt, while Mr. Platt would rend his garments at the hopeless collapse of Mr. Croker. They are necessary to one another, though they must appear to the public as bitter foes. So the Liberal leaders profess great indignation at the wicked Lords, while one or two of them are preparing to actually join their ranks, and both Front Benches unite in maintaining the principles and methods on which the House of Lords is based.

The truth is that the demonstration against the Lords is not a democratic but a party agitation. The Liberal politicians do not oppose the House of Lords because it is a House of Lords, but because it will not pass Liberal bills. It is not because it is a hereditary chamber, but because it is, as has been said, a committee of the Carlton Club. If there were a majority of Liberal peers—as there was a great majority of Whig peers at one time—we should never hear one word about the House of Lords. It is, from the point of view of the Lords, an unfortunate fact that so few Liberals sit in that body, but that is a very different matter from the question of its hereditary and ecclesiastical constitution, which is the thing that ought to irritate the democrat. If the Liberal party really took the democratic point of view, would it have given away more peerages than the Conservatives? Yet this is what has actually been done. Would it have encouraged rich men to secure easy seats because of the money they paid into the party funds for the sake of a peerage?

Yet this is what has been done. The offence is so notorious that it is needless to name names. Many Liberals who abuse the House of Lords on the platform are burning to enter its walls. John Stuart Mill's famous saying about men who were Radicals because they were not lords is as true now as when it was uttered, and it is to be feared that it will remain only too true for a long while yet to come in a land where, while inequality prevails, it yet suits demagogues at political crises to pretend that it does not.

Omitting the anachronism of the presence of Bishops, it may be said that the House of Lords now rests on two bases—landed possessions and the wealth of the *parvenu* class. The first class is mainly Tory, the second has no convictions, but is determined by its obvious interests. But the first class is well represented in a Liberal as well as in a Tory Ministry. The Liberal Ministry of 1892 was supposed to be as democratic a Ministry as we have had, and its second chief, Lord Rosebery, tried, in 1894, to make his party believe that he was going to head a serious attack on the Lords. Now I find that this Liberal Ministry represented landed property to the extent of 764,361 acres, and a total rent-roll of £446,741. Is it likely that such men will cut away from their feet their own standing-ground? If the question at issue were a purely theoretical one as to whether we should or should not have a second chamber, and as to the manner in which that chamber should be constituted, we might, no doubt, believe that the landed proprietor would vote on it with as complete dissociation of economic problems from his mind as any one else. But the question tends to concern the rich man, the landowner, *as such*. The House of Lords is composed of rich men, it exists for rich men, and I do not expect to see rich men destroying it, whether they sit within its walls or not. The one political power now dominant in civilised countries is wealth, and wealth has no political assembly in the world more fully representative of its claims and ideas than the House of Lords.

But I may be told that the rich are not in a majority, and that therefore they will be compelled by the poor, who are, to give way. To this I reply that it is nonsense to suppose that the majority in all cases rules, even under a suffrage more extended than our own. An intelligent and well-organised minority is generally more than a match for a loose, badly organised, and, above all, dishonestly led majority, and this is precisely the condition we are now considering. Besides, the people of England have no prejudices against wealth as such. They like rich people, so long as the rich are free with their money. The idea of an enormous fortune being an offence to the principle of equality never enters their head because they have no principle of equality. Prejudices against the rich! Why, the people pack the House of Commons with rich men when they could, if they chose,

send thither representatives of their own class. Compare the *personnel* of the London representation in the House of Commons with that of Berlin in the Reichstag or that of Paris in the Chamber of Deputies. A more striking contrast it would be impossible to conceive. The passion for equality which you find dominating the masses of Paris, Berlin, Milan, Copenhagen, Munich, wakes no echo in London. Continental journalists have often spoken to me about this phenomenon, to them so strange: I do not now pretend to explain the fact, I merely state it. I find that the wealthy class, so long as it does not interfere with the liberty of the people and permits them to share in the crumbs which fall from its table, rules the land unchallenged. A fair section of the people contrive to secure a hold on local self-government, a much smaller section manage to get elected to the House of Commons where they sit as "items," but not one person outside the so-called "governing classes" (who all live in a small corner of the West End, belong to the same clubs, dine with one another, and marry into one another's families), dreams of controlling the executive government of the country. I am compelled, consequently, to assume that the House of Lords, which represents in a peculiar way the wealthy classes, is strongly buttressed, and is not likely to be attacked save in a very serious revolution.

A practically oligarchic Government is not in the least affected by the pretence of one of the parties to represent democratic principles. Since the days of Cromwell, who was himself a wealthy middle-class man, this country has been governed by the aristocracy, and it is as much so at this moment as it ever was. Glance over the list of the present Cabinet, and of its predecessor, and see if that is not true. Look through the list of members of the House of Commons and you will find over fifty names of persons connected with titled families. Such facts disillusion one as to the democratic tendencies of Englishmen. Who could conceive in England of a rail-splitter like Lincoln being Premier; of a young member of Congress like Mr. Bryan, without money or connections, leaping into fame in a moment; of a young man like Hanotaux, who lived in a suite *au quatri me* in the Quartier Latin, being Foreign Secretary; of a man like M. Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, who is said to have been a railway porter, being Chancellor of the Exchequer; of a university professor like Castelar becoming the first political figure of the land? Two leaders of the Danish Liberal party in succession were respectively a village shoemaker and a village schoolmaster. Who can think of the son of a Jewish grocer in a small town wielding the masses of England as Gambetta wielded those of France? No, these things are inconceivable. The utmost a man outside the charmed circle here can hope is that, if he can contrive to save money so as to make himself independent, stick to his party, and deliver not too frequently

ponderous speeches in the House of Commons, he may perchance become President of the Board of Trade by the time he is sixty. I am not, be it understood, arguing that the state of feeling elsewhere is better than it is here, or that it produces better results than in England. I put aside any such question, and content myself with affirming that, while the English masses would probably make ugly work if they believed their liberties were interfered with, or if some fixed moral or religious craze possessed their minds, they do not in their wildest dreams, if they ever dream, think of themselves as administering the affairs of the country. All that they leave to the "gentlefolk." In other words, they are not the least democratic in tone or temper, and, personally, I doubt of their ever being so. We must, therefore, if this diagnosis is correct, assume that the House of Lords will, by the grace of the people of England, continue to exist, whatever our personal predilections may be.

One argument against the position taken up may be considered for a moment. It may be argued that since English-speaking people in other parts of the world have established communities in which there are no Houses of Lords, we in England may anticipate a time when this institution shall terminate here. But this argument is fallacious, as it takes no account of *milieu*. There is no House of Lords in the United States or in any of the several States because there was no material out of which to construct such a body when these political organisms came into being. The economic conditions of the early settlers of New England imposed democratic institutions; these institutions were not the product of pure reason, but of environment. So with the newer colonies of Australia to-day; you could not create a House of Lords there because you have no materials for its construction. Institutions are not "made," as Abbé Siéyès found to his cost, they always grow out of the human conditions. In America and Australia democratic conditions of life have endured long enough to impress themselves on the habits, the ideas, the prepossessions of the people, so that it would be hopeless, even with the influence of the new wealth in the hands of a small class, to overthrow democracy. But in England, where original settlement was all made not by colonisation but by conquest, where centuries of inequality have bred deeply rooted class feeling in the minds of all but a few, where will is intensely developed but intelligence little, where men have never been told or have conceived themselves as "born free and equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights," and where all persons contrive to fall into socially allotted places, it is not easy to raise any strong democratic feeling. It is less easy than it was half a century ago, since men of exceptional energy in the ranks of the working classes have left the country as emigrants. If English industry should, as is probable, decline, it will be even more difficult fifty years hence.

The fact that the House of Lords will continue to exist relieves us

from the necessity of discussing the question whether there should be one or two chambers. From the point of view of pure reason one sees no argument for any second chamber, which will be either a duplicate of the first or its antagonist. But in considering the mysteries of the British Constitution we have nothing to do with pure reason, so we may take Dante's advice—*non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*. So we come to what I may call the "shoemaker" proposition. By this I mean the argument of those who think to overcome the opposition of the Lords to Liberal measures, that five hundred shoemakers should be made peers to compel the House of Lords to bow to the popular will—or what is imagined to be such. Notwithstanding the advocacy of this proposition by one or two distinguished persons, I venture to think it will never be adopted, and that it ought not to be adopted. In the first place, no sovereign would consent to it, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that the sovereign reigns here but does not govern. So long as monarchy lasts the Crown, which is supposed to be the fountain of honour, ought not to and will not consent to such a degradation as this proposal would involve. The degradation is not due to the fact that the proposed peers are of humble origin, but because the proposed creation cancels the very bases on which the House of Lords rests. Neither would the House of Lords itself consent, nor ought it to consent, to anything of the kind. The chamber which refused to admit Lord Wensleydale will not, we may be certain, admit hundreds of persons *en masse* for purely party political reasons. The thing is childish. If you are going to get rid of the rule of the peers, do it honestly, and not by a side wind like this. Remember, too, that the resistance of the sovereign and the Lords to this measure would make it harder than a straightforward proposal for the abolition of the House of Lords. Both would be revolutionary measures, but the one would be honest and manly, the other would not. Remember, also, that the defeat of any such proposal would mean the practical annihilation of the party which proposed it.

But even if the Crown were a party to any such trifling with a great question, how would the Liberal party gain by it? It can scarcely be supposed that the five hundred would be appointed *ad hoc*, and be allowed to throw up the position in a fortnight. But if they remained, is it imagined they would be permanently progressive? There is no guarantee of anything of the sort. Indeed, exactly the opposite may safely be assumed. For the class of men to be ennobled would not be cobblers, but well-to-do shopkeepers and professional men. There would be a flutter in Tottenham Court Road and Bedford Row, while great agitation would be visible in the high society of Leeds and Manchester. In not a few prosperous Nonconformist chapels and suburban churches would the thoughts of the worshippers stray during the devotions. In short, a new peerage, it may safely

be averred, would consist of elements of a very reactionary character. When the special occasion had passed away the country would find itself saddled with a more Conservative House of Lords than it had before, a House which represented a narrow conception of the rights of property without its duties, a House with all the pushing smartness of the modern shopkeeper without the redeeming qualities of an old aristocracy. Those who are now chastised with whips would then be chastised with scorpions. Worst of all, we should be told that, the great Liberal reform having taken place, nothing more could be done, and we must all sit down happy under the new dispensation with our venerable assembly packed with the *novi homines*—the lords of the shop-till, the heroes of the yard-measure, the grandees of the bargain-counter. This proposal need surely be discussed no further.

I will now consider for a moment the proposal often urged by the late Mr. Thorold Rogers with his characteristic vehemence and wit—viz, the refusal of the writ of summons to peers, so that no House of Lords at all should be constituted at the opening of a new Parliament. Mr. Rogers contended that this course would be perfectly legal, but that is not the general view. Freeman has shown ("Historical Essays," Fourth Series, p. 456) how the regular Parliaments began in 1295, and how from that time the position of the peerage is fully established, the right of the baron who has been summoned to be always summoned secured, the same right passing to his successor after him. When one speaks of a right in this way, one always means that the English Constitution has settled down so by a succession of legal precedents. The word Parliament means not one order, but three—Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. It is, of course, open to us to alter this, but alteration would mean revolution. Until such a revolution has made itself good against all contending force, it is clear to my mind that the courts would hold, and would be justified in holding, that no Act of Parliament was valid which omitted the authority and sanction of the House of Lords in its preamble. Again, the reformer is attempting by a side wind to do what he is not willing to do by open methods. But is it not equally clear that the Crown would decline to refuse the issue of writs of summons to persons who have a customary right to be summoned? If so, again the Ministry of the day would be brought into conflict with the Crown. It is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and so we may say that it would be as easy for a Ministry eager to deal with the Lords to propose the abolition of that House at once, and have done with it, as to attempt by some dodge or trick to deal with the problem. It has even been proposed, as a variant on the proposition of Mr. Rogers, that writs should only be issued to such peers as were in harmony with the Ministry that issued them. One thinks of the *scmata del Maggior Consiglio*, and wonders how any person can propose such a scheme to-day. A more unfair dodge, a more cowardly evasion of the issue

I cannot conceive. The members of the House of Lords may sleep soundly in their beds for many years to come if this is the means whereby their opponents think to rid the land of them. Think of the Queen issuing a writ to her trusty and well-beloved Baron Stern and refusing it to Lord Salisbury, or issuing it to Lord De-la-Warr and refusing it to Lord Spencer! It is amusing, too, to notice the calm assumption that it will be always the Tory peers that will be excluded. For, if that were not the result perpetually in the minds of those who make the suggestion, their whole case would fall to the ground, since the charge brought against the Lords is that they are permanently Tory. But, as a matter of fact, nine times out of ten it would be the Liberal peers that would be kept out under this precious plan. In fact, Lord Salisbury would have been able from 1886 to the present moment, save during the brief Liberal *régime* of 1892-95, to prevent a single Liberal peer from taking his seat.

A proposal of a far higher order than this piece of party infatuation has been more than once made by Mr John Morley—viz, that a peer should be able to elect whether he would sit in the House of Lords or divest himself of his rank with its drawbacks and become eligible for the House of Commons. There is much to be said from the point of view of theoretical democracy for this proposition. But in practice it would not help on the cause which the Liberal is supposed to have at heart, except in one respect—it would reduce the influence and weight of the House of Lords by stripping it of most of its talent. The able peers on the right side of seventy would become candidates for membership of the House of Commons, and, owing to the “deferential” character of the majority of English people, would be elected. This we may fairly assume after having during the last few years seen mayors and town councils on their knees before local peers begging them to take up the office of mayor, which in many cases the peers did, much to the satisfaction of the humble townfolk. Thus the Duke of Norfolk became Mayor of Sheffield, the Duke of Devonshire of Eastbourne, Lord Beauchamp of Worcester, Lord Warwick of Warwick, and so forth. Now if towns prefer not very distinguished peers to rule over them, much more will they be likely to elect peers, other things being equal, as their members of Parliament. What Radical candidate would care to fight Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Devonshire, or Lord Halsbury, or Lord Ashbourne, or Lord Dudley, or the Duke of Norfolk? What young Tory advocate, however able in his own eyes, would care to face Lord Rosebery, or Lord Coleridge, or Lord Carrington? The fact is that, while under such a scheme we should get a much weaker House of Lords and a much stronger House of Commons, the latter would be a far more reactionary chamber than it is now, because all the reactionary talent in the country would flock into it. This result, as I have said, may be defended from the purely theoretical point of view, but it would not be welcome

to those who want to rid themselves of the Lords, not from any theoretic standpoint, but in order to secure more readily Radical measures.

A word may here be said on the difficulty of securing in England any clear statement of the argument for advance. Do you want the perfection of democratic machinery? Or do you want certain practical changes which make your way? It may be remembered that, in his "Reisebilder," Heine has compared the Liberalism of Russia with that of England. Russian Liberalism, he says, is the Liberalism of ideas, English that of interests. When we think of the tasks of a reforming character which English Liberalism has carried out for more than two generations, it is obvious that each change made was a payment, so to speak, to a section which had the official leaders by the throat and which was in a position to levy political blackmail. This does not mean that many of the great reformers were not very single-minded, earnest, and even noble men. But it does mean that, so far as the leaders were concerned, the changes in question did not flow from a central idea, but were concessions to interests without whose support the whole fabric of party, with its imposing proportions, would have melted away. The position of the Liberal party towards the House of Lords now illustrates the dictum of Heine. There is no principle of democracy set forth, save by Mr. Morley, there is only this or that party measure which cannot be carried unless the House of Lords is out of the way. And the very suggestion of Mr. Morley, which is in form democratic, will be rejected because it does not suit the party purposes. There is still a good deal of the "bottomless Whig" about your Liberal. You cannot get at a basic principle.

I turn from an impossible proposal to consider for a moment the suggested reforms of the House of Lords. The first is that proposed by J. S. Mill, in his "Representative Government," for the election of peers by themselves—*i.e.*, an extension of the present method by which the peers of Scotland meet and send a certain proportion of their number to the House of Lords. The second is that of life peerages, or a second chamber of titled persons without the hereditary element. The proposal for the elimination of black sheep from the House is not, of course, a reform in the proper sense of the word, and may be ignored for our purposes. As regards these proposals, I would say at once that they must be judged from the point of view of what it is you want. If you want a body which will let all Liberal Bills through easily, it is clear that any such method is quite hopeless. The Liberal Bills would be no more likely to get through than they are now. Indeed, if the House of Lords were composed of a small select number of peers, and all the useless idlers were turned out, the debates there would be very much more real than they are now. The sitting peers would be the ablest members of their class,

and they would attend with unremitting care to the interests of their constituents, the wealthy people all over the country. That would be the outcome of Mill's plan. On the other hand, if there were life peers, they would, I presume, be named by the Crown—*i.e.*, jointly by the sovereign and the Ministry of the day. Every Ministry would certainly pack the House with its supporters as far as it could do so. Nothing of a popular character could come out of either change. On the other hand, if it is merely a well-organised revising chamber to check hasty legislation that is desired, both the method of Mill and the system of life peerages have a good deal to be said for them, and I expect that the Conservative leaders will not unlikely consider the whole matter with care.

If from the point of view of securing popular reforms without the veto of a second chamber, we must reject the two methods of reform just considered, what are we to say to the notion of a brand-new Senate on elective lines? We must say at once that for this purpose it is worse than useless, it is fatal. By creating a second chamber of the elective kind you must either reproduce the House of Commons, which is a ridiculous work of supererogation, or you would create a new body hostile to that House. In the latter case that would happen here which has happened in France—you would get a new master with power co-ordinate with that of the House of Commons. Recollect what happened to the Ministry of M. Bourgeois. That Ministry was defeated in the Senate and it had to resign in consequence, with the result that henceforward it was understood all over France that the adverse vote of the Senate was as fatal to a Ministry as was the adverse vote of the Chamber, though the latter was elected directly by the people and the former indirectly. The same phenomenon would take place here. And recollect once more that, once saddled with a reformed second chamber, you could not get rid of it; you could not get up meetings in Hyde Park to denounce it; you would have to put up with it and to curse the day when you were fool enough to go constitution-mongering. I think I need not take up valuable space by referring to the assemblies of aged fossils called nominated Senates which are to be found in Italy, Spain, and other European countries. It is not probable that we shall find our ideal in them. If this is so, we must, I think, conclude that if the devotees of inequality in this land compel us to keep going a House of Lords which along with the monarchy symbolises inequality, while on the other hand this House sometimes is found obstructing needed reforms, the only way out of the *impasse* is to limit in some way the powers of the House of Lords; and here alone will be found, in my judgment, the solution of our problem.

In the year 1883 I heard Mr. Bright, at Leeds, advocate the limitation of the veto of the House of Lords; I thought at the time it was the plan which took the line of least resistance and I think so

still. But how will you do it? The Lords will not of themselves do away with their own veto, of that we may be sure. Nor will a mere *dilettante* way of approaching the subject effect such a purpose. The Lords would not pay any attention to a casual resolution to the effect that their veto was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. No; the question of the Lords' veto must be vitally connected with a measure that the people feel to be important, and it must be handled by a Ministry which the people feel to be in earnest. These two conditions are essential. Now, how could the right conditions conceivably be fulfilled? In the first place, the progressive party which desired to rid our politics of the power wielded by the House of Lords should first go to the country and state to the electorate its view quite clearly. It should at the same time put forward as clearly some large measure of social reform, moderate it may be, but distinctly intended to equalise burdens and to raise, if by ever so little, the condition of the toiling classes. Such a measure would be one dealing with land or taxation or both, since there is no other way of dealing with the social problem. You can, of course, tinker at small labour Bills, but they do not lift the people as a whole, and the House of Lords has no objection to them. But to any measure of a comprehensive character, however moderate in temper, dealing with the monopoly of land or the taxation of unearned wealth, the House of Lords must either object or it must sink into insignificance. It will and must stand by its clients, and they are the whole class of landlords and the wealthy people of the land.

Here would be the chance of the progressive leader. He must be in earnest, he must be even prepared to face revolution. The thing he must do, having pledged his word to the people when he unfolded his programme, is to assert that if the Lords dare to throw out or vitally modify his Bill or Bills he will instantly dissolve, will not permit any royal pressure to stand in the way, and will appeal to the country. If he failed, it would be a sign not only that the people are not opposed to a House of Lords, but that they care nothing about their obvious material advantages. If, on the other hand, the electorate rallied round the leader, he would, in the political atmosphere thus generated, secure the passage in the House of Commons of a solemn resolution to the effect that the veto of the Lords should be a suspensive veto for one session only and no more, and that the exercise of any further power by the House of Lords would be regarded as a gross breach of privilege inconsistent with the rights of the electorate under the Constitution. Such a procedure seems to me the only way in which to deal with the House of Lords, if the institution itself is not to be abolished. But it depends on the temper of the Ministry and the country being fused to the right heat, and that can only be brought about by the pushing of some large measure in which the nation is vitally interested, and the effect of which would be mani-

festly to improve the life of the nation. If it fails, I confess I see nothing between revolution on the one hand and oligarchy on the other. For we are moving on present lines to oligarchy. As Aristotle says in the *Politics*, the test of an oligarchy is that its rule is vested in wealthy citizens, though inferior in numbers. This is our condition even to-day, it will be still more so to-morrow. At present the temper of the country is averse to dealing with the problem presented by this oligarchic power. It may possibly continue so, since, as I have said, the feeling of the country is not democratic. But if the present temper should not prove permanent, the means here suggested might well be adopted for ridding the country of an irritating power which few intelligent Conservatives can wholly approve, since it is a challenge to revolt, while yet preserving to the country an institution really liked by most Englishmen, and by none more than by those persons who, as John Stuart Mill put it, are Radicals because they are not lords.

I cannot end without suggesting that, before the Liberal party takes upon itself to deal with the House of Lords, it should attempt to put straight the House of Commons. The most superficial person can see that Parliamentary government is not gaining in the world. Alike in Europe and the United States the representative person, whether called Emperor, President, or Chancellor, is more and more accepted as the exponent of national purposes, and not the representative assembly. Indeed, were it not for the House of Commons, one might be tempted to say that there was no future for the representative assembly. But the House of Commons, to say the least, is not gaining ground. Were its roots not very deep in the nation's past, one could hardly look forward to its future with any sense of its permanent power or influence. Thoughtful men, seeing this fact of Parliamentary decadence, hesitate to entrust supreme and undivided power in the hands of such a body as the House of Commons. Therefore, if that House is to magnify its position, if it is to justify itself in the eyes of the nation, if it is to decline to admit the hitherto recognised claims of the House of Lords, it must begin to put its own house in order, and prepare itself to be what its demands imply—a fit supervisor of the administration. Not idle debates, not aimless rhetoric, not quibbling and petty platitudes, but bold and watchful vigilance, devotion to principle, control over finance, control over departments, great aims carried out by worthy means—these are methods which the country will demand from the House of Commons if that body is to be the guiding force of the State, as is presumably intended by those in the Liberal party who desire to raise the question of the House of Lords.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

SOME PRAIRIE CHUMS OF MINE.

IT has long been a puzzle to me, why no one has yet formally set forth the advantages of the Darwinian theory as a basis for sympathy with and affection for the so-called lower animals. Blood is proverbially thicker than water, and no better guarantee of friendship and mutual assistance could possibly be had than the recognition of Mowgli's jungle-cry, "We be of one blood, you and I," as no mere figure of speech, but a literal statement of fact.

The elder orthodox view based our obligation toward them simply on the ground of creation by the same Great Power, who in His wisdom had made them lower than us and dependent upon our bounty. This, however, is rather a remote connection, and a trifle mechanical, such as might exist between two bolts of fabric from the same loom. And it leaves conspicuously outside the pale of our sympathy the wolf, the hawk, and the mosquito, no one of whom—except at times the last—is in any way dependent upon our bounty, or even "useful." But now that we can regard them as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, what a sympathy and admiration we can feel for "Brer Wolf," far more than for that pulpy, thick-witted, orthodox ideal, the lamb. He lives by his teeth, it is true, and is hard on his enemies at times—like the rest of us—but he is good to his wife and children, loyal to his pack, and will fight to the death for his friends.

This point of view enables us to respect another animal, to applaud his daring and success, even when he is doing his best to prey upon us or our property. And if we will take the trouble to approach our animal cousins from this point of view, to get on calling terms with them, for one foeman worthy of our steel we shall discover twenty trusty allies with whom we may live on terms of cordial friendship and mutual helpfulness.

Animals are not half such bitter and mortal enemies one of another as we usually suppose, and there are few who would gain more than they could lose by the extermination of any other given species. Nor is man their worst enemy—though his civilisation may sometimes be—any more than he is his own, as the mendacious old proverb would have us believe. The more widely and closely one associates with animals, the fewer he finds that are repulsive and unattractive, and the fewer he would care to see exterminated.

Ninety per cent. of animals—including man—are good fellows.

It was my good fortune to be born into a family of animal-lovers. My father and his brothers, in their boyhood, had gathered in waif of feather after waif of fur, until a menagerie was accumulated, which was the delight of every urchin in the sleepy little Yorkshire town. Such tastes naturally led them to the colonies—Africa, New Zealand, the Americas opened and swallowed them up; and when our turn of the Wander Fever came, the chief charm of the adventure for the younger generation lay in the prospect of exchanging our family of rabbits, guinea-pigs, pet lambs, and pigeons for “real wild animals.”

No sooner were we settled in the broad valley of the Father of Waters, who is best known by his Indian name Mississippi, than we began our mustering. Our first venture was in the direction of squirrels, and we soon had a fine assortment on hand, grey squirrels, fox-squirrels, flying-squirrels, ground-squirrels, and chipmunks. The ground-squirrels, known in the vernacular as “grinnies,” we captured by the ruthlessly simple method of carrying water in a bucket from the creek and pouring it down their round little “waterproof” holes, until the burrow was full to the mouth, and its occupant came up, dripping and choking, literally “drowned out.”

This amusement would, I think, have been discouraged by our more civilised elders, had it not been that “grinny” is a sad rogue among the crops; not that his “sma’ request” would have been noticed in harvest-time, but that he insisted on taking it in seed-time. The Indian corn is not sown, but carefully planted in rows, and the settlers allege that grinny and his larger relative gopher (pouched rat) will burrow straight down the whole length of a row in the loose soil, taking every grain. Not even soaking the grain in kerosene would discourage him, so that almost every county offers a reward for his little striped scalp, and many a day did we boys labour with a hoe and a bag of seed-corn slung round our waists, filling up the gaps in the rows made by his ravages. They were not satisfactory pets, as they could gnaw out of anything short of a tin deed-box, and were also shy and bad tempered; which, considering the method of their capture, was perhaps not unnatural.

The beauties of the family were the flying squirrels—little balls of soft, velvety, grey fur, with the great gentle black eyes of most

night feeders, and tiny delicate paws. Unfortunately, our enjoyment of them pretty nearly ended here. Not knowing that they were night animals by habit, we tried to make friends with them in the daylight, and our well-meant attentions were sharply repulsed, as our fingers and thumbs bore eloquent testimony for days. At best extremely shy and timid, even in the dark, to be waked out of their beauty-sleep in the glare of day, to play with clumsy-pawed hulks of giants was more than their little nerves could stand, and they did precisely what we all do when *The Terror* comes upon us—bit at everything they could reach.

Another misunderstanding had sadder consequences. According to our Noachian standards of classification they were squirrels, and squirrels in all those compendia of misinformation yclept "*Natural History for the Young*" were unanimously declared to live upon nuts and grains. Accordingly they were supplied with a liberal diet of such dainties, together with bread, milk, and fruit, in blissful ignorance of the fact they were mainly insect-eaters. They drank the milk eagerly, though we could not tempt them to touch any of the other things, and for a few days did very well on this and a nibble or two at the bread. Wearying, however, of this harmless but uninteresting diet, they held a council of war. Next morning, instead of five squirrels in the cage, only four were to be found. Search was made for a hole in the floor or walls, but none was to be found, and it was soon concluded that the missing one had managed to squeeze himself through between the bars, as the little fellows are extraordinarily supple, and when their wings are spread look no thicker than a five-inch flounder. For two days the four were in excellent spirits; then they began to mope again—and lo! next morning there were only three. But the spirits of the three were hilarious. This excited suspicion, and a search was made. Under the bedding in one corner of the cage was found the gory head of one squirrel, and in the sleeping-box the partially devoured body of another. The murder was out. The poor little rascals had got so desperate on an exclusive milk diet—and any one who has been put on one will appreciate their feelings—that, like shipwrecked sailors, they decided that it was expedient for one man to die for the people. It is not likely that they held any council of war on the matter—only men are cold-blooded enough to do that; it probably began in a quarrel, which the first sight of blood turned into a massacre. That ended the taming experiments on this branch of the squirrel family: the survivors were promptly set at liberty, and, though we caught many others afterwards, when cutting up hollow logs for firewood in the winter-time, we never attempted to keep them captive.

The statements of the average book of natural history as to the food range of squirrels are much in need of modification. Although

the bulk of their diet is nuts, acorns, and grains, yet they are by no means the blameless vegetarians they are usually stated to be. In fact, these merry little chatterers have their failings—are quite human, indeed. They are as fond of eggs as a darkey is of chickens, and even do not object to them after they are hatched, if the parent bird is at a safe distance. I have seen a red squirrel beaten within an inch of his life by a righteously indignant pair of our large American robins, who had caught him stealing their eggs, and when an individual is indiscreet enough to attempt the nests of larger birds, such as jays or crows, his life often pays the penalty. A pair of magpies have been seen to work together very cleverly in punishing such a pirate. His chief means of escaping their attack is by dodging round to the opposite side of the tree-trunk, a manoeuvre with which all squirrel-hunters are most familiar. After the birds had missed one or two united swoops, they withdrew and took brief counsel. Then they separated, one remaining poised where he was, and the other sweeping round to the opposite side of the tree and again attacking bunny fiercely and with much noise. This he dodged as before, with a chuckle at his own agility and the easiness of the trick, which was just what the other bird was expecting, and swoop she came like a feathered thunderbolt on his unsuspecting head, knocking him from his perch to the ground, and half stunning him.

After this had been repeated three or four times and the squirrel, who never seemed to understand why the trick wouldn't work, was half dead, the well-meaning human observer interfered, thinking bunny had been punished enough. He ought to have looked to see whether it was eggs or young birds before disturbing the judicial proceedings of nature. However, the culprit was probably cured of egg-sucking—for several weeks.

Indeed, I grieve to say that the saucy little red squirrel, or chickaree (much the same animal as our European squirrel, minus the tufted ears), in spite of his engaging appearance and merry scoldings with tail waving over his head, is about as near an approach to that *rara avis* among animals, “a thoroughly bad lot,” as any one I know. Under his air of infantile innocence and *bonhomme* he is treacherous, thievish, and cowardly. The birds all loathe him, for he sucks their eggs, kills their nestlings, and, when he finds neither, tears the nest to pieces out of “pure cussedness,” besides taking possession of the larger ones for his own quarters whenever he dares. His larger brother-squirrels hate him cordially, for he lies awake at night devising elaborate burglaries upon their stores of nuts, harries their nests in their absence, and is even said to kill their young ones if he can catch them unguarded. Old hunters have assured me that he has a most unchristian habit, and a singularly senseless one for an animal, of sneaking up behind the big fox or grey or black squirrels, four or

five times his size, as they lie asleep, and biting them most viciously. Before they can get their wits together he is in the next tree-top but one, where they can no more catch him than a hawk can a swallow. His smaller brethren of the ground and the hollow stump, the chipmunks, have no more affection for him, as he does not even pay them the compliment of taking their hoards by stealth, but watches till he thinks they have laboriously made a "pile" worth taking, and then calmly descends upon it, pitches the rightful owners out of doors, and carries off every kernel. Those who know him best assert that he would rather go half a mile to steal a nut than climb the next tree to pick it. And of course the farmer hates him on the score of his corn-fields and cherry-orchards. Like even the alleged "criminal born," he has his redeeming qualities, but he is almost as much of a nuisance in the animal community as man can be when he tries.

The liberation of our flying-squirrel survivors, like other virtues—even if tardy—was its own reward, for they promptly gave us an exhibition of their parachute-work. Their "flying," though curious, is rather disappointing, for, as their "wings" are simply folds of skin running from elbow to knee on each side of the body and cannot be "flapped," all that they can do is to run to the top of the tree and launch themselves spread-eagle fashion into the air. Their outspread parachute then converts their fall into a long descending curve, which lands them, with a slightly upward swoop at the finish, at the foot of the next tree. This they scurry up to the top of and repeat the process. In fact, they "fly" about as a sheet of note-paper would, if launched from a window, so long as it could keep itself in a horizontal position. And it is astonishing how deeply ingrained this instinct for running up to the top and swooping off has become.

We had an amusing illustration of this one winter while cutting up logs into firewood lengths with a horse-power saw. One of the largest logs was hollow, and about its middle was a chamber into which nearly a dozen flying-squirrels had stowed themselves, well surrounded with dead leaves and moss, for their winter's sleep. So torpid were they that the dragging and rolling of the log into position on the carrier never woke them, and it was not until the saw ripped its way through one end of their snug bedroom, letting in a flood of wintry sunlight, that their sleep was broken. Then they came pouring out pell-mell, but, instead of simply scampering away to the nearest tree, scarcely thirty yards distant, as any other squirrels would have done, they rushed wildly up the first upright object they came to and swooped from the top of it. One of them ran up an upright of the saw-frame and took his flight from the top of that Pisgah, another scuttled up a waggon-wheel and tobogganed off its tail-board; two others shot up the legs of the team of horses driving the horse-power mill-sweep and sailed boldly from their backs; while one par-

ticularly crazy acrobat ran up the body of the astonished sawyer, and pitched off from the top of his cap before he had time to more than gasp.

But fortune soon brought nobler game across our path. One day word was brought that a hunter in the next county had captured a litter of wolf-cubs, and the next evening saw us back with one of them in an overcoat-pocket—a charming little puff-ball of dark brown fur, soft and long as a kitten's, with big round eyes, and the most innocent little baby face imaginable. Like ourselves, all animals are beautiful at least once in their lives—in infancy. And this is true of even such unpromising specimens as the wolf, the pig, and the donkey. All these in their infancy are simply irresistible. They have the same bewitching air of fluffy innocence, dignified by the wisdom of all the ages, which puts a halo around every baby head. You cannot analyse the charm, but it is there, and appeals to every eye, though the taste, like all others, has its vagaries. A Western agriculturist once confided to me that he “'lowed lambs wuz abaout as homely young anermals as a feller could find ennywhar, but ef yer wants somethin' reel cute and hansum, take a little pig!” Smart ez a whip tu!” And really an unprejudiced and unconventionalised eye would be obliged to award the prize for smartness and “cuteness,” between the two, to the piglet.

But alas! innocence has a way of fading, and wolf-cubs are no exception to the rule. Every week you see, with regret, the nose becoming longer and more pointed as the jaws grow more “punishing,” the head flatter and the round eyes more watchful and slit-like. In a few months your furry cherub is metamorphosed into that polite but unprincipled gentleman-adventurer, the wolf. And his altered appearance is but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change. He is still friendly with his acquaintances, including all the dogs of the household, who, with the exception of one sour, scarred old wolf-fighter who cannot forget traditional enmities, have rollicked with him like any other puppy. But he is becoming curiously suspicious of strangers and bolts into his corner and shows his teeth in a most uncanine way and tone of voice when they approach. Chickens develop an irresistible fascination for him, and he hatches deep-laid and surprising designs upon them, as they come foraging round the kennel in search of food-scraps. Before he is six months old he has learned to leave a tempting bit of his dinner out in front of his kennel and lie down a few feet away in pretended slumber until some silly pullet is indiscreet enough to try and capture the bait, when there is a sudden awakening for both parties. Strange impulses are awakening in him, his keen ivory needles of teeth are thirsting for something to bury themselves in. The most uncanine thing about a wolf-puppy is the astonishing width of his gape. A

dog can open his jaws till they form a fairly obtuse angle, but a wolf's yawn open into a glittering crescent, almost a straight line, and you think his mouth is opening through to the back of his neck. Then he brings his teeth together with a ringing snap, like a steel trap, and the piece of enemy that comes between them is cut through as clean as if a guillotine had descended upon it. He seldom hangs on, bulldog fashion, there is little need to one tearing snap in the right place is enough for most dogs, and it takes four or five good hounds to stop a wolf ten pounds lighter than any one of them.

Our wolf-puppies always became unpopular, sooner or later, with their canine playfellows they *would* bite too hard even in sport. My father was one day watching a half-grown wolf-cub playing with a great black greyhound belonging to our pack. After a time the big fellow tired of the romp, and walking away a few paces, stood looking across the garden with his back to the cub. The little chap at once stole quietly up behind him, leaped upon his hind quarters, and opening his scissors-like stretch of jaws, embraced the full width of the small of his back in their gape, and snapped viciously. The greyhound fairly yelped with pain, rage, and astonishment, and inside of three seconds Master Cub was down on his back in the dust, yelping out apologies and explanations which Pedro was distinctly loth to accept. The throat, the flank, and the small of the back are the three fatal "holds" of the wolf, and when the cub saw the slender, rounded greyhound loin so temptingly exposed, ancient memories awoke within him, and he *must* bite, though it cost him a thrashing. The snap of an old he-wolf is something terrific, and its handwriting can usually be traced upon the ears, necks, or sides of any hound who has had much experience on the wolf-trail. The most fearsome scar I have ever seen was across the throat of a shepherd-dog belonging to a settler in the Upper Mississippi valley. He was a brave watch-dog, fond of a good fight, and had already beaten off several attacks by single wolves upon his charges. So the thieves determined that he must be got out of the way by some means, and after a Land League meeting agreed upon a plan. One afternoon, in broad daylight and within sight of the house, a wolf came cantering over the brow of the hills and made a dash for a lamb. Of course he had quickly to drop it and flee with the collie in hot pursuit, but no sooner had he lured him over the brow of the hill and well out of sight of the ranche buildings than up sprang three of his confederates from their ambush in the grass, and fell upon him all together. Most fortunately his master had seen the start of the chase, and hearing the sound of hot fighting, sprang to horse and galloped over to the hill as fast as the broncho could put foot to ground, hoping to be in at the death. And he very nearly was, for the four had the collie down and were throttling the life out of him when the rider came over the ridge. So

determined were they that he got within revolver-shot of them before they would retreat, and had the satisfaction of making one of them pay for the clever trick with his scalp. I have known the same *ruse* played upon a pair of fine Scotch deerhounds on the next ranche to my brother's in the foot-hills of the Rockies, only this time by the great grey or "white" wolves of the plains.

Indeed, old hunters always advised me to keep my wolfhounds shut up at night, or sooner or later they would be lured out a couple of miles by a single wolf and then set upon by the pack, which would spoil their nerve for trail-work alone, even in the daytime. And when a hound has once become uneasy about following the trail alone, he might as well be sold to a tenderfoot, as he will always be keeping his eye on the other hounds instead of his nose on the scent. A good hound, when running, ought to have neither eyes nor ears, nothing but nose.

And it is not only dogs who need to be on their guard against such unpleasant little surprises. A neighbour of mine on the cattle ranges told me that he nearly got into serious trouble in this way once, although, fortunately for him, through his own adventurousness, and not by any design of the wolves. He was out looking for lost horses one day up in the sand-hills when he suddenly saw the head of a big grey wolf stick up for a moment over the edge of a "blow-out," or pit in the top of a sand-hill scooped out by the wind. He had only his revolver with him, but as "greys" are terribly destructive to colts and young cattle, he at once galloped off down a side valley until he came well down the wind from the "blow-out," so that his scent would not be carried towards the wolf. Then hobbling his horse, he worked his way across the ridges on hands and knees until he could crawl up to the edge of the hollow and peep over, hoping to surprise Mr. Wolf. But it was his turn to be surprised, for there, not thirty yards below him, were *seven* great shaggy brutes, each nearly as big as a Newfoundland dog, rolling and tumbling over each other, and showing great rows of glistening teeth that looked as long as his finger.

He said it occurred to him all at once that it was not a very good day for wolf-hunting after all, and he rolled down the side of that hill and scuttled across to where his horse was hobbled as fast and as noiselessly as his legs would carry him. Fortunately, the wolves were so well pleased with each other and so busy with their game, for it was in their regular autumn playtime, that they never noticed him at all, or if they had they would have caught him before he could reach his hobbled horse, and have left little of either of them except the wood of the saddle and a few of the largest bones.

Almost the only species, except our own, that the wolf cannot get the better of, either by force or strategy, is the horse. Here he

finds himself opposed by an intelligence equal to his own and an organisation even firmer. The moment the alarm is sounded or its flank is attacked, the horse-herd rushes *not* away from the danger but towards its own centre. Here a compact mob is quickly formed, foals and yearlings in the middle, surrounded by a ring of grown horses facing outward. So that from whatever quarter the attack is delivered it finds itself confronted by an unbroken row of gleaming yellow ivories and iron hoofs flying like sledge-hammers. And the wolf who is bold enough to charge the square gets nothing but a mouthful of his own teeth down his throat or a broken skull. Then when all is in order, out trots the oldest stallion, the war-lord of the herd, and paces proudly up and down in front of the line, looking for the enemy. And woe betide the single wolf that he can overtake before he can gain the shelter of the chop-hills; his back will be broken by a trip-hammer stroke of the front hoofs, and the life shaken out of him by the great yellow teeth as if he had been a rat. And we are wonderfully proud of our "invention" of the serried rank of pikemen and the hollow square of bayonets to resist cavalry, when we were simply using their own ancient tactics against horses—with riders!

They have completely forgotten the trick under civilisation, and when "farm-bred" or "Eastern" horses are first turned out on the ranges, they lose over half their colts by the attacks of wolves, simply because they don't know how to combine for defence. If, however, a few broncho mares are put with them, they soon teach them the combination, and experienced ranchmen never turn a bunch of green brood-mares out unless accompanied by three or four of these sagacious little plainsmen.

It is surprising how much of this combination for defence goes on among gregarious animals and birds, and to what an extent it develops a spirit of *noblesse oblige* in the leaders and old males. Even such timid creatures as deer and antelope possess this standard of honour in a high degree. Indeed, the animal whom, of all I have ever met, I most profoundly respect and admire was—and I trust still is—a prong-horned antelope buck, to whom I placed myself on one occasion in the "wolf" relation.

I was out hunting one autumn day with another ranchman on the tablelands of the Platte River, when we caught sight of a small group of antelope grazing upon the slope of a hill about two miles away. Making a long détour to get down the wind from them, we hobbled our horses, and crawled, it seemed about three miles, mostly upon our stomachs and elbows, until we found ourselves hot and sandy at the back of the ridge on which we had seen them. Up this we crawled with our hearts in our mouths, while they must have grazed up the slope to meet us, for we suddenly looked up and saw a superbly prong-antlered head silhouetted against the sky-line. Instead of

FIVE LETTERS BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE following letters of my uncle, the late Cardinal Newman, written in the year 1875 (three years before he was made Cardinal), form one—that is, the defensive—side of a correspondence which I had with him in the course of that year. I had ventured to put to him certain questions, to which he (as I felt sure would be the case) was willing to reply. I had asked whether the real conduct of the visible Church—*i e*, in his view, of the Church of Rome—had been in accordance with that spirit of morality and goodness which should mark a divine example and a divine teacher. I pointed to facts in the history of the Church which appeared to me to be symptoms of a faulty nature. I referred to the condition of the countries most obedient to Rome—Spain under Philip II, France up to the first Revolution, Italy up to the middle of the nineteenth century—as exhibiting a tremendous total of misdoing, partly traceable directly to the influence of the highest authorities of Rome, partly permitted by them without protest or repudiation. How came it that the visible happiness and harmony of the several countries of Europe should be almost in the reverse proportion to the degree of their belief in the authority of Rome? How came it that the members of an organisation, to which the divine promises were believed to have been entrusted, should not only have committed such grave offences in the past, but should be so unwilling to confess them in the present, except as bare facts, and without any sense of the disrepute thereby attaching to themselves, and to the society they looked upon as divine?

The Cardinal's answers to the questions of which the above is a summary will certainly be found extremely interesting.

With respect to my own share in the correspondence I have but one regret, that, however, is a serious one—it is that in replying to the Cardinal's last letter (that dated December 3, 1875) I was overpowered by the magnitude of the subject, and perhaps also by the personality of my opponent in argument, and missed the true point. Hence, this was the end of continuous and sustained argument between us; though, of the letters which I had from him in later years, two certainly are of very high interest.

Let me, as far as is possible, repair my error by indicating the central point in the Cardinal's letter of December 3, 1875, from which, were the

opportunity ever to offer, the argument might be resumed. It lies in the following sentence "The *ethos* of the Catholic Church is what it was of old time, and whatever or whoever quarrels with Catholicism now, quarrels virtually, and would have quarrelled if alive 1800 years ago, with the Christianity of Apostles and Evangelists."

The question, it will be seen, is this—and truly it is an important one—whether the spirit of St Peter and St Paul can be shown to differ, in any material respect, from the spirit of the Church of Rome at the present day.

J. R. MOZLEY.

THE ORATORY,
April 1, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,

You open a subject too large to be dealt with in one letter, but I shall be able to get a certain way in it to-day.

I consider your letter to be addressed to me personally, as if you said, "I am perplexed and even curious to understand how a man like you, who have had time and opportunities for observation and thought, should be able to put up with a one-sided view of the Church of Rome—nay, with an abstract view and a paper representation of it, a mere conclusion, congruous or compulsory, from premises dependent on certain first principles, such as 'there must be a visible Church,' instead of going into the world of facts, and seeing and judging of the Roman Church by what it is seen to have been in history."

My reply to your objections, then, shall take the shape of accounting for my own insensibility to them *as* objections. But anyhow, as I can only answer you in my own way and from my own standpoint, the substance of what I shall say would be the same, whether I argued with you directly or explained to you the arguments which convince *me*.

First, then, I grant that I do assume certain first principles as the starting points from which my convictions proceed, and I don't see who can arrive at any conviction without making assumptions. I assume that there is a truth in religion, and that it is attainable by us: that there is a God, to whom we can approve ourselves and to whom we are responsible. On the other hand, I find, in matter of fact and by experience, that there are great difficulties in admitting this first principle; but still, they are not such as to succeed in thrusting it out from its supremacy in my mind. The most prominent difficulty of Theism is the existence of evil: I can't overcome it; I am obliged to leave it alone, with the confession that it is too much for me, and with an appeal to the *argumentum ab ignorantia*, or, in other words, with the evasion or excuse, not very satisfactory, that we have not the means here of answering an objection, which nevertheless, if we knew more, we should doubtless have the means of answering: that we can at least make hypotheses to help the difficulty,

and, though all those which we can make be wrong, still they open a possibility and prospect of other hypotheses as yet unknown, one of which may be the true explanation.

When I come to Christianity I find this grand difficulty untouched, yet fully recognised. This coincidence is to me an argument in favour of Christianity, if Theism be true, as falling under the argument from analogy. And, though Theism were not yet proved true, still, from the fact of the coincidence, an argument in some sort is to be drawn in favour of both systems, that is, supposing the coincidence is independent of themselves—I mean, if Theists and Christians have not borrowed their recognition and non-explanation of the fact of evil from each other.

Our Lord's death to destroy evil is as tremendous and appalling a confession of the (its?) existence and of its power as can be conceived.

From this central doctrine of the Gospel, the Atonement, may be drawn two contrary conclusions. The first is that from the moment of our Lord's death upon the cross all evil would be annihilated, or secondly, that since He did not in His own Person destroy it instantaneously, no wonder if He should take time in destroying it in the world or in His Church. The former of those conclusions is perhaps the more natural; but the interval of gloom and sadness which overwhelmed His followers on His death, and still more their history, as contained in the Acts of the Apostles, is sufficient to show that it is not the right conclusion.

I confess, then, that it was natural, very reasonable, to expect that an annihilation of sin and a millennium period would commence with our Lord's Sacrifice; but, unless we unravel our convictions and run back to belief in nothing, I must give this thought up, and must admit, on the contrary, the pregnant conclusion that evil will pass away from this world and from the Church very slowly—nay (if we are to imagine that the moral system advances after the analogy of the advance in the physical system of the universe), so slowly that one or two generations or centuries afford no available measure for calculating the rate of advance. I own I should have fancied, *a priori*, that the lamb and the lion would lie down together from the date of the Crucifixion; that at least that Elect Society which our Lord left behind Him would show forth in its extension as a kingdom of righteousness from the first, simple and absolute holiness extending with its extension, whereas, in fact, the history of the Church contains in it the history of great crimes.

I allow, then (and for argument's sake I allow more than facts warrant), the existence of that flood of evil which shocks you in the visible Church; but for me, if it touched my faith mortally in the divinity of Catholicism, it would, by parity of reason, touch my faith in the Being of a Personal God and Moral Governor. The great

question to me is, not what evil is left in the Church, but what good has energised in it and been practically exercised in it, and has left its mark there for all posterity. The Church has its sufficient work if it effects positive good, even though it does not destroy evil except so far forth as it supplants it for good.

Of its greatest and best achievements it cannot, from the nature of the case, leave memorials, that "hidden man of the heart" of which I spoke in that former letter to which you refer. It is not necessarily seen in school teachers or in every specimen of a secular priest, even though, did you know them, you might find that your first impressions had been unjust to them. Nay, I have always laid great stress on St Paul's words, "I endure all *for the elects' sake*", they lead me to reflect that, even though there were no high religious fruits of the Church's special sacraments generally, ordinarily and *primâ facie* visible to the world, that would not necessarily be a refutation of its claim to come from God. The Church would indeed, if it had no visible tokens at all, be a secret society, but, since it is a light set on a hill, I grant it must have visible tokens that it is divine, and, contrariwise to what you hold, I think that it and its tokens are visible for the very reason that God is invisible—viz, because they are to manifest Him. However, though I grant that there must be visible tokens of sanctity in the Church if the Church is to be considered divine, still, as the Spirit bloweth as it listeth, so its manifestation in works is according to no law and cannot be reckoned on.

As to the virtues of Catholics, I have lately been reading the following words of Lord Russell, an impartial witness, from his "Essay on the Christian Religion" "There is among Roman Catholics, in their relations to each other, a pure essence of affection which does not appear in the moral writings of Greece and Rome. The Roman Catholics, who have never practised or have relinquished the vices of erring youth, are humble, loving, compassionate, abounding in good works, kind to all classes of their fellow creatures, ever ready to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' ready to give of their substance to the needy, ready to forgive others their trespasses, and kneel in humble devotion to their Maker." He speaks as if there were no middle class among us; but, if we were not living in sin, we were almost saints.

But leaving the highest and truest outcome of the Catholic Church and descending to history, certainly I would maintain firmly, with most writers on the Evidences, that, as the Church has a dark side, so (as you do not seem to admit) it has a light side also, and that its good has been more potent and permanent and evidently intrinsic to it than its evil. Here, of course, we have to rely on the narrative of historians, if we have not made a study of original documents ourselves. It would be a long business (assuming their correctness), but an easy business too, to show how Christianity has raised the moral

standard, tone, and customs of human society ; and it must be recollected that for 1500 years Christianity and the Catholic Church are in history identical. The care and elevation of the lower classes, the championship of the weak against the powerful, the abolition of slavery, hospitals, the redemption of captives, education of children, agriculture, literature, the cultivation of the virtues of piety, devotion, justice, charity, chastity, family affection, are all historical monuments of the influence and teaching of the Church. Turn to the non-Catholic historians, to Gibbon, Voigt, Hurter, Guizot, Ranke, Waddington, Bowden, Milman, and you will find that they agree in their praises, as well as in their accusations, of the Catholic Church. Guizot says that Christianity would not have weathered the barbarism of the Middle Age but for the Church. Milman says almost or altogether the same. Neander sings the praises of the monks. Hurter was converted by his historical researches. Ranke shows how the Popes fought against the savageness of the Spanish Inquisition. Bowden brings out visibly how the cause of Hildebrand was the cause of religion and morals. If in the long line there be bad as well as good Popes, do not forget that long succession, continuous and thick, of holy and heroic men, all subjects of the Popes, and most of them his direct instruments in the most noble and serviceable and most various works, and some of them Popes themselves, such as Patrick, Leo, Gregory, Augustine, Boniface, Columban, Alfred, Wulstan, Queen Margaret of Scotland, Louis IX., Vincent Ferrer, Las Casas, Turibius, Xavier, Vincent of Paul—all of whom, as multitudes besides, in their day were the life of religion

I have hardly begun my answer to your question, yet I have written all this—but it is hard to be short on such a subject. I shall stop here, and hope in a few days to come to closer quarters with your main difficulty.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE ORATORY,

April 4, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,

Thank you for your letter of this morning, which leads me to say that I did not use the word “curious” in a sense inconsistent with earnestness in inquiry, though I cannot be sorry for an accident which has been the occasion of your sending me so frank and *ex animo* an explanation.

I wish I could be shorter, but it is easier to ask than to answer questions. In what I wrote to you the other day I said that both good and bad were to be expected in the Catholic Church, if it came

from our Lord and His Apostles, whereas you had ignored the good altogether, and had insisted there was in it an actual tradition or abiding system of bad, forming a whole and giving the Church a character, and worse, that, though it was so, Catholics would not confess it and renounce it. Now I do confess that bad is in the Church, but not that it springs from the Church's teaching or system, but, as our Lord and His Apostles predicted it would be, in the Church, but not of it. He says, "It must *needs be* that scandals come;" "many are called, few are chosen;" "the kingdom of heaven is like a net which gathereth of every kind" Good men and good works, such as we find them in Church history, seem to me the legitimate birth of Church teaching, whereas the deeds of the Spanish Inquisition, if they are such as they are said to be, came from a teaching altogether different from that which the Church professes

It is on the Inquisition that you mainly dwell; the question is whether such enormity of cruelty, as is commonly ascribed to it, is to be considered the act of the Church. As to Dr. Ward in the *Dublin Review*, his point (I think) was not the question of *cruelty*, but whether persecution, such as in Spain, was *unjust*, and with the capital punishment prescribed in the Mosaic law for idolatry, blasphemy, and witchcraft, and St. Paul's transferring the power of the sword to Christian magistrates, it seems difficult to call persecution (commonly so called) *unjust*. I suppose in like manner he would not deny, but condemn, the *craft* and *cruelty* and the wholesale character of St. Bartholomew's Massacre; but still would argue in the abstract in defence of the magistrate's bearing the sword, and of the Church's sanctioning its use, in the aspect of *justice*, as Moses, Joshua, and Samuel might use it, against heretics, rebels, and cruel and crafty enemies

I think such insane acts as St. Bartholomew's Massacre were prompted by mortal fear. The French Court considered (rightly or wrongly) that if they did not murder the Huguenots, the Huguenots would murder them. Thus I explain Pope Gregory's hasty approbation of so great a crime, without waiting to hear both sides. After a period of luxury and sloth, the sudden outburst of the Reformation frightened the Court of Rome out of its wits, and there were those who thought the one thing needful was to put it down anyhow, as the destruction, at least eventually, of all religion, morality, and society. Perhaps they were right in this fear, and thus they got mixed up with mere politicians, unscrupulous men, and became in the eyes of posterity answerable for deeds which were not properly theirs. I was reading the other day a defence of Pius V against Lord Acton, the point of which was that in no sense was it the Pope who sanctioned the plot for assassinating Elizabeth, but the Duke of Alva. Yet who can deny, true as this may be, still that to readers of history the Pope and the Duke are in one boat? Then, again, their agents, or the sovereigns

who sought their sanction for certain courses or measures, went far beyond the intention of the Popes, who nevertheless, from their political entanglements, could not resume the powers that they had once given over to them. A large society, such as the Church, is necessarily a political power, and to touch politics is to touch pitch. A private Catholic is not answerable for the Pope's political errors, any more than the shareholder in a railway in 1875 is answerable for the railway's accidents in 1860, nay, or in 1875.

You say that at least the Popes ought publicly to confess, when it is proved they have gone wrong. Does Queen Victoria confess the sins of George IV.? Do principals feel it generous to abandon their subordinates, or loyal children acquiesce in attacks on their parents? As to controversialists, they are pleaders at a bar, and are afraid to make admissions lest these should be turned against them. To speak out is in the long run the wisest, the most expedient, the most noble policy; seldom the possible, or the natural. Why are private memoirs kept back from publication for thirty or sixty years? No party can be kept together if there is no reticence. But in fact, except among controversialists, there is no want of candour and frankness among us; witness the fact that Protestant attacks on us generally are drawn from the admissions of Catholics. Baronius, writing under the Pope's eye, speaks in the strongest terms of the evil state of the Popedom in the dark age; Rinaldus, his continuator, speaks against Alexander VI., St. Bernard, St. Thomas, and many others speak against the conduct of the Roman See in their own times. So do Pope Adrian VI., Paul IV., &c. So do holy women in their writings, such as St. Bridget.

As to the state of Catholic Europe during these last three centuries, I begin by allowing or urging that the Church has sustained a severe loss, as well as the English and German nationalities themselves, by their elimination from it; not the least of the evil being that in consequence the Latin element, which is in the ascendant, does not, cannot know, how great the loss is. This is an evil which the present disestablishment everywhere going on may at length correct. Influential portions of the Latin races may fall off; and if Popes are chosen from other nationalities, other ideas will circulate among us and gradually gain influence.

As to the unbelief of France, Italy, and Spain, allowing it to the extent facts warrant, still I had fancied that *England*, the most fiercely Protestant country of Europe, had begun the tradition of infidelity in Europe in its school of Deists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and that *Germany*, the native soil of the Reformation, was now the normal seat of intellectual irreligion. Is it not something the case of the pot and the kettle?

Next, as to the bad government in the Papal States, I allow, or

rather argue, that an ecclesiastical world-wide sovereign has neither time nor thought to bestow on secular matters, and that such matters go to rack and ruin, and cause great scandal in public opinion, as surely as would happen if I undertook to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The shortness of the reigns of the Popes, an advantage ecclesiastically, and their political troubles, increase this evil. Another thing—till of late there was no science of government, and the Papal administration was not worse than its neighbours; but now we have a dozen sciences, political, economical, sanitary, social, agricultural, municipal, and the like, all tending to the tranquillity and prosperity of States, which secular Governments can carry out and profit by, but which ecclesiastics and theologians have no head for.

Further, all States have their course, their beginning and their end. It is not wonderful that those which were great three centuries ago should be waning or dying out now, while England, which then was barbarous compared with the Continent, and much more Prussia, Russia, and the United States, should be in the ascendant. There is nothing to show what the state of England will be two centuries hence. Its want of coal *may* be its ruin; or, before that want is felt, Protestantism, which has made it great, may, by running into democracy, make it small again. At present the Catholic Church is encumbered by its connection with moribund nations, and, so far, Keble's application of the "*Mortua quiescit*," &c., may be transferred to it. Catholics are certainly taken at great disadvantage now, but, as a loyal servant of Alfred or Bruce, knowing the greatness of his master's soul and the splendour of his gifts, might have no temptation whatever to mistrust his ultimate success, in spite of temporary disaster, so we feel about the defects and humiliations of the Papacy.

You see all along I have kept to my purpose of describing *my own* view of the difficulties of Catholicity on which you fasten, instead of attempting to deal with them controversially. The temporal prosperity, success, talent, renown of the Papacy did not make me a Catholic, and its errors and misfortunes have no power to unsettle me. Its utter disestablishment may only make it stronger and purer, removing the very evils which are the cause of its being disestablished.

I was rejoiced to be told by you that you recognised the truth of the power of prayer. Nothing else will clear our religious difficulties.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE ORATORY,
April 21, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,

There is nothing ungenerous, as you fear, in your new questions, and, if you had asked them distinctly before, I should have answered them to the best of my power.

You now ask me whether I agree or disagree with your judgment "that the Church of Rome, as a society, has sometimes done, more often sanctioned, actions, which were wrong and injurious to mankind." I find no difficulty in answering you. I should say that the Church has two sides, a human and a divine, and that everything that is human is liable to error. Whether, so considered, it has in matter of fact erred must be determined by history, and, for the very reason that it is human as well as divine, I am disposed to believe it has, even before the fact has been proved to me from history. At the same time I must add that I do not quite acquiesce in the wording of your question. It sounds awkward to ask, *eg*, "Has the Kingdom of England done or sanctioned wrong?" It would be more natural to say, "Has the nation done wrong, or the sovereign, or the legislature done wrong, or all of these together?" I have no difficulty in supposing that Popes have erred, or Councils have erred, or populations have erred, in human aspects, because, as St Paul says, "We have this treasure in earthly vessels," speaking of the Apostles themselves. No one is impeccable, and no collection of men.

I grant that the Church's teaching, which in its formal exhibitions is divine, has been at times perverted by its officials, representatives, subjects, who are human. I grant that it has not done so much good as it might have done. I grant that in its action, which is human, it is a fair mark for criticism or blame. But what I maintain is, that it has done an incalculable amount of good, that it has done good of a special kind, such as no other historical polity or teaching or worship has done, and that that good has come from its professed principles, and that its shortcomings and omissions have come from a neglect or an interruption of its principles.

The question that remains is, Has that which claims to be divine in the Church sanctioned that which is human and faulty in it? I maintain, No. and, in alleged cases brought in proof of the affirmative, I should contend either that its sanction of the act in question had no claim to be considered divine, or that the act itself was not faulty. Thus St Paul says, "I wist not that he was high priest, for it is written," &c, and some commentators say that he *was* ignorant—that is, his act did not proceed from the divine inspiration with which he was gifted; others that his act was not wrong, for the man whom he reviled, in fact, was not high priest.

However, I cannot simply grant to you, as you assume, that mere

omission to pronounce upon a faulty act is necessarily itself a fault. Things are so constituted in this world, that the power of doing good has a maximum. The Church, viewed as a political body, has always been in advance of the age; up to 1600 most men would grant this; but, as the Jews were allowed divorce as practically a necessity in order to avoid worse evils, so it has not always been possible for the Church to do upon the spot that which was abstractedly best, as Elisha shirked the question of Naaman about bowing in the house of Rimmon. Nor am I disposed to deny that, as time goes on, the authoritative view of moral and religious truth becomes clearer, wider, and more exact

I do not know how I can answer your question more closely than in what I have now said, and as, I think, I did answer it in my former letter.

As to the last three centuries, the Church's great battle has been against the various forms of error to which Protestantism has opened the door. The work of the Church has on every side been met and thwarted by the opposition of rival religions. In India the work, begun by St. Francis Xavier, has been brought to a stand by the variety and discordance of Christian sects. Still, if it is a great work to preserve Christianity in the world, this I think the Church has done and is doing: and at this moment Christianity would be dying out in all its varieties were the Catholic Church to be suppressed.

I hope I need not say I shall always feel a pleasure and interest in hearing whatever you are moved to tell me about yourself—pray do, for I am always

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P S.—I hope you are out of anxiety by this time about your little boy.

THE ORATORY,
May 16, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I am very glad to have so long a letter from you, but you must let me wait, and be patient with me, as to my answering it, for I have received a very heavy blow in the sudden and alarming illness of the greatest friend I have—an illness, the issue of which will take some time to show itself, and which has almost turned my head.

Thank E—— for wishing to send me, and you for sending, her love—and tell her that I am very grateful to her, and send her a double measure in return—one in reciprocity, and one from gratitude.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Dec 3, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,

Your letter puts me into a great difficulty. It is my heart's desire to bring you nearer to me in opinion, and so to explain my own religious views as to excite in you interest and sympathy for us; to reduce difficulties, and to inspire hope that Catholics and Protestants are not so far apart from each other as is commonly said; in a word, to throw myself into the sentiment which has led you to write, and to co-operate with it. But I cannot feel you have gone to the bottom of the matter, and it would not consist with that truth and frankness due to all men, and especially to one with whom I am so united in affection as yourself, not to say so.

I agree with you, then, but I go far beyond you in holding, that the difference between Catholics and Protestants is an ethical one; for I think that in pure Catholics and pure Protestants (I mean, by so speaking, that most Protestants are tinged with Catholicity, and most Catholics with Protestantism) this difference is radical and immutable, as the natures of an eagle and a horse are, except logically, two things, not one. Opposition to physical science or to social and political progress, on the part of Catholics, is only an accidental and clumsy form in which this vital antagonism energises—a form, to which in its popular dress and shape, my own reason does not respond. I mean, I as little accept the associations and inferences, in which modern science and politics present themselves to the mass of Catholics, as I do those contrary ones, with which the new philosophy is coloured (I should rather say, stained) by great Professors at Belfast and elsewhere.

Dealing with facts, not with imaginations, prejudices, prepossessions, and party watchwords, I consider it historically undeniable—

1. First, that in the time of the early Roman Empire, when Christianity arose, it arose with a certain definite ethical system, which it proclaimed to be all-important, all-necessary for the present and future welfare of the human race, and of every individual member of it, and which is simply ascertainable now and unmistakable.

Next, I have a clear perception, clearer and clearer as my own experience of existing religions increases, and such as every one will share with me, who carefully examines the matter, that this ethical system (*ἡθoς* we used to call it at Oxford as realised in individuals) is the living principle also of present Catholicism, and not of any form of Protestantism whatever—living, both as to its essential life, and also as being its vigorous motive power; both because without it Catholicism would soon go out, and because through it Catholicism makes itself manifest, and is recognised. Outward circumstances or conditions of its presence may change or not; the Pope may be a subject one day, a sovereign another; *primus inter pares* in early

times, the *episcopus episcoporum* now ; there might be no devotions to the Blessed Virgin formerly, they may be superabundant of late ; the Holy Eucharist might be a bare commemoration in the first century, and is a sacrifice in the nineteenth (of course I have my own definite and precise convictions of these points, but they are nothing to the purpose here, when I want to confine myself to patent facts which no one ought to dispute) ; but I say, even supposing there have been changes in doctrine and polity, still the *ethos* of the Catholic Church is what it was of old time, and whatever and whoever quarrels with Catholicism now, quarrels virtually, and would have quarrelled, if alive, 1800 years ago, with the Christianity of Apostles and Evangelists

2. When we go on to inquire what is the ethical character, whether in Catholicity now or in Christianity in its first age, the first point to observe is that it is on all hands acknowledged to be of a character in utter variance with the ethical character of human society at large as we find it at all times. This fact is recognised, I say, by both sides, by the world and by the Church. As to the former of the two, its recognition of this antagonism is distinct and universal. As regards *Catholicism*, it is the great fact of this very day, as seen in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. On the other hand, we know that in the *Apostolic Age* Christians were called the "*hostes humani generis*" (as the *Quarterly* called *Catholics* within this two years), and warred against them accordingly.

This antagonism is quite as decidedly acknowledged on the side of the Church, which calls society in reprobation "the world," and places "the world" in the number of its three enemies, with the flesh and the devil, and this in her elementary catechisms. In the first centuries her badge and boast was martyrdom ; in the fourth, as soon as she was established, her war-cry was, "*Athanasius contra mundum*" ; at a later time her protests took the shape of the Papal theocracy and the *dictatus Hildebrandi*. In the recent centuries her opposition to the world is symbolised in the history of the Jesuits. Speaking, then, according to that aspect of history which is presented to the eyes of Europeans, I say the Catholic Church is emphatically and singularly, in her relation to human philosophy and statesmanship, as was the Apostolic Church, "the Church militant here on earth"

3 And, what is a remarkable feature in her *ethos* now and at all times, she wars against the world from love of it. What, indeed, is more characteristic of what is called Romanism now than its combined purpose of opposing yet of proselytising the world ?—a combination expressed in our liturgical books by the two senses of the word "*conterere*," that of grinding down and of bringing to contrition. How strikingly, on the other hand, does this double purpose come out in the Apostles' writings ? We have three primitive documents, each

quite distinct in character from the other two, differing in accidents and externals, but all intimately agreeing in substantial teaching, so that we are quite sure of the genius and spirit of Christian ethics from the first: I mean, (1) the Synoptical Gospels, (2) St Paul's Epistles, (3) St. John's Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse. Now, the first of these says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. The disciple is not above his Master. Fear them not I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." "I pray not for the world," says the third, "the world hath hated them because they are not of the world Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. The world lieth in wickedness." And the second, "In time past ye walked according to the course of this world, and were by nature the children of wrath even as the rest." And yet, "Preach the gospel to every creature," says the first; "God so loved the world, that," &c, says the third; and "He will have all men to be saved," says the second. After avowals such as these in our primary authorities, it will be a hard job to discover any Irenicon between Catholicity and the moral teaching of this day.

4. This will be still clearer as we examine the details of our ethics, as developed from our fundamental principles. The direct and prime aim of the Church is the worship of the Unseen God, the sole object, as I may say, of the social and political world everywhere, is to make the most of this life. I do not think this antithesis an exaggeration when we look at the action of both on a large scale and in their grand outlines. In this age especially, not only are Catholics confessedly behindhand in political, social, physical, and economical science (more than they need be), but it is the great reproach urged against them by men of the world that so it is. And such a state of things is but the outcome of apostolic teaching. It was said in the beginning, "Take no thought for the morrow. Woe unto those that are rich. Blessed be the poor, to the poor the gospel is preached. Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent. Not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble are called. Many are called, few are chosen. Take up your cross and follow me. No man can have two masters; he who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. We walk by faith, not by sight; by faith ye are saved. This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. Without holiness no man can see the Lord Our God is a consuming fire" This is a very different ethical system from that whether of Bentham or of Paley.

5. I am far from saying that it was not from the first intended that the strict and stern ethics of Christianity should be, as it was in fact, elastic enough to receive into itself secular objects and thereby secular men, and secular works and institutions, as secondary and subordinate to the *magisterium* of religion—and I am far indeed from thinking

that the teaching and action of the world are unmixed evil in their first elements (society, government, law, and intellectual truth being all from God), and far from ignoring the actual goodness and excellence of individual Protestants, which comes from the same God as the Church's holiness, but I mean that, as you might contemplate the long history of England or France, and recognise a vast difference between the two peoples in ethical character and national life, and consequent fortunes, so, and much more, you can no more make the Catholic and Protestant *ethos* one, than you can mix oil and vinegar. Catholics have a moral life of their own, as the early Christians had, and the same life as they—our doctrines and practices come of it; we are and always shall be militant against the world and its spirit, whether the world be considered within the Church's pale or external to it

6 Coming back to your letter, I should not wonder if you think I have mistaken its drift, and have been beating the air. I do not think I have, though I have thought it best to fall back upon the previous question

I have meant to say that, though our opposition to science, &c., ceased ever so much, we should not thereby be more acceptable in our teaching to the public opinion of the day.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

P.S.—Thank you for what you tell me of your new abode. On reading this over I find it more difficult to follow its course of thought than I could have wished.

December 6.

THE SEA THE ONLY ROAD FOR TRADE.

THE land divides the peoples of the earth, the sea unites them. Though by the greater number of mankind the sea has always been regarded with fear if not with horror, and though most men remain of Horace's opinion that he must have had a breast encircled with oak and triple brass who first dared to fit out and launch a ship, yet it remains historically true that the first intercommunications between nation and nation were by water; that human effort has always most successfully followed the coast-line; that where the sea reaches, there human activity is always most to be found; and that where the sea reaches not, there all communication with the rest of the world comes least and last of all. Thus, while the whole coast of Africa and those parts adjacent thereto have been known and traded with for centuries, it is but yesterday that any communication a set up with, or so much as any knowledge gained of, the interior of that vast peninsular continent by the outside world; and the same may be said of those parts of Asia, and even of Europe, which are most remote from the sea. Nor are things likely ever to alter in this respect (unless, indeed, some means be discovered of navigating the airs as freely as we now navigate the seas), for the impediments in the way of free communication by land are such as must otherwise for ever prevent it from competing on equal terms with the sea. On land a mountain, a morass, a river, a forest, a climate, or even so apparently insignificant a creature as a fly—such as the tsetse—has been and still is found to be an insurmountable obstacle to intercommunication, so that populations between whom such an obstacle intervenes, although living within a short distance of each other, are practically as much separated as though a hemi-

* A chapter of a book which Mr. T G Bowles, M P, proposes to publish.

sphere divided them. No such obstacles exist on the seas, which (except for the entirely insignificant case of the few ports in the northern hemisphere closed in the winter by ice) afford an ever-open road from every point on their shores to every other point, however remote. And as this road is, of all, the least interrupted of any, so also is it the easiest, the cheapest, and, on the whole, the safest of all, while every day tends to make it safer, and its use more certain. Storm and tempest, ten times greater than any that Horace ever knew, are now held of so little account that they scarce affect by a few hours an Atlantic passage of 3000 miles, even the greater danger of fog is scarcely regarded; and the greatest danger of all—the land—is on the great ocean highways so marked and guarded by light, beacon, and buoy, as to have lost most of its dangers whether by day or by night. If, indeed, we regard the marvellous passenger service which has grown up between North America and Europe, and consider the safety, certainty, and exactitude with which the great liners in that service make their passages, in summer and winter, through fine weather and foul, scarcely varying a few hours in a passage now reduced to a little over six days, whether they meet storm or calm, we should be brought near to the belief that the marine engineer and the marine constructor have, between them, almost abolished the dangers of the seas. The improvements, moreover, which have been accumulated during the last thirty years are so vast, and have recently succeeded each other with so much rapidity, that we may reasonably expect them to be followed by others even more important, and tending still more to increase the certainty, safety, and rapidity of sea-transit.

The extent to which the trade between the various nations of the world is carried on by sea is, perhaps, hardly suspected by many. Nor is it easy to come at the figures, for although the useful statistical abstracts published by the Board of Trade give the total imports and exports respectively of each country, and give also, on a different and distant page, the percentage of each that is carried by sea, yet the figures resulting from those percentages are not worked out.

In order, therefore, to arrive at as near an approximation as might be to the exact proportion of the trade between the nations of the earth which is carried by sea, as compared with the proportion carried by land, I have been at considerable pains to collate certain tables of statistics published by the Board of Trade, and to work out the figures which would result from the percentages given in those tables. The result of my labours is embodied in the following table.

This table cannot be regarded as exactly accurate for several reasons. In the first place, while all the figures therein printed

in Roman characters are taken as they stand from the official returns, those figures which are printed in italics are my own, worked out, as examination of the table will show, from the official totals and percentages; and, in this working out, I may have made some mistakes, though I do not think so.

It is also to be remarked that while in most instances the figures are given for the general imports and exports, yet in some instances they are only given (because only obtainable) for special "imports and exports"—that is, for imports for home consumption alone, and exports of domestic produce alone.

Moreover, there is a latent inexactitude in these figures on account of the different treatment by different countries of imports and exports of bullion.

It seems possible, too, that there may be other inexactitudes in the official figures themselves, for they come from all countries in all shapes, and they are certainly incomplete, since they give no account of the trade of the numerous colonies of the various countries.

Finally (though even this does not exhaust the list of reservations that should strictly be made), it is to be remembered that every import begins by being an export, and that every export ends by becoming an import; so that if we had here the figures for the whole trade of all the countries of the world, the total of imports alone, or of exports alone, would represent the whole value of the goods exchanged or "traded." But we have not here the whole of the figures for the whole trade; neither have we the freight, which would probably go far towards making up the difference of over two hundred millions between the value of the total imports of the ten principal countries and the value of their total exports. But it will be seen that, if the imports alone of the ten countries be taken, the proportion carried by sea is 71.5 per cent.; that if the exports alone be taken, the proportion is 66.5 per cent., and that, if imports and exports be taken together, the proportion is 69.2 per cent. So that the extreme difference is 5 per cent. at the outside, which does not appreciably affect the conclusion.

It seems, therefore, that while it must be remembered that the figures are neither absolutely exact nor absolutely complete, yet that this table may be accepted as giving as near an approximation to as full and accurate an account of the world's trade between nations as is at present attainable; and as giving, at any rate, a very fair approximation to an accurate account of the proportion thereof carried by sea.

TABLE (A) SHOWING THE VALUE OF THE IMPORTS AND EXPORTS CARRIED RESPECTIVELY BY SEA AND BY LAND OF THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD, FOR THE YEAR 1896.

See *Statistical Abstract of the Principal and other Foreign Countries*, 1886 to 1895-6 (C 8881 of the year 1898), pp. 44 to 47, and 200 to 201, and the *Foreign Office Reports*, C 8649 of 1898, pp. 3 and 9

Country	Year	Imports, £	Proportion by Sea per cent	Exports £	Proportion by Sea per cent	Total Trade £	Proportion by Sea per cent	
RUSSIA (including Finland) By Sea	1896	65,885,000	57.8	75,253,000	71.5	141,238,000	65.0	"Special" only
GERMAN EMPIRE By Sea	1896	38,081,530	65.0	53,305,825	65.0	91,887,425	65.0	Exclusive of through transit trade (Foreign Office Report, C 8649 of 1898, pp. 3 and 9 "Special" only
HOLLAND By Sea	1896	231,895,000	47.3	195,660,000	15.9	427,555,000	33.1	
BELGIUM By Sea	1896	150,731,750	47.6	127,179,000	46.7	277,910,750	47.1	
FRANCE By Sea	1896	135,715,000	70.6	111,889,000	68.3	247,104,000	69.5	
SWITZERLAND	1896	64,103,195	0	17,710,851	0	81,904,046	0	By land only
ITALY By Sea	1896	121,495,000	65.9	108,812,000	48.9	230,307,000	57.8	
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY By Sea	1896	57,831,620	19.8	50,815,204	12.6	108,646,824	16.0	"Special" only
UNITED STATES By Sea	1896	197,152,000	95.4	183,744,000	93.1	380,896,000	94.2	
UNITED KINGDOM	1896	139,189,312		125,497,152		264,686,464		
TOTAL		60,284,000		47,369,000		107,653,000		
By Sea		50,936,000		46,090,000		97,026,000		
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY		33,566,734		22,538,010		56,094,744		
By Sea		58,816,000		64,500,000		123,316,000		
UNITED STATES		11,645,568		8,127,000		19,772,568		
By Sea		162,443,000		183,876,000		346,319,000		
UNITED KINGDOM		154,960,622		171,188,556		326,149,178		
TOTAL		441,809,000		296,379,000		738,188,000		
By Sea		1,526,430,000		1,313,072,000		2,839,502,000		
Other Countries		1,092,009,331		873,240,663		1,965,249,999		
Trade (approximate) of all countries enumerated		259,172,000		243,335,000		502,807,000		
		1,785,982,000		1,556,407,000		3,342,389,000		

(In some cases these figures are for 1893 or 1894)

Here, then, are disclosed some very important facts :

- 1 That the whole trade between all the (enumerated) nations of the world amounted in 1896 (approximately) to £3,342,309,000.
2. That, of this trade, that which was carried on by the ten principal nations named amounted to £2,839,502,000.
3. That of this last-named trade as much as £1,965,249,999 represents trade carried on by sea
4. That the trade carried on by sea was from 66 5 per cent. to 71 5 per cent. of the whole.
5. In short, two-thirds in value of the trade was carried on by sea, and only one-third by land.

But there is more than this

It has not infrequently been alleged that, although the sea is an admirable and must always be a useful road for trade, yet that, for countries having a considerable land frontier, and which march with trading neighbours, the tendency of modern times must be rather for land-carriage to supersede sea-carriage. It is pointed out by those who hold this view—and with perfect truth—that ceaseless and most successful efforts are now made by every trading country to improve its means of communication with its neighbours, not alone by the improvement of roads, but also, and much more, by the building of railways; and it is suggested that the enormous increase in railways and the lowering of their rates of freight must have had, has had, and is having, as a necessary result, the carriage by land of much that was formerly carried by sea, and, to that extent, a consequent diminution in the proportion of sea-trade as compared with land-trade

Nevertheless, the very contrary appears to be the fact. The trade by land has, no doubt, very greatly increased, owing to the circumstances cited; but, simultaneously with that, the trade by sea has increased even more greatly. So that it would rather seem that the more land-carriage increases, still the more does it lag behind sea-carriage, and still the more shows that the sea is destined to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the one great main road for all trade.

This conclusion seems to be fairly deducible from the figures given on pp 200 and 201 of the Board of Trade Statistical Abstract for the Principal and other Foreign Countries, 1886 to 1895-96 (C. 8881 of 1898). The following table of extracts therefrom shows the variation in the proportion of sea-borne to land-borne trade between the years 1884 and 1896 for each of the countries which figure in the preceding table that possesses both a land and a sea frontier, and in which alone therefore a variation is possible.

It will be seen that in every case except that of Russia, Holland, Austria, and the United States, the proportion of sea-borne to land-borne trade has materially increased since 1884, and that only in the

two cases of Austria and the United States has it diminished both in imports and in exports. But the diminutions are small, while the increases are great, and are especially great and remarkable in the cases of the two most important trading nations of Europe—France and Germany. The table, at any rate, suffices to show that the proportion of sea-borne as compared with land-borne trade has, during the twelve years in question, materially increased all round; and that, up to the most recent dates, the Ship has continued to hold its own, and something more, with the Road and the Railway.

TABLE (B) SHOWING THE VARIATION IN THE PERCENTAGE OF SEA-BORNE AS COMPARED WITH LAND-BORNE TRADE BETWEEN 1884 AND 1896, FOR THE EIGHT COUNTRIES ENUMERATED

	Imports Percentage by Sea		Exports Percentage by Sea		Increase or Decrease of Per- centage in 12 years	
	1884	1896	1884	1896	In Imports	In Exports
RUSSIA IN EUROPE	56.8	57.8	72.4	71.5	+ 1.0	— 0.9
FRANCE	65.3	70.6	66.7	68.3	+ 5.6	+ 1.6
ITALY	59.2	65.9	46.3	48.9	+ 6.7	+ 3.6
GERMANY	35.6	65.0	36.6	65.0	+ 29.4	+ 28.4*
HOLLAND	38.2	47.6	19.3	15.9	+ 9.4	— 9.4†
BELGIUM	45.3	47.6	35.4	46.7	+ 2.3	+ 11.3
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY	20.9	19.8	19.8	12.6	— 1.1	— 7.2
UNITED STATES	96.2	95.4	96.6	93.1	— 0.8	— 3.5

* See Foreign Office paper, C 8649 of 1898.

† These percentages (for Germany and Holland) are based on quantities, not on values.

The effect of Tables A and B seems to me to be absolutely conclusive. They establish beyond all doubt or question that the great mass of the world's trade is carried on by sea, and that the proportion of the trade so carried on tends, in spite of the great improvements in land communication, rather to increase than to diminish.

At this time of day it can scarcely be necessary to point out or to insist upon the truth, now universally recognised, that of all sources of national wealth trade is the greatest. Trade is carried on for profit alone, and for no other reason whatever. Its very existence suffices to prove that it brings a profit to both sides engaged in it—for otherwise it would not exist—as its increase suffices to prove an increased accumulation of those profits, or, in other words, of wealth. As a source of wealth, trade is generally more fruitful than either agriculture or manufactures, for these, unless supplemented by, and existing as feeders of, trade, may, and often do, produce either small

profit or no profit at all; whereas, as already remarked, trade, so long as it exists, invariably produces a double profit—one for each of the parties engaged therein.

Trade, therefore, has always been the principal object of the most enlightened statesmen, its practice the favourite pursuit of the most intelligent nations—its possession and security the greatest prize that can be obtained by any people. For as trade increases so does wealth increase, and wealth, which has always been the chief, may now be said to be the sole measure of material power, since there is no form of that power which cannot readily be had in exchange for it. The result is that, so soon as nations began to reflect and to reason upon, and, as a consequence, to provide for, their own interests in competition with the interests of other nations, those of them who have any intelligence have always addressed themselves to the development of their own trade, to the capture of the trade of others, and too often to the attempt to gain for themselves a monopoly of all trade. It is from the struggle for trade that all the great conflicts between nations in modern times have arisen. The Renaissance, not improperly so-called, of moral, material, and intellectual activity, which succeeded the darkness of the Middle Ages, nowhere showed itself so markedly as in a renaissance of trade, and if we take England alone—though it would be equally true of other nations—it will be found that, although the many bloody and costly wars she waged from that time downwards often appeared upon the surface to have as their motive personal, dynastic, or political considerations, strictly so-called, yet, if their real origin be traced, it will always appear that they were wars either to gain a new trade or to maintain and develop a trade already enjoyed. Nor is it less true in the present day—indeed, it is notoriously far more true—that although some of the most desperate and, it may be added, some of the most injurious wars of our own times have been fought, not with the sword but with the tariff, the conflict is not less but rather more real and more serious, and often far more fraught with mischief; to which may be added that, as in wars with the sword, the combatants often blundered, erred in their conduct, mistook their own true object, and thus inflicted occasionally more damage upon themselves than upon their enemy, so in the modern wars of the tariff the mischief which is intended to be done to the opponent often falls in its greatest intensity upon the doer.

Since, then, trade is of such overweening importance to all nations which are so happily situated by Nature, and whose people are so happily gifted with qualities as to be able to pursue it successfully; and since, as has been shown, trade must in the main be carried on by sea, it seems to follow as a matter of necessity that, whether in peace or in war, that nation must be foremost, predominant, and

powerful beyond all others whose power is on the sea, and whose position is therefore such as to enable it to act with the greatest stress upon the great roads of trade, whether in defence of its own commerce or in offence against the commerce of its enemy.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

AN EXPERIMENT IN PUBLIC-HOUSE MANAGEMENT.

THE following Report records the results of an experiment in public-house management, recently undertaken in order to see how far it might be practicable to increase the trade in non-intoxicants and affect the general character of the business, by making sales of this kind very much to the interest of the men in charge of the houses, and by strict rules against drunkenness or any encouragement of drinking

I was permitted to see the plan on which the accounts were kept and to visit the houses, and I have looked through the figures. These figures and the conclusions drawn from them will speak for themselves. Of the *bona fides* of this experiment there can be no doubt.

The results are perhaps rather suggestive than conclusive. Negatively we are constrained to admit that it would be no easy matter to change the habits and wants of a people, or the ways in which they are served. Men drink to please themselves, and they will go where their tastes are best considered. Any new method, unless supported by a very strict monopoly, must coincide with a change of taste, if it is to bring about a change of habit. The reform of the public-house, when it comes, will most likely be a development of this character. The shape it will take will in all probability be unexpected, like the extraordinarily successful enterprise of the Aerated Bread Company in London, and that of other tea, coffee and cocoa rooms in recent years, not only in London, but throughout the country.

If I may hazard so much, I should say that change of character will most likely be connected with change of structure, with (*eg*) the provision of more space and comfort for the customers; accommodation for sitting, it may be, in place of standing, with more, or it might

equally be with less, class distinction, but almost certainly with more consideration than is now shown for the wants of those who do not seek alcohol. This last may possibly be by separate rooms and entrances, but quite as probably by the incursions of a larger public, sweeping away all such distinctions, as has been seen with railway refreshment-rooms, which cater impartially for all wants. The separation of those who drink from those who do not, in the supplying of refreshments, is as undesirable as would be a division between the sexes; yet both these seemed to be aimed at by some reformers.

The experiment here recorded was in one sense foredoomed to failure. Except as an indication of what, under quite different conditions, *might* result, it hardly could succeed. Public-houses, of which the entire business basis consists of profit from the sale of alcohol, and in the planning and construction of which no other idea has been present, are most unlikely to do much in any other line. No doubt they also fill a social function; men frequent public-houses for the sake of company as well as drink, but unless they drank there would be no profit. And it must be alcohol in some form. No one, not even the most ardent teetotaler, spends much money on teetotal drinks.

Thus no great revolution could possibly be effected by the mere giving of a bonus to the managers on non-alcoholic sales, and when the actual figures of these sales are compared with the gross amount of the alcoholic trade done on the premises experimentalised with, it will be seen how small and insignificant they are. Nevertheless, the *percentage* of increase shown is very noticeable, and may, perhaps, point to a coming or possible change of fashion.

Beyond this, it is manifest that the immediate management is not to any extent responsible for the quantity of alcohol sold. Men need no urging to drink, and having come for alcohol would not be much tempted by any substitute. But reputable management may undoubtedly do much for the character of the house, and so indirectly for the character of the trade carried on in it. Whatever conduces to reputable management tends to improvement in every direction, and for this and other reasons we may welcome interference by the licensing authority, or experiments through the medium of municipal control, or, it may be, voluntary association. But for persistent progress we must, I think, look mainly to a rising standard of life, the growing demands of which cannot be expressed in terms of "more grog", and I should rely more on the elastic energy of private enterprise supplying new wants, than to any possible control by a public authority, for such a change in the habits of the people as is needed to put the love of drink in its proper place.

CHARLES BOOTH.

REPORT.

The practice of public management of the drink trade in this country is so limited that the experience of other countries is most often cited by the advocates of municipal management of public-houses. The drawback to this is that the same results cannot be predicted at home, where the conditions are altogether different. It is true that trials of the public management system have been made in this country; perhaps the most important being that of the canteens of the British Army. Attempts have also been made to conduct model public-houses in five or six villages; and the Corporation of Birmingham ran a beershop under strict regulations of management for the workmen employed in the construction of water-works in Elan Valley. But these instances, few in number, do not go far towards solving the problem of how the drink trade should be conducted under ordinary circumstances in English towns. It was with a view to the increase of experience under conditions which pertain to English habits and customs in London that the experiment described in this report was made.

Where there is no competition regulations may be enforced which are impossible when the restrictions do not apply to all who carry on the same business in the same neighbourhood. If there be only one house within a certain area, and the conditions under which the workman can obtain drink there are strict, he is compelled to submit to them; but if there are other houses near, where the strictness is not enforced, the control of the one house ceases to be operative. It requires a monopoly of all the houses, under the same rules of management, to ensure the full benefit or to show the effect of such management.

Some of the advantages, however, claimed for the public control of licensed houses are not dependent upon a monopoly, and may be sought for even where competition exists. It appeared, therefore, desirable to test the effect in London itself of an attempt to secure these advantages, or at any rate to see whether an honest employment of means so frequently advocated would produce results so confidently predicted.

The main features in public control are.

- (a) That the manager shall not be personally interested in the increased consumption of alcoholic liquors
- (b) That any increase in sales of food and non-intoxicants shall be to his own pecuniary advantage.
- (c) That certain rules as to the conduct of the houses, maintenance of order and genuineness of articles sold, shall be strictly enforced

These benefits seemed possible in the face of competition. But

shorter hours for public-houses to be open, restriction in the quantity served to each customer, and other regulations of a like nature can be carried out only under a monopoly which ensures the absence of competition

In the experiment under notice, therefore, it was proposed to test the result of the following provisions :

1. That the manager's wages should be fixed independently of any increase or decrease of the quantity of alcoholic liquor sold

2. That he should have a positive inducement to increase the sale of food and non-alcoholic drinks.

3. That there should be supervision of such a kind as to secure adherence to the regulations laid down, especially as to maintenance of order; and

4. That all articles sold should be genuine.

Five fully licensed public-houses were selected of different sizes and in neighbourhoods of different character. The managers of the houses were servants of the promoters of the experiment, with allowance for board and a fixed salary. To this was added a commission of 20 per cent on any increase they could effect in the sale of food and non-alcoholic drinks over and above the normal sale of such articles, which had been previously ascertained from the books relating to each business. It was a sufficient inducement to lead them to push this branch of the trade.

It remained a question whether to offer the commission upon the sale of tobacco.* There is generally no great incentive to sell this article, for, though cigars are profitable, the clay pipes which are usually given away with tobacco absorb the whole profit. Eventually it was decided to allow the commission thereon in some houses and not in others, but the trade did not appear to be affected in either case.

The instructions given to the managers were :

1. To make no effort to increase the consumption of alcohol, but leave it entirely to the legitimate demand.

2. To use what influence they could exercise to increase the sale of food and teetotal drinks, which would be to their own personal advantage †

* Some people hold that tobacco increases drinking, and some the opposite. To the former it may be good news that in certain houses which are opened for a limited time on Sundays, there is a difficulty in getting customers out to the strike of time, and it is found advisable to give away tobacco and so encourage smoking, because the result is less drinking and therefore less trouble in clearing the house

† It may surprise the reader to learn that the motive of extra profit already attaches in ordinary public-houses to the sale of teetotal drinks. Ginger beer, soda-water, and lemonade are all sold to yield a much larger gross profit than the average gross profit on other drinks. Ginger beer is bought at 8d and sold at 1s 4d a gallon, small bottles of lemonade or soda-water cost 7½d a dozen, and are sold for 2s, large bottles cost 9½d a dozen, and are sold for 3s, so that these drinks yield profits respectively of 100, 220, and 280 per cent. These splendid returns already create a sort of automatic Gothenburg system

3 To be specially careful in maintaining good order and to refuse to serve any one with alcoholic drink if not perfectly sober, and to keep a record of all cases of their having to refuse drink when asked for, and all cases of disorder.

4. Not to tamper with articles for sale. Great care is taken by the Excise officials to check this, and, according to their report, adulteration is practically unknown, except so far as the dilution of liquors with water may be termed adulteration.

Temperance reformers are apt to suggest methods without knowing those that now exist. To avoid this pitfall it will be well to bear in mind the class of trade which is commonly done in an ordinary public-house used by working men. Here are the figures for a year of goods consumed in two houses, one (the "Bull") in a neighbourhood where working men live; the other (the "Fox"), also in a poor district, but in a main road, and doing a large passing trade, due to the traffic.

	Beer	Wines and spirits	Tobacco	Food	Teetotal drinks	Total
	£	£	£	£	£	£
The "Bull"	1644	1065	142	54	43	2938
	55.7 %	30.1 %	4.8 %	1.9 %	1.5 %	100 %
The "Fox"	3312	1979	294	505	226	6316
	52.1 %	31.3 %	4.7 %	8 %	3.6 %	100 %

The percentages of food and teetotal drink for the five houses of the experiment were as under, and in three months had increased as shown in the table.

	Teetotal drinks		Food	
	1895	1896	1895	1896
The "Bull"	1.37 %	1.57 %	1.57 %	1.92 %
The "Cock"	1.27 %	2.52 %	1.82 %	3.62 %
The "Fox"	2.7 %	3.6 %	6.9 %	8 %
The "Goat"	1.17 %	1.67 %	32 %	37 %
The "Stag"	1.22 %	1.37 %	72 %	82 %

An increase was everywhere apparent, but though in many cases very marked as a percentage, was not even then very great in amount.

The managers were, therefore, again interviewed and urged to take all possible steps to enlarge the increase. They had not in every case done all that might be done. In addition to the Englishman's objection to change, even if combined with a chance of personal profit, the idea that to sell Kop's ale would "degrade" the house proved almost invincible. This is not a prejudice in favour of alcohol, but is based on the fact that the sale of such an article implies the cheap class of trade usually done in coffee-shops. Absolute orders, however, were given to expose food and teetotal drinks for sale, and the offer of 20 per cent. commission was reiterated.

The experiment ran thus for a year, with the general result that the total percentages for the five houses were thus altered

	Teetotal Drinks	Food	Together	Tobacco	Alcoholic Drinks	Total
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1895	267	506	774	649	13,293	15,489
	1 8 %	3 4 %	5 2 %	4 4 %	90 4 %	100 %
1893	369	646	1,015	660	13,005	15,695
	2 5 %	4 4 %	6 9 %	4 5 %	88 6 %	100 %

The consumption of alcohol does not appear to have been affected by the commission. Its rise or fall in the different houses was accounted for by other causes. But it is impossible to generalise safely from figures alone, and any lesson there may be is best learnt by a separate account of each house.

In the "Bull" the manager hastened to increase his income by offering bread and cheese, sardines and pickles, with the result that his food bills rose from £19 18s 8d to £27 2s. 5d. in six months; but in the last quarter (the summer) there was a slight reaction. The sale of mineral waters in the same way rose fast at first, but was not progressive during the whole year, and advanced only from £45 7s to £54 14s 5d, or from 13 per cent. to 15 per cent. Ginger beer had always been sold, but the sale of ginger ale, draught and bottled, was begun. Part of the increase was due to selling more expensive mineral waters (*e.g.*, Johannis) with spirits. Requests for drink by drunken people became fewer during the year, owing, no doubt, to stricter treatment.

The "Cock" is a rougher house, and drink had to be refused almost daily, not so much to the drunken as the vicious. The trade is what is called "cheap," two-thirds being in beer. Here the manager saw his best chance in starting dinners. Even at the high price of 10d. the food percentage rose in the year from 1·8 to 3·5.* The teetotal drinks also were nearly doubled, though he had always sold tea and coffee.

The "Fox" is a large house, and already did the unusual percentage of 2·7 in mineral waters and 6·9 in food. Here the results of difference in personal character were strongly illustrated. The manager started coffee in the early morning, tea in the afternoon, 1s dinners, cider, Kop's ale, and an ephemeral luxury called "speciala," which resembles zoedone, and which was largely consumed by one individual who had taken a temporary pledge. The normal

* Part of the increase was peculiar. The reward of 20 per cent of the cost was a great temptation. A neighbouring doctor was ordering his patients a concoction of port-wine and mutton, entitled "Wincarnis," and now advised them to buy it from his friend, the publican. Classed among "Sundry Drinks," the commission was paid upon it as a teetotal beverage.

teetotal trade, £606, was raised to £731, and the substantial remuneration of £25 was paid over as commission.

At the "Goat" in Bethnal Green, dinners at 6*d.* and ginger ale at 4*d.* a quart was tried without success; also bread and cheese. There are many cook-shops near, and all the "Goat" can do in the way of dining is to provide a room with a good fire where a workman may bring his chop and cook it.

The "Stag" is an East-End house in poor quarters near the Docks. Little could be done to make it more satisfactory to the reformer. Early coffee sells well and is profitable; but cold meats and hard boiled eggs, though displayed on the counter, failed to entice the docker. There had always been a trade in ginger ale and ginger beer, but the manager could not increase it. His mineral waters and food showed but one-tenth per cent rise in spite of all his efforts.

Coming now to conclusions, it should be observed that the two last houses on which the least impression was made are those which do the poorest trade. It appears more and more difficult to affect the consumption as one descends the social ladder.

Among other deductions, it should be noticed that the various results obtained depended in each case on the manager. One is active, another slow, one is liberal minded, another loathes change and has no imagination. In short, the public advantage depends on the *personnel* of the public-houses. The choice of men is of the utmost importance. Any system of licensing which gets at the best men is therefore desirable.

Now, under public management, the choice of managers would lie with the authority appointed. This body would choose from a number of candidates, as a board of guardians chooses a superintendent for its casual ward. The present choice of publicans is controlled by the magistrate, but only to the extent of inquiring whether anything is known by the police against the applicant's character. It may, therefore, be the case that public management would ensure greater attention to the character of the managers, whatever its results might be in the direction of business capacity.

Again, it may be fairly claimed that the character of a house is raised by strict control. If these five managers had not been urged to strictness, the number of disorderly people frequenting the houses would not have been reduced. It is interesting to observe the records for the "Stag" of cases when drink was refused. It is the roughest of the five houses, and occasions for refusal were therefore the most frequent. The account kept is very circumstantial, and in all probability reliable. In fourteen months there were ninety-seven refusals—seventy-two to men and twenty-five to women. Nearly all had to be "put out," but in only one case was it necessary to call the policeman.

A man does not often develop signs of drunkenness in a public-house. He either enters drunk, and is at once ejected, or he drinks and goes out quietly. Once outside, he becomes rowdy or helpless, and is refused at the next house. Thus, in the case before us, sixty-eight ejections come under the heading "Not served," only twenty-nine under "Served." This rule seems to apply even more to women than men, the proportion of women being only four to twenty-one men of the "Served," but twenty-one to forty-seven of the "Unserved."

The effect of urging the manager to strictness is shown by the fact that, whereas refusals to sell drink in the first six months numbered sixty-nine, they fell in the second six months to twenty-eight, obviously not from laxer management, but because customers of this class began to go elsewhere.

With regard to increasing the teetotal trade, and especially as to qualifying alcohol with other ingredients (which the doctors tell us is very desirable), our experience shows that a commission to the manager on certain articles can increase the trade, not because the manager offers advice to the customer (for that would only make the latter suspect that the beer was out of order), but because a man will buy a thing when it lies to hand which he would not have asked for otherwise; and without the commission the manager would not take the trouble to meet the customer's fancy.

On the other hand, the contention that a manager can increase the non-alcoholic trade by positive suasion is disproved. Every manager scouted the idea. Very little is heard of it even in Sweden, and the less docile Briton is not likely to drink what he is told. People do not drink to please the publican, whether it be beer or water that he profits by.

In conclusion, it appears that the poorest houses are the least open to reform; that the character of the manager is a very important factor; that stricter management is desirable; that a commission or "interest" will increase the non-alcoholic trade, not, indeed, by suasion, but by causing the manager to meet the public taste, and that, as to the non-interest of the manager in the sale of alcohol, the amount of trade of all kinds is due to a genuine demand, and will not be reduced by the strictest management to more than a slight degree.

It only remains to ask: How are these changes of method most easily brought about? With regard to the supply of food and teetotal drinks, it may be that a demand will arise, strong enough to make the public-house a place for much more varied trade, where the presence of many classes of customers will influence the conduct of each. There is at present no sign of such a change coming spontaneously. No demand for food is causing its supply, but our

experiment seems to show that supply may lead to demand. To that extent it favours a trial of the public management system.

The results of great strictness point in the same direction, and so does the evident importance of careful attention to the choice of managers.

Our last deduction (that the whole trade would not be decreased by stricter management), while refuting one of the contentions of the Gothenburg party, does, in fact, cut both ways. It shows that, if waste were avoided, the present profits should be maintained, and, therefore, that a corporation or county council need not be making great losses when it buys up the licensed properties at current prices. And, of course, if the current price is not given (*i.e.*, if some one is made to lose) public opinion will not allow the houses to be acquired.

When this acquisition has taken place, it should then be open to the public authority (if it shrinks from managing businesses itself) to let out the houses to commercial companies, who would doubtless work with greater economy, and who could be bound by strict conditions. One of these might be that the motive of direct interest in the trade should be removed from the actual manager of the house. Or, again, an authority might, especially if it employed special inspectors, attempt to enforce the supply of food, stricter order, and more careful selection of publicans, without acquiring the houses.

Before great changes are made we want experience, and the usefulness of even so modest a trial as that described above may fairly be held to recommend larger experiments with legal authority.

IRELAND BEWITCHED.

WHEN one talks to the people of the West of Ireland, and wins their confidence, one soon finds that they live in a very ancient world, and are surrounded by dreams that make the little round fields that were the foundations of ancient houses (forts or forths as they call them), a great boulder up above on the hillside, the more twisted or matted thorn trees, all unusual things and places, and the common crafts of the country always mysterious and often beautiful. One finds the old witches and wisemen still busy, and even the crafts of the smith and of the miller touched with a shadow of old faiths, that gives them a brotherhood with magic. The principal crafts were once everywhere, it seems, associated with magic, and had their rites and their gods; and smith-craft, of which one hears much from Galway story-tellers, that was once the distinguishing craft of races that had broken many battles upon races whose weapons were of stone, was certainly associated with a very powerful magic. A man on the borders of Clare and Galway tells how his house was enchanted and filled with smoke that was like the smoke of a forge, and a man living by the sea in North Galway says: "This is a fairy stream we're passing; there were some used to see them by the side of it, and washing themselves in it. And there used to be heard a fairy forge here every night, and the hammering on the iron could be heard and the blast of the furnace." A man at Kiltartan says: "Blacksmiths are safe from these things," meaning fairy mischiefs, "and if a blacksmith was to turn his anvil upside down and say malicious words he could do you great injury." A man in the Burren Hills says: "Yes, they say blacksmiths have something about them. And if there's a seventh blacksmith in succession from seven generations, he can do many strange things, and if he gave you his curse you

wouldn't be the better of it. There was one at Belharbour, Jamsie Finucane, but he did no harm to any one, but was as quiet as another. He is dead now and his son's a blacksmith, too." A woman near Coole says: "A seventh son has the power to cure the ringworm, and if there is a seventh blacksmith in a family he can do his choice thing." And an old man near Kiltartan says "Blacksmiths have power, and if you could steal the water from the trough in the forge, it would cure all things." And a woman from Ardahan says: "A blacksmith can do all things. When my little boy was sick I was told to go to a forge before sunrise and to collect some of the dust from the anvil. But I didn't after, he was too far gone." A drunken blacksmith at a village in the county of Clare, when asked by a friend who has collected many of these and other stories for me, if he had ever been to the famous wise woman, Biddy Early, answered: "I never went to Biddy Early for a cure myself, for you should know that no ill or harm ever comes to a blacksmith."

Iron is believed to be the great dissolver of all charms, and one hears stories of enchanted people and creatures that take their right shape when you point a gun at them and look along the iron of the barrel. It seems to be this property of iron that makes blacksmiths invulnerable. A woman from near Feakle says: "There was a man one time that was a blacksmith, and he used to go every night playing cards. And for all his wife could say he wouldn't leave off doing it. So one night she got a boy to go stand in the old churchyard, he'd have to pass, and to frighten him."

"So the boy did so, and began to groan and to try to frighten him when he came near. But it's well-known that nothing of that kind can do any harm to a blacksmith. So he went in and got hold of the boy, and told him he had a mind to choke him, and went his way."

"But no sooner was the boy left alone than there came about him something in the shape of a dog, and then a great troop of cats. And they surrounded him, and he tried to get away home, but he had no power to go the way he wanted, but had to go with them. And at last they came to an old forth and a fairy bush, and he knelt down and made the sign of the cross and said a great many Our-Fathers. And after a time they went into the fairy bush and left him."

"And he was going away and a woman came out of the bush, and called to him three times to make him look back. And he saw it was a woman he knew before, that was dead, and so he knew she was among the fairies. And she said to him, 'It's well for you I was here, and worked hard for you, or you would have been brought in among them, and be like me.' So he got home."

"And the blacksmith got home, too, and his wife was surprised to

see he was no way frightened. But he said, 'You might know that there's nothing of the sort that could harm me.'

"For a blacksmith is safe from all, and when he goes out in the night he keeps always in his pocket a small bit of iron, and they know him by that.

"So he went on card playing, and they grew very poor after"

Millers, too, have knowledge and power. An old man I knew, who believed himself to be haunted, went to the nearest miller for a cure; and a woman among the Slieve Echtge hills says that "a miller can bring any one he likes to misfortune by working his mill backwards," and adds, "just as the blacksmith can put his anvil upside down."

The people who have most knowledge, however, are not thought to have it from a craft, but because it has been told them, revealed to them, as it might be told or revealed to anybody. Once everybody almost had it, for as an old man in Kiltartan says "Enchanters and magicians they were in the old times, and could make the birds sing and the stones and the fishes speak." But now only a few have it. One hears comparatively little of magic of the old wonder-working kind, but one does hear something of it. An old woman from the borders of Sligo and Mayo says that she remembers seeing, when she was a child, "a wild old man in flannel who came from Erris." He and the men used to sit up late at night sometimes, playing cards in a big barn. She was not allowed to go into the barn because children kneel down and look up under the cards, and a player has bad luck if anybody kneels when he is playing, but her father often told her that when they had been playing a long time "the wild old man" would take up the cards and move them about and a hare would leap out of the cards, and then a hound would leap out after the hare and chase it round and round the barn and away.

One hears sometimes of people who can see what is happening at a distance, or what is happening among "the others" (the fairies), or what is going to happen among us. A woman at Coole says: "There was a man at Ardahan used to see many things. But he lost his eyesight after. That often happens, that those who see those things lose their earthly sight."

A man of the large island of Aran says: "There was a strange woman came to the island one day and told some of the women down below what would happen them. And they didn't believe, she being a stranger, but since that time it's all been coming true." And it is sometimes said that if you have the habit of walking straight on the road, and not of wavering a little from side to side, you are more likely to "see things" than another, which means, I suppose, that you should be in good health and strength if you are "to see things." The gift most valued seems to be the power of bringing back people

who are in the power of "the others," or of curing the many illnesses that "the others" are believed to give us, that they may take us into their world. It is possible that all illness was once believed to come from them, but I am not sure, because a distinction is now made between the illnesses they make and ordinary illnesses. A man on one of the Aran Islands told my friend, with many other stories which I have, how he got a little of the knowledge and the use he made of it. He has not, however, the whole of the knowledge, for the people are at this moment looking out for a "knowledgeable" man or woman, to use their own words, as at present they have to go to Roundstone in Galway. The man says: "There are many can do cures because they have something walking with them, what we may call a ghost, from among the Sheogue (the fairies). A few cures I can do myself, and this is how I got them. I told you I was for five quarters in Manchester, and where I lodged were two old women in the house, from the farthest side of Mayo, for they were running from Mayo at that time because of the hunger. And I knew they were likely to have a cure, for St Patrick blessed the places he was not in more than the places he was in, and with the cure he left, and the fallen angels, there are many in Mayo, can do them.

"Now it's the custom in England never to clear the table but once in the week, and that on a Saturday night. And in that night all is set out clean, and all the crusts of bread and bits of meat and the like are gathered together in a tin can and thrown out in the street. And women that have no other way of living come round with a bag that would hold two stone, and they pick up all that's thrown out, and live on it for a week. But often I didn't eat the half of what was before me, and I wouldn't throw it out, but I'd bring it to the two old women that were in the house, so they grew very fond of me.

"Well, when the time came that I thought I'd draw towards home, I brought them one day to a public-house, and made a drop of punch for them, and then I picked the cure out of them, for I was wise in those days. There was a neighbour's child was sick and I got word of it, and I went to the house, for the woman there had showed me kindness, and I went in to the cradle and I lifted the quilt off the child's face, and you could see by it, and I saw the signs, that there was some of their work there. And I said, 'You're not likely to have the child long with you, ma'am.' And she said, 'Indeed, I know I won't have him long.' So I said nothing, but I went out, and whatever I did and whatever I got there, I brought it in again and gave it to the child, and he began to get better. And the next day I brought the same thing again and gave it to the child, and I looked at him and I said to the mother, 'He'll live to comb his

hair grey.' And from that time he got better, and now there's no stronger child in the island, and he the youngest in the house.

"After that the husband got sick, and the woman said to me one day: 'If there's anything you can do to cure him, have pity on me and my children, and I'll give you what you'll ask.' But I said, 'I'll do what I can for you, but I'll take nothing from you, except maybe a grain of tea or a glass of porter, for I wouldn't take money for this, and I refused £2 one time for a cure I did.' So I went and brought back the cure, and I mixed it with flour and made it into three little pills that it couldn't be lost, and gave them to him, and from that time he got well.

"There was a woman lived down the road there, and one day I went into the house when she was after coming from Galway town, and I asked charity of her. And it was in the month of August when the bream fishing was going on, and she said, 'There's no one need be in want now, with fresh fish in the sea and potatoes in the gardens,' and she gave me nothing. But when I was out the door, she said, 'Well, come back here.' And I said, 'If you were to offer me all you brought from Galway I wouldn't take it from you now.'

"And from that time she began to pine and to wear away and to lose her health. And at the end of three years she walked outside her house one day, and when she was two yards from her own threshold she fell on the ground, and the neighbours came and lifted her up on a door and brought her into the house, and she died.

"I think I could have saved her then—I *think* I could. But when I saw her lying there I remembered that day, and I didn't stretch out a hand and I spoke no word.

"I'm going to rise out of the cures and not to do much more of them, for *they* have given me a touch here in the right leg, so that it's the same as dead; and a woman in my village that does cures, she is after being struck with a pain in the hand. Down by the path at the top of the slip, from there to the hill, that is the way they go most nights, hundreds and thousands of them some nights; sleeping in that little cabin of mine I heard them ride past, and I could hear by the feet of the horses that there was a long line of them there."

Of all who have had this gift in recent years in the south-west of Ireland, the most famous was Biddy Early, who had most other fairy gifts likewise. She is dead some twenty years, but her cottage is pointed out at Feakle in Clare. It is a little rough-built cottage by the roadside, and is always full of turf-smoke, like many others of the cottages, but once it was sought out by the sick and the troubled of all the south-west of Ireland. My friend went to Feakle for me a while back, and found it full of memories of Biddy Early's greatness. Nobody there denies her power, but some of the better off

think her power unholy, and one woman says: "It is against our religion to go to fortune-tellers. She did not get her power from God, so it must have been from demons." The poor think better of her, and one man says: "She was as good to the poor as to the rich. Any poor person she'd see passing the road she'd call in and give them a cup of tea or a glass of whisky and bread and all they wanted. She had a big chest within in that room, and it was full of pounds of tea and bottles of wine and of whisky and of claret and all things in the world." "I knew her well," says one, "a nice fresh-looking woman she was. It's to her the people used to be flocking, to the door and even to the window, and if they'd come late in the day they'd have no chance of getting to her, they'd have to take lodgings for the night in the town. She was a great woman. If any of the men that came into the house had a drop too much drink taken, and said an unruly word, she'd turn them out. And if any of them were disputing or fighting or going to law, she'd say, 'Be at one and you can rule the world.' The priests were against her, and used to be taking the cloaks and the baskets from the country people to keep them from going to her." An old pensioner at Kiltartan says: "When I was in the army, whenever a Clare man joined, we were sure to hear of Biddy Early;" and another man says that people came to her "from the whole country round, and from Limerick and Loughrea, and even from England and Wales. She had four or five husbands, and they all died of drink, one after another. They had the temptation, for maybe twenty or thirty people would be there in the day looking for cures, and every one of them would bring a bottle of whisky. Wild cards they were or they wouldn't have married her." Everybody tells of her many husbands, though not always of the same number. A man in Burren says: "She had three husbands; I saw one of them the day I was there, but I knew by the look of him he wouldn't live long." She is believed to have journeyed all over the country with the fairies, and she seems to have first seen and thrown her enchantment on one of the men she married, when on one of these journeys.

A woman near Roxborough says: "There was a Clare woman with me when I went there, and she told me there was a boy from a village near her brought tied in a cart to Biddy Early, and she said: 'If I cure you, will you be willing to marry me;' and he said he would. So she cured him and married him; I saw him there at her house. It might be that she had the illness put on him first." One man at Feakle seems to think that she had a lover or a husband among "the others" also, for he says. "Surely she was away herself, and as to her son, she brought him with her when she came back, and for eight or nine years he was lying on the bed. And he'd never stir as long as she was in it, but no sooner was she gone away anywhere than he'd

be out down the village among the people, and then back again before she'd get to the house" Some, however, say that this boy was not her son but her brother. Most of the country people think she got her knowledge from this boy, though a witch doctor in Clare, whom I have described elsewhere, says that she told him her knowledge came to her from a child she met when she was at service. A woman at Burren says: "He was a little chap that was astray. And one day when he was lying sick in the bed, he said: 'There's a woman in such a house has a hen down in the pot, and if I had the soup of the hen I think it would cure me' So Biddy Early went to the house, and when she got there, sure enough there was a hen in the pot on the fire. But she was ashamed to tell what she came for, and she let on to have only come for a visit, and so she sat down. But presently in the heat of talking she told what the little chap had said. 'Well,' says the woman, 'take the soup and welcome, and the hen too, if it'll do him any good.' So she brought them with her, and when the boy saw the soup, 'It can't save me,' says he, 'for no earthly thing can do that. But since I see how kind and how willing you are, and did your best for me all these years, I'll leave you a way of living.' And so he did, and taught her the cure. That's what's said at any rate."

But others say that after his death she was always crying and lamenting for the loss of him, and that she had no way of earning her bread, till at last he appeared to her and gave her the gift. One man who was cured by her thinks that she got her knowledge through having been among the fairies herself, and says: "She was away for seven years; she didn't tell it to me, but she told it to others," and adds, "any how it is certain that when the case was a bad one, she would go into a stable, and there she would meet her people and consult with them." An old man near Coole says: "Biddy Early surely did thousands of cures; out in the stable she used to go, there her friends met her, and they told her all things." Another says: "She used to go out into a field and talk with her friends through the holes in the walls." Many tell, too, of a bottle in which she looked and found out whatever she wanted to know. A young man at Feakle, too young to remember her, says: "The people do be full of stories of all the cures she did. It was by the bottle she did all. She would shake it, and she'd see everything when she looked at it." She would say at once whether the sickness she was asked to cure was a common sickness or one of those mysterious sicknesses the people lay at the door of the fairies. A woman at Kiltartan says: "It's I was with this woman here to Biddy Early. And when she saw me she knew it was for my husband I came, and she looked in her bottle, and said: 'It's nothing put upon him by my people that's wrong with him.' And she bid me give him cold vinegar and some

other things—herbs. He got better after. And sometimes she would see in the bottle that the case was beyond her power, and then she would do nothing." An old woman near Feakle says. "I went there but once myself, when my little girl that was married was bad after her second baby being born. I went to the house and told her about it. And she took the bottle and shook it and looked in it, and then she turned and said something to himself (her husband) that I didn't hear, and she just waved her hand to me like that, and bid me go home, and she would take nothing from me. But himself came out and told me that what she was after seeing in the bottle was the face of my little girl and her coffin standing beside her. So I went home, and sure enough on the tenth day after she was dead.' Another woman tells a like story, but does not mention the bottle. "Often I heard of Biddy Early, and I know of a little girl was sick, and the brother went to Biddy Early to ask would she get well. And she said 'They have a place ready for her, it's room for her they have.' So he knew she would die, and so she did."

A woman at Feakle says "I knew a man went to Biddy Early about his wife, and as soon as she saw him she said, 'On the fourth day a discarded priest will call in and cure your wife.' And so he did, one Father Ford." A woman at Burren says. "I went up to Biddy Early one time with another woman. A fine stout woman she was, sitting straight up in her chair. She looked at me, and she told me my son was worse than what I was, and for myself she bid me to take what I was taking before, and that's dandelions. Five leaves she bid me lay out on the table, with three pinches of salt on the three middle ones. As for my son, she gave me a bottle for him, but he wouldn't take it; and he got better without." One does not know whether this was a common illness, but in most of the stories the illness is from the fairies. Somebody has been "overlooked"—that is, looked at with envy or with unbridled admiration by some one who would not say, or forgot to say, "God bless him," or its like; and because this emotion has given the persons looked at into the power of the fairies, who can only take people "away" "through the eye of a sinner," he has been given "the touch" or "the stroke" that is the definite beginning of their power. I have been told that only those who have been or are themselves "away"—that is, in the world of fairy, a changeling taking their place upon the earth—can cure those who are "away," though many can cure "the touch" or "the stroke." There are, however, stories of cures that contradict this. A woman near Gort says "There was a boy of the Brennans in Gort was out at Kiltartan thatching Heniff's house. And a woman passed by, and she looked up at him, but she never said, 'God bless the work.' And Brennan's mother was on the road to Gort, and the woman met her, and said, 'Where did your son learn thatching?' And that day he had a

great fall, and was brought home hurt And the mother went to Biddy Early, and she said, 'Didn't a red-haired woman meet you one day going into Gort, and ask where did your son learn thatching; and didn't she look up at him as she passed? It was then it was done.' And she gave a bottle, and he got well after a time." "The touch" or "the stroke" often show themselves by a fall. A red-haired woman is always unlucky, and a woman near Gort who had told a friend and neighbour about an old man who lost his hair all at once in a fairy fort after he had cut down some bushes, says: "The old man here that lost his hair went to Biddy Early, but he didn't want to go, and we forced him and persuaded him. And when he got to the house she said, 'It wasn't of your own free will you came here,' and at the first she wouldn't do anything for him. And then she said, 'Why did you go to cut down the philibine (magpie) bush—that bush you see out of the window?' And she told him an old woman in the village had overlooked him—Daly's sister—and she gave him a bottle to sprinkle about her house. I suppose it was the bush being interfered with she didn't like" Another woman near Gort says: "There was a man I knew sick, and he sent to Biddy Early, and she said, 'Was Andy in the house?' And they said he was 'Well,' says she, 'the next time he comes in ask him his name and his Christian name three times' And so they did, and the third time he turned and went out And the man got better, but Andy's stock all went from him, and he never throve from that time"

The asking the name is, no doubt, connected with the belief that if you know a person's name you have power over him. I have a story of a Tipperary woman who was tormented by fairies, who were always trying to get her name from her that they might have power over her.

A woman near Coole says: "It was my son was thatching Heniff's house when he got the touch, and he came back with a pain in his back and his shoulders, and took to the bed And a few nights after that, I was asleep, and the little girl came and woke me, and said, 'There's none of us can sleep with all the cars and carriages rattling round the house.' But, though I woke and heard that said, I fell into a sound sleep again, and never woke till morning. And one night there came two taps to the window, one after another, and we all heard it, and no one there And at last I sent the other boy to Biddy Early, and he found her in the house; she was then married to her fourth man And she said he came a day too soon, and would do nothing for him; and he had to walk away in the rain. And the next day he went back, and she said, 'Three days later and you'd have been too late.' And she gave him two bottles, the one he was to bring to boundary water and to fill it up, and that was to be rubbed

to the back, and the other was to drink. And the minute he got them he began to get well; and he left the bed, and could walk, but he was always delicate. When he rubbed the back we saw a black mark, like the bite of a dog, and as to his face, it was as white as a sheet. I have the bottle here yet, though it's thirty year ago I got it. She bid the boy to bring whatever was left of it to a river, and to pour it away with the running water. But when he got well I did nothing with it and said nothing about it, and here it is now for you to see, and you the first I ever showed it to. I never let on to Father Curran that I went to her, but one time the bishop came I knew he was a rough man, and I went to him and made a confession, and I said, 'Do what you like with me, but I'd walk the world for my son when he was sick.' And all he said was, 'I wouldn't have wondered if your messenger had had the two feet cut off from him.' And he said no more."

An old man near Coole says: "I got cured by her myself one time. Look at this thumb. I got it hurted, and I went out into the field after, and was ploughing all the day, I was that greedy for work. And when I went in, I had to lie on the bed with the pain of it, and it swelled, and the arm with it, to the size of a horse's thigh. I stopped two or three days in the bed, and then my wife went to see Biddy Early; and she came home; and the next day it burst, and you never saw anything like all the stuff that came away from it. A good bit after I went to her myself, where it wasn't quite healed, and she said, 'You'd have lost it altogether if your wife hadn't been so quick to come.' She brought me into a small room, and said good words and sprinkled water from a bottle, and told me to believe. The priests were against her, but they were wrong. How could that be evil doing that was all charity and kindness and healing? She was a decent-looking woman, no different from any other woman of the country. The boy she was married to at the time was lying on the bed drunk. There were side cars and common cars and gentry and country people at the door, just like Gort market, and dinner for all that came. And every one would bring her something, but she didn't care what it was. Rich farmers would bring her the whole side of a pig. Myself I brought a bottle of whisky and a shilling's worth of bread, and a quarter of sugar, and a quarter pound of tea. She was very rich, for there wasn't a farmer but would give her the grass of a couple of bullocks or a filly—she had the full of a field of fillies if they'd all been gathered together.

"She died a good many years ago. I didn't go to the wake myself, but I heard that her death was natural."

A well-to-do man near Kilchriest says: "It was all you could do to get to Biddy Early with your skin whole, the priests were so

set against her. I went to her one time myself, and it was hard when you got near to know the way, for all the people were afraid to tell it.

"It was about a little chap of my own I went, that some strange thing had been put upon. When I got to her house there were about fifty to be attended to before me, and when my turn came, she looked in her bottle, a sort of a common greenish one that seemed to have nothing in it, and she told me where I came from, and the shape of the house and the appearance of it, and of the little lake you see there, and everything round about. And she told me of a limekiln that was near, and then she said the harm that came to him came from the forth beyond that. And I never knew of there being a forth there; but after I came home I went to look, and there, sure enough, it was.

"And she told me how it had come on him, and bid me remember a day that a certain gentleman stopped and spoke to me when I was out working in the hayfield, and the child with me playing about. And I remembered it well; it was old John Lydon, of Carrig, that was riding past, and stopped and talked, and was praising the child. And it was close by that forth beyond that John Lydon was born.

"I remembered it was soon after that day that the mother and I went to Loughrea, and when we came back the child had slipped on the threshold of the house and got a fall, and he was screeching and calling out that his knee was hurt, and from that time he did no good, and pined away and had the pain in his knee always.

"And Biddy Early said: 'While you're talking to me now the child lies dying.' And that was at twelve o'clock in the day. And she made up a bottle for me, herbs, I believe, it was made of, and she said, 'Take care of it going home, and whatever may happen, don't drop it,' and she wrapped it in all the folds of my handkerchief. So when I was coming home and got near Tillyra, I heard voices, and the man that was with me said, 'Did you see all the people beyond the wall?' And I saw nothing, but I kept a tight hold on the bottle. And when we got to the Roxborough gate, there were many people talking and coming to where we were. I could hear them and see them, and so could the man that was with me; but when I heard them I remembered what she had said, and I took the bottle in my two hands and held it, and so I brought it home safely. And when I got home they told me the child was worse, and that at twelve o'clock the day before he lay, as they thought, dying. And when I brought in the bottle to him he pulled the bed-clothes up over his head, and we had the work of the world to make him swallow it. But from the time he took it the pain in his knee left him and he began to get better. And Biddy Early had told me not to let May Day pass without coming to her again when she gave me the bottle. But seeing him so well, I thought it no use to

go again, and he got bad again, and it was not on May Day, but was in the month of May he died. He took to the bed before that, and he'd be always calling to me to come inside the bed where he was, and if I went in he'd hardly let me go. But I got afraid, and I didn't like to be too much with him.

"He was not eight years old when he died, but Mark Spelman, that used to live beyond there at that time, told me privately that when I'd be out of the house and he'd come in, the little chap would ask for the pipe and smoke it, but he'd never let me see him doing it. And queer chat he had, and he was old-fashioned in all his ways." The child was evidently "away," and a changeling believed to have taken his place. May Day, Midsummer Day, and November Eve, which are old Celtic festivals, are thought times of great activity among the fairies, and that is why he was to bring the child to Biddy Early before May Day. One story tells how she offered to show a mother the child the fairies had taken from her and whom she thought dead. A woman from Kiltartan says: "My mother got crippled in her bed one night, God save the hearers." And it was a long time before she could walk again with the pain in her back, and my father was always telling her to go to Biddy Early, and so at last she went. But she would do nothing for her, for, she said, 'What ails you is nothing to do with my business.' And she said, 'You have lost three, and one was a grand little fair-haired one, and if you'd like to see her again I'll show her to you.' And when she said that, my mother had no courage to look and to see the child she lost, but fainted then and there. And then she said, 'There's a field with corn beyond your house, and a field with hay, and it's not long since the little fellow that wears a Lanberis cap fell asleep there on a cock of hay. And before the stooks of corn are in stacks he'll be taken from you, but I'll save him if I can.' And it was true enough what she said; my little brother that was wearing a Lanberis cap had gone to the field and fallen asleep on the hay a few days before. But no harm happened him, and he's all the brother I have living now. And it was Bruen from Gort went with my mother where his sister was sick. And she turned to him and she said, 'When you get home, the coffin will be level with the door before you.' And sure enough when he got home the sister had died, and the coffin had been brought and left at the door."

The people always believed, I think, that whenever she saved anyone the fairies were trying to take, somebody or something was taken instead. She would sometimes ask people who came to her if they were ready to pay the penalty, and there is a story of one man who refused to lose a cow to save the wife he had come about, and when he got home she was dead before him. A well-to-do farmer near Gort, says, however.—"It was Donovan gave his life for my sister that was his wife. When she fell sick he said he'd go to an

old woman, one Biddy Early, that lived in the mountains beyond, and that did a great deal of cures, but the priests didn't like any one to be going to her. So he brought her there and she cured her the first time, but she says, 'If you bring her again you'll pay the penalty.'

"But when she fell sick again, he brought her the second time, but he stopped a mile from the house himself. But she knew it well and told the wife where he was, but she cured her, and that time the horse died. And the third time she fell sick he went again, knowing full well he'd pay the penalty. And so he did and died. But she married again, one O'Mara, and lives over there towards Kinvara."

A cow or a horse or a fowl was generally sufficient. A man at Corcomroe says: "Did I ever hear of Biddy Early? There's not a man in this country side over forty years of age that hasn't been with her some time or other

"There's a man living in that house over there was sick one time, and he went to her and she cured him, but, says she, 'You'll have to lose something, and whatever it is, don't fret after it' So he had a grey mare and she was going to foal, and one morning when he went out he saw that the foal was born and was lying by the side of the wall. So he remembered what she had said to him, and he didn't fret' Sometimes, however, the people believed that many lives were given instead of one. A man at Burren whom she cured says: "I didn't lose anything at the time, but sometimes I thought afterwards it came on my family, when I lost so many of my children. A grand stout girl went from me, stout and broad, what else would ail her to go?"

One often hears of the difficulty of bringing the bottle Biddy Early gave safe home, because of the endeavours of the fairies to break it. A man near Gort says: "Sometimes she'd give a bottle of some cure to people that came, but if she'd say to them, you'll never bring it home, break it they must on the way back with all the care they'd take of it"

A man near Gort says: "There was a boy I knew went to Biddy Early and she gave him a bottle, and she told him it would cure him if he did not lose it in the crossing of some road. And when he came to that place, for all he could do, the bottle was broke."

A woman in Burren says: "Himself went one time to Biddy Early, for his uncle Donoghue that was sick, and he found her, and her fingers all covered with gold rings, and she gave him a bottle, and she said, 'Go into no house on the way home, or stop nowhere, or you'll lose it'

"But going home he had a thirst on him, and he came to a public-house, and he wouldn't go in, but he stopped and bid the boy bring

him a drink. But a little farther on the road the horse got a fall and the bottle was broke."

And one story implies that the bottle was likely to be broken if you went "too late." A man from between Gort and Kiltartan says: "Biddy Early didn't like you to go too late. Brien's sister was sick a long time, and when the brother went to her at the last she gave him a bottle with a cure. But on the way home the bottle broke, and the car and the horse got a fright and ran away. And when Dr. Nolan was sent for to see her, he was led astray, and it's beyond Ballylee he found himself. And surely she was *taken* if ever any one was."

Her "second sight" seems to have been even more remarkable than her cures, and every one who ever went to her speaks of it with wonder. A very old woman in Kiltartan says: "I went to Biddy Early one time myself, about my little boy that's now in America, that was lying sick in the house. But on the way to her I met a sergeant of police, and he asked where was I going, and when I told him, to joke like he said, 'Biddy Early's after dying.' 'Then the devil die with her,' said I. Well, when I got to the house, what do you think, if she didn't know that, and what I said. And she was vexed, and at the first she would do nothing for me. I had a pound for her here in my bosom, but when I held it out she wouldn't take it, but she turned the rings on her fingers, for she had a ring for every one, and she said, 'A shilling for one, sixpence for another.' But all she told me was that the boy was nervous, and so he was, she was right in that, and that he'd get well, and so he did."

"There was a man beyond, one Coen, was walking near the gate the same day, and he turned his foot and hurt it, and she knew that. She told me she slept in Ballylee Mill last night, and that there was a cure for all things in the world between the two wheels there."

The witch doctor Kerwin says that "the cure for all ills" was the moss on the stones, but that it cured evils done by the fairies and not common evils. When Biddy Early spoke of sleeping in Ballylee Mill, which is a great many miles from Feakle, she meant that she had been "away" the night before and journeyed about where she would. A woman near Derrykeil in the Sheve Echthe hills, says: "I went to her myself one time to get a cure for myself where I was hurt with a fall I got coming down that hill over there. And she gave me what cured me, and she told me all about the whole place, and that there was a bowl broken in the house, and so there was." A fall is often believed to be the work of the fairies. A woman at Tillyra says: "There was a boy of the Saggartons in the house beyond went to Biddy Early, and she told him the name of the girl he would marry, and he did marry her after. And she cured him of a weakness he had and cured many, but it was seldom the

bottle she'd give could be brought home without being spilled. I wonder did she go to *them* when she died? She got the cure among them anyway."

A woman in Gort says: "There was a man went to Biddy Early, and she told him that the woman he'd marry would have her husband killed by her brother. And so it happened, for the woman he married was sitting by the fire with her husband and the brother came in having a drop of drink taken, and threw a pint pot at him that hit him in the head and killed him. It was the man that married her that told me this. One time she called in a man that was passing, and gave him a glass of whisky, and then she said to him, 'The road you were going home by, don't go by it' So he asked why not, and she took the bottle, a long shaped bottle it was, and looked at it, holding it up, and then she bid him look through it and he'd see what would happen. But her husband said: 'Don't show it to him, it might give him a fright he wouldn't get over' So she only said: 'Well, go home by another way,' and so he did and got home safe, for in the bottle she had seen a party of men that wouldn't have let him pass alive.

"She got the rites of the Church when she died, but first she was made to break the bottle."

A man at Corcomroe says: "There was a man, one Flaherty, came to his brother-in-law's house one day to borrow a horse. And the next day the horse was sent back, but he didn't come himself. And after a few days more they went to ask for him, but he had never come back at all. So the brother-in-law came to Biddy Early's. And she and some others were drinking whisky, and they were sorry that they were at the bottom of the bottle. And she said, 'That's no matter; there's a man on his way now, there soon will be more' And sure enough there was; for he brought a bottle with him. So when he came in he told her about Flaherty having disappeared. And she described to him a corner of a garden at the back of a house, and she said, 'Go look for him there and you'll find him.' And so they did, dead and buried."

"Another time a man's cattle was dying, and he went to her and she said: 'Is there such a place as Benburb?' naming a forth up on the hill beyond there, 'for it's there they're gone' And sure enough it was toward that forth they were straying before they died." The cattle were in Benburb "forth" or rath, for cattle are taken by the fairies as often as are women.

She was consulted about all kinds of things, for she knew all fairy things. A man at Doneraile, co. Cork, tells how a man asked her to help him to find a buried treasure, but the story is vague, and he did not know the name of the man. He indeed knows much about her, but it is all vague, and he thinks that she is still living. He says: "A man dreamed there was treasure in a certain 'forth,' and he went

to her and asked what he should do. She said it must not be more than four that would dig for it. He and she and two others went, and they dug until they came to the lid of a big earthen pot, and she killed a black cock. A thing like a big ox came at them, and she said it was no use and that they must go home, because five and not four had come. They found a man watching behind the ditch, and they beat him before they went home. The next day the hole they had dug was filled up."

The priests tried vainly to keep the people from going to her.

An old man on the beach at Duras says: "The priests were greatly against Biddy Early, and there's no doubt at all it was from the fairies she got her knowledge. But who wouldn't go to hell for a cure when one of his own is sick?"

An old woman at Feakle says: "There was a man I knew, living near the sea, and he set out to go to her at one time. And on the way he went into his brother-in-law's house, and a priest came in there and bid him not to go. 'Well, Father,' says he, 'cure me yourself if you won't let me go to her to be cured.' And when the priest wouldn't do that, he said: 'Go on I will,' and he went to her. And the minute he came in: 'Well,' says she, 'you made a great fight for me on the way.' For though it's against our creed to believe it, she could hear every earthly thing that was said in every part, miles off. But she had two red eyes, and some used to say, 'If she can cure so much, why can't she cure her own eyes?'"

When she spoke of the red eyes, an old man who was listening said: "She had no red eyes, but was a nice clean-looking woman. Any one might have red eyes at a time they'd have a cold, or the like", this man had been to see her. A woman at Burren says: "There was one Casey, in Kinvra, and he went to her one time for a cure. And Father Xavier came to the house and was mad with him for going, and, says he, 'You take the cure out of the hand of God.' And Mrs. Casey said, 'Your reverence, none of us can do that.' 'Well,' says Father Xavier, 'then I'll see what the devil can do, and I'll send my horse to-morrow that has a sore on his leg this long time, and try will she be able to cure him.'

"So next day he sent a man with his horse, and when he got to Biddy Early's house she came out, and she told him every word Father Xavier had said, and she cured the sore. So after that he left the people alone. But before it he'd be dressed in a frieze coat, and a whip in his hand, driving away the people from going to her."

A woman near Coole says: "The priests took the bottle from Biddy Early before she died, and they found some sort of black things in it." The bottle was of course merely a bottle of some kind of liquid in which she looked as "crystal gazers" look into their crystals. She was surrounded all her life by a great deal of terror and reverence, but

perhaps the terror was the greatest. She seems to have known greatly she was feared, for a man who lived by the roadside near Tillyra says: "I was with her myself one time and got a cure from her for my little girl that was sick. A bottle of whisky I brought her, and the first thing she did was to give me a glass out of it, 'For,' says she, 'you'll maybe want it, my poor man' But I had plenty of courage in those days."

A little while ago I met in Dublin a young man not at all of the people, and he told me that an uncle of his had once been her landlord, but had evicted her because of the scandal of seeing such great crowds drawn to her by what he held superstition, or diabolical power, I am not sure which. She cursed him, and in a very little time a house he was visiting at was burned to the ground and he was burned to death.

The "knowledgeable" men and women may leave their knowledge to some one before they die, but few believe that Biddy Early left her knowledge to any one. One woman said to my friend, "It's said that at a hurling the other day, there was a small little man seen, and that he was a friend of hers, and that she had left him the gift;" but the woman's husband said "No; the bottle was broken, and, anyhow, she had no power to pass it on; it was given to her for the term of her life."

W. B. YEATS.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

MANY charges have recently been made against the training which is given in those Theological Colleges where graduates of Oxford and Cambridge are prepared for Holy Orders. Probably one of the best services to the cause of clerical education would be to remove some of the current prejudices which are based on their supposed defects. For such prejudices prevent many earnest Churchmen from throwing themselves heartily into the movement for making some definite form of professional training, such as that which is given at these Colleges, compulsory on all who are to be ordained.

It may readily be admitted that, like all other human institutions, Theological Colleges are not perfect; but the more serious imperfections alleged against them either do not exist, or are not attributable to any part of the systems of those colleges. An "Essex Vicar," in a letter to the *Times* of April 6, has very usefully focused and reproduced much of the floating talk against them. He says:

"It is a grave misfortune for the Church that the training colleges through which many of her clergy now pass should do so much to foster a temper of mind favourable to ritualistic and sacerdotal extremes, but so little to promote either breadth and largeness of view or fruitful study of theology. No one will deny that these institutions have done, and are doing, useful work. They have helped to supply the lack of professional training for the most important of professions, and their influence may be seen in the increased professional zeal and practical activity of our younger clergy.

"But they have not attempted to counteract the inevitable narrowness of all professional training. They have done little to widen the mental horizon of their students, or to keep the study of theology abreast with the times. For anything like a really scientific theology they do less than nothing. The majority of them are administered on narrow ecclesiastical lines by men of one school of thought. They turn out year after year a supply of young clergy all cut after one pattern, zealous for practical work, but with no desire for further study and mental improvement, with minds narrowed

rather than strengthened by what ought to have been a bracing discipline. And they have certainly encouraged one of the most regrettable tendencies of our time—that the clergy should regard themselves and be regarded by others as a separate caste. They have helped, I fear, to widen the gulf between clergy and laity in ordinary life and in intellectual development . . .”

The writer of this letter appears to have had only a slight acquaintance with a few students from Theological Colleges, and to have passed his judgment without seriously considering the limited opportunities of those institutions. Still, except in one important particular, he seems (if we look behind his words) to expect of our clergy only what ought to be expected of them. First, he feels that a clergyman ought to be a man among men, of fair general information, who has moved about among men of varied characters, attainments, and interests, and who has sympathies with opinions which are not his own. Then, it is right to expect of a clergyman knowledge of his own professional work. He should be at home in the worship of his Church, its laws, organisation, methods of reaching and helping various classes of people; and he should show true zeal and self-sacrifice in doing that work. Next, a clergyman should have an intelligent knowledge of the faith as interpreted to him by the Church of England. He ought to know about all of it, generally. He need not be a specialist in any part of it; and there are subordinate questions connected with each portion of the Creed, of which he may, without being charged with ignorance, know little or nothing. But he ought to be on the right lines with regard to Christian doctrine as a whole. He ought to be able to express himself with intelligence and accuracy about grace, moral responsibility, the Church, faith, the Sacraments, as well as about inspiration, the Incarnation, and the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. He cannot afford to say of any portion of the Creed that he did not take it up for his examination, as if that were an excuse for not knowing it. And his knowledge of Church history ought not to stop, either downwards or upwards, at the Reformation period.

Besides these three requirements, there is a fourth which our critic does not mention. A clergyman must be primarily and essentially a man of spiritual power. Let me be quite clear. Of course, he “receives the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God”: I do not mean that. He performs spiritual functions in administering the Sacraments and preaching the Word of God. I do not mean that. He has been baptized and is a communicant: I do not mean that. But he must aim at leading a life entirely converted to God, true to his Baptismal vows, and to his moments of highest communion; he must be truly in Christ and Christ in him; and thus he will have that special power of influencing

others which can only flow from our Lord through His Spirit, but which does not flow through any one whose heart is not right towards God. A clergyman must be a man who is in a continuous vital relation to our Lord through prayer, the Word, and the Sacraments.

If these four characteristics are essential for clergymen, let us consider what contributions the graduate Theological Colleges have to make towards their training. It is for many reasons obvious that they have not all the work to do, for they neither begin nor end the training of their students. Before a graduate comes to such a college, he has studied for three or four years at Cambridge or Oxford, besides having been taught, as a rule, at a public school. That is to say, he has already had eight or nine years of the best opportunities of education that England can give. Besides this, when he leaves the Theological College, he is still *in statu pupillari*. It is the duty of every incumbent to train the deacon to whom he is allowed to give a title; he ought to teach him the details of ordinary parochial work, to guide his visiting, to criticise his sermons, and to stimulate his reading. Very many vicars admirably fulfil this duty; and any one who has to find a curacy for a deacon carefully avoids those parishes where he has reason to know that the supervision of the curates is neglected.

If, then, a clergyman has to be a man of wide sympathies and general knowledge, so as to understand his fellow men, he must to a great extent have acquired this characteristic at an earlier period, at school and college, the very best places in the world to teach them. A year's training at a Theological College can neither make nor unmake wide sympathies. If school and college, with their great opportunities, have not created them, how can a Theological College do so, with not a twentieth or even a hundredth part of those opportunities? We must all admit that there are some narrow-minded clergy; and some of them have passed through Theological Colleges. But there is not a shadow of proof that the Theological Colleges are the cause of their narrowness. If a graduate comes to them unsympathetic, intolerant, with few interests, unable to think for himself, and having adopted narrow views of life, religion and society, it is no discredit to us that in one year we cannot effect what the Universities have so signally failed to do. On the other hand, if a graduate comes to us with varied interests and with the power of thinking for himself, we could not, if we would, cramp him into what are called "narrow ecclesiastical views" in twelve months. To allege that we cause the narrow-mindedness of the small minority of our students who can be charged with it, is as foolish as it would be to credit us with their classical or philosophical attainments.

In the same way, as regards parochial work, the utmost that the colleges can do is to give the students a knowledge of the principles of their work, some very slight experience, and an earnest desire for

more. They ought to teach them to read aloud (no slight task, in many cases, after eighteen years of neglect), to know how to arrange a sermon, and what subjects to avoid in their public preaching in the first ten years of their ministry, to train them in some elementary knowledge of Church order and arrangement of services, how to baptize (in case their vicars should be absent), and to assist at Holy Communion. This is about all that can be done in the time, consistently with other work which is absolutely necessary. A vicar is expected to carry on this part of the training during the year of the diaconate. As regards "efflorescences of advanced ritual," theological students (certainly at Cuddesdon) never see anything, whether in the parish church or in the College Chapel, but the simplest ritual of an ordinary country parish church. All our visitors are amazed at the contrast between the services they see and the charges of "disloyal ritualism" which they have heard. No one who knows anything about us can say that "the temper favourable to ritualistic extremes" is either created or fostered here. One aim of our system (and one of its results) is to moderate and discipline such a temper wherever we find it.

It is with the other two points, the theological and religious preparation for Holy Orders, that graduate Theological Colleges are chiefly concerned.

The theological training is most difficult on account both of the varying powers and attainments of the students and of the great range of study that has to be covered. In the last four years at Cuddesdon we have had 105 students, of whom rather more than half were men who had taken honours at the Universities. Among them there were eleven first-class men (seven of them being double firsts) and fifteen second-class men. But they all needed the same instruction in the Bible and in dogmatic theology. We vary our method slightly with the ability of the student. First of all we have to set them to study the Bible. "Four hours' work a day on the Bible only," is the rule that is suggested to our students. The abler men work at it by themselves, reading the text carefully with the best introductions which have been written to the Old and New Testaments, and the best commentaries on certain special books. The weaker men are helped by lectures and some less difficult works. All we can hope to do on this subject in a year is to provide a good general knowledge of the Bible and of the best teaching about it, and a more intimate knowledge of some special books. It is the greater portion of the daily work of every student. But so many graduates know so little about the Bible that one year is sadly insufficient.

The difficulty is even greater in teaching dogmatic theology. All our students need to be grounded in the meaning of the Creeds and Articles, their evidence, their history, their mutual relations and the

practical bearing of each portion. Our plan is much the same as in teaching the Bible. We try to guide the abler men to read, after lectures, the best books on each subject—the books which the best men of whatever school of thought, Churchmen or Nonconformists, have written. The other students are instructed on the lines of those works; they would hardly read them for themselves. We try to make them think out and express in their own words the truths which they will have to teach, while we bring them more or less directly into contact with the forms in which those truths are expressed by the best writers. We refuse to allow the students to limit their studies to the subjects of the ordination examination, and we never use any hand-books.

But it is alleged that these colleges do not give their students “the knowledge, critical, historical, and philosophical, which can prevent the intellectual degradation of which the crudities” of a one-sided “theology are a symptom,” “that they do not attempt to counteract narrowness,” “that they do little or nothing to widen the mental horizon.” In reply to this, it should be remembered, first, that the students are already Oxford and Cambridge graduates; and next, that in four-fifths of the dogmatic teaching that is given at these colleges there is no question whatever of any party interpretation of Scripture or of formulæ, or of any one-sided theology. We have to deal mainly with the Catholic doctrine held alike by all, whether English Churchmen, or Roman Catholics, or orthodox Nonconformists, a man would be unfit for the ministry who did not know it or who denied it, and a man who has been carefully taught it has passed through a good and bracing mental discipline. Most of our dogmatic teaching is on this common ground: the aim of it is to give that sound knowledge which will prevent a man from being “carried away with every blast of vain doctrine.”

Beyond this area of generally accepted doctrine, there is the distinctive teaching of the English Church, and within that there is a portion on which High Churchmen differ from Low Churchmen. Here our aim is to show, as clearly as we can, that even in this portion the difference is, in many instances, more verbal than real; and that the most learned and devout men on both sides are, in truth, consciously nearer to one another than the noisy disputants on either side are able to admit. (See the recent papers in the *Guardian* by Dr. Moberly and Dr. Sanday.) Have I not a right to claim that this method of teaching is not narrow? I go further, and maintain that it is truly broad. I am sure (for I know probably ten instances to every one that is known to the majority of our critics) that it never makes partisans, although it may not always succeed in unmaking them. There are points in our teaching at Cuddesdon where we should be rightly said to inculcate High Church doctrines; yet those points are studiously so kept

in true relation to the far greater field of theology on which all educated Churchmen are at one, that we cannot by any lawful use of language be said thus to encourage narrow dogmatism. Those who are actually in touch with the inner life of our Theological Colleges have seen the moderating effect of this teaching, and can point to many instances where it has rescued a man from the ignorant narrowness of earlier years.

At the very best we can but lay the foundation of their theological training. They are only admitted to Holy Orders if they take a life-long vow to carry on their studies after they are ordained.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say much about the religious preparation that is given at a Theological College. All our critics who mention the subject admit its value. But they should do more than that. Training of this kind is not only valuable, it is absolutely essential if a man is to have spiritual power, if he is to be a man of God, and not of the world, or of half-diluted worldliness. Unless a man has learnt to know God in Christ and himself in Christ, to deny himself and imitate Christ, he is of little use for the ministry. Here the earlier training at the University has done nothing. Among other ways, the chief methods that are used for this purpose at a Theological College are the insistence on the necessity of always realising the presence of God and our entire dependence upon Him, on very careful prayer, on the regular *devotional* study of the Bible (not less than half an hour every day), and on the careful and frequent use of the Holy Communion.

But we are told that "this training does not make a man understand his fellows" (he has already had twenty-three years of that discipline); "it puts him out of touch with them, it creates a priestly caste, and sets the clergy in antagonism to the laity." It would be interesting to know exactly the laymen who make this complaint and the clergy about whom they complain. Undoubtedly there is a marked difference of outward life between some of the clergy and some of the laity, and also of tone and of interests. But is this always an evil? Besides, there are many habits of life innocent in a layman, but unadvisable in the clergy. We do not want our clergy to hunt and dance and be at liberty for all social amusements. There must be a distinction. Again, all deepening of spiritual life and theological knowledge will of necessity tend towards a separation from some of the laity if they have no desire to grow in the same direction. And even if it be admitted for the sake of argument that some clergy are pedantically clerical, can it be truly said that, in every instance of estrangement in temper between the clergyman and the layman, it is the clergyman who is at fault? There may be a special "lay caste" as well as a "clerical caste." Again, if some clergy are stiff and angular, are they the only human beings with these characteristics?

And do all such clergy come from Theological Colleges? If some do, we ought in fairness to ask what sort of people they were when they passed out of the hands of the University, before we lay their want of humanity to the charge of the Theological Colleges. I never heard of one instance of a man being made to care less for any of his fellow men, and to sympathise less with them, by residing among us. Men of widely differing temperaments have told me that one of the great blessings they received through Cuddesdon was the power to understand and appreciate those who differ from them.

"All our students are of one mould" There must be some similarity as the result of a common training. One often hears the word "Oxford" used by Londoners to describe the tone and speech of a young Oxford Fellow; to a certain extent they resemble one another, but the resemblance is not that of new shillings from the Mint. In the same way our students vary infinitely, in spite of their general resemblance. Are all army men and lawyers "all of one mould" in a reprehensible sense? In one sense they are of one mould, as much as, if not more than, our students.

It is further laid against us that the students influence one another. This means, in the mouth of the objector, that, whatever the officers of the college may do, a narrow-minded student can counteract their influence and make other students like himself. Of course this is possible. The influences that I have known at Cuddesdon have been so greatly for good that any very exceptional influence of another kind could not be noticed in the balance against them. It must needs be that offences come, sometimes; but it is not at all impossible to discover the source of baneful example and to counteract it.

Lastly, we hear that our course is too short. To this I heartily agree. Our life at Cuddesdon is crammed full; it is as bad as a busy life at Oxford, perhaps even worse. We sadly want a longer time for what we already attempt. It is all we can do to run rapidly through the Bible, the Creeds and Articles, Church history, the Prayer-book, and the principles of parochial work, to teach voice production, create an intelligent interest in the right methods of charitable relief, and in home, foreign, and colonial mission work. And one year is all too short to form lasting habits of self-discipline and spiritual life. Another year would be a great gain for all this, and it would allow us also to teach Christian ethics in a more systematic way and to touch several other subjects which are now neglected.

But, in my opinion, it would not be for the good of the Church that the professional training through which candidates for Holy Orders *voluntarily* pass should at this moment be lengthened. What is needed is that this amount of training, at least, should be made compulsory on all candidates. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who are intimately acquainted with the best men from our

Universities, that, as a rule, no graduate ought to be ordained who has not had a year's special theological and spiritual training at a Theological College, or elsewhere under some other supervision which has episcopal sanction. If at this moment the course at the colleges is lengthened to two years, it will in all probability greatly delay the day when the bishops will find themselves able to enforce this most salutary requirement.

I have only alluded hastily to some of the chief allegations against us. I sincerely trust that in this brief defence of a work which it is a very high privilege to be allowed to touch, no word has been used which can wound the feelings of our critics.

J. O. JOHNSTON.

GLINKA THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN OPERA.

I.

"Glinka is the Berlioz of the Russians, the man who attempted something new with definite meaning, but to his countrymen he is still more—namely, the creator of a national musical tendency striving towards independence"—HUGO RIEMANN

Russian music is the strangest paradox—it owes more to the music of other countries than any other school, yet no music is more thoroughly individual and unmistakable. It clothes itself after the form and fashion of its neighbours, but beneath its garb peeps out a physiognomy indubitably Slavonic. Its utterances impress us as the most modern—yet the student who would correctly analyse many of its unique characteristics of harmony and modulation is often obliged to take a flying leap backwards over a space of centuries in order to investigate old Church modes or Persian and Arabian scale systems, both so ancient as to be well-nigh forgotten in Western Europe.

Sixty years ago there was no Russian school of music, properly speaking; then suddenly it sprang into being. The wonderful rapidity of its growth almost confuses one. Its exponents at once displayed the astonishing receptiveness common to their race. *D'un trait*, as the French would say, they appropriated the knowledge and experience which the Italian and German schools had been slowly amassing for centuries. Technique, form, counterpoint—all these they found ready made to their hand, and borrowed them unstintingly. Had they done this and no more, the onlooker might have dismissed them as clever plagiarists, and probably no one would have paid them any further attention. But they had other means at their disposal. Their country contained a treasure-house of native melody and rhythm; a region albeit which few Russians had hitherto thought it worth their while to explore. It is true that, since the middle of the

seventeenth century, tentative excursions had been made in this direction from time to time, chiefly, though, by outsiders settled in Russia, nor had any of their efforts led to very appreciable results. The man who first turned with serious intent to the pent-up musical resources of his own country was Michael Ivanovitch Glinka. He had sufficient strength of purpose to carry out his designs—he became the founder of the modern Russian school of music and the father of Russian opera.

Glinka belonged to a good if not very wealthy family, who lived upon their estate in the government of Smolensk, where he was born in 1804. From babyhood upwards he delighted his friends and relations by his aptitude not for music alone, but also for languages, literature, zoology, botany—in fact, for each and every intellectual pursuit which came in his way. The brilliance of his college course at St. Petersburg was noteworthy. He quitted it to occupy a civil post under Government, a position, however, which he soon abandoned, in order to devote himself solely to music. Like so many other men of genius, he married a woman quite incapable of comprehending his artistic aims and ambitions: to quote the words of a Russian writer, Madame Glinka, *née* Maria Petrovna, “was only a pretty doll, who loved society and fine clothes, and had no sympathy whatever with her husband’s romantic, poetic side.” One is glad to state that Glinka never had to struggle with poverty. He died at Berlin in 1857.

Such is the bald outline of his biography. His life-story hardly reflects much significance upon the place which he occupies in the history of nineteenth-century music, and even when we look closer into its details, there seems little connection between Glinka the man and Glinka the musician, for, if Russian music is a paradox in general, then, to all outward seeming at least, is the story of Glinka’s career a paradox in particular. His productions were intensely national, his training entirely foreign. Throughout the whole course of his musical studies he never appears to have had a single lesson from a compatriot. Rubinstein would doubtless have told us that in Glinka’s day there were no compatriots capable of teaching him. Be this as it may, he obtained his theoretical learning from Germans and Italians; the latter also taught him singing; an Irishman, John Field, instructed him on the piano; and when, at the age of thirty, he resolved to write Russian music, he was urged to his decision by a German, his latest master in counterpoint, the distinguished theorist, Dehn.

Even his physical existence was at direct variance with his mental calibre. He early developed symptoms of chronic ill health, which obliged him to spend many of his most impressionable years in southern lands, where he suffered agonies of nostalgia. We turn to his music, and we find it full of energy and vitality, stamped, as it

were, with the seal of vigour and strength. His temperament was highly wrought and delicately organised; he was extremely nervous, and shunned all social intercourse, notably towards the close of his life; yet he owes his fame to opera-writing, a form of music which, above all others, demands a fund of human sympathy in its composer, as well as a clear insight into the workings of the human heart, such as one hardly associates with the musings of a shy recluse.

Yet every effect must have its hidden cause. In spite of all apparent contradictions and anomalies, Glinka's life-work and tendencies were the natural result of events; his course was directed by the tide of circumstances, as a brief study of Russian history will show. He did for Russian music what his contemporary, Pouschkin, did for Russian literature, each in his own department representing a national movement. Perhaps it is not too far-fetched a theory to trace this movement to the momentous date of 1812, when it fell to the lot of Russia to administer the first check in Napoleon's triumphant career. Ever since the reign of Peter the Great it had been the fashion to ape foreign habits, to speak foreign tongues, to import foreign music, to mimic foreign literature. But when a foreign invader, who had marched all-conquering through the rest of Europe, appeared in serious earnest at the very gates of Moscow, there was a rebound: slumbering patriotism awoke with a great shout, and, united by a common danger, all classes gathered together for the protection of their Tsar and their Kremlin. To have repulsed a Napoleon was a mighty deed, which could reveal to the Russians of what stuff they were made. It taught them to rely upon each other and be strong in themselves; and as the art of a nation is invariably the outcome of its history, so the rising generation of Russian thinkers looked inwards rather than abroad. Glinka, Pouschkin, and their followers sought no foreign aid; they represent a Russian Renaissance. They were content, indeed, to abide by the forms universally adopted elsewhere, but the spirit of their art manifestation was Russian to its core. In literature, Pouschkin and Gogol were never weary of delineating their compatriots in every grade of Slavonic society, whilst Glinka took his musical inspirations from his native folk-songs and dance-rhythms—from the historic chronicles of his country or its legendary lore. In reality, the foreign influences and environment with which he came so continuously into contact served more and more to convince him that Russia in her turn had as great a mission in music as any other nation. For thirty years the idea was gradually gaining strength in his mind. "I want," he said to a friend, "to write an essentially national opera, both as regards subject and music; something which no foreigner can possibly accuse of being borrowed, and which shall come home to my compatriots as a part of themselves."

This, then, was the object of the latter portion of Glinka's life. It remains for us to see by what means and with what success he attained his purpose.

II.

"Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in"—EMERSON

Glinka cannot be termed a prolific composer. He left several extremely characteristic instrumental works. These include a caprice for orchestra and voices on the folk-song "*Kamarinskaja*," which may be taken as the type of most Russian instrumental music; some very fine *entr'acte* music to a Jewish tragedy, "*Furst Cholmsky*," in which he has developed a Hebrew element; a symphonic poem, "*Une Nuit à Madrid*," and his "*Jota Aragonesa*," both the latter works recalling Spanish reminiscences.

He also wrote some chamber music and some very beautiful romances, little known out of Russia. Otherwise his fame depends solely upon the two operas, "*La Vie pour le Tsar*" and "*Ruslan et Ludmille*." That he should have chosen to express himself especially in opera is a significant fact. The unerring instinct of his genius evidently told him that in this form, rather than in purely instrumental music, he would most truly represent that people whose musical aspirations he wished above all else to portray faithfully, and certainly in opera lay his surest way towards enlisting the sympathies of his compatriots. As before remarked, one might have imagined that opera would scarcely ally itself to his personal individuality; it seems probable, therefore, that various salient traits inherent in the Russians as a nation must have led him to the choice. First and foremost, any music which claims to proceed from the very heart of the Russian people must contain a vocal element. So universal a love of singing as exists throughout Russia is to be met with in no other country.

By this one does not mean to infer that Russian cultivated singing, either solo or choral, is in any way superior to what is heard elsewhere. The Russian peasant knows absolutely nothing about voice production, nor, maybe, is he gifted with any unusual vocal material, nevertheless singing is closely bound up with every rural event of his cheerless existence. During the last half-century many hundreds of the native melodies sung by the Russian country people for generations past have been collected and written down by different musicians—Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Prokoudin, and Lisenko amongst others. The variety of these folk-songs is astonishing. They never become monotonous, each song having its distinctive climax, and the air always suits the words. Often the untutored singer has only one

melody in his repertoire, but intuitively he modifies its strains according to the sentiment of his subject.

This general love of song applies as much to the noble as to the peasant. "Where there is a Slav there is a Song," says a Slavonic proverb, and no public ceremony or Court function is ever deemed complete in Russia without an outburst of singing to heighten its impressiveness. There is besides a marked dramatic ingredient in the Slavonic character. The typical Russian loves acting. To discover this, it is only necessary to visit a Russian village and witness the unconscious presentments of lyric drama or of desolate tragedy set forth by the quaint rites of a country wedding or a rustic funeral. Or study a Russian legend. It at once impresses you with its wealth of dramatic situations most concisely defined. In this, the Slavonic folk-tale differs radically from its Celtic neighbour. A comparison of the two types suggests that the Russian principally desires a clear statement of facts; a poetic idea which must be extracted from clouds of metaphor conveys but little significance to his mind. An innate love of song, an innate love of acting, a keen perception of dramatic unity, combined with a passionate love of colour and a strong sense of movement—here surely, without any manner of doubt, one has the basis of a well-nigh perfect school of opera. Glinka, the cultivated musician, himself a Russian, thoroughly appreciated these national qualities; indeed, they were part and parcel of his birthright. He could assimilate the characteristics of his race and merge them into his own very remarkable originality. The first product of the combined motors was "*La Vie pour le Tsar*," given at St. Peterburg in 1836. Fifty years later it had reached its 577th performance, and from all accounts it still retains an undiminished popularity. In choosing his libretto Glinka strictly confined himself to native sources. His subject was the favourite national episode of Ivan Sussannin, a peasant who gave his life a willing sacrifice in order to save his Tsar from the hands of the invading Poles. The most modern of Russian historians dismiss this pretty legend as a myth, which does not, however, detract from its fine dramatic possibilities. At the end of the seventeenth century Poland was at the zenith of her prosperity. To all appearance she was destined to become the great Slavonic power. Glinka uses the fierce struggle of the contending nations as a sombre background against which he groups four chief figures, Ivan Sussannin, Antonida his daughter, her lover Bogdan Sobinjin, and Vania, Ivan's foster-son, who is despatched with a warning message to the Tsar, whilst Ivan himself leads the Polish hosts upon a false scent. They discover his design and kill him in savage wrath. The musical development of these four characters is excellent, nor is there a single hitch or break in the continuity of the narration. Glinka also imbued his creation with a realism which was a complete

revelation to a public nurtured upon the trivial impossibilities of a decadent Italian school of opera. In this respect he again harped upon the key of nationality, and sharp realistic effects remain a dominating point in the works of all his followers. So real and life-like, indeed, was his touch, that in many of the conflicting passages between Russian and Pole the listeners felt themselves assisting actually, as it were, at the past events of their national history.

Whilst "*La Vie pour le Tsar*" progressed at its initial performance, Glinka watched anxiously at the wing.

"They do not care for it, it is a failure"! he exclaimed in despair, when a Polish scene was received with ominous silence.

"On the contrary," replied his companions, "don't you see that you have probed them to the quick? How can you expect Russians to applaud Poles?"

If we dissect this opera and examine its wonderful mastery of technique and its depth of musical inspiration, it displays beauties which cannot fail to appeal to connoisseurs of every race and school. But regarded as a whole, one is inclined to doubt its ever becoming a standard work outside its native home. Its true scope and meaning can only be justly estimated by a public acquainted with Russia herself, with her people, her history, and her innermost modes of thought. No analogous opera occurs in the music of other countries. At least we have nothing similar in England. If an English musician were to take as his theme some landmark in the early struggles between England and Ireland, vividly contrasting the elements of Celt and Anglo-Saxon, he might produce something of a parallel to the Russian opera. He would have to employ a strong under-current of Irish and English folk-songs, and the moral of his finale would be a lively embodiment of the English National Anthem. The English musician's opera might teem with gems of musical thought, and be well calculated to carry an English "house" by storm. It is, however, highly questionable whether any but British-born citizens would receive it with equal enthusiasm.

Six years elapsed between the production of "*La Vie pour le Tsar*" and the appearance of "*Russlan et Ludmille*." During the interim Glinka made enormous advances in his national theories, his conceptions became altogether bolder, his method ripened and matured. Looking at the two operas in the light of his progress, and considering them simply from the musical standpoint, one might call "*La Vie pour le Tsar*" an essay in belief, "*Russlan et Ludmille*" a complete creed. The libretto of the first attempt was national of national, but occasionally in the music there appears an all-world, or to be more accurate an Italian, savour which is wholly absent in its successor. In "*Russlan et Ludmille*" melody, harmony, invention, mood are all Slavonic from the first note of the overture to the triumphal

cadence of its final chorus. It was hardly in the nature of things that the same composer should arouse an outburst of startled wonder a second time. No prophet can twice unveil a promised land. Nor has "Russlan et Ludmille" been accorded the unanimous favour which patriotic audiences continue to lavish upon Glinka's earlier revelation. On the other hand, if the two operas were presented to a foreign public one feels that the second would most readily gain approbation. Its libretto, it must be acknowledged, is halting and patchy, and distinctly antagonistic to Glinka's style and *genre*. Still, in spite of these drawbacks, the "book" is of more general interest than the page of history upon which "La Vie pour le Tsar" is founded. It is a fairy tale, and fairy tales can please all the world over. In the music, too, the beauties scattered here and there through his work become accentuated; the effect is so powerful, so rich in design, so splendidly coloured, that an outsider must perforce seize something of its spirit. One may even go further, and maintain that the very novelty of the music of "Russlan et Ludmille" can impart to it a piquancy for foreign ears which Glinka's own compatriots may not always appreciate. The story is based upon a half human, half fairy version of the "Sleeping Beauty" nursery tale. Pouschkin had already developed the legend in one of his earliest poems, turning it into a charming lyric, daintily ethereal in its lightness, and now he began to dramatise this for Glinka's use. But Pouschkin was, unhappily, killed in a duel before he could carry out his intention, and if we are to believe various Russian contemporaries, no fewer than five authors worked at the opera book, each quite independently of the other, with, as may readily be believed, no very coherent result. Pouschkin was as great a genius as Glinka, a close bond of mutual understanding existed between the two men, and had the poet prepared the libretto himself he would probably have treated the subject in a more serious vein than he had imparted to it originally, and thus have made it a fitter text for Glinka's virile, deep-toned harmonies. As it is, one would like to substitute human beings for the somewhat clumsy impersonations evolved by Pouschkin's five substitutes, and in any case, real men and women were much more suitable to the composer's firm grasp than any supernatural creations.

There remain these two operas, then, as examples of Glinka's creative powers. He had planned a third, "Le Bigame," but death prevented its completion. We have noted his tools and glanced at its materials. Let us now come still closer and look into some of the leading details in his workmanship. It will also be of interest to observe in what esteem his fellow musicians held him, and to what extent he has influenced his followers.

III.

"The composer bears the mark of his race not less surely than the poet or the painter, and there is no music with true blood in its veins and true passion in its heart that has not drawn inspiration from the breast of the mother country"—HADOW

It is easy to speak of nationality in music; to explain definitely the meaning of the term is difficult enough. As often as not the quality betrays itself more in the spirit of the work than in its outward form. We are perfectly aware of its existence, but it seems almost too subtly indefinite and intangible to express in words. We think of Chopin, Glinka, Smetana, Dvorak, Grieg, as the composers who have most prominently displayed this nationality. In reality, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner were, to all intents and purposes, as intrinsically national as any of these. Who but Germans could have composed the "Matthaus" Passion Music, the C minor Symphony, the "Carneval," the Nibelungen Trilogy, or the Brahms Requiem? only we have had so close an acquaintance with Germany, her people, and their history for generations past, that we have become completely familiarised with her modes of expression. For years her giants in music dominated the whole musical world, and her school served as an exclusive model for other nations, consequently its type became universal, and we have long ago ceased to individualise it as purely German. So entirely, too, had Germany become mistress of the musical field, that musicians of the standard conservative order, of whom each decade is bound to produce its quota, distrusted their ears when anything was heard outside the orthodox German range. Thus the independent utterances of Chopin and his followers could for a time be treated as inferior, merely because their authors were true to their birthright, preferring to express themselves in their own language rather than in borrowed foreign conventionalities. Germany has had her musical day, and truly a magnificent one. Even now she has in her midst one or two undeniably great composers. That most powerful force, tradition, will also probably stand her in good stead for years to come. Nevertheless, the opinion that Germany is the one and only musical nation in the world is decidedly on the wane. There are actually here and there young English musicians growing up, who are content to acquire their experience and develop their talent in their own land—a promising fact for the individual character of future English compositions; and certainly for vigour and generative force the leading schools at present are the English and Slavonic. This has been a lengthy digression from the discussion of Glinka's special methods of treatment. It was necessary in order to arrive as nearly as may be at the very pith of this term nationality in music, and to show, moreover, that the

ingredient is no *dernier cri* of fashion, on the contrary, it has always been and ever will be the mainspring of each revelation of art which can touch the hearts of its public and leave there a lasting conviction of sincerity and truth. Glinka attached the highest value to the folk-song, of which, as already stated, he found a treasure trove ready to his hand. Nothing, though, was further from his thoughts than to employ this material in *pot-pourri* style. Russians themselves are all agreed that it would be difficult to select one whole folk-song from any single work of Glinka's. It would naturally require a native of Russia with an accurate knowledge of these national tunes to tell us exactly when and where he used them. He seized their mood and tonality, that was all, and pervaded his music with their essence. In this way he developed every species of Slavonic folk-song—Great Russian, Little Russian, Circassian, Polish, Finnish—with a passing flavour contributed by Persia, for undoubtedly Oriental music had, at some remote period, influenced its Slavonic neighbour very strongly. Glinka may be said to have attained his end almost unconscious of his mode of procedure. Determined to compose Russian music, he pursued his idea unremittingly, but it was only towards the close of his life that he began to seriously analyse his effects, asking himself whence he had obtained them and in what essential points they exhibited their nationality. This inquiry involved him in a field of research bewildering in its magnitude, and one which his early death unfortunately prevented him from thoroughly investigating. Nor is the task by any means completed now, some forty years later, although many Russian musicians have thrown considerable light upon its varied aspects. The first step towards a folk-song analysis was the collecting of the melodies in sufficient numbers for comparison. So much being done, it flashed upon Glinka that there was an intimate connection between the Russian folk-song and the most ancient Russian Church music. That is to say, the melody and freedom of rhythm typical of the folk-song had been evolved by the people, whilst its harmonisation, in which lay one of its most striking essentialities, had been bequeathed it by the Church. From all that can be gathered concerning music in Muscovy prior to the introduction of Christianity, it seems justifiable to admit that harmony, or part singing, was already practised amongst the inhabitants, in what manner it is impossible to conjecture. At any rate, when the Church of Byzantium took root there, the Slav was sufficiently advanced musically to imbibe a new idea. We know that the Byzantine Church modes were purely diatonic, so is the harmonisation of the Russian folk-song in its most elementary and uncorrupted form. That the one produced the other is a most natural conclusion. In the oldest of the Russian national melodies Glinka discovered the most clearly defined type of the earliest Christian songs on record.

A wonderful testimony this to the indwelling religious spirit of the Russian people, who change but little, and who are singularly tenacious of their customs in spite of all their ready receptiveness. In one sense the folk-song is as rude and hardy as its singer; from another point of view it is a shy, delicate emanation shrinking from all human intercourse outside its own small coterie of familiar voices. In Russia, as in every other country, it has had to be sought in the remote steppes and far-off districts where foreign influences had never penetrated, and by a curious inverse process its harmonies, of course transmitted orally, were the means of preserving the Byzantine Church tonality long after this "first cause" had accepted chromatic and enharmonic modulations. In the chief Russian cities and more opened-up parts of the country, the Italian, French, and later on German elements gradually formed themselves into Church as well as secular music, and only within the last sixty years have attempts been made to restore this to its pristine and, perhaps it may be added, somewhat monotonous purity. The minor key in which the Slavonic folk-song was usually couched, together with its extraordinary variety of rhythm and phrase, protected it from this monotony, the minor keys having infinitely richer resources of colour, even when strictly diatonically treated, than the major.

Slavonic music figures so constantly upon every concert programme in these days that we are probably most of us accustomed to its vagaries of rhythm, or what may be styled irregularity of metre. This is a direct heritage from the folk-song, which Glinka and his successors have borrowed largely. According to Youry von Arnold, a noted Russian writer upon music, quintuple and septuple time are a relic of early Hellenic music. Russia and Bohemia seem the two parts of modern Europe where these rhythms fixed themselves. In Poland they found no home. Chopin evaded an even measure by using *rubato tempo* rather than by indicating a time signature of irregular rhythm. Nor, if we remember rightly, did Moniuszko, the principal exponent of Polish opera, ever employ other rhythms than those generally in vogue throughout the rest of Europe. In French music an instance of $5/4$ time can be recalled in the famous tenor aria of Boieldieu's "Dame Blanche" ("Viens, belle dame"). There is a certain slow movement in one of Spohr's quartets in $7/4$ time; and Wagner, again, brings this measure into requisition in "Tristan and Isolde," and Lowe, the great dramatic ballad composer, employs $5/4$ time for his famous song, "Prince Eugen." To the Russians these *bizarre* rhythms have a real significance and beauty; to German, Italian, French, or especially to English musicians, $5/4$ and $7/4$ time suggest $6/4$ either robbed of a beat or encumbered with one needlessly, and foreign conductors are very apt to produce this effect when conducting Slavonic compositions. Glinka's instru-

mentation is peculiarly sonorous; his musical taste is said to have been first aroused by the brassy clanging of a huge bell, which he would listen to for hours as a child. Something of its reverberation is apparent in his orchestration. The leading musical spirits of his day were quick to accredit him a kindred genius. Berlioz welcomed him gladly, and furthered his cause by eloquent writing as well as by obtaining him a hearing in Paris. Liszt was another enthusiastic "Glinkite," and Schumann, unfailingly keen to notice new talent pursuing a new path, speedily drew attention to a Russian who was doing for the music of his country what Chopin and Moniusko had done for Poland. Rubinstein, who was still a boy when Glinka's sun was near setting, grew up with a warm admiration for the founder of his native school, and in 1855 he spent some of his ardour upon a highly laudatory article in the *Wiener Zeitschrift für Musik*, placing Glinka on a par with Beethoven. Glinka, thoroughly detesting anything which savoured of flattery, took the young musician soundly to task for his pains; but Rubinstein remained true to his tenets, and later on, when years had matured his judgment, we find him including the name of Glinka with that of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Chopin, as the chief germinators of modern music; whilst one of the last acts of his generous public career was a concert given in aid of a national monument to the composer of "La Vie pour le Tsar." With one or two minor exceptions, successive Russian masters have followed faithfully in Glinka's footsteps. To Borodine, Dargomijsky, Seroff, Balakireff, and Rimsky-Korsakoff a full meed of nationality has been granted. To Rubinstein and Tscháikowski criticism is at present disposed to deny the quality in its more salient features. But their prolific mass of compositions has so far scarcely been sufficiently explored outside their own Russian domain for a final judgment to be hazarded. A nearer inspection of their work, indeed, together with a more accurate study of Russian art as a whole, distinctly leads to the opinion that a revolution of feeling may eventually spring up, especially on the subject of their operas. Also Rubinstein's dramatic works, now mostly dismissed by foreigners as his weakest productions, may in due course be accepted as his finest creations. From the different reasons previously deduced there can be little doubt that in opera Glinka purposely laid the corner-stone of what he earnestly believed to be a true Russian School, and a glance at contemporary musical activity shows that here Russia has every opportunity for distinguishing herself, and that with very little competition. In the nature of mortal humanity, Verdi, the veteran of Italy, is not likely to give "Otello" and "Falstaff" a pendant, and we can perceive no Italian composer worthy to take his place. In France no epoch-making name stands out amongst writers of opera, and Germany may well be content to rest tranquilly upon Wagner's oars. An active

istics, and habits, induced by their customs and religious observances, and fostered by their narrow Oriental ideas

I have tried to find out whether there is any truth in the assertion that they have introduced any new industry into this country at any time, but have failed, so far, to find a single one. They have introduced new methods effecting an economy of material and time in various directions in several trades that they have adapted themselves to, and these methods call for praise or condemnation as the product itself is improved or injured. With this part of the question I will deal at length later on

The Jewish immigrant is always an interesting personality, and to appreciate him properly we must see him in the raw state. For this purpose I will ask my reader to accompany me in imagination to one of the many ports in this country where there are daily arrivals of steam and sailing-vessels, on which the immigrants cluster together prior to their being landed on our shores; eager to breathe the pure air of liberty and anxious to know what kind of reception awaits them at the hands of their fellow countrymen among whom they long to be. Strange as it may appear, the immigrant's future is more or less determined by the sort of trade done at the town where he lands or arrives. He may become a tanner or a dyer in Hull, and have a different ambition from what he would have if he landed at, say, Liverpool, Glasgow, or London. A party landing at Hull would probably separate and disperse in different directions, some to Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, and the North. Those who land in London would in most cases stay there. Their choice of a domicile depends on the friends or *lanzard* (fellow townsmen) they expect to see, and to whom they had probably previously written. They are in the great majority of cases very poor alike in wealth, intellect, and capacity. Not ten per cent of them know any trade; not half of them can read or write their own or any other language. The only reading they know at all is the Hebrew scripture, and most of that they cannot write, through the peculiar grammatical or rather want of grammatical form it is in. Coming here with no knowledge of any trade, they are extremely anxious to find something to do that will bring them in a living, no matter how poor or mean it may be. These "greeners" will accept with equal avidity and impartiality the offer to work with a barber, tinker, tailor, furrier, hawker, or what not, so long as the offer comes from a co-religionist. There are some, however, who will not show any desire to accept any offer of work, men who believe that they have a moral claim on the benevolence of their rich co-religionists, who will skulk and beg—*schnorrer*—their way from place to place, until at last the London Jewish Board of Guardians, after assisting them, either loans them a small sum to buy things to peddle with, or sends them off to America.

When the "greener" finds employment he will not higggle about the terms, either regarding hours or wages. If he gets food and shelter, and is taught some part of the work that is being done, he will be grateful with no wages, and happy with a few shillings. This only for a few weeks, for he is a restless and ambitious person, and will leave his tutor and friend at the very first chance of bettering himself; sometimes even going to the factory that employs his friend and offering to work more cheaply. If the sanitary conditions are bad, and they generally are, the new comer will never complain, the reason being that the conditions in Poland or Russia are worse, especially in the villages, which are in a most primitive state of civilisation. If the "greener" comes to Leeds he will have to choose between going to learn to become a baker, some part of a tailor, or shoe and slipper making. Mr J. A. Dyche is an example, who will not complain, I trust, if I use his case as a typical one. When he arrived in Leeds, a raw lad of eighteen, without money or trade (I ought to explain here that all these youths leave Russia to escape military service), he was taken by *lanzlard* (fellow townsmen), and taught how to work a Singer sewing-machine. In a few weeks he was proficient enough to obtain employment as a "plain machiner" in a clothing factory run by a Jew (who himself had probably come to Leeds a "greener" five years earlier), where coats were made—or rather turned out—by a number of "hands," not a single one of whom could have made a garment of any kind alone, for the reason that not one of them were tailors. They were only fitters, basters, machiners, pressers, button-holers, fellers, and finishers, each one having learned to do one particular part, at which some of them became very expert. I just said that Mr Dyche was employed as a "plain machiner"; this is a person that only knows just sufficient to be able to sew seams and linings, &c., and not yet capable of doing the better paid work of the machiner proper, such as pockets and edges. The wages of one might be 2s 6d. a day, while the other would get from 5s. to 7s. I now refer to Leeds and the provinces. In London the wages would be one-third higher. At either slipper making, boot riveting, or shoe staining and finishing, blacking and polishing, the greener would soon learn to be useful and proficient, but the wages would be less than at tailoring. Some would learn from a tinman how to mend and solder patches on utensils of tin or zinc, and then spend a little money in buying ready-made parts, cut and stamped into shape, and make kettles, pots, colanders, &c. These "mechanics" will not hesitate to undertake to repair roofs, cisterns, sinks, or any similar work at which they can use the soldering-iron. And to plumbing, packing-case lining, gas-fitting, &c, they will also turn their hands. Some will learn in a very short time to put windows in, make picture frames (from mouldings made by Englishmen), and eventually

start in these businesses, and develop into "wholesale merchants," with warehouse, workshop, office, and kitchen, all in one. Their only ambition is to become as soon as possible either employers or shopkeepers. From the humble, ignorant, but diligent greener has sprung many a West End furrier, tailor, hairdresser, house furnisher, jeweller, tobacconist, and publican, whose children, receiving the best education, will become Anglican and "Reformed," and influential in many of the higher walks of professional and commercial, as well as political, life. Their names are altered and transformed into something more civilised-sounding and pronounceable; they will patronise their synagogue, subscribe to charities, and dispense gifts to the school-children, the aged, and the deserving poor, and generally assist their co-religionists much the same as do the Quakers. Those who forsake the faith of their fathers are ostracised more or less, and when they seek or require assistance, it is from the "parish" they must ask it. In Whitechapel last year as many as 353 Russians and Russian Poles were relieved by the "guardians of the poor," but how many of these were Jews I have not gathered.

It has been already remarked that there exists a great sameness of character about the Jewish immigrant, and it will therefore expedite matters to follow Mr Dyche among that section of whom he writes, and about whom he knows most. About the Jewish tailor in the East End we shall not trouble, as Mr. Dyche neglects him, for reasons of his own; but really the West End ones come from the East in ninety-five cases in a hundred, and their numbers are recruited daily from the same source. When an East End presser, machiner, or baster has become expert—or imagines so—he finds his way to the West, and will be found congregated anywhere between the east side of Regent Street and Bloomsbury. Their numbers during the past few years have so increased that innumerable "Kosher" restaurants, provision stores, butchers' and bakers' shops, and all with that peculiar frowsy appearance about them, are to be seen on all sides. There are also quite a number of tailor's trimming shops, where the Jew buys his "sewings," &c., and sells or exchanges his "crib." This "crib" consists of such pieces of linings, silk, velvet, whalebone, and buttons as he has been able to save out of the quantities allowed him by the employer or foreman he works for. In this colony of Jewish tailors are found different kinds and conditions of masters. There are the large employers, who have ten or more hands; the smaller ones, with three or four; and the "single-breasted master," with one "hand" only, and that one a female.

As a member of the Amalgamated Society, I feel greatly interested, even anxious, as to what conditions obtain in the trade to which I was apprenticed for five years, and at which I have to be very industrious in order to earn sufficient wages to maintain my family in

comfort and decency. I do not object to being competed with, but I want it to be fair, square, and aboveboard, and let the best man win. The man who comes to my employer's firm and offers to make the same job that I make, and then takes it home, where he will work day and night, with his wife, and often his children, has the advantage of one who sits in the shop working alone on the job for ten to twelve hours a day. Not alone does he work while I sleep at night, but he will not complain if, after doing extra work to the garment, he gets no more pay. He gets it done in the same time by simply putting on more steam, or making his "hands" exert themselves more. If it is asked why it is that I am content to sit and work in the shop, instead of working at home, I reply that I want my home to be a resting-place and a comfort to me, and not merely a workroom with a bed in it. Moreover, the Jew will never refuse a job in the slack time, even though it pays a fourth or a third less than the usual rates. He believes in a half-loaf rather than no bread, and has no principle.

Mr. Dyche says that

"the main point which must decide the question of the position of the Jewish immigrant is whether he finds employment because he is the possessor of a certain skill which the native workman lacks, or whether the British manufacturer prefers his labour to that of the native workman simply because he will accept a lower rate of wages"

To this I am prepared to contend that the Jew possesses no superior skill over the native workman, but that he is employed, directly and indirectly, because his labour is cheaper. I assert this emphatically and unhesitatingly after an experience amongst them of over twenty years.

In a most misleading manner Mr Dyche compares the price *paid* per hour *by the log* or statement in the best shops in the West End, and the price per hour *earned* by the Jewish backshop worker. Here we have the familiar *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*, that the unwary are so easily deceived by. A coat is reckoned by the log to take a certain number of hours to make; these hours are paid for at the rate of from 6*d* to 7½*d* per hour. But a coat for which thirty hours are allowed may be made by a quick workman in twenty-four hours, and this, of course, raises his pay per hour. In many of the West End ladies' tailors' shops the men are paid from 9*d* to 11*d* per hour, for as many hours as they work in the week, just the same as plasterers or masons, &c. The employers probably find that this scheme works better than piecework. The Polish Jew, however, is so inexperienced and unskilful that he is rarely employed in these places, his value per hour being so little as compared with the native and others who can make a garment well throughout.

The Jewish workman, then, does not sit in the shop and make the

garment (in the great majority of cases this is quite beyond his power), but hires himself out to a small master or a large one at a daily wage of from 7s to 9s, and working twelve or thirteen hours a day his wages, we are told, average 8d. per hour. This compares badly with the 9d. to 11d. for the real workman in and around Bond Street. But when we are reminded that these Jewish day-workers are driven at high pressure, working interdependently one on the other, each forcing the pace against the other, the machiner urging the baster, the baster the machiner, the feller the baster, and the presser the finisher, and the master the whole of them, complaining about the time already spent upon such a small output, one will soon see that these "hands" will turn out twice the quantity of work for the money that the native skilled journeyman tailor does. We are also told that a man machinist (*machiner*) can earn an average of 1s. 6d. an hour, down to 8d., but we are not told that these again are piecework at so much per coat, and that they are working as if their very lives depended upon the amount of work they can do in the day. At such break-neck speed the native does not care to work, not being so avaricious or desirous of decorating himself with gold and silver trinkets and afterwards seeking relief at Brompton Hospital. But even these machiners do not all work by the piece, most of them working a day of twelve hours for from 7s. 6d. to 9s. But those who earn 1s. 3d. an hour are employed not only by one master, but by half a dozen of them. Mr. Dyche himself has sometimes to start for one tailor at seven in the morning, machine away for an hour and a half full speed; have some breakfast, and then off to another tailor for a couple of hours; then back to the first one for an hour; then to a third master for a two hours' spin; then back to number two, and again to number one, and then to a fourth up till nine or ten at night. By this peculiar and un-English method the operator will earn, perhaps, £3 in the week, or even more, but he will collect his pay from four "masters." These have not enough work to be able to employ a machiner permanently, so they arrange in the above-mentioned manner.

As to the Jewish tailor who employs hands working for less than his native neighbour, I know not one English coat-maker that makes gentlemen's reefer and lounge coats, with five pockets and button-cuffs, for 5s, which is all that is paid by large firms in the vicinity of Regent Circus. These firms are responsible for the large influx of Whitechapel Jews to the West End, where they are near to the places that provide them with work. All this work and other kinds, such as morning coats, Chesterfields, and frock coats, made by Polish Jews, would not be undertaken by Englishmen for twice the price; of this I am confident. If this is an evil that native trade-unionists have to reckon with, it is also a benefit, in the wider conception of national utility and economy. Thousands of the better-paid workers are

enabled to purchase and wear well-fitting and well-looking suits and overcoats, which, if not of the best material and workmanship, are a good substitute, at a comparatively low cost, which is a deal better than the shoddy ready-made clothes that the poorer people have to be content with.

As for holidays, the more steady native workman looks forward to at least a week at the seaside with his family, besides the regular Bank Holiday trips. The Jewish workman looks forward only to his religious holidays, which he keeps by loitering in the parks or the Zoo, or in visiting his relations down in the *dorrf* (village), as Whitechapel is called. Those that live in the *shtuart* (town) are looked upon as being nearer civilisation and refinement, as they undoubtedly are.

The assertion that the Jewish wife is not engaged in the workroom. I flatly contradict. Not only does she do the housework, with the help of a *skvksa* (Christian girl), tend the children, market, and cook and wash, but she sometimes "goes to shop," and then sits down and sews as well. When she is incapable of sewing she is excused, but not otherwise. Often, too, the Jewish tailor's wife has the time (through having no children or only one or two, or perhaps when she has an exceptionally good domestic servant) to take work in from other tailors to do, such as felling and buttonholes, on which she can make as much as 6s. or 7s. a day, but usually about 3s or 4s. This work comes from the single-breasted masters previously alluded to, or from tailors whose hands are "on the spree." These small masters will also employ a presser, who, when the coat is finished, will stand and press it for so much the piece, and by running around, like the machiner, from one place to another will earn perhaps £2 or 50s a week. Such peripatetic working is unknown to the Englishman, except to the knife-grinder and travelling tinker.

With regard to the charge of unskilfulness and clumsiness brought against the native workman, I emphatically deny that there is any truth in the statement. One proof lies in the fact that very few, if any, dress coats are given to Jewish tailors. The fineness of the material requires conscientious and patient treatment, combined with a knowledge of the *technique* and the ability to apply it. The Jewish tailor is neither patient nor conscientious, he desires above all things to earn the money quickly. He will sacrifice anything to this end. His *fortl*, of which Mr. Dyche makes so much, is only sought for and applied to effect a saving of time, which does not benefit the garment in hand in the least. He will never sew that by hand which he can do by machine; and the many things he can do with the machine that a conscientious workman does by hand is surprising. He has elevated into a guiding principle that which is only resorted to by the English or Irish tailor as an expedient and under extreme pressure.

through want of time. The Jewish principle of *shitter un glatt*, literally and actually means, not "light and smooth," as Mr. Dyche submits, and which has no meaning to a native tailor, but "slight and smooth." This phrase cannot be comprehended except by some explanation or illustration. For example, blades of grass grow either thickly or slightly. If a gentleman cuts the cloth or velvet from outside his overcoat collar, he will see inside some canvas stitched by hand on to the underneath piece of cloth with a number of small cross-way stitches, numbering perhaps 1000. In the collar of a well-made dress coat there will be about 1500. These are put there to impart a firmness and flexibility that cannot be obtained by any other means. The Jewish tailor, with his principle of *shitter un glatt*, will put in (or cause to be put in by a girl at a few shillings per week) about one-third of the number of stitches, which, with the addition of soap judiciously rubbed on, will serve the purpose temporarily—that is to say, until the job is passed by the foreman and sent home to the customer. *Shitter un glatt* will induce a shoe-riveter to put thirty-four brass tacks round a sole, where the native will put forty or more. It will cause the undertaker to put twenty nails in the space that usually takes twenty-four. It will make a Jewish tailoress make a buttonhole with sixty stitches slantwise instead of seventy, thereby being able to do one or two more holes in the hour. In fact, wherever and whenever the work can be scamped it is done so, but with a cunning that keeps up the appearance and gloss at the expense of strength and solidity. The *fortl* of the presser is to soap the seams and half boil the coat, and then bash it flat with a *klapper*, an implement made of hard wood, and about the shape of a brick. By this means he saves the time of pressing the coat thoroughly inside and out like the native tailor, who only uses water to "damp it over"—take off the gloss.

Employers who openly express their dislike to Jewish workmen nevertheless employ them for the purpose of "specials." A "special" is a garment that must be made in a very short time, either for a funeral or some urgent occasion. The foreman knows that the native workman objects to working all night, or trying to put twelve hours' work into six, so he gives it to the Jew, who gleefully takes the job home, and by working all night, or all Sunday, succeeds in getting it done to time. If there is more than one "special," he takes them just the same, for his "hands" are so submissive as to raise no objection to working on till twelve and coming in the morning at five to get the "special" in. The native workman, who considers health more than wealth, smiles when he sees the pallid features and the glassy eyes of the Jew, who fondles his massive gold chain with his fingers, on which there glitters a diamond and pearl ring.

Mr. Dyche must have been joking when he wrote that the "Polish

Jew lives a more altruistic and intellectual life . . .” If by altruistic he means “consideration for others,” or “a regard for the comfort or happiness of others,” then I must say that these sentiments are not apparent amongst the great majority of them, who are schemers rather than dreamers, and of the earth very earthy. I found them for the most part selfish, jealous, and envious—so envious that they envy their best friend’s ornaments, clothes, and furniture, and will try by all manner of means to “go him one better” They envy also their neighbours’ workpeople, down to the very errand-girl, whom they will entice away with an offer of a shilling or two more wages. They will take away from their nearest friend any workwoman or man of whom they hear a good account for skilfulness and speed, and there are more disputes among them on this account than on any other I remember. They have no compunction about going into a firm where their friend is employed and try to get the work and leave their friend without. There exists a strong jealousy between Polish and Russian Jews much like the traditionally bad feeling between a Yorkshireman and the cockney. Their language or dialect is different, the Litvock speaking a more gruff and gurgling sort of *patois* than the Polak. The Polak is the Pole, and the Litvock comes from some Russian rural district. The Polak imagines himself superior to the Litvock, and their antipathy is so great that a Polish swain will never be found paying court to a *Litvotchshki* (sister or daughter to a *Litvock*). The *Polaken* are ostentatious and boastful, not to say prevaricating, and are concerned more with appearance and show than with substantial reality. Many of them are effeminate and garrulous to a degree, almost childish in their credulity, with an utter absence of knowledge of the world and its ways, having come directly from a backward Russian province to a slum in Soho. Some are here more than twenty years and cannot speak a dozen sentences of English. They will buy jewellery for themselves and leave their homes bare and mean. Not a quarter of them have the comfortable homes that the Englishwoman possesses and maintains for her husband’s and children’s comfort and her own pleasure. What a contrast to their wives, who are mostly very indifferent, even careless, as to whether they look tidy or slovenly; in fact, tidiness seems to be a luxury never indulged in, either as regards their dress or home. One seldom sees in their rooms that regard for clean and tasteful arrangement of curtains, vallances, and anti-macassars that the native housewife delights in; and not one in a hundred has either flowers in pots or a singing-bird. As for a piano, the bare idea of it enters their minds as much as the idea of possessing a carriage and pair occurs to a British workman. But a pack of cards is an indispensable part of their belongings. Their homes are of the simplest character for the most part, and I have been into scores of them without seeing a “sitting-room,” in the sense of a separate place

from the kitchen, bedroom, and workroom. Generally the workroom is cleared up and the Sabbath observances kept and the repast partaken of from the work-table. This can be seen from the street through the open windows down Broad Street, Golden Square, on any Saturday. This lack of home comforts, this neglect of what to an Englishman is his dearest possession—a good home—goes a long way to discredit the assertion made by Mr. Dyche that the Jewish tailor's wife is the dominant partner. If she is, she is singularly easy to please; but the absolute truth is that the Jewish wife is the drudge and the slave both in this country and in Poland too, without mentioning all those other countries where the Jews from Russia have settled. She is taught by her parents, her Rabbi, and by her husband, as well as by innumerable passages in the Old Testament, that she must be ruled over by her husband, who is the head of the house, and she never questions this dictum, but meekly submits. In point of fact, a more humble and docile wife could not be found in all Europe. The very fact of the Polish Jewess on her marriage having her hair all cut off and her head shaved as a sign of submission to her lord and master proves this. The wig that she now dons she wears sometimes until her death, although in London, and in the West End especially, she soon lets her hair grow and discards the *shittel* (wig) in a year or two. She has no scruples about this piece of irreligion, as her English-born sisters never cut their hair or wear a *shittel*. The illiteracy of the Polish Jewess is most deplorable and her mental powers very limited. Of the many hundred Jewesses that I have been acquainted with in different parts of the world I have never yet met one that could write, and few only that could read. This is very noticeable at the synagogues, where the women are quite incapable of even reading the responses from the prayer-books that some are provided with. At their homes they are generally only listeners, and rarely join in any of the discussions raised; and as for disputing with their husbands on any abstract or imaginary proposition, they would not dare; but they are emphatic and authoritative enough on any question concerning the food or the market. To her children, however, she is often a terror, cursing them in every part of their bodies, sleeping or waking, for the slightest offence, although she works hard for them, and studies their every want. The freedom in the home that these children have is not seen in an English household. They are allowed to listen to any scandal or indelicacy, and grow up very precocious indeed, but they do not appear to be more vicious than other children, although there is not that reserve or bashfulness so characteristic of English girls to be seen among them.

I would also like to remark on the docility of Jewish women and the arrogance and indifference of their men. I have often seen her serve up the husband's supper of steak and onions, satisfying herself

with some of the onions left in the pan with the dripping and a piece of bread. Once a Jewish mother gave her lord and master a quarter of a stewed chicken with broth and rice, while she and her four children feasted themselves on a couple of salt herrings and some brown bread. This is quite an ordinary thing, and the "head of the house" is supreme. Mr. G——, once after taking 28s in wages on Saturday in the slack season, went into Heath's in Oxford Street and bought a silk hat for a guinea, taking the remainder of his wages home to his family, where his spouse doubtless reminded him of the folly and error of his ways. Often I have seen them sit down and play cards on Saturday evening, and get up on Sunday morning penniless. The Englishman would have given his wife "her money" first, however much he liked card-playing.

The charge of unreliability levelled against the native tailor who respects St. Monday is capable also of being turned against the Jewish tailor. The Englishman likes a Monday off now and then—who does not?—feeling satisfied that in the following five days of the week he will be able to earn a tolerably comfortable wage. He is not greedy, and does not mind paying with the loss of a day's wages for an outing or a stroll around the town, seeing the sights and old acquaintances. The Jewish tailor does not keep up St. Monday, for it is his second day in the week, not his first. Sunday is his first weekday, and often through card-playing the night before or dancing at the club or through sheer laziness, or sometimes when he wants to take his lady-friend out, he absents himself from the workshop. On the Monday, however, he is there in full force and eager for the fray.

Taking the Jewish immigrant all round he is no better as a workman, a comrade, a neighbour, or a citizen than his neighbours; in many cases worse, much worse. As a workman his anxiety to make money compels him to scamp his work and degrade the trade. He will never, except under compulsion, join the Tailors' Society and help to maintain the dignity of the trade and the price of our labour. Those who are members are so mostly as an insurance against annoyance or interference (from shopmates or union officials), as shown by the smallness of their number in the society who pay the full dues, contenting themselves with paying a trade minimum of 3d. per week, and that very irregularly. They will make complaints of all kinds, which the secretary is paid out of our funds to see into and report on, with a view to action in the various matters brought forward; but they take a very negative attitude indeed in the society's affairs. As neighbours they will tolerate any nuisance for any length of time, and will never take the initiative in any action tending to a mitigation of insanitary conditions objected to. As citizens they are absolutely indifferent, even hostile, towards any agitation or reform. Not being

naturalised they have no political significance, and desire none. They are quite satisfied with things as they are, and will never subscribe a penny towards any political reform or organisation. They only want to be let alone, to work and save money, and bring up their children to go and do likewise. Zionism or any other ism has no temptations for them, they have no ideals and no enthusiasm, being an ignorant sordid people, speaking generally.

Of the hundred and one varieties of hawkers and dealers I have said nothing, and if they make good livings by their exertions in these directions, the producers and the consumers both are probably well served. I must say, however, that for sobriety and frugality they are examples that might be well followed. Whether any action is ever taken by the Government to prevent their landing here in a destitute condition or not, I submit that they are a necessary evil, and will never be welcomed here by our people until they show a greater interest in our affairs, social, political, and economical, associating with us for our mutual advantage and for the glory of our land.

JOHN SMITH.

BUT IS GOD SILENT?

I.

“THE mystery remains that ‘God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers,’ never speaks to His people now! The divine history of the favoured race for thousands of years teems with miracles by which God gave proof of His power with men, and yet we are confronted by the astounding fact that from the days of the Apostles to the present hour the history of Christendom will be searched in vain for the record of a single public event to compel belief that there is a God at all!”*

Such is the teaching which finds acceptance to-day among Evangelicals, if we may judge from the way a work, of which these assertions are the thesis, is praised by the *Record*,† and from the number of editions it has gone through. This organ of Evangelicalism is “profoundly grateful, having seldom read a book so compelling in its logical directness.” And in the third edition we are informed that the second ran out in a few weeks, the first having been exhausted with unexpected rapidity.

In the above quotation and in other parts of his book Dr. Anderson gives the impression that by “public event compelling a belief in God” he means a miracle, but the scope of his work goes beyond this limitation, and appears to assert that since the days of the Apostles God has ceased to intervene in the affairs of men, and that most notably in the way of judgment and vengeance on the oppressors of His people. Speaking of the Armenian massacres of 1895, he says: “Has Almighty God no power to check such crimes? In vain do we strain our ears to hear some voice from the throne of the Divine Majesty. The far-off heaven where, in perfect peace and unutterable glory, God dwells and reigns, is SILENT!” And elsewhere he remarks

* “The Silence of God,” by Robert Anderson, C.B., LL.D., Assistant Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis, p. 18

† The *Record*, November 5, 1897.

"As for God—the light of the moon and stars is not more cold and pitiless than *He* appears to be."

But whether Dr Anderson means to limit "public events calculated to produce a belief in God" to miracles or not, it is quite certain that public events of this nature recorded in the Bible are very far from being so limited. That our Lord did not believe in the faith-compelling power of miracles, or what men would call miracles, is clear. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rise from the dead."

And, after all, miracles from a Bible point of view are not God's principal means of speaking to human beings. He speaks to the consciences of men, even in the Bible, much more frequently in the ordinary events of life, and especially in the history of their own lives and of those that have gone before them. He speaks in the same way to families, and to nations, and to the whole human race, to Churches, and to the whole of Christendom. His voices are many, and each one is adapted to the condition, mental and moral, of those to whom He speaks. He condescends in each case to their special idiosyncrasies, and talks with them in the tongue in which they were born. Man is ever changing, at times progressing, at times retrogressing. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And therefore there can be no real difference between the times covered by the Bible and those in which we live. The same laws prevail as then. And of all the persistent laws of human life there is hardly one more thoroughly interwoven with the warp and woof of Scripture than the law of human solidarity. And this responsibility that men have for one another is the justification of two Bible teachings much objected to, although both are supported by all the facts of life—Hereditary Guilt and Vicarious Suffering.

Understanding the public events by which God speaks to men not to be limited to so-called miracles, but to have a range as wide as when God spoke in divers manners by the prophets, I contend, in contradiction to the assertion with which this article opens, that the history of Christendom teems with similar public events which ought to produce the conviction that a God of Justice is ruling in the earth just the same now as then.

"There are times in every life," says Dr. Anderson, "when 'heart and flesh cry out for the living God.' But what comes of it? 'When I cry and call for help He shutteth out my prayer' Such is the experience of thousands. Men do not speak of these things, but as they brood over them the cold mist of a settled unbelief quenches the last spark of faith in hearts chilled by a sense of desolation or roused to rebellion by a sense of wrong." If those who think that Heaven is silent to them personally would study the history of their lives, the history of their families, the history of

their country, and the history of Christendom, they would find the antidote to that unbelief and bitterness of soul into which a wounded egoism has led them. But the great difficulty here, as always, is to get rid of the prejudices created by their personal, or class, or national interests. To this end the study of a bygone period in which those interests are but remotely affected would, in proportion to its completeness and sincerity, lead them to see that God does answer the prayers of His faithful poor, and that He is continually speaking to the nations and the Churches by public events which declare His thoughts on their ways as clearly as those recorded in the Bible.

As an illustration of this, and as showing the answer that might be given from any portion of the history of Christendom to this assertion of the silence of God, I offer one, the details of which I have searched out. The voice of God as heard in the history of Edward III. and his descendants, involving that of the peoples they reigned over or sought to reign over, may from the circumstances be more than ordinarily simple and decisive, but the same lesson is repeated in the history of many other Christian families and nations.

II.

The evolution of serfdom into the rent and wage system was proceeding with more or less rapidity when Edward III. by his wars in France violently disturbed the natural flow of the current in that country, greatly aggravating the peculiar suffering which always attends a time of social change. We have an illustration of this in what followed on the Black Prince's victory at Poitiers*. The barons and knights taken prisoners and set free on their word of honour returned to their estates in order to extort the money for their ransoms from their peasants. They seized furniture, crops, cattle, teams, and all they could lay hands on, and if that proved insufficient they used torture to force the peasants to say where they had hidden their money. And, as almost every noble family had a relative among those taken captive at Poitiers, nearly every lordship in the land was the scene of these extortions. The sufferings of the French people were further increased when, at the cessation for a time of the war, numberless adventurers who had been hired on both sides as slaughtermen took to brigandage. These brigands completed the ruin of the rural population in France, and in 1357-58, maddened by ages of wrongs which had at last culminated in hunger, misery, and despair, the peasants attacked the castles and put the inhabitants to death. The French lords called in the foreign brigands who made war their trade, and these men of blood, armed from head to foot,

* The historians followed with reference to France during the Hundred Years War are Sismondi, Martin, and Michelet

rode among the half-naked peasants, cut them down, threw them by thousands into the Marne, and burnt their villages. The Regent of France killed more than 20,000, and the butchery was still further carried on in Picardy and Artois. The peasants were slaughtered like wild beasts; no quarter given, no prisoners taken, except a few reserved for execution by such torments as it was hoped would terrorise the poor rural people generally. The upper classes, torn by violent feuds, the two parties hating each other with murderous hate, were wholly at one in this war against the peasants. And confederate with them were the Anglo-Norman gentry who led the English invading armies. When Sir Robert Knolles and the King of Navarre took Compiègne, they massacred great part of the population because it had sympathised with the peasants. The latter were treated as vermin to be crushed by any means. Even while he was negotiating with them, the King of Navarre seized their leader and crowned him with a red-hot iron tripod. These French nobles out-heroded Satan and were more devilish than devils.

"I will even deal with thee as thou hast done" is not only an Old Testament principle of divine justice, but it is repeated in the New. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But, if this law now no longer runs in Christendom, its execution being suspended since the Apostles proclaimed the Gospel to the Gentile world, we shall, of course, see no signs in history of God's judgment on those who had got possession of the lands of France and lorded it over His people in that country with such cruelty. And these tyrants professed and called themselves—Christians. Now we know what is to be the fate of such. "Their Lord will come in an hour they know not of, and will appoint them their portion with unbelievers." Retribution will not only fall upon them personally in the world to come, but here in this world and in the sight of all men retribution will come in accordance with the laws of heredity and vicarious punishment.

Crécy, Poitiers, and Azincourt, with the Hundred Years War, of which they were the most brilliant days, decimated the French *noblesse* and paved the way for the destruction of their power.

That war was full of public events compelling men either to close their eyes and their hearts in blind obstinacy, or to admit that God had come to judge the world in righteousness and the nations with His truth. The series of wonderful acts by which this was made manifest opens with the sea-fight off Sluys, when Edward III., to his own surprise, annihilated the French fleet—the French losing, it is said, 30,000 men, the English a comparatively small number, the immense discrepancy being partially explained by the fact that the English gave no quarter. The moral result was, Michelet says, not less fatal for France than Trafalgar.

This character of marvellousness is the leading factor in the three great victories of Crécy, Poitiers, and Azincourt. The English were in every one vastly outnumbered, in the enemy's country, and in each case opposed by the cream of the chivalry of France. At the battle of Crécy they were famished, wet, and tired out, and looked more like a horde of beggars than successful invaders. Whatever difference there was in the material of the two armies was in the common soldiers, for the nobility and knights in both were French in origin, spoke the same language, and had the same general ideas and sympathies.

According to both English and French historians, the French slain at Crécy almost equalled in number the whole English army. The French lost 11 princes, 88 lords, 1200 knights, and 30,000 soldiers. This in itself is marvellous; the leaders of the invading army were themselves astonished; but what marks the defeat as specially retributive is that it was a victory of the people over the *noblesse*, of the representatives of three conquered nations over the representatives of those who had conquered and now oppressed them. England, oppressed by men of French origin, was represented by 14,000 men; Wales, oppressed by men of French origin, by 12,000 men; Ireland, oppressed by men of French origin, by 6000 men. Crécy was, says Henri Martin, "the grave of chivalry and and an immense event in the history of the Middle Ages" "Alas!" exclaims the chronicler of St. Denis, "at Crécy fell the flower of the chivalry of France. . . . God punished the crimes of the French with his *flail*." A fitting word considering the instrument—even Froissart himself recognising that if any one ought to be called the victors of Crécy it was the English bowmen.

In 1356 the Black Prince was again in France, bringing desolation wherever he went. As he passed through the land he left it a wilderness—great cities in flames—the people put to the sword—their goods destroyed and wasted. "The lid would have fallen on his nose," as an old saying has it, if a spirit of extreme foolishness had not possessed the French King. For the Black Prince had destroyed the means of provisioning his own troops, and, moreover, his further progress was barred by a French army six times the size of the one he led. But, instead of starving the invaders into a surrender, which could have been done in a few days, King John led the lords of France into a slaughter-house, bringing the battle on in a narrow lane, where they got completely blocked, and afforded a kind of *battue* for the English bowmen planted behind the hedges, who, when they had thrown the French into inextricable confusion, rushed in and did murderous havoc. Seeing the fate of the first division, the second, led by the princes, decamped. The King, however, fought like a paladin, but it was useless: the victory was already won, and he and a vast number of counts, barons, bannerets, knights, and squires—

more than 2000 in all—were taken prisoners, no fewer than 2426 of the French *noblesse* been left dead on the battle-ground or otherwise killed. So little did the English commanders expect this most extraordinary reversal of the respective positions of the two armies, that before the battle they would have agreed to any terms short of absolute surrender, and, even after the victory, they did not dream of attacking any other place, but only to secure what they had got.

The next sixty years was a terrible time for France. Anarchy and chaos, a *Jacquerie* suppressed with revolting cruelty, a protracted war of factions, Paris constantly surging, pestilence in the most destructive form, famine, banditti, accusations of witchcraft, and mournful processions of flagellants singing strange hymns—who could doubt that feudalism with its crying sins had come into judgment?

In 1415 came upon this blind and deaf *noblesse* a blow more overwhelming than ever. The battle of Azincourt reproduced the astonishing facts of Crécy and Poitiers with, if possible, even greater signalty. A little army of 11,000 or 12,000 bowmen—very unmilitary-looking people in their greasy leather caps or straw bonnets, and their clothes dropping about their hips, with no armour, and often even without shoes—utterly routed a great army of 50,000 men, 14,000 of whom were nobles armed *cap-à-pie*. France, said the French princes, ought to be defended by gentlemen, and, in keeping with this aristocratic notion, this great feudal host appeared in tournament array—enamelled armour, blazing escutcheons, splendid banners, their horses cased in plates of burnished steel or gold.

The French princes chose the worst position imaginable—a heavy bit of land between two woods, so narrow that there was no room to deploy, so boggy that the horses sank deep in the mud. Here the French host collected in the damp autumnal night, and both horses and men seemed depressed with a vague sense of approaching calamity. Quarrels were made up and foes embraced one another.

How narrow was the position is shown by the French army being thirty-two lines deep, while the English was only four. Unable to get their chargers out of the mud, the French *noblesse* were soon thrown into confusion by the showers of arrows which fell upon them. Knight rolled upon knight, the horses plunging and falling. The English archers slung their bows, and, rushing on to the struggling heaps, dispatched many illustrious persons. A second battle brought the second division to a similar end, the rest flying as quickly as they could. So many prisoners were taken that Henry V., hearing a noise which he took for a rescue, ordered their immediate slaughter, and, to make sure that it was done, 200 archers were sent round as executioners. "It was," says the chronicler, "a very piteous thing to see all this *noblesse* hacked to death." The slaughter only stopped when Henry learned that there had been no attempt at rescue after all.

Courtrai, Crécy, Poitiers, all were outdone. Out of 10,000 dead, nearly 8000 were men of noble birth. A Constable of France, seven princes, an admiral of France, the king's standard-bearer, an archbishop, three dukes, and eighty great barons were, according to Sismondi, among the slain; Martin says 120 high barons; Michelet, 120 lords with banners.

Henry went over the field of battle with the herald of France. "We have not made this slaughter," he said, "but the Almighty for the sins of France." In the same spirit he lectured his prisoner, the Duke of Orleans, on the voluptuous disorder then reigning in France—so bad, he declared, that it was a horror to hear about it; and he said the same to the citizens of London. If no one else saw God in these judgments on the French *noblesse*, Henry V. did, and he evidently believed himself the chosen instrument. When his counsellors advised him to send for more archers from England, Henry replied "In the name of our Lord, I will not have one more. The number we have is the number He has willed; these people trust in their multitude, but I put my trust in Him who so often caused Judas Maccabeus to triumph." But he did not see the really striking point in these successive overthrows—the fall of the Goliath of Feudalism before a new democracy, armed only with the instruments of labour and the chase.

The keynote of a hymn far more really democratic than the "Marseillaise"—"God hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted those of a low degree," repeated now three times, was finally struck with a force no one could mistake when, a few years later, France, ruined, humiliated, utterly demoralised, torn up into shreds, and the prey of the vilest, was suddenly and rapidly restored to unity, hope, and courage, so that she successfully recovered her position, and got rid of her invaders so completely that they had nothing to show for a hundred years' pains and their many brilliant victories but the one town of Calais.

And whom did God inspire to deliver and redeem France? No royal nor noble person, no bishop nor saintly anchorite. Kings, princes, barons, knights, even men-at-arms and common soldiers—all were thrust aside, and a young girl who could not write her own name,* and who had spent all her life in home work and farm labour, a representative of the class all these great people had combined to oppress and depress, was chosen to save them from further ruin, and, better still, to save France.

Can those who accept as sent of God the national saviours spoken of in the book of Judges and throughout the Old Testament, the men and women "who through faith were out of weakness made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," fail

* Michelet, vi. p. 282.

to see that in Jeanne d'Arc God raised up such a saviour, and that her career alone is sufficient to demonstrate how false is the assertion that the history of Christendom is governed by different laws from those which prevailed in Bible times. No more then than now did public events occur which *compelled* belief in God, but now as then all history is one long argument of God with men. For this apparition of "the Maid of Orleans" at the closing scene of this avengement of the toilers of France is only one of thousands of proofs which God is constantly giving that "His soul is grieved at human misery," and that in the fulness of time "He *will* deliver the poor and needy out of the hand of the wicked."

How the powerful classes in France regarded the saviour of their country is shown by the way they left her when she was finally betrayed into the hands of its enemies. The chivalry of the time did not prevent the King, the baronage, the knighthood of France from being passive accomplices of Cardinal Beaufort and of Lord Warwick in the murder of this child of God, who had achieved by faith just what they who pretended alone to have the power had so ignominiously failed in achieving. Her last appeal, from the midst of the flames and the smoke, as, dropping her head, she cried with a loud voice—"Jesus!" was heard, and answered in the history of the two houses of Plantagenet and Valois.

III.

If we compare what happened in England with reference to the relations between landlords and labourers with that which happened in France, we shall find another of the parallelisms characteristic at this time of English and French history. The terrible epidemic known as the Black Death raged in 1349-50 both in France and England, carrying off in the latter country about half the population. Fearful as the pouring out of an apocalyptic vial to those whose lives were a round of pleasure, it came as an angel of mercy to the poor, delivering them immediately by tens of thousands from a life of bondage, and leaving those that remained in a better position to struggle with their oppressors. Labour in England doubled in value, and in 1349, Parliament, representing the landlords, made a statute by which labourers who refused to serve at the wages paid prior to the pestilence were to be imprisoned, and those who paid them such higher wages were to be fined an amount three times the additional wages given. In 1350 it was ordained that labourers in husbandry should twice a year take an oath to observe this statute, or be put in the stocks and sent to gaol. In 1360 these laws were made more severe; a labourer flying from service was—his master and the justices approving—to have the letter F burnt into his forehead. Towns harbouring such

fugitives were to pay heavy fines to the King and to the master, and by the same Act workmen were forbidden to combine.* Such anti-Christian laws created criminals, or, perhaps we should say, fostered crime, for it was already created on a large scale by the division of the country into alien lords and native serfs or labourers. Langland describes the people as complaining that their lords treat them so "that us lotheth the lif," and as beginning to rack their brains if "mighte we with any wit" their "wille withstonde." The poll-tax of 1381 caused an almost universal explosion among the English working classes, and the people of Essex and Kent marched on London, and, taking the Tower, beheaded several great people. Every one knows how Richard II. cajoled the insurgents by offering himself to be their leader, and promising them justice, and how in less than three weeks he broke all his promises, executing a multitude of the simple-minded labourers who had believed in him. Tresilian, the Jeffreys of the time, held his Bloody Assize, and some 1500 perished, being hanged, nine or ten together on one beam. Richard, with the insolence of precocious youth, told these martyrs for justice and liberty that they were bondmen and should remain in a bondage incomparably viler than before, and that while he lived he would keep them under, so that posterity, having their misery before their eyes, might fear to do the like. Richard was already surrounded by men who were working for oligarchy in London and autocracy in the State.

This great uprising of the English people drew its moral strength from Lollardy, a fact which explains the savage measures taken early in Henry IV.'s reign for its extirpation. By the statute of 1401, bishops could imprison all who held Lollard doctrine, and, if they would not abjure, hand them over to the civil power to be burnt to death in some high place, so as to strike terror in the people. If the cry of their foes, "Every other man in England is a Lollard," had any truth in it, the Parliament that passed this statute was clearly no representation of the country, but only of property.

What the temper of the landowners was comes out in the answer Parliament gave to Richard II. when by his Chancellor he asked whether they were for maintaining the promises made to enfranchise the serfs, or if they supported his revocation of these promises. The prelates and temporal lords, the knights, citizens, and burgesses answered with one voice, "The revocation is well done," adding that the serfs could not be enfranchised without their assent, and that assent they would not give even if they were all to die in one day.† The statutes of the time of the great pestilence were reaffirmed with cumulative penalties, or forty days' imprisonment—a terrifying punishment when the prison was a mediæval one. To prevent any

* "Statutes of the Realm" (23, 25, and 34 Ed. III.)

† "Rot Parl" vol. iii. p. 100 (5 Richard II. c. 13, 1381)

depletion of their slave-property, they forbade, on pain of a year's imprisonment, the apprenticing of a poor man's child in a town.

The extent to which Plantagenet kings and Anglo-Norman landlords were capable of going may be seen in the famous Statute of Kilkenny, enacted during the last period of Lionel Plantagenet's viceroyship of Ireland. It was made high treason in any one of the dominant race to marry an Irish person, or to bring up an Irish child, or to become its sponsor; even taking an Irish name, or speaking in Irish or wearing the Irish dress, or using Irish customs involved forfeiture of lands.* Such was the spirit in which those who had got possession of the land maintained their power. And the oppressors in both countries were foreigners, for, although they had resided in England for a certain number of generations, they were French in blood and language. Edward III. was one quarter Castilian and almost three quarters French; what he had of Saxon, Scotch, and Flemish blood was little more than one per cent. It is doubtful whether he could understand English.† The Conquest established in England a foreign court, a foreign aristocracy, and a foreign hierarchy. And the thoroughness of the Conquest intensified by time. French more and more became the language of the State. The proceedings of Parliament were carried on in French; only on the very greatest occasions, such as at the time of the Great Charter, and at the deposition of Richard II., was it recognised that there was an English people speaking their own language. As Robert of Gloucester says. "I wene there is no country in the world that holdeth not to its own speech but England alone." These things indicate the oppression and depression of the vast mass of poor Englishmen, and the more they are searched into the more we understand the roots of crime in England. Many of the oppressed turned cut-throats, and the foreign lords had to make law after law to protect themselves, and it was only in the reign of Edward III. that this ceased.

As the battles of Crécy, Poitiers, and Azincourt, with the subsequent deliverance of France by the Maid of Orleans, avenged the French peasantry, so the Wars of the Roses avenged the English people. Their Anglo-French rulers destroyed one another. The first droppings of the storm came as early as 1403, when the Percies led a host of discontented nobles against Henry IV. and were totally defeated, 2300 men of rank being left dead on the field. There is no estimate, as far as I know, of the numbers that fell in the thirteen battles of the Wars of the Roses. At Towton the blood of these proud knights and barons poured down the snow-covered furrows, 28,000 men of all ranks having fallen on that ghastly Palm Sunday. It was the men of rank who were specially then marked out for slaughter. A bloodthirsty

* Cusack, "Hist. of the Irish Nation," p. 609.

† Pearson, C. H., "English History in the 14th Century," p. 283.

spirit characterised the struggle from the very first; the manifesto put forth in the name of Henry VI., just before the first battle of St. Albans, was most vindictive in tone, and calculated to rouse the tiger in the Yorkists. They believed Margaret of Anjou kept a book in which the names of all the foes of the Red Rose were inscribed in blood. The demoralisation of the women is seen in the remorseless treachery by which Queen Elizabeth Woodville procured the murder of the Earl of Desmond.

The descendants of the Norman conquerors fell by "that madness which sets each man's hand 'gainst each." The way the great lords were summarily executed during these wars is more appalling than their slaughter in the fight. The gory head of the Duke of York, with its derisive paper crown, over a gate in York was thoroughly characteristic of the cataract of bad passions which now found a vent and carried these Anglo-French barons and knights with fury to destruction. The tiger comes out more and more; the bloodthirstiness of the struggle is only equalled by its shameless treacheries and its many acts of most revolting cruelty. In the end a great number of Anglo-Norman houses disappeared altogether. From the outbreak of the Civil War to the end of the century sixty peerages were forfeited, fell into abeyance, or became extinct, so that in Henry VII.'s first Parliament there were only twenty-eight lay peers. The average number in Henry VI.'s later Parliaments had been fifty-one, the same necessity existing for omitting to summon the disaffected and openly rebellious.

The utter ruin of so many great families, built up on what had been a series of flagrant violations of the sixth, eighth, and tenth commandments, ought to convince any Christian that it is a great delusion to think God holds His judgment on men's doings in abeyance. A man would have to be very blind indeed who, having studied the history of the Norman invaders from their arrival in this country to their mutual destruction in the Wars of the Roses, could say, "in contrast with the divine intervention in human affairs" up to the days of the Apostles, "Heaven has now been dumb for eighteen centuries."

IV.

The Hundred Years War with France, for which Edward III. was mainly responsible, not only ended in total failure, but demoralised England, drove back its civilisation, cost thousands of English lives and vast sums of money, the result, or the forestalment of the results, of English labour. These evils are, however, quite put in the background by the inconceivable misery inflicted upon France. Before Edward III.'s invasions its commerce was prospering and its popula-

tion rapidly increasing. The cities and towns on the coast of Normandy were so flourishing that Caen was almost as large as London. After the war had continued some time, Petrarch, visiting France, said -

"I could not believe that this was the same France that I had seen so rich and flourishing. Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude in utter poverty—land uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighbourhood of Paris showed everywhere marks of desolation and conflagration; the streets were deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds, the whole a vast solitude."

What was the condition of France when the war was over? In place of the "King's Peace," the truce to feudal violence, the country was now the prey of wretched petty wars; it had been driven back into barbarism without the goodness, the simplicity, the faith of barbaric times. The northern provinces had become a desert, the centre resembled what our colonials call "the bush." The wretched inhabitants of the country had fled to the towns, making them still more miserable. Numbers of houses were empty—closed for good, the poor pillaging them for firewood. In the capital, poverty and famine brought a train of horrible diseases, hardly distinguishable from the plague. Every one who could fled from Paris; no one came willingly but the wolves, which entered the city at dusk, seeking food. Finding nothing to eat in the open country they were furious from hunger. According to a contemporary, who probably exaggerates, in September 1438 the wolves devoured fourteen persons between Montmartre and the Porte Saint-Antoine.

Edward III. had his "warning to be ware." In 1359, emboldened by Crécy and Poitiers, he invaded France with the largest army he had ever led. He besieged Rheims, having determined to be crowned there, but after five or six weeks he gave up the attempt and withdrew into Burgundy. Then he marched on Paris, looked wistfully at the city, and retired towards Brittany. His course was strewn with men and horses, dead from want, or from the severe fatigues they had undergone in this winter campaign. A terrific tempest of thunder and lightning, hail and rain, brought the Day of Judgment to his remembrance, and he vowed that he would give peace to France. The result was the Treaty of Bretigny.

But woe to the repentant spoiler, for in the hour he begins to do right commences the long series of avengements exacted by the inflexible law: "Be done by as you did." Henceforth Edward's star was on the wane, and the year 1372 saw the downfall of his power in France. His fleet at La Rochelle was totally defeated and France almost wrenched from his grip.

The avenging angel had already begun to strike. The Black Prince and the Black Prince's eldest son both died before Edward III.—the

Edward IV. and Edward V. of his dreams. Five sons of Edward III. reached manhood. If we could see a procession in which each one appeared, followed by a train of slaughtered descendants, we should understand the true meaning of those much misapplied words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man."

By the side of the litter of the Black Prince, who, yet in the prime of life, lies slowly dying, comes the heir of his name and his fame, a boy not seven years of age, on whom death has already put his hand. A king follows, uncrowned and unkempt. As some dragon-fly struck down by brutal blows, its beautiful wings broken and covered with mire, the only legitimate descendant of the hero of Crécy and Poitiers dies the victim of a prison murder. His brother, the Black Prince's natural son, is dragged to the gallows and suffers there the barbarous death of a traitor.

The second group is led by Lionel of Antwerp. Married at the age of fourteen in order to secure the vast estates of the De Burghs, owners of Western and Northern Ireland, this Duke of Clarence marries again at twenty, and gets 2,000,000 gold florins and many Piedmontese towns and castles. Four months of festivities end in a sudden and fatal illness, and his sole heiress is an only daughter, whose son, Roger Mortimer, is slain in Ireland, and her grandson, Edward Mortimer, the legitimate successor to the Crown of England, shut up in an Irish prison. Lionel Plantagenet's granddaughter, Elizabeth, sister to Edward Mortimer, is married to a man of Plantagenet blood—Shakespeare's "Hotspur," slain in the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). Their son, Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland, together with four of his sons, all fell in the Wars of the Roses (1455, 1460, 1461, 1464). The fourth earl is killed by the populace (1489), and his grandson hanged at Tyburn (1537), the seventh earl is beheaded (1572), and the eighth earl is found shot in the Tower (1595), the ninth earl is imprisoned for life in the Tower, and the male line of the Percies becomes extinct with his grandson.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, follows with a still larger group of victims. His son, Henry IV., responsible for the deposition and death of Richard II., is succeeded by Henry V., who, cut off in the moment when the culminating point of Plantagenet ambition—the Crown of France—is within his grasp, leaves his splendid but insecure conquest to an infant in its mother's arms.

Henry IV's other sons both fall before the avenger—Thomas, Duke of Clarence, in the battle of Baugy (1421), while Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England during the minority of Henry VI., and popular as the enemy of the graspers and reactionaries of the time, is finally overcome by them, arrested as a traitor, and suddenly dies, by foul means as was generally believed (1446).

Two of his grandsons fell in the Wars of the Roses, and his great-grandson, Richard Grey, was beheaded.

After the second battle of St. Albans Sir Thomas Kyriel, a former leader in the French wars, was taken prisoner and brought before her. Turning to her son, Prince Edward, a child of six years of age, she asked him what they should do to the old man. "Behead him," he replied. The deed was there and then done in the presence of mother and child. Ten years later this Lancastrian Prince of Wales stands himself a prisoner before the revengeful Yorkists. "What brought you to England?" demands Edward IV. "My father's crown and my own inheritance." A blow in the face with his gauntlet is the King's chivalrous response, and those about him, some say the King's brothers and brothers-in-law, draw their swords and kill this sixteen-years-old prince.

Henry VI.'s assassination follows, put to death, it is said, before the altar of a private chapel in the Tower. In all respects the very opposite to the two Richards, between whom in the order of succession he is immolated, of Henry of Windsor it could be said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Both France and England, at this time so closely connected, had their lambs of sacrifice. In the former country a peasant-girl, in the latter a king whose unique distinction it was to be crowned both in Notre Dame and in Westminster Abbey. The two victims must have seen each other during the trial of the Maid at Rouen, but they could have little imagined that their careers were among the numerous parallelisms of the time. The word spoken to the conscience of France by the appearance of such wonderful gifts of faith, courage, and leadership in a girl of the class despised and oppressed by those who pretended that they were the only persons capable of defending France was repeated in a different form in England. To the representative of this all-grasping homicidal house of Plantagenet, to the leading member of this turbulent Anglo-French baronage were given most singular gifts of humility, simplicity, and gentleness, as exasperating to these Plantagenets and Anglo-French nobility as were the opposite virtues bestowed on the peasant-girl from Domrémy to the *noblesse* of France. In both countries God had very manifestly "pulled down the mighty from their seats and exalted those of a low degree."

It was indeed a sacrificial fate to which these two lambs were led. Jeanne's career, as befits her ardent nature, is wonderfully short. For a less space than two years she shines forth in the sight of men—then her glory is extinguished in the murky flames of a carnival of Satan, presided over by a Plantagenet cardinal and a few French bishops. Henry, on the other hand, has to endure a long, dull misery, growing more and more cruel until it ends in the tragedy in the Tower. Bereft at one time of mental power, he recovers, but

only to pass through a worse trial—the most sanguinary of civil wars, in which he whose tender soul shrinks from killing any man has to see his friends both slaughtered and slaughter, to know that his name is being constantly used to cover deeds of blood, to find himself a fugitive and an outlaw, betrayed at last, and brought like a felon into the metropolis, his legs tied together under the belly of a miserable horse, the mob loading him with insults. During the five years King Henry was a prisoner in the Tower he is shamefully neglected, even beaten by his jailors. And, as if to add deeper pain to his long-protracted suffering, he is for a short time withdrawn from his seclusion and again put on the throne. Silent and pallid, but royally arrayed, the people who watched the procession say, “He looks like a crowned calf.”

John of Gaunt’s descendants by Catherine Swynford offer another line of victims. Their eldest son, Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset (1455), with three of his sons and his son-in-law, fall victims of the Wars of the Roses—two of the sons by decapitation (1462–1471).

The Nemesis becomes more exacting when, by the marriage of Edmund Beaufort’s sister with James I. of Scotland, Plantagenets and Stuarts unite. James I. is murdered, James II. killed by an accident, James III. is murdered, his brother, the Earl of Mar, he puts to death for witchcraft, while his other brother, the Duke of Albany, is accidentally killed; James IV. falls, together with his son, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, at Flodden; and James V., succeeding to the throne as an infant, dies after a troubled and gloomy reign, leaving the kingdom to a seven-days-old babe, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Her destiny is tragically connected with that of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, another descendant of Johanna Beaufort by her second husband, the Black Knight of Lorne.

Queen Johanna’s sister marries Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and their three sons all perish in the Wars of the Roses, two beheaded (1462, 1466) and one killed (1471).

John of Gaunt’s daughters are progenitors of two more groups. Joan Beaufort marries Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland, their son Richard, Earl of Salisbury, is beheaded in 1460. His sons, Richard, the King-maker, and John, are slain at Barnet, and their cousin, Henry Neville, at Edgcote. Elizabeth Beaufort, Gaunt’s other daughter, marries John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, a Plantagenet affected by the homicidal propensity. Their grandson, Henry Holland, himself almost two-thirds Plantagenet, marries a descendant of Edward III., Anne, sister of Edward IV. This Duke of Exeter lay amongst the dead on the field of Barnet for nine hours. Found and attended to by a surgeon, he recovers, and flies to the Continent, where he is seen by Comines, begging, and in rags. In 1473 his corpse is found in the Channel.

In the next family group passing before us it is made very clear that it is fratricide the Avenger is pursuing. Edward III. and the people who lived in England, Philip IV. and the people who lived in France, were all baptized into Christ. For baptized men to fight and kill each other is the most heinous form of fratricide. Edward III. lived in an age when this truth was very clear, much clearer than it is to-day, for five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity have not been without blinding and stupefying effects. Edward's light being greater than ours, his punishment was more rapid and distinct. Fratricide in its most cruel forms pursues his house.

Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., left but a feeble impression on his times, but his descendants wrote their story in Plantagenet blood. The part this Duke of York took in the Black Prince's devastating campaign in France was fitly rewarded by an alliance with the daughter of a notorious murderer, Pedro the Cruel. Of Edmund's children by Isabella of Castile, Edmund, second Duke of York, was smothered under a heap of slain at Azincourt; Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was beheaded (1415), and this also was the fate of Thomas le Despenser, husband of their sister Constance (1400). The son of the Earl of Cambridge by Anne Mortimer, great-granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and who according to the law of primogeniture was the Queen of England, is the Duke of York who begins the great struggle for the crown. He is beheaded after the battle of Wakefield (1460). Of his four sons, one, a boy, is murdered after the same battle; Edward IV. dies prematurely; and Edward IV.'s sons—Edward V. and Richard, fifth Duke of York—are smothered in the Tower; George, Duke of Clarence, suffers death in some mysterious way in the same dismal prison—a case of literal fratricide; his children come to tragical ends—Edward, Earl of Warwick, being beheaded (1499); while Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, is in old age hacked to death on the scaffold (1541), her son, Lord Montacute, having been beheaded two years earlier. In Richard of Gloucester, York's remaining son, the fratricidal madness which seemed to possess the Plantagenets reached its culminating point. As a victim of ancestral sin he is a real object of commiseration. The picture Sir Thomas More gives of the scene in the Council Chamber which ended in Richard sending Lord Hastings to the block shows him to have been a man tortured in body and mind. This terrible heritage is perhaps to be seen in his handwriting, tremulous at thirty years of age as that of a man of ninety. In this House of York Plantagenet degeneracy becomes peculiarly apparent. What can we make of the strange eagerness of the Princess Elizabeth to be married to an uncle whom she had every reason to believe the murderer of her brothers? Even Anne Neville's marriage to Richard is revolting.

Nothing but moral paralysis can explain it. Happily the child born to such a heritage was mercifully saved from its intolerable burden. He expired suddenly when a boy of eleven years of age. The battle of Bosworth concludes this part of the tragedy. Deserted by nearly every one, Richard rides frantically into the midst of his enemies, the last of the Plantagenets seeking to kill the first of the Tudors. He fights as one frenzied, and, trying to reach the man who had come to seize his crown, a host close in on him, drag him to the ground, and he dies as a wild boar surrounded by a pack of hounds.

Extinction and ruin were generally the result which followed the honour of an alliance with the Plantagenets. Isabel, granddaughter of Edmund of Langley, marries Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester; their daughter Anne, heiress of the vast Beauchamp property, marries Warwick the King-maker, and, sharing his ruin, has to surrender no less than one hundred and eleven estates, and to wander about in poverty. Isabel, sister of the Duke of York beheaded at Wakefield, marries Henry Bouchier, Earl of Essex, and her three sons are all slain in the civil war (1460-71). Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., marries John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Two of her sons are beheaded (1487, 1503) and a third is slain in the battle of Pavia.

Last of all comes a line of victims following their murdered sire, Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. The earliest of the three Plantagenet dukes of Gloucester, who all ended most unhappily, Thomas of Woodstock made a good stand against the ring who surrounded Richard II., and who worked for a wealthy oligarchy in the city * and an autocracy in the State. Richard, by a *coup-de-main*, seized his "bel oncle," had him conveyed to Calais, and there smothered. This unfortunate duke's eldest son was prematurely cut off; leaving no children, however, his daughter Anne, married to Edmund de Stafford, killed at Shrewsbury in 1403, originated a house which inherited in its earlier stages Thomas of Woodstock's pride and combativeness. Anne's son, Humphry, Duke of Buckingham, falls at Northampton (1460); his son, the Earl of Stafford, married to Margaret Beaufort, being killed at St. Albans (1455). The second duke, the unscrupulous supporter of Richard III., is beheaded (1483); the third duke, Edward, scorned of the *parvenu* Wolsey, went to the block in 1521, the great house of Stafford losing for ever its wealth, honours, and splendour. This Duke of Buckingham's natural daughter, the "Madge Wildfire" of the Pilgrimage of Grace, is cruelly burnt at Smithfield. Henry de Stafford, son of Duke Edward, restored in blood and to the title of Lord Stafford, marries a granddaughter of George, Duke of Clarence—the third alliance between the Plantagenets and the Staffords. What can sound grander! but it was but the prelude of a rapid

* "National Biography," Breme, Sir Nicholas, vol. vi p. 255

descent into the lowly estate of those whose possessions are eternally secure. Their grandson, Richard de Stafford, has a son and a daughter. The son Roger, claiming the title, is, on account of his poverty, refused it by Charles I, and induced for a small sum of money to agree to its surrender. His sister, Joan de Stafford, marries a joiner, and gives birth to a son, who in 1637 is living at Newport, in Shropshire, working as a cobbler.

V.

We have not had to search the history of Christendom, but only to glean in one little corner of it, and at once we come on a multitude of public events, each one of which proclaims not only that there is a God, but that He judges the world in righteousness, and the nations with His truth, and when we put all these facts together, and look at them as a whole, we are astounded to think that any one should say God is silent, least of all a religious man and one who already recognises that there is a God.

But what is "His truth"? What the standard by which He judges the nations? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself." This is the summary of the law and the prophets, and the key of the history of Christendom. To families, nations, Churches, as well as to individuals, this fundamental, all-embracing law is continually being applied. All are judged by it, and being judged every day. "If ye continue in my word," says the Judge, "ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The family, nation, Church, or individual acting on this principle achieves moral freedom, acting on the contrary it enters into the way of slavery and death.

Christ has said this in human language, oral and audible, and now that He is in heaven He is saying the same by His Spirit in countless ways to men. And God uses to-day and throughout history the same language which He used before He became incarnate, and for a brief space dwelt among men. "He speaks," says Augustine, "by Himself and His creatures," and among His creatures we ought to include facts which are the result of the operation of His laws. These facts understood in their wholeness express His judgment. For although we can never see any fact or series of facts in that entirety in which God sees them, we do get a nearer approximation to that wholeness of things as the course of history unfolds, and thus history becomes the record of the judgments of God on men and things. History thus regarded contains God's word to man. Far from maintaining that ghastly silence which Dr. Anderson and those who follow him imagine, the Eternal Father, in the progress of human events, is continually revealing to those who seek light in His light His judgment on human action. For He has not left Himself with-

out an interpreter to all men everywhere. The Holy Spirit speaks continually to the consciences of men, and thus as time rolls on they understand how to judge the past and that judgment when it becomes universal and final is God's judgment.

Few indeed are they who love Justice and Truth supremely. But to those who do, history is the sphere in which they hear God's word and the field in which they behold His mighty acts. His deeds of deliverance are ever going on and becoming as the drama unfolds grander and more convincing. Was the exodus from Egypt, with its ten plagues, more sublime than is the exodus of modern Christendom from the servitude of the greater Egypt—from the modern Pharaohs called Roman Servitude, Feudal Servitude, Negro Slavery, and the still existing servitude resulting from the land system, the commercial system, and the wage system. Shall we say that the break up of the Roman Empire from the invasions of the Frank and the Goth, the Hundred Years War in France, the Wars of the Roses, the invasions of Italy, the struggles of religious liberty culminating in the Reformation, the struggles for civil liberty culminating in the French Revolution, the edicts of servile emancipation in the nineteenth century, and finally 1848, with the rise of modern Socialism, and all it means, were and are less sublime manifestations of God's wrath against the colossal tyrannies which have had and still have modern Christendom under their heel? The events, on the contrary, are to us, in our time and way of thinking, vastly more stupendous and awe-inspiring.

God, Dr. Anderson actually says, wants neither our morality nor our religion; whether we are moral or religious or not is a matter of supreme indifference to God.*

That a book in which such statements occur—and, I am bound to say, they are not out of harmony with the rest of the work—should have been received among Evangelicals with marked approval must arise from the very peculiar condition in which modern religion is found. The individualism that can go on serenely living in the best houses, in the best part of the town, while the masses around welter in misery, whole families having to crowd into a single room, thinks God such another as itself.

To this most shocking idea of a God serenely indifferent to human suffering I oppose the thought of one who, though a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, speaks on this subject in a really Evangelic manner, and utters what to me seem really Evangelic sentiments.

"What," asks the Abbé Gratry, "do you really suppose that the personal God, free and intelligent, loving and good, who knows every detail of human torture, and hears every sigh—that this God, who sees, who loves as we do, and more than we do, do you believe that He is present and looks pitilessly on what breaks your heart, and what to Him must be the spectacle of Satan revelling in the blood of humanity? That men so feel for sufferers

* "The Silence of God," p. 134.

that they have been drawn to die with them, so that even their executioners themselves have become the next martyrs, history teaches. And you represent God, the absolute Goodness, as alone impassible.

"It is here," he continues, "the Evangelical faith comes in. Our God was made man to suffer and to die!"

"Yes, there is the true God. He has suffered from the beginning in all who have suffered, He has been hungry in all who have hungered, and has been immolated in all and with all, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. *Agnus occisus ab origine mundi*."*

Does any one stumble at this because it comes from a Roman Catholic? Let him read a sermon entitled "The Work of God," by Alexander Vinet,† the greatest theologian the Reformed Churches of France and Switzerland have had in modern times, and he will find a similar doctrine taught, and perhaps in still more forcible language.

The Suffering God—this is not simply the teaching of modern divines, it is a New Testament thought, and is one that answers all the doubts that arise at the sight of human suffering. To know that God is suffering with it makes that suffering more awful, but it gives strength and life and hope, for we know that if God is in it, suffering is the road to victory. If He shares our suffering we shall share His crown.

RICHARD HEATH.

* Gratry, A., "La Morale et la Loi de l'Histoire," vol. 1, pp. 165-166.

† Vinet, A., "Vital Christianity," p. 240.

THE INEVITABLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I. WHY INTERVENTION WAS INEVITABLE.

THIS article leaves the Cape with affairs in a *quasi*-military posture. If, when this appears in England, that posture has been prematurely relaxed, there will probably be brief space for gratulation before it has to be renewed. I propose to show that this—not necessarily war, not war in the likelier event, but intervention with a war alternative—is not the fault of Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Alfred Milner, but the inevitable resultant of forces which are wider and deeper and longer-lived than any human personality, however vivid. Of personalities, therefore, I shall say little. I know it is impossible for many of those whom I most wish to reach to be transported by any human agency to the oversea point of view from which “Pushful Joe” is, *ex-officio*, England. The legion of eulogists and detractors who have Mr. Rhodes on the brain will find here an article in which that remarkable man receives but the most passing mention. There will be parsimony of words even about so pivotal a figure as the High Commissioner. The day will come when the nation must judge for itself what it has gained, and still more what it has been saved, by the unusual union in one of its servants of the quiet power of maturity with the courage and self-regardless patriotism of youth. Where I have to speak of persons here I wish to do so dispassionately, and no Englishman in South Africa who is worth his salt can speak dispassionately about Sir Alfred Milner at the present moment.

The resolution of the Canadian House of Commons hit the mark. The reason why South Africa cannot, in the old ideal of so many of its politicians, “work out its own salvation” without the help of this factor from outside is, primarily, its failure to solve the race question. “These race animosities,” as Mr. Chamberlain said at Birmingham, “unfortunately exist . . . They are there.” Only on one side, and

only in one State of South Africa, is the spirit of race animosity openly stamped upon the national institutions; but South Africa being inextricably interconnected, race-hatred cannot exist openly in one part without smouldering through the whole, and so long as it exists at all it cannot possibly be wholly one-sided.

It did not begin with the Raid. Those who write as if it did only date the beginning of their own conversance with South African affairs. The Raid accentuated it: so would the revolution have done without any Raid; so has the present intervention done without either Raid or revolution. It is not the creation of Mr. Rhodes. It is not the creation of Mr. Kruger. It cannot fairly be debited to the "blunders of Downing Street," unless that once fashionable phrase be applied to the original act of acquiring by conquest and by purchase a fringe of the African continent, strategically indispensable to the British Empire, already thinly peopled by settlers of a European race as stubborn in grain as our own. Since that initial act, the policy of Downing Street has indeed been various and mutable; but, looked at broadly, it has, at any rate, made those Dutchmen who remain in British Africa fully and tranquilly self-governing, and allowed those other Dutchmen who have gone outside to set up independently for themselves, so that British policy, with all its errors, is hardly chargeable if the loyalty of those and the gratitude of these be found not strong enough to prevail over a sense of race resentment.

No: the trouble is the result, not of "a double dose of original sin" in any human quarter, but simply of a very singular geological accident. In all South Africa there was one region which the exclusive pastoral Boer had chosen for his last stand against civilisation—the Transvaal, or, as he significantly re-named it, "the South African" Republic. In all South Africa, in all the known world, there is only one goldfield with the exact characteristics, as to extent and regularity, of the Witwatersrand. And the Witwatersrand must needs crop up in the Transvaal—crop up, too, just when the great Powers were casting lots for all the rest of the continent still unappropriated, and there was nowhere left for the *trekboer* to go. There was plenty of room for Witwatersrands in neighbouring territories, where immigration was regarded as a blessing. Placed anywhere in the million square miles of British South Africa, Johannesburg would never have broken the slumbers of a State Secretary, and President Kruger would be only a name in the "Statesman's Year Book." But geological accident would have it just here, and the human corollaries were inevitable.

It was out of the question to forbid the goldfields being opened up. Immigration was free under the Convention; and the Boer, though he clings passionately to his country, is never proof against a price for his farm, though his father's bones in a kraal in the corner have to go

with the rest of the mineral deposits to the stranger. Paul Kruger, as a patriot, objected to have the Pretoria town lands proclaimed as a new goldfield; but he sold his own farm, "Geduld," at a shrewd bargain. The Boer may be no hand at a goldfield, but he has the peasant's grip on gold.

Thus ten years ago it was already certain that the old population must ere long be outnumbered by the new. This implied a revolution in national economics. It would have amounted to that anywhere—in Western Australia, for instance—where a sparsely peopled farming country suddenly becomes a mining one. But in the Transvaal it implied a revolution, not in economics merely, but in nationality. There was not class alone separating old and new; there was race, and in an acute form. In becoming the greatest gold country in the world, the Republic of Dutch graziers might remain a Republic; but it must change from Dutch- to English-speaking, as well as from pastoral to industrial; and against all that was English the very origin and history of the State was a passionate and, as it had seemed, a triumphant protest. In 1882 Piet Joubert, Commandant-General of the Republic, had written to Matabeleland to seek alliance with the then mighty Lobengula. After recounting how the Boers had made the Englishman let go of the Transvaal, "like an ape with a handful of pumpkin-seeds," by beating him to death, he bids Lobengula expect the time "when the stink which the Englishman brought with him shall be quite blown away." * A few years later Johannesburg was in full reek.

"At Majuba Hill," says the Boer, "Providence showed its hand." Yes; but, if one may say so without irreverence, not the whole hand. There was the Witwatersrand still to come, and perhaps spades are trumps.

One of the most surprising discoveries of our South African woman of genius, in her recent pamphlet, is that the Boer, in spite of his failure to solve the Uitlander problem, has, at least, shown "great statesmanship" in his attempts at it. Statesmanship I take to be the application to patriotic ends of foresight and wisdom. The task before a Boer statesman—that of averting either revolution by the Uitlanders or intervention by the Imperial Government—was made easier by the extreme reluctance of those parties to revolt or to intervene. It would have been high statesmanship to fuse the new population politically while it was still malleable. It would still have been statesmanship, though of a lower order, to exclude them politically, but provide such government that they would have no irksome industrial grievances to drive them to sedition. The Boer took neither course, but another,

* The General has just addressed a letter to the Queen. "Sly Piet's" style is always nicely adjusted to the potentate he is addressing but the phrases to Lobengula seem more from the heart.

with the result we see. I have tried to explain his blunder; I am willing to extenuate it; but to hold it up as statesmanship is an abuse of language.

The situation thus created—a State growing more wealthy and populous year after year, and all the wealthiest and most populous part of it being disfranchised and glaringly misgoverned by the rest—was unique. By common consent it was also declared “impossible.” It is wonderful how people who shirk a solution will console themselves with an epithet. “It is impossible,” writers and statesmen philosophically declared; “it cannot last—it will right itself.” The present writer confesses to having found it “impossible” in 1889, when he visited South Africa as a newspaper correspondent.* He thought it was bound to change slowly for the better. He failed, like many much cleverer people, to foresee that it would change only for the worse. It has thus been “impossible” for ten years at least, and after the abject failure of 1895 there seemed no particular reason why, if the internal affairs of the Transvaal were left to themselves, it should not go on being impossible indefinitely.

What does the epithet, used in such a case, imply? What is meant at bottom by the well-worn simile of the “inverted pyramid,” unstable equilibrium, and the like trite phrases? That the nominal power is in one set of hands, and the actual material force in another. But this is not the case as between the Uitlander and the Boer. The Government of the Transvaal is firmly based on force. This is a vital point to grasp.

Ordinarily, when a mining camp springs up and revolutionises the economics of a farming country, the miners are the more self-assertive and turbulent section of the two. If the Government, in their view, aggrieves them, they take the law into their own hands; you have a riot or an armed demonstration; the Government, on its part, accepts this as a proof sufficient that there is something wrong, and redress is secured. The “Battle of Ballarat” gave an impetus to the self-government of Australia. But the Boer Government was not an ordinary Government, nor was Johannesburg an ordinary mining camp. It was, or it speedily became, a strip of London, manufacturing London and City London; and that strip was planted in the midst of a standing army of highly effective irregulars, with an historical anti-English bias, with a profound contempt for what Englishmen plume themselves upon as “constitutional agitation,” and insolent with recent military triumphs.

The causes which made the Boer a man of war are familiar to most readers. Not so familiar, perhaps, those which have made the Uitlander a man of peace. It has often struck me that the part which material conditions, in the shape of the auriferous conglomerate

* “In Afrkanderland” *Pall Mall Gazette* Office, 1890 91

of the Witwatersrand, have played in South African history would have delighted Buckle, so precisely determinate has it been. A diamond find would not have mattered. The growth of Kimberley is restricted along with the output. Diamonds can be cornered; gold cannot. But goldfields, again, differ. The "banket" goldfields are unique among goldfields for regularity, and they gave rise to a proportionately regularised population. People at home must not conceive of the Johannesburger as a Bret Harte figure with a derringjer jauntily stuck in a red sash; they must not import into the picture Californian or Australian or Canadian associations of alluvial "paystrikes," of gold and nuggets, and daredevil adventurers washing dirt in cradles. Even leaving "alluvial" out of the comparison, the irregular quartz formations of the neighbouring Rhodesia, helped, of course, by the wilder conditions of life, have sufficed to make predominant at Bulawayo a quite different type of citizen to the average Johannesburger. Investors and newspaper readers are all aware that the Rand gold-reefs are of a peculiar kind—miles and miles of compressed gravel impregnated with particles of gold, the thickness and the yield of a given piece of reef being calculable with astonishing accuracy; so many tons, so many dwts to the ton, such and such working costs, such and such returns, and so many years' "life" to the mine. But how many have ever stopped to think of the influence which this has had on the character of the population collected above-ground? To a degree unparalleled in the world of gold-seekers, Johannesburg early became an affair not of adventure, but of finance and settled industry. It is often said that the Boer Government is at least entitled to the credit of maintaining a level of order rarely seen among "the mixed population of a mining camp." Johannesburg is mixed, that is true; it has its cosmopolitan dregs, notably whole quarters of illicit liquor-sellers and illicit gold-buyers which have grown up under the wing of the Government's own administrative, or maladministrative, policy. But it is as little a city of desperadoes as Kidderminster. In picturing the relations of old and new, in short, the reader must not imagine a "Whisky Dick," or "Thompson, the hero of Angel's"—"light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver"—confronting a pacific peasant, but must imagine rather the Stock Exchange with a mob of factory hands confronting the victors of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill; the walking-stick, or at worst the pick, confronting a Mauser rifle of the very latest pattern (thanks to goldfields revenue) in the hands of a sharpshooter. Altogether it is not easy to conceive Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, as the scene of barricades.

However "impossible," then, the situation may be, it is less impossible than the ending of it by a Rand revolution, unless by revolution be meant, not a substitute for intervention, as some have

wished, but a signal for it—a something presupposing prompt intervention to make it effective. That is the utmost in the way of revolution that the conspirators of 1895 projected.* The High Commissioner was to be appealed to and the British Government dragged in at once.

The condition was vital. The men who could, and would, shoot at Johannesburg were lost in a sea of non-combatants and non-effectives. Jameson, on the eve of his reckless dash, telegraphed to protesting friends in Johannesburg to “have faith in miners with Lee-Metfords.” But of the few miners who got Lee-Metfords served out to them fewer still knew what to do with them. Men full of fight were seen fingering the dangerous toy with the cheerful confidence of the man who was asked whether he could play the violin, and said he did not know as he had not yet tried. The sequel may or may not have offered a fair test of the original idea; but I think few who have studied what happened then are anxious to see the idea tested further, especially without even a show of arms.

When Professor Teufelsdröckh got rid of the hulking Russian smuggler by whipping out “a sufficient Birmingham horse-pistol,” he concluded that this is the proper use of firearms—that they make all men alike tall. Seen from the other point of view, they make all men alike Quakers—or Uitlanders. The “sufficient Birmingham horse-pistol” is on the burghers’ side. It was a cheap challenge, in the great Franchise Debate in the Raad, to tell Johannesburg to “come and fight for it.”

On certain plants—rose-bushes, for instance—one finds clusters of a fat and sticky insect, the aphis, which, as Linnæus long ago observed, serves as ‘milch-cow to the ants. The aphis labours to produce a kind of honey, and then the ant squeezes him. The aphis does not object; he is a soft, industrious creature; only let him make himself sticky and drossy enough, and he will not “care a fig for the franchise,” or even if he does it will not matter. A few soldier-ants, taking toll at discretion, find no difficulty in maintaining order in a large herd of aphides. President Kruger has a great turn for comparisons drawn from animated nature; in recorded utterances he has compared the Uitlanders to misbehaving dogs, to a baboon with a sore tail, and to a damfull of dirty water which wants to be allowed to mix with an unsullied pool—the burghers; but he has missed, I think, the perfect analogy of burghers and Uitlanders to soldier-ants and aphides. That is, in so far as the Uitlander is, and for so long as he may remain, the sort of person our “time and patience” advocates would have him.

Or is a human analogy preferred? The status with which the

* See “The Story of an African Crisis,” pp 40, 68, &c. Archibald Constable & Co. 1897.

Englishmen whose work is building up the Transvaal State are expected, and in some quarters adjured, to be satisfied is, broadly, that of the mediæval Jew. The Uitlander has his moneys and his usuries, on which he often waxes fat: what matter though the free-born citizen of the Republic occasionally spit upon his gabardine? In one word, but a word which will bear thinking upon, Johannesburg is the English Ghetto.

The aspect may be novel to the reader; it must be painful to national complacency. But the bitterest drench is sometimes the wholesomest medicine. If we clear away the mirage of patriotic illusions—as, that “we English will have our rights,” that we are ugly customers to keep down, as Mr. Rhodes lately told a comfortable City audience amid loud cheers—if we look at the position of the English in South Africa as it really is, we shall see that all the traditional national qualities on which we plume ourselves are here reversed, and that we are relegated to a *rôle* which resembles rather that of some of the highly civilised Oriental races, which in other parts of the world are swayed by the superior stolidity and solidity of the English, as the English in South Africa are swayed by the superior stolidity and solidity of the Dutch.

How comes this about? Has the Anglo-Saxon, about whose superiority as ruler of himself and others Frenchmen write books, met his master at last in another *quasi*-Teutonic breed, that of the Franco-Dutchman?

The explanation turns on the specialisation of function in advanced, as compared with primitive, social organisms. In certain aspects the specialised are at a disadvantage. The Dutchman in South Africa has to leave to immigrants from modern Europe the organisation of industry and the running of the machinery of a complex modern State, but power resides in him. Every Dutch unit is farmer, politician, and warrior in one. Such local government as he tolerates is conducted through “fieldcornet” and “commandant”; the electorate and standing army are identical. The British immigrant, on the contrary, who populates the South African towns, is a merchant, a shopkeeper, a professional man, or an artisan. In his world the fighting business has belonged to a different department of the national emporium. He is a taxpayer; he may be a volunteer; to make him a soldier would presuppose the conscription.

Taking the Cape Colony and the Transvaal, which between them comprise four-fifths of the white population of South Africa, we may make certain generalisations about both. Urban South Africa, the South Africa of Johannesburg and of Cape Town and other ports, is English or English-speaking, bustling, unmilitary, wealth-producing or wealth-distributing, taxpaying, it believes in ballot-boxes, public meetings, and letters to the papers; is mobile and vocal, but till

lately politically fitful and uncohesive. Rural South Africa, except in a few patches, the most considerable being in the eastern province of the Cape Colony, is Dutch or Dutch-speaking; it governs and taxes; it has always objected most strongly to being governed and taxed in any way that is felt on the farm, whether the taxing Treasury be Colonial or Republican; it holds, acutely developed, the conviction common to all rural governing classes of their right to conduct the "struggle with nature" at other people's expense. Its organs in the Press and in Parliament express with rather brutal explicitness its profound scorn for the screamers (*de schreeuwers*) in the towns, with their proneness to mass meetings and the like impotent displays. In the colony, when Mr Hofmeyr presses the button for counter-meetings in the rural districts, a score or so of farmers ride into each *dorp* and pass the resolution supplied to them; but when they are really stirred, their impulse is always to emphasise the forces underlying constitutions by assembling in arms. If you look up the origins of rebellions, small or large, in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, you will generally find some man called Bezuidenhout who takes his gun against the sheriff in defence either of the sacred right to go untaxed or of the sacred right to "larrup his own nigger." By a convention more honoured than that of London, this class at the Cape is styled "the backbone of the country," which economically it has long ceased to be, and is declared to be very law-abiding, which it is, except as regards all such laws as it "cannot abide." These include much legislation of a kind which has made "Progressive" or "Liberal" here, as for long in England, synonymous with urban. There are, perhaps, not fifty professed free-traders in the colony who are Dutch. The cost of living for a poor family in a town of Cape Colony is probably unparalleled in the Empire. We boast "the dearest loaf in the world." We are heavily taxed on that larger half of our breadstuffs which we import, in order that the farmer may get his price for the other half, the production of which is stationary; and even when rinderpest decimated the herds, the prohibitive impost was kept sternly on chilled meat, and many a townsman's child went short in order that the grazier should be sure of his advantage when the pest was gone and the uplands re-stocked. So little effect on Parliament have the mass meetings of "screamers" on the dear food question which for some years past have been incessant at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth and Kimberley. Their clamour at the door of the House is so much wind against the moral weight of the gun on the nail in the distant farmhouse. Parliament knows well what legislation is necessary to save the colony's pastoral staple, wool, from injury by "scab," its untaught children from being bred into "poor whites," and its native labouring class from being ruined by vile brandy at sixpence a bottle; but no Government dares pass an

adequately thoroughgoing Scab Act, or Compulsory Education Act, or (since the men of the brandy-still are Dutch) an Excise of any kind at all. In the Transvaal the Dutch Reformed Church has lately drawn a rebuke from President Kruger by raising its powerful voice against the native liquor scandal in the Republic; but in the colony that Church has hitherto been rather the handmaid than the Mentor of the Bond politician.

The present Budget of the Schreiner Government brings this line of thought to a sharp point. A deficit had to be made up by new taxation. For years nearly every leading politician in both parties had agreed that new taxation ought to mean an Excise on brandy first, whatever it meant afterwards. And the deficit stands at a figure which 5s. a gallon on Cape brandy would exactly cover. Yet the Treasurer dare not propose it. He admits quite simply that it is the right thing; but the wine farmers would not stand it, so he comes down afresh on the "screamers," the commercial and salaried classes (the latter already iniquitously burdened by the incidence of indirect taxation), and proposes an income-tax (in itself a thoroughly sound addition to colonial finance) at the monstrous rate of a shilling in the pound.* Cape brandy will continue to go absolutely free and enjoy 150 per cent. protection against imported spirit. To translate "de'il take the exciseman" (or the scab inspector, or the school inspector) into powder and shot if he dares to set foot on the farm is the common colloquial threat of any *marwans suet* among the Dutch farmers; but the most timorous Treasurer has no fear in presenting his schedule to Paterfamilias Quilldriver, who, in the mere process of feeding and clothing his family, is already paying, perhaps, a sixth of his income to the Treasury in indirect taxation.

The position is accentuated by the under-representation of town as compared with country in Parliament, an inequality which has grown with the growth of the towns, and was little affected by the late party compromise on redistribution—extorted from a Bond majority.

Thus the Boer-Uitlander relationship has a sort of pale reflection throughout the most populous division of South Africa. But, then, the Dutch in Cape Colony have a majority. I daresay they do not stand on the rights of a majority more tyrannously than another people would do if tested under like conditions. Few English writers have paid warmer tribute than I to the many sterling qualities of Cape Afrikaners; a certain type of them is to me personally very congenial; I look forward sanguinely to the ultimate blend of race; and I am sure we shall be the best of friends with them long before that. But it must be after we have got our rights.

* Since reduced to sixpence for incomes below £1000. "against the Treasurer's better judgment, but in deference to the Opposition"

Friendship with the English can have but one basis, I trust. We sue for no favour. We demand equality. The conditions just described make the degradation of the one race and the caste-ascendency of the other spread from the Transvaal *nidus* of the disease and infect all South Africa.

As a democrat, I rejoice in the fulness of self-government in the Cape Colony, and do not complain that under it we of the minority should be trodden upon, in reason, as parliamentary minorities must expect to be. The majority among whites, rather exaggerated in representation and minimised in taxation, but still a perceptible slight majority, is Dutch, and the minority English, so we are "swamped," by the rules of the game under the British flag. But we are free: we are not disarmed nor disfranchised: we may, perhaps, win a General Election. What we do complain is that next door in the Transvaal, in a State to which the Cape Colony has to play poor relation, where we double the Dutch in numbers and bear the whole fiscal burden, we are trodden on "just the same, only more so," the self-government game being played under "Republican" rules, which allow the minority to govern the majority.

When we want this altered we are charged with seeking "war," "unrighteousness," and "the oppression of poor Afrikaners"; we hear of "the British yoke," and are menaced with the "solidarity of the Afrikaner nation throughout South Africa." At once colonial politics, colonial domestic interests, are whelmed and submerged by this issue, and it is all up with the co-operation of Dutch and English, such as Mr. Rhodes once brought about for many years, on neutral issues like the Native question or northern expansion. At the late General Election, in avowed anticipation of the present Transvaal crisis, the race cry swept the country like a tidal wave, invading inlets hitherto unvisited, and obliterating old landmarks of persons and of principles. Afrikanerdom rallied round the ark of race ascendency in the Transvaal. The Dutchman's intense love of liberty, which touched us English Liberals so much in 1881, proves to be so intense that he wants to keep it all to himself. Preachers who taught that a war for liberty was a *jehad*, a sacred crusade, in 1881, in 1899 are all for the sanctity of peace and the *status quo*. No conversion more natural! *Beati pacifici—beati possidentes.*

And so it has actually come to this, that "the *taal*," in which Dutchmen are free to address the Parliament of the British colony of the Cape, is made the vehicle of scornful protests against English-speakers being allowed a voice at all in the Raad of a Dutch Republic, and Britain is openly menaced with talk of armed rebellion by British subjects in the colony if she dares to demand an exiguous fraction of their privileges for British subjects elsewhere.

Is it not obvious that, while things are in this posture, South

Africa is not controlled by representative institutions, but by arms? In the Transvaal we see, admittedly, not government by consent, but coercion by the rifle. Seek to change this, and you are warned that there are enough spare rifles—all bought with Uitlander money—to arm an alleged Afrikaner army among your own subjects. Such is the so-called "peace" which philanthropists implore us not to risk disturbing. Reason and right we have on our side, by the world's witness; these are frankly met by force, within South Africa; yet we must not ask that this force be turned by superior force from without. Having once ascertained what is fair and just, if the British people refrains from insisting on it because of the vision of an "united Afrikaner army of 100,000" which inflated orators—Transvaal officials among them—declare is ready to spring up, then away with brag and pretence, let the truth be told: the Boer with his rifle is to-day within the shores of South Africa the actual paramount Power. Until this bubble is pricked, morally or actually, Imperial politics in South Africa are a mere game of bluff.

I have constantly seen it argued, and that, if I did not misread my *Spectator*, by responsible and careful critics, "We admit the case for intervention; but it ought to wait till some sort of a 'row' occurs at Johannesburg between the Uitlanders and the Government." If a "row" is all that is wanted to compose some people's consciences and make up other people's minds, a row of some sort, with the shooting of several Edgars instead of one, could be easily enough got up on a clear hint that intervention would follow, or perhaps without the hint; but experience, if nothing else, should suffice to point serious objections to the plan. It is crude; it is clumsy; and it might be disastrous. As an element in a considered policy, it is uncertain, undignified, and, worse still, it is insincere. The moment might find the Imperial Government embarrassed or unprepared. The theory apparently is that we intervene to restore order. Order would reign in Warsaw long before we got there, unless our bayonets were lining the borders in readiness; and if they were, the stage-management of the thing would be hissed by the pit of the world's theatre.

There are others who seem to hope that, failing a "row," an opportunity for intervention may be afforded by some flagrant breach of the Convention of London, and by the Transvaal obstinately refusing to make it good. I fancy this line of thought is much favoured by people who have never read the Convention of London. Enforce the Convention by all means whenever you can find anything in it which is worth the Transvaal's while to infringe and Great Britain's to enforce. Nearly the only thing in it that is at once unequivocal and important is the British veto on treaties with foreign Powers. But it will not help you much in the object of securing fair play for the new industrial population, which was not

provided for in the Convention, presumably because the population did not then exist.

Of course, if the policy were war and annexation, a quarrel on the Convention would serve as well as any other quarrel, and as the Transvaal Government, with strange impolicy, persists in infringing the spirit and making experiments with the letter of that instrument, it might seem as if such a quarrel were bound to come sooner or later. That quarrel will never come. First, because, the Convention being about the most vilely drawn document known to diplomacy, you will never get a breach upon which some eminent lawyer or other (probably an Englishman) cannot be found to differ, and spoil your *casus belli*. Secondly, because, even if you do get a clear case, though the Transvaal will persist to the point of dislocating trade and receiving an ultimatum, as in the Drifts affair of 1885, or till the garrison are reinforced, as over the Aliens Immigration Law in 1896-97, or even till troops are on the border, as in 1885, it will always adroitly give in just at the last moment; leaving your Convention sacrosanct and your Uitlander difficulty—the root of which is not touched by any one of these documentary technicalities—exactly where it was.

Now let us see what point we have reached. We have seen that owing to a geological accident, unforeseen and unprovided for when the Conventions of 1881 and 1884 were signed, a population of industrial English-speakers, whose numbers, permanence, and pacific character were determined by natural conditions, sprang up in the Transvaal. We have seen that, owing to well-known historical facts, a population of pastoral Dutch-speakers was there some forty years before them; sundered from them by a sharp antagonism of race as well as of class and language. We have seen that avarice, apart from international obligations, prevented the Boer from keeping the miners out, while his anti-English tradition led him to attempt to govern them without any political rights; and the resulting corruption, added to natural ignorance and prejudice, made him govern them extremely badly, so that a situation exists injurious to the politics and the prosperity of all British South Africa and to the British name throughout the Empire and the world; inso-much that the Empire declares, and the world agrees, that this situation must be somehow ended. But since the Boer, influenced as we have seen, put off the evil day so long, the new population was bound to grow to such proportions that, to give it any just share of power to-day involves a visible risk of swamping the Boer to-morrow. But there is no argument on earth which can reason the Boer into accepting that risk except the argument of a still greater risk if he refuses; in other words, the situation can only be ended under pressure backed by superior force. But this pressure and this force, we have seen, cannot come from within by way of revolution, because a

non-military, and since 1896 a rigorously disarmed, population cannot rise against a nation of mounted infantry armed to the teeth with an armament increasingly modern and expensive. Nor can this pressure and this force come from the South Africans outside the Transvaal through their Governments or otherwise, because the attempt and failure of 1895-6 have put English South Africa out of court, while the race-feeling which the whole position fomented has unfitted Dutch South Africa to hold the balance. It follows that this pressure and this force must be applied from without, in other words, there is no resource left but British intervention. We have seen that this intervention cannot wisely be based either on casually broken heads or on technically broken Conventions; so that there remains only the intervention based on the broad ground of the inalienable right of any Power to insist on decent treatment for its subjects in another country, fortified as it is by the unique position of Great Britain in South Africa, a position disputably defined by the word "suzerainty" and vaguely by the word "paramount," but intelligibly enough summarised when we say that four-fifths* of the territory is British, one-half of the white and nine-tenths of the coloured population are British, nine-tenths of the trade is British, the main responsibility for peace internally and the whole responsibility for peace externally are British, while in the amount of brains and energy and capital put in, and of blood and treasure sunk, and in the vital moment of the South African link to the British Empire—in short, in heirship from the past and in trusteeship for the future—Great Britain's claim transcends that of all other nationalities and Powers put together.

It is for intervention of this kind and upon this basis that Sir Alfred Milner declares the case to be "overwhelming"; it is this intervention which already in a few brief months, without a shot being fired, has changed the whole face of the South African problem, and, unless the British people falters in its grasp of the conditions on which alone intervention is effective, will yet make it possible to leave the rest to the operation of natural forces.

II. WHAT INTERVENTION HAS TO DO.

The chief of these forces, which it is the task of intervention to liberate and set in motion, is the constitutional action of the Uitlanders on their own behalf.

In this intervention everything has been staked on the franchise. That is the Milner policy: at least it was the Milner policy for a friendly conference some months ago, and though the whole situation has changed since then, it seems to be still the policy tried for by the Cabinet, so far as the Committee of eighteen gentlemen presided over

* The Portuguese and German territories are here left aside, as usual in speaking of South Africa.

by the weary Titan of the Foreign Office is consciously trying for anything at all, except a quiet life. Sir Alfred Milner was right. To redress this grievance and that grievance, without setting up any organic internal check on the creation of new ones, would be intervention made chronic. There is something in representative government, after all. Besides, as Sir Alfred Milner tried to make the British public feel, when he concentrated a page of despatch into "helot," the question of status goes to the root. We may hold that the Cabinet's post-Conference method should have been Sibylline; that a settlement quite worth accepting if given willingly when it was first proposed may be a perilously meagre one when extorted after months of pressure and yielded with every indication of a resolve to obstruct and neutralise it in operation. We may wish that the opportunity had been seized, as the High Commissioner at the failure of the Conference foreshadowed that it would be, to take up wider ground and endeavour for a comprehensive new Convention, in which it might be possible to meet some of the Boers' own cherished desires in return for the adjustment of a number of troublesome matters which it is easy to waive but quite another thing to get quit of. These criticisms would be just. But still, if you make the five-year Uitlander a full burgher, you have effected a tremendous change; only he must really be a full burgher, as Sir Alfred Milner proposed, not a sham and a simulacrum. If he is going to be cheated out of his right to arms, if he is jerrymandered into a nullity over redistribution and the vote for President, then the franchise solution will fail, because the Uitlander will not take such burghership, and could not, even if he did, effect any real changes with it in legislation and administration.

Many people seem strangely confused about the redistribution part of the Milner minimum. Sir Alfred Milner was perfectly right to provide for "not swamping the Boer" in the act of effecting a change in Uitlander status which was to be sudden and retrospective, and to start from no representation at all. So far he was only fair to the Boer. But he would have been grossly unfair to the Uitlander if he had proposed—as, of course, he did not—to stereotype that proviso for ever and ever. At present the Uitlander is a complete stranger to the Raad. People may differ as to what amount of strength it is fair and feasible to give him there forthwith, and what amount ultimately; but all must admit the two amounts cannot be the same. It is proposed that the new-comers, who are already three to one* in the country, should begin as one to three in the Raad. That is all right for a beginning; but to say that one old burgher shall be as good as nine new ones permanently would be to perpetuate the old caste distinction under a very thin disguise. Before, the new-comer

* Estimate counting adult males only

was denied the semblance of a vote, then, he would be denied the substance. And when the Rand population doubles itself—what then? The two interests are hitherto so distinct that in the Raad at first the majority will simply vote the minority down as if by clock-work. A party which can never even make believe that it will win soon becomes demoralised. In short, if representative government with equality of races is to be set up in the Transvaal, the ultimate parliamentary “swamping” of minorities, Boer or otherwise, by majorities must be a thing for which it deliberately provides. In any deep sense the Boer element in the population will never be swamped. It is too cohesive and cast in too persistent a mould. Among the new burghers, on the other hand, will be a diversity of nationality and class. From the variety of objections which used to be made to the franchise demand one might suppose that the Uitlanders did not care for the vote, that if they did care they were too much birds of passage to qualify for it, and that, if they qualified, half of them were more against the capitalists than against the Boer Government. If those who used to say all this believed it, it should at least be easy to reassure them that there is no danger of the old Boer class coming to exercise less than its fair share of influence in a Transvaal Parliament. Whatever redistribution is accepted now—be it as mild as it may—should provide without fail for the gradual increase of the strength of the Uitlanders in the Raad afterwards; so that every year will bring them nearer to being able to redress the long list of grievances—industrial, judicial, educational, and municipal—by a parliamentary majority of their own. Everybody will admit that the Uitlanders, assuming their continuance and increase, ought to be able to look forward to this some day; I do not dogmatise as to how many years exactly it should take, but unless the provision for it is included in the present settlement, and equally guaranteed, it only means that the Imperial Government will be dragged in again later by precisely the same grievances which compelled the present intervention and which an abortive franchise will leave still flourishing. But the task may be much more formidable then. A Cape ex-Minister, the most moderate man in Africa, confessed to me the fear that after making terms to-day the Transvaal will angrily increase its military expenditure and go on till no force under 100,000 could threaten it. That expenditure may go on merrily while the representatives of those who pay are only able in the Raad to speak against it. When they can throw out the votes it will stop.

In writing about the forces to be liberated at Johannesburg I cannot ignore current disparagements of the Uitlanders' character, disparagements which my picture of their present helplessness might be taken to confirm if left without a corrective. The doubt is often expressed, “Is this cause and are these people worth risking a fight

for? Can we offend, for their sake, the Dutch of Cape Colony? Would not war in South Africa be criminal? Might we not patch things up—allow any delay—accept anything that is offered—and put the awkward problem off again?" It remains to deal briefly with these questionings

There are Uitlanders and Uitlanders; the point I wish to impress is that you largely decide which type shall prevail when you decide the political environment.

I remember a talk two years ago with a successful Johannesburg man, a mining expert, whose brains and industry had saved vast sums to his company's shareholders and won a handsome competence for himself, every shilling of it well earned. He was going back to England with his young wife and child. He had lived a keen, full life on the Rand. He liked the tingling climate, the ceaseless hum of toil, the easy social terms. He was wrapped up, of course, in the baby, born a Transvaaler, though by law an outcast. He was just the sort of man who would have loved to go working on, and presently have entered public or municipal life. Yet here he was shaking the dust off his feet, the typical Uitlander who "makes his pile and quits," in the trite phrase. Why? He could not possibly better himself elsewhere, he admitted; but he would be worthy of his hire in any country; and he meant to go to one where he could feel himself a man. He would not stop on the Rand to double his fortune. Of the practical illustrations of this feeling which I drew out—trifles individually, but all going to make up the sense of inferior status—one stuck in my mind. He had taken a healthy interest in the men working for his company. Before the trouble of 1895-96 they used to have a rifle club, and practise at a target; and some of them, raw artisans to start with, had made progress he was proud of. No rifles now, no permits, no club, no practice; but over the rise from his house he must see the white mark standing, and the lordly burghers shooting where he and his men were denied; and it galled him and stayed with him like an aching tooth.

Now, let us apply to this man some of the favourite catchwords about the Uitlander, and see how they fit. The Uitlander only goes to the Transvaal to make money, we are told. A true bill. He resembles therein most of his countrymen who stay at home. The selfsame impulse has colonised America and Australasia. If he can make money, we are further told, he does not "care a fig for the franchise"—as Mr. Lionel Phillips wrote five years ago with a good deal of truth at that time, some little truth at this time, and absolute truth at all times if the franchise were to be such a franchise as the Boers would willingly concede. But here is a man who does care—at any rate for that equal, self-respecting civic status to which franchise rights are the one key. The result is that he leaves.

Others, who may equally feel these disabilities, may have stronger inducements for staying; but it does not improve their civic character.

Mr. Labouchere, that eminent exponent of Radicalism in a cottage, is never tired of ridiculing the wrongs of a community of millionaires. There are a few very rich men — all credit to them — in the Transvaal Reform movement. There are many very rich men in the British Liberal party. But the conventional sordid Johannesburger of Mr. Labouchere's sneers is not a Reformer. He is on the same side as Mr. Labouchere. And, if there are capitalists and capitalists, there are exactly the same contrasts among the British working men, who supply practically all the skilled labour at the mines. There is the kind of workman who has been the brawn and sinew of the late reform meetings held all along the reef, meetings of men demanding men's rights for themselves and their sons; and there is the kind of workman, again, who told a friend of mine that *he* was quite satisfied without a blooming vote in a country where he could "send £10 a month home to the missus in England and have enough over for cigars and women." To a grass-widower like this, undoubtedly, many of the grievances are none. The high cost of living only hits men with families; nor need our contented friend be ruffled that an English worker's child, in a country predominantly English-speaking, must be taught all that he is taught at all, after the fourth standard, in the Dutch of Holland. This latter is the type of Uitlander that the Boer Government prefers: he is classed as "well-disposed." To think that wicked agitators should work to turn him into the ill-disposed workman who wants to rear a family in the land, and demands its birthright! But which is the healthier type from which to build a young nation? Depend on it, if the mould is designed for a sordid side of human nature, and that only, you will get, on the whole, a sordid community.

Name any man who has been prominent against the Boer Government, and you will find he is the very opposite of the derided Uitlander type, the very stuff of which a good government would make a good citizen. Wybergh, the chairman of the Johannesburg League, is a mining engineer of standing, who gave up a salary of £1500 a year from a great capitalist corporation rather than give up promoting the petition to the Queen. Dodd, the League's secretary, is an ardent young Tyneside Radical and Nonconformist. You have seen him lately in England, and can judge whether the reform movement is all an affair of stock-jobbing to him. William Hosken, who took the chair at the great meeting, was a highly respected chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and, like Dodd, is a lay preacher in his hours of leisure. Percy Fitzpatrick, ex-secretary to the Reform Committee, who signed the late Franchise Memorandum, is now manager for Eckstein's. Surely we have hit the capitalist at last? At any rate,

"Fitz" has been a poor man all his life till lately, and now it is precisely his financial post that holds him back. The son of an Irish judge in Cape Colony, he was a Barberton pioneer and "bullock puncher," and the author of a volume of stories which betrayed a vein of delicate literary perception. In the crash after the Raid, when the lawyers reported that the evidence against him was just not black enough to imperil his neck along with the four comrades, who were to be charged with high treason, and that he would be parted from them on the murder charge, somebody found "Fitz" with his head on a table in abject misery. He is probably the only man who ever cried because he could not share the chance of a halter. There are idealists and brave men in the rank and file, too. Wools Sampson, the English Cape Colonist, who, with the young Australian, "Karri" Davies, preferred to rot indefinitely in Pretoria gaol rather than promise Mr. Kruger not to conspire again, and who, as soon as he got out, wrote to Mr. Rhodes a letter which that gentleman shows with much relish, volunteering for any kind of use or service in Rhodesia, with the characteristic postscript—"P S *Nothing shady, of course*"—was the hero of a quaint episode of single combat during the 1881 war with an equally brave and stubborn old Boer marksman called Botha. How many other names I might mention, as showing, within my own knowledge, what sterling human metal there is upon the Rand, besides the gold, to be a nucleus for the future! But space fails. Let it suffice to point to the trying ordeal that the community as a whole has so unshakenly sustained during these months of privation, ruin, and suspense, the same community which failed to find leadership in 1896, and which, even early in 1899, before a little hope and encouragement had lifted it from the slough of sullen apathy, was (so to speak) "chucked out" of its own mass meeting at the Amphitheatre by a rabble of Boer rowdies with sticks, abetted by a few police with revolvers. What a change, to the resolute and united meetings of British working men, along with captains of industry and capitalists, and every class that goes to make up a great industrial system, that may be seen on the Rand to-day! Only give the right element the fair chance to come to the top.

And the cause is not the Uitlanders' only. It is the cause of the British Empire in South Africa. That is easily said: let me define exactly what I mean by it. I find that the South African formulæ of many of my Liberal friends in England are ten years out of date. They were sound and correct in the time of the pastoral Africa, before the towns had grown, when there was, and seemed likely to remain, a Dutch majority on the soil of South Africa as a whole. It was then statesmanship to make Imperial policy for the whole keep step with the sympathies and prejudices of the Dutch majority in the largest colony. Now, the pastoral era has yielded to the mineral, and, taking

all the States and colonies together, the "English" population already balances the "Dutch."* There would be, on *plebiscite*, or, given absolute equal rights, there would be in a federal Parliament, did such exist, an English majority—in the sense in which we here say "Dutch" and "English." And Johannesburg, given free industrial way, has yet to double itself, and Rhodesia to carry at least several Barbertons, though no Johannesburg. Is not the Imperial Government trustee for this population, drawn mainly from various parts of the Empire, until it comes by its own? Could anything be more shortsighted than to reduce and estrange and discourage and demoralise it in the meantime, by allowing free institutions to be applied wherever they suit the other side, and withheld or jerrymandered wherever they do not? In that case, so far from time being "on our side" (as one often reads), time is against us. It all depends. When the mineral era, still in its infancy, is at its height, the factors which ought to help Imperialism will be at their greatest strength. In the dominating State and in the whole country there will then be a majority of whites with, at least, no anti-Imperial tradition in their blood. A federation of South Africa at any time will have to be on lines conciliatory of the important Dutch Republican minority; but it is obvious that federation at that time promises the best terms for the British Empire. Thus the quality and quantity of the mining population, and their attitude towards the motherland, are of Imperial moment. The Empire expects a certain work from them: let the Empire enable it and deserve it.

And after? I know leading Afrikaner thinkers who look forward and count on a time when no sign shall remain on the wind-swept uplands of the Witwatersrand to commemorate the epoch of the Uitlander except the shapeless grey heaps of "tailings," as the ruins of Zimbabwe away in the stillness of the Mashonaland veld alone recall the fierce Phœnician, and all the sweat and blood spent on the quest of gold for Solomon in Ophir. That day will not come in much less than a century. The Rand itself is good for fifty years; calculations which bring it to an end in less are very superficial. But ultimately, no doubt, here as in Australia, though with important differences springing from our black proletariat, the mineral era will be succeeded by one mainly agricultural, partly industrial. Before then, if we are wise, we shall have secured our hold on the soil as well as on the political institutions of South Africa. We want an Eastern Province in the Transvaal, and another in Rhodesia. In the Eastern Province of Cape Colony the soil is held by British farmers, the sons and the sons' sons of the State-aided immigrants of 1820, stout wardens of the marches who are known to be as good veldmen and riflemen as any Boers in Africa. I have already mentioned the

* See Table at end of article.

healthy exception which these districts, together with the uplands of Natal, offer to the prevailing rule of the soil for the Dutch and the pavements for the English. My own constituency, stained with many a border foray in the warring fifties, includes, together with Dutch, Germans, and a mass of Fingoes in blankets, a number of these men. These rural English are presumably the "African-born Englishman" whom Olive Schreiner chooses to depict as "standing midway" between the home-born English and the Dutch, ready at a touch to be turned into Dutch sympathisers and anti-Uitlanders if we attack the Transvaal. What a travesty of the facts! As well say that the Orangemen of Ulster "stand midway" between Englishmen and Irish Nationalists. It is just these men who have been offering themselves most eagerly for Colonel Baden-Powell's irregular force. Better fighting stuff there could not be, nor better citizens. In the Transvaal, where the pastoral Boer scorns agriculture, and where land is being steadily alienated, British farmers might be encouraged some day to settle and supply the markets for produce created by British miners. But such men will only settle where they are free.

As to the Cape Dutch and their relation to the crisis, the great thing needed is not to rush to extremes. Not, on the one hand, to fling about the crude word disloyalty, nor listen to vapourings about riot and rebellion; nor, on the other hand, to admit the avowed opponents of intervention in any form as impartial or even possible judges to pronounce when the fruits of intervention are "adequate and satisfactory." The Cape Dutch do not want to see the Uitlander in the saddle. The spectacle of their Republican kinsmen teaching the upstart to keep his place, and defying, with long impunity, an Empire in arms, has caught their natural sympathy. It would ours if we were in their shoes. Race does not reason; it feels. Let us have imagination enough to allow for their prejudice as natural, but let us also have the common sense, having allowed for it, to put it aside, and not let it warp our own judgment upon the Transvaal question. As Sir Alfred Milner hinted in his penetrating speech at Graaff Reinet when the crisis was only brewing, it is simply irrelevant in this connection to cite Navy Votes, Queen's Birthday celebrations, and the undoubted and well-grounded Afrikaner preference for the old British over a new German or any other kind of paramountcy. The famous 1895 Drifts Agreement is relevant, I grant, and might seem to promise some stern impartiality in Mr. Schreiner. History offers no more amazing proof of the parental fierceness of a lawyer in vindicating his own legal opinion. But Mr. Schreiner could no more face the Afrikaners on that Agreement, if it had ever come to anything, than Mr. Rhodes has been able to face or outface them on the Raid, and, as it is, he has been expiating in dust and ashes his perfidy to the Afrikaner ideal ever since.

Had Mr. Hofmeyr been a Laurier he might have played a great part, but Mr Hofmeyr is not a Laurier. He is not a Liberal. His one care for years has been to get the best terms available for the old, conservative, race-proud Afrikanerism to which the Uitlander is an embodied menace. He undoubtedly wishes for enough reform to save the Transvaal Republic from falling to pieces of its own rottenness, but when has he, or when has any leading Afrikaner politician, come publicly out and told the Transvaal Afrikanders boldly, "You are wronging this population. You must do so-and-so because it is right and just; or we, your free kinsmen under the British flag, much as we love you, can no longer plead for you"? Perhaps it is hardly fair to expect so much. In conversation once, one of the foremost of Afrikanders spoke to me so strongly about the rotten state of things at Pretoria that I could not resist saying, "But tell me, Mr —, why do you never speak like that in public?" "Because," he said earnestly, "my name would be paraded on your side, and my own people would turn on me as they turned on that renegade —." But let me add that when I put it to the same authority what would be the probable maximum of that army of pro-Transvaal volunteers from the Cape in case of war, estimated at 50,000 in Mr. H. A. Bryden's strangely alarmist article in the August *Fortnightly*, his answer was, "Perhaps 2000 of the younger fellows." Weakness, mismanagement, and disaster might swell that figure. Their opposites would reduce it. A strong and stubborn race is drawn naturally to the side which shows strength and stubbornness. The Transvaal issue is a nettle which, till firmly grasped, will go on stinging the Cape Dutch into antagonism to the Imperial Government. Thus it disaffects Afrikaner and Uitlander together. It is true, within my observation, that the very vacillation which is meant to "conciliate the Dutch" is breeding up young Republicans in the Cape Colony.

I have now come to the last objection, and to the sinister word war. The effective intervention policy has involved from the first, not war, but undoubtedly a war risk. That that should not be denied, nor even glossed over, has been and remains the one quite essential condition of peaceful success. Everything has turned on making the Boers, as well as their Government, believe that this time Britain was in earnest, and there was never the least chance that the Boers would believe this unless it were really true. We must say it and mean it, and whenever their belief wavered—lapses fatal to the negotiations—we must go on giving more proofs, which invariably made things look up again. What constitutes the risk is that, say what we will, we may fail till too late in convincing them, unless, indeed, we actually land enough troops to raise the present defensive force * to one which could, at need, take the offensive without further parley, and then

* Written early in September.

negotiate a new convention from Laing's Nek, that position in Natal—unfortified and unoccupied still, but worth, perhaps, 5000 men—which the Boers with admirable strategy seized in the war of 1881

This dangerous scepticism is not because the Boers are fools. It is far more because of folly on our own side. People in South Africa, who know only too well the sort of figure "moral pressure" cuts out here when it has to look down the rifle-barrel, have observed with despair Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's fatal gift for generalities which can neither be denied nor applied, and have read with stupefaction the dictum of my friend, Mr. Stead, since the zeal of the Huis ten Bosch has eaten him up, that we ought to support Sir Alfred Milner "even to ultimatum point, but no further." In other words, we should look bayonets, but mean none. The statesman may, with dignity, fling down the gauntlet—provided he runs away if by mischance it is picked up. He may promise to use force in a certain eventuality; but if he is a really moral man, he will lie in promising. This is the old game of bluff, at which the Boer, in a fairly long experience, has beaten us every time, because he has, as a eulogist like Olive Schreiner admits, a better conscience for lying.

There have been interventionists and anti-interventionists in South Africa, taking the intervention to be sincere and not a sham; but were a "bluff-and-retire" intervention, such as Mr. Stead lays down, in question, there is not, in all South Africa, one person who cares for the British Empire who would not have cried out at the outset, "For God's sake, leave us alone, and let South Africa stew in its own juice." *Laissez-faire* is a tenable policy. Heaven save us from *laisser-faire* accompanied by spasms of bluster.

The trouble is that among large sections of Afrikanders, and not Afrikanders only nor white men only, the doubt touches our military capacity as well as our military determination. The one doubt has lately been shaken; the other is still one of the most real dangers to peace. Sentimentalists who talk of "the poor little Transvaal," and hug to themselves the flattering sense of having a giant's strength but not using it like a giant, would experience a chilling sensation could they be transported wherever two or three Afrikander rustics happen to be met in any part of South Africa. When a stalwart Bond member of Parliament (not half a bad fellow) assured the Cape House that 50,000 little British redcoats would only make a breakfast for the brave burghers of the Transvaal, he simply stated what he believed. When the Rev. Mr. Vorster remarked to a meeting of his compatriots at Burghersdorp, Cape Colony, that England's threats are those of a man with an unloaded gun, he was quite sincere, and when he added that every Boer was worth ten Englishmen in a fight, the boast, like our own about Frenchmen during the French wars, was a deduction

from actual experiences. Coming into collision with the might and majesty of the British Empire has meant, so far, for the Boers, certain skirmishes between small bodies of troops, in which, as it happened, they beat us whether they were at the top of a hill and we at the bottom, or they at the bottom and we at the top; whether they outnumbered us or were outnumbered by us; whether our men were British regulars or colonial irregulars. Sometimes our men showed their usual pluck, and sometimes they didn't; but in either case they hardly shot a Boer. Taking Bronkhorstspuit, Laing's Nek, Ingogo, Majuba, and Doornkop all together, the Boers lost about one man to our twenty. So, on this showing, the Rev. Mr. Vorster understated his case. No Boer speech is complete without the tag about shedding their blood for the country. This patriotic phlebotomy is invoked to settle every question. Considering the political fruits of Majuba and Doornkop, which cost exactly three Boers between them, it must be admitted that the Transvaal has laid out the blood of its devoted sons at a better bargain than any people in history. Hunting the *rooibatte* has been simply the most exciting form of big-game shooting. If the simpler sort of Afrikander is a little inflated with his prowess, who shall blame him?

All this would be no justification for getting up a quarrel in order to better our military luck, or to "revenge Majuba." But it fully explains why a policy of magnanimity and "moral pressure" will not do on the scene of this particular chapter of our military annals. And it shows what the war risk springs from—the confirmed and not unnatural faith of the more ignorant or fanatical Boers that the British gun really is "unloaded," or, if loaded, never will be let off, or, if let off, is most unlikely to hit anything.

The question is, Have Boers like these, or Boers who know better, the ultimate decision? So far the latter have had the upper hand; and I think they will have it to the end, so long as there is no wavering either in the fairness or in the firmness of our demands.

I have never been one of those who view war as the short cut in South Africa. It is like capital punishment—a sanction in reserve, not at present dispensable, but an ugly business. I imagine—infected, no doubt, by the ineradicable doubts of older English South Africans, after what they have lived through—that the War Office would begin by making a muddle; and certainly there would be terribly rapid promotion among the officers before the normal result of a campaign between regulars and irregulars was reached. At the same time, there is no use in reinforcing the admitted horrors of war, in order to cloud judgment, with fantastic visions of a general mutiny of natives and other hysterical imaginings. War, it is said, would leave the Transvaal a South African Ireland, and a large garrison must be quartered there permanently to keep the people down. There is a

false analogy here. The reformed Transvaal would be an Ireland with the proportions of Nationalists and Imperialists the other way round—our friends 120,000, our enemies 80,000—and no more armed terrorism. The “aphides,” or at least 10,000 of them, once armed and freed, would have ceased to be aphides, and would stand on the same level as the “soldier-ants” The Cape Colony might more plausibly be your Ireland. But there the sections are nearly equally divided. Supposing the race line continuing, when the natives begin voting “English” again in a body, as of old, they will just turn the scale. Half of them have deserted to the Bond side lately, shrewdly calculating, from what they saw of the fortunes of the feud between the white men, that the *amabulu* (Boers) were the winning and the shooting side, and they had better drop old preferences and get on to it betimes. In the West, the Cape naval base must always have its garrison; in the Eastern province, you have the sturdy rifle-using English farmers of the border; but worth all the rest put together, to my mind, as security against any active disaffection either during a war or after, is the assurance given by common sense that men utterly without any grievance of their own cannot go very far or very long in resentment at the forcible redress of certain grievances of other people’s.

The penalty of a few words of cold sense on this subject is to be accused of advocating or desiring war. It is an easy charge to fling. For my part, I hold Afrikaner testimonials to my humble efforts on behalf of peace in 1896, when there seemed a chance of an ultimatum before the Transvaal had been given a fair post-Raid interval to recover equilibrium. If I now find three years’ grace to be enough, I concur with the Transvaal Government’s own estimate when it pledged the reformers to a term of abstention from politics. The pledge expired last May. Not long ago the British public was all for Armageddon on an African question. As a democrat, I take leave to hold unity, free government, and the future of the Empire in White Man’s Africa to be worth several Fashodas. Is this Jingoism? Then, while an English Liberal may conceivably become a “mugwump” in South Africa, an English Radical must become a Jingo—at least, if it be true that a Radical is a Liberal who is in earnest.

I protest against such question-begging rhetoric, however glowing, however sincere, as Olive Schreiner’s appeal for “peace.” Penned in the name of the “English South African,” the one class in the country that most passionately repudiates it, that document supports the logic of a schoolgirl with the statistics of a romancist, and wraps them both in the lambent fire of a Hebrew prophetess. If the resort to arms to enforce the right of free government was an heroic virtue in the Boer in 1880, why would it be a crime on the other side in 1899, when the refuser of freedom is the Boer himself? And

where does "greed of gold" come in? The British taxpayer, if he votes war, has to pay out, not to receive. The Boers are as little recognisable in the character of the American colonists of 1776 as "the pathetic figure of Franklin" pleading for right is recognisable in Dr. Leyds touring Europe on behalf of the *régime* of perquisites. If the parallel is just, then George III or Lord North wrote the Declaration of Independence, for certainly it is the Boers who are taxing without representation. When you have said that war in South Africa would be a crime you have advanced the controversy little. It remains, in the given case, to fix the responsibility and decide the criminal.

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Member of the Legislative Assembly, Cape Colony

NOTE—*Dutch and English Populations*

Mr Bryden's figures (*Fortnightly Review*, August) were taken from the census of 1891, which gave the white population of South Africa as 634,775. It is now at least 820,000, an increase of 77,440 by immigration going to the English side. What Olive Schreiner's estimate is based upon (that the Dutch outnumber the English by "about two to one") is a mystery. Even in Cape Colony they are but eleven to eight. Various statistical authorities whom I have asked put the Dutch throughout South Africa at ten to nine, as about equal, and even at eleven to twelve. The following figures are those of the President of the United Chambers of Commerce, my friend Mr J. W. Jagger. They were not intended to prove any theory either way, are based on official and commercial data, and "err, if at all, in overstating the Dutch proportion."

	Total Whites	"Dutch"	"English"
Cape Colony with Bechuanaland	460,000	265,200	194,800
Basutoland	650	300	350
Orange Free State	93,700	78,100	15,600
Natal with Zululand	52,000	6,500	45,500
Transvaal	203,650	80,000	123,650 M
Rhodesia	10,000	1,500	8,500 M
	820,000	431,600	388,400

(M = nearly all adult males)

"English" means, of course, non-Dutch Europeans. Were adult males only taken into account, as potential federal electors, there would be a large English majority.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE ELECTORATE.

IT has been suggested to me that I should give my views upon the Archbishop's decision, the manifesto of Lord Halifax, and the general feeling in the country. This is a somewhat difficult task. It is a truism that the man least competent to express an opinion upon the varying phases of a battle is the soldier who is engaged in it. Bystanders see most of the game, always provided that they have keen eyes and judge with impartial judgment. The first requirement is shared by both Roman Catholics and Nonconformists alike, who for different reasons regard with equal intensity of vision the struggle within the Church. But impartial judgment is a different matter. The Roman Catholic attitude towards the Ritualists is in the main that of tolerant chiding. Some, indeed, profess to regard "the Catholic revival" in the Church as heading away from Rome, and accordingly find its ethical standpoint quite indefensible. But the chief supporters of the Vatican adopt a more humane interpretation. The Ritualists are to them, indeed, but gropers after truth, without Orders, without Sacraments, without life from the true Vine; a shrewd conviction but that this same groping may result one fine day in a substantial addition to the adherents of the Church of Rome in this country tempers the severity of judgment. I do not know that the Roman Catholics have much concerned themselves about the Lambeth decision. The various mile-posts on the road, and the speed at which they are passed, do not interest those who are confident of what the final result will be. But an editorial in the *British Weekly* of September 7 and an article by Dr. Guinness Rogers in the September number of this REVIEW bring out in pretty sharp relief the views of leading Nonconformists upon the situation created in the Anglican Church by the archiepiscopal decision. Both

are, of course, written from the Protestant standpoint, but considerable divergence of opinion is manifested upon one important point—namely, the effect of that decision upon the Ritualists themselves. According to the *British Weekly* the game is up. “The recent judgment of the Archbishops has driven the Ritualists to the wall.” “Defeat has come upon them, a defeat to which apparently they can only bow. There is small prospect, indeed, for a generation at least of their cause being retrieved.” “Now at last a halt has been called and aspiring priests have to yield obedience or leave the communion of the Church of England.” These and similar phrases convey the idea of a kind of Ritualistic Sedan, strewn with the *débris* of abandoned censers and extinguished tapers.

But when we turn to Dr. Guinness Rogers we are confronted with a somewhat different picture. He is of opinion that there are no indications that the Ritualists will abandon their positions. He speaks of the Archbishop’s attempt to solve existing difficulties as a failure which “has produced a very able statement on some burning questions, but there is little hope that those who are most affected by it will acquiesce in its conclusions.” Towards the end of Dr Guinness Rogers’s paper a slight haze diffuses itself, through which results appear blurred. He indicates that the Primate has employed a revolutionary measure in the hope of ending the crisis and that he has failed. Yet ten lines lower down we are again within measurable distance of the end of the crisis, which is still a Ritualistic triumph. “The experience of the half-century,” says Dr. Rogers, “justifies the anticipation that the much-talked-of crisis will pass away, leaving the Ritualists victory.”

The fact of the matter is that Dr. Guinness Rogers and the *British Weekly* are forecasting events and from different standpoints. Early in the campaign the latter decided that the Anglican Protestant, in his internecine struggles with an insidious enemy, deserved hearty support. The quarrel against the Establishment could remain “on the bye” until the common foe was scotched, if not killed. Even gold can be bought too dear. And the *British Weekly* saw clearly enough that to disestablish a Roman Catholic Anglican Church in 1920 might prove both more difficult and less satisfactory in the long run than helping to maintain the Established Church on a Protestant basis in the year 1899. But Dr Guinness Rogers, from the beginning to the end of his article, is concerned with one thing and one thing only—Disestablishment. He regards with moody eye the Protestant forces within the Church struggling, like Samson, to liberate themselves from the seven green withes with which fifty years of a sacerdotal aggression has bound them hand and foot. At times, it is true, he appears to feel a trumpet-call to action which stirs the blood and well-nigh makes indifference a physical impossibility. “I

yield to no one," he says, "in the intensity of my Protestantism; possibly I should startle some of its most zealous champions by the extent to which I should push its principles and the enthusiasm I should throw into their advocacy." But the exercise of this fiery zeal is hampered by one indispensable condition. Church and State must go asunder before Dr Rogers will enter the lists. The Articles and Formularies of the Church sanctioned by the State may be deliberately set aside, or evacuated of their meaning, in the interests of a mediæval revival; Bishops appointed by the State may wink at the process, or even head the forces of reaction; a Prime Minister, maintained in power for many years by the forces of Nonconformity may have thrown the whole weight of an unrivalled personality into the same scale; but until the walls of the Establishment are levelled this de-Protestantising process must, according to Dr. Rogers, proceed unchecked. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that where the *British Weekly* sees a defeat for the Ritualists with a possible breathing-space to the Establishment, Dr. Guinness Rogers, determined to give the Establishment no breathing-space, declines to see aught but Ritualistic defiance and victory.

As a matter of fact the issue at the moment of writing is altogether in suspense. According to the *Record* of September 8, out of 288 churches which use incense, twenty-two only have given in their obedience. One or two appear to have adopted the advice unblushingly tendered by Lord Halifax to use incense in processions before the Holy Eucharist begins, while laying it aside before the opening "Our Father" is said. This "paltering in a double sense, keeping the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope," is well-nigh incredible. If true, it is surely another indication of that disloyalty, conscious or unconscious, to the whole spirit of the Reformed Church of which Manning suffered the last agonies before he finally went over to Rome. All will remember Mr Gladstone's pain when the shock of his friend's apparent want of candour in this respect was first brought home to him. "I will not say Manning was insincere, God forbid." Alas! where men are determined, in the words of Newman, "to make fair trial of how much the English Church will bear—like proving cannon," it can hardly be expected that their own moral metal will always remain proof.

Whether obedience, partial or complete, will be given has yet to be seen, and even in a matter of secondary importance, hasty conclusions are to be deprecated. For, after all, the Lambeth decision and its possible results are secondary. What is of importance is the events which have led up to them and the Protestant feeling which has brought those events about. This feeling, first evoked by the action of Mr. Kensit (Lord Halifax's "profane and blasphemous agitator"), has asserted itself even in the counsels of ministers of State,

and has certainly dictated the nature of the Archbishop's judgment. That Lord Halifax should bitterly resent this is not surprising. He has probably never asked himself how it has come about that a bookseller in Paternoster Row has been able to set the tune to which the Episcopal Bench are dancing? The age of miracles is past. How, then, have such mighty results been set agoing by so apparently inadequate a cause?

The real explanation is that the Ritualists have got themselves into an entirely false position. In trying how much the cannon would bear before bursting, they have been blown away from the touch-hole. The original leaders of the Oxford Movement foresaw this clearly enough.* The most extreme of their successors have placed themselves leagues outside the most liberal construction of the Prayer-Book, and in direct antagonism to its prevailing spirit. For years past they have traded upon the notorious inertia of the average Anglican layman. Headed by capable leaders and backed first by Mr. Gladstone and then by the Cecils, they have quietly captured the high places of the Church and are infusing Catholic doctrines into the veins of the country through as many Anglican schools as they can control. But a large portion of the Anglican laity, especially in the North of England, still retain a sturdy Protestant instinct. This is usually spoken of by opponents as obstinate bigotry and ignorance, but as it is the last remaining barrier against the complete "re-Catholicising" of the Church, it is quite natural that the Ritualistic leaders should view it with abhorrence. People have suddenly realised that a considerable number of Anglican churches have become to all intents and purposes Roman Catholic, priest and congregation alike. The simple dignity of the Communion Office has been transformed into the ceremony of Mass. Without haggling as to details of ceremonial, the result is there—plain, unmistakable—an unimpeachable witness to the victory of the "Catholic revival," and its accompanying defiance of "all rule and all authority and power."

Confronted by this startling apparition, the Protestant feeling of the Anglican layman has made itself felt. Bigoted and ignorant he may be, but he has sufficient knowledge of the Articles and Prayer-Book of his Church to know that *this* phenomenon is outside the limits. In his protest he has undoubtedly received strong support from Protestant Nonconformists. But papers like the *Church Times*, with their solemnly assumed belief that the Protestant agitation is a Nonconformist movement, may be dismissed with a good-humoured smile. All the Nonconformists in England could not by their unaided efforts have extorted from Mr. Balfour a single Protestant speech, nor from the Archbishop of Canterbury a word of Erastian import. Resolute determination to put a stop to sacerdotal aggression in the

* "I cannot disguise from myself that my preaching is not calculated to defend that system of religion which has been received for 300 years."—NEWMAN

Church of England has been so far most marked amongst men who are at once Churchmen in creed and Conservatives in politics

Upon the action which these men have taken and will take I may have a word to say directly. Meantime I do not wish to deny one important aspect of the Archbishop's decision. It is matter for satisfaction that the Primate has, in the teeth of the Anglican clergy, publicly recognised that there is a Constitution in Church and State. The Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, on July 4, practically threw over that Constitution and went solid for Disestablishment. They did not say so in set terms—but they denied the right of the State to have any voice whatever in interpreting its own Acts, so far as the Doctrine and Ritual of the Church are concerned. This in England means Disestablishment. Analogies taken from Scotland, the land of religious homogeneity, are altogether misleading. It cannot be too clearly and too early recognised that an absolutely independent right of the Church of England to put her own meaning on her articles and formularies is incompatible with the existing compact between State and Church of which those articles and formularies are the basis. I do not enter here upon the larger issues involved in this whole subject. Between making a Prayer-Book and Articles for the Church by Act of Parliament and the claim of the Church to tender to the State her own construction of the existing documents as a condition of Establishment there exist gradations of compromise.

But the Archbishop in giving his judgment was careful to recognise and lay down the real constitutional position of the Established Church. The apparent assumption of authority to pronounce upon the terms, with a semblance of jurisdiction, deceives nobody. His judgment was admittedly one of policy. This is what has wrung unwonted venom from Lord Halifax and has fairly brought the button off his foil. But why blame the Primate? To have followed up his Consubstantiation theories by a declaration in favour of incense and processional lights would have been to precipitate Disestablishment within five years. The man who doubts this would doubt that the world moves. Lord Halifax would very possibly have preferred a dare-all risk-all policy on behalf of any and every practice which has at any time or place received the sanction of the Holy Catholic Church. But even the Bishop of Rochester does not as yet declare for Disestablishment. Still less the aged Primate of all England, who knows where he and the Church and the country are under the Constitution as it stands and has no wish, even to oblige Lord Halifax, to put all three into the melting-pot.

Meantime to assume that the action of the Archbishop, whether he receives obedience or not, will settle the vital issues involved would be absurd. The Lambeth "opinion" would be indeed but a flimsy barrier to rely upon as a permanent check to the organised movement

within the Church to abolish the Reformation. The Anglican Protestant layman is perfectly well aware that a policy of entrusting the present Episcopal Bench with this duty would be fatuous. Some lack the strength, others lack the will, and even when both are combined they require to be reinforced at every point by a strong public opinion before a most invidious duty can be successfully discharged. But this public opinion (if it is to be effective) must find a constitutional expression upon the Statute Book. Half the excesses of the Ritualistic clergy have been due to the certainty of immunity. This immunity has arisen partly under the shelter of the Episcopal veto and partly from the knowledge that under present disciplinary laws procedure is so involved and penalties so obsolete that even the most aggrieved parishioner does not care to move. Here in a nutshell lies the argument for a Church Discipline Bill. This is what members of the Cabinet, like Mr. Walter Long, appear incapable of grasping. On September 14, when defending himself before his constituents at West Derby for having voted against the Church Discipline Bill of last Session, he said, "He was certain that the most earnest and determined reformer among them did not desire to see litigation or repeated legal proceedings in connection with the administration of their Church affairs." Mr. Long may rest assured that the most extreme Anglican Protestant does not "desire" legal proceedings. But that is no argument for making legal proceedings even in the final resort impossible. It is this very knowledge of the "impossibility" of legal proceedings that has enabled the Romanisers to go ahead with such cheerful alacrity, and explains the supine indifference of half the Bishops on the Bench.

But while the immediate objective of the Protestant laity must be the passing of a Church Discipline Bill, there are other questions such as State patronage also involved. As I have already indicated the appointment of the Bishops has an important bearing upon the grave question whether the Church is or is not to remain a Reformed Church. A Bishop's influence upon his Diocese is enormous. It is not too much to say that by his direct patronage and his indirect influence he colours very largely its whole complexion. Clearly the appointment of Bishops faithful to Reformation principles must be an important object with all who desire to maintain the Establishment upon a Protestant basis. These results can only be achieved by action at the polls. I am not concerned with the question of the desirability or non-desirability of introducing ecclesiastical polemics into secular contests. Under the present condition of affairs in the Church there is no alternative between this and a complete triumph for the forces of mediæval re-action. Things have gone so far that the Anglican clergy in Convocation have rejected in set terms the Royal Supremacy. They have challenged the right of the State to interpret its own Acts. It may be argued that Convocation does not

truly represent the clergy of the Church. Possibly not. By some mysterious process, which is part and parcel of the Ritualistic policy, even in Evangelical Dioceses proctors are generally selected from the opposite side. But Convocation after all is Convocation, the official mind of the Church, and as such must be taken into the reckoning. On the other hand, the House of Commons has declared by 200 to 14 that clergymen who will not obey the Queen's courts shall receive no preferment. The day of conflict between these mutually antagonistic positions is bound to come. For the moment it is deferred; first, by a Government in which sacerdotal influence is strongly entrenched; secondly, by that natural reluctance, shared by all Englishmen, to join issue on a difference involving matters of conscience.

But meantime it is the obvious duty of Protestant Anglicans to endeavour to strengthen the House of Commons by the return to it of such men as will vote with the Government, without the Government, or, if needs be, against the Government, in favour of a Church Discipline Bill and a general policy of maintaining the Establishment on a Protestant basis. Convocation is beyond our reach. But both the Episcopal Bench and Convocation can be influenced indirectly by the House of Commons. It may not be a pleasant method of improving the situation. But the Protestant laity have really no option in the matter. Houses of laymen which meet to register the decisions of Convocation or the decrees of Lord Halifax can hardly be treated seriously. Through the House of Commons alone can the Protestant layman make his power felt.

I have avoided so far touching at any length upon two alternative policies which have been suggested from opposite quarters. One of these is what is called Autonomy for the Church. Many good and conscientious Churchmen feel, that if only the Church had a representative body of her own, she could settle all her differences. The general policy of giving powers to the Church somewhat similar to those exercised by the General Assembly in the Established Church of Scotland is too large a constitutional question to discuss within the space allotted to me. But I am bound to point out that no powers of this kind could adequately settle the question now before the country—viz, whether the Establishment is or is not to remain upon a Protestant basis. In the settlement of that question the whole country must necessarily have its say, and it is equally entitled to have its say in the decision of the question whether those clergy who now think the Protestant basis a mistake are entitled to break their contract with the State by introducing illegal "Catholic" ritual. These two questions surely claim priority of attention, and must be settled before grave constitutional changes can profitably be considered. I cannot understand why any Protestant Nonconformist should either be held or hold himself disqualified from pronouncing upon both these points by his vote at the poll.

The other policy is that known as Disestablishment. Upon this policy, as expressing the belief in and demand for religious equality, I offer no opinion in this paper. But Church and State have grown together in England for many centuries, and I, for my part, would view their divorce with apprehension. As a sad but necessary duty, if all other constitutional means of checking the sacerdotal aggression fail, it may have, indeed, to be considered and at no distant period. Disestablishment would certainly be preferable to the continued Establishment of what may become practically a Roman Catholic Church.

But the idea cherished apparently by so many Nonconformists that with the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church every Ritualistic priest would disappear as by an earthquake I look upon as delusive. The churches are there, the clergy are there, and the schools are there. In a Disestablished Church the clergy would be responsible to a Synod in which Nonconformists would have nothing whatever to say. To forecast the religious complexion of that Synod would be extremely difficult. Much would depend upon the nature of the Government under which it was called into being, and upon the ability of the Ritualistic section to capture and control it. If fair play were assured and the Anglican laity as much masters of the situation as their brethren in the Irish Church, the sacerdotal aggression would undoubtedly receive a check. But Disestablishment might as easily be the work of the Sacerdotalists themselves, in conjunction with a friendly Government, as of any other combination.

Meantime there remain the schools. If the Church of England were disestablished owing to the impossibility of further maintaining her upon a Protestant basis, the teaching of half the young in the country could no longer with safety be entrusted to her care. The same policy that would in such circumstances dictate Disestablishment would equally dictate the withdrawal of State support from the Anglican schools. This is a large order, but there is no use blinking the situation. A mandate from the country to carry through this double operation may appear a matter of impossibility at the moment, but I am of opinion that when the hour strikes for the first of these operations it will have struck for the second. That time is not yet, and let us hope for the sake of our country that it may be long deferred. Meantime the immediate duty of both Protestant Churchmen and Nonconformists alike is to "stiffen" the House of Commons with men who are prepared to vote straight upon the single issue of maintaining the Establishment upon its present Protestant basis, and placing no reliance upon archiepiscopal declarations for or against, to continue to exert pressure where alone such pressure is likely to bear fruit.

AUSTIN TAYLOR

MILITIA, VOLUNTEERS, AND REGULARS.

WE doubt if the Militia Bill that was introduced into the House of Lords during last Session by her Majesty's Government has attracted all the attention that it deserves. It was not in its immediate practical effects a very formidable measure. Lord Lansdowne prefaced it by elaborate qualifications, explaining carefully that he saw no prospect of having to apply its provisions. It was only designed to bring up to date the methods by which a compulsory ballot for the Militia would be enforced supposing that at any time hereafter, in a case of grave national emergency, a future Government should find it advisable to put into operation the ancient prerogative of the State to call upon all its subjects, through the Militia, to defend their homesteads. Few questions of national importance arouse much discussion among us, unless they are adopted as battle-cries by political parties. This would, for various reasons, not have been a convenient subject for the Liberal leaders to have taken up in a spirit of opposition. It was not brought before the House of Commons, and was only debated in the calm precincts of the Upper House. It involved no change in constitutional practice, but only furbished up an old weapon that has always, though unused, hung on our walls ready for service whenever a strong Ministry saw the necessity for taking it down, and had the courage to take it down from its accustomed place. All that was actually done was to propose certain amendments in the conditions of the standing Militia Act, the compulsory clauses of which are year by year suspended. Mr. Cardwell, at the time when he was introducing his various military reforms, had intended to amend the old Act. Lord Wemyss had also a scheme of his own.

The variations in the Government Bill are not very important, and, for the most part, it is merely a question of the machinery by which the compulsory clauses would be put in force. Thus, for instance, under the Government Bill the responsibility for setting the Act in motion is thrown upon the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, instead of upon the Justices.

We are not altogether sure whether it is quite an unmixed advantage that machinery of this kind should be created at a time when the prospect of its being put to use is so remote that those who will be most affected by it do not take enough interest in the matter to consider whether the provisions of the Bill are such as will best accommodate themselves to their necessities. Undoubtedly an Act so passed is likely to be more logical, consistent, and easy for the judges to interpret, because the careful lines on which the draftsman of the Bill has traced it are not disturbed by any amendments such as, when they have been passed by an excited and eager House, are apt afterwards to cause despair to lawyers, and to produce our very English system of judge-made law. On the other hand, it is practically impossible for any but those who have to wear the shoe to know where it pinches, and if the shoemaker works on a last some years old or based upon abstract theories as to the proper form of the human foot, because the purchaser has no intention of using it just yet, and will not, therefore, take the trouble of fitting it to his foot, the owner is likely enough to cry out when ultimately he does try to walk in it. There are some provisions in this Bill which, if they become law in their present form, will, we feel tolerably sure, cause friction whenever they are practically applied. They seem to us to be based on theory sound in itself, but not very applicable to the particular circumstances of England. We may take it for granted that no Ballot Act for the Militia will ever be enforced until we have been involved in a long and severe contest, and when the larger portion, at least, of the regular forces is employed beyond sea in some Imperial struggle. Then, if the nation be thoroughly aroused and excited by the conditions of the contest, and certain particular counties are behindhand in providing their quota for the Militia, it is very conceivable that a cry might be raised, to which a Government would respond, for enforcing in those counties the ballot to make up the deficiency. It must be remembered that the whole principle of the Militia ballot has in England always rested not on the liability of every citizen for the general defence of the kingdom, or, at all events, not upon that in practical application, but upon the liability of counties to provide an assigned quota for the Militia defence of the realm. Only when a county fails to furnish by voluntary enlistment its proper numbers is the county, as such, hable to be called upon to make up its proper proportion by resorting to the ballot. In former days men

who were caught by the ballot were always allowed to obtain by any means they pleased adequate substitutes to take their place. That was the rule in all European countries where the ballot was enforced. When Prussia, and ultimately Germany at large, adopted the principle of "universal service," a complete change in this respect was there made. The better educated classes, provided that they passed certain definite standards of education, saved the State some expense, and generally showed, by the rapidity with which they picked up their training, that they could and would render to the State adequate services to justify the concession, were allowed to pass through the ranks under special conditions and in a shorter time than the ordinary recruit, to become, in fact, what are known as "one-year volunteers," but no one was allowed to purchase an exemption and obtain a substitute.

In France the opposite system of substitutes maintained its hold upon the country up to the end of the first part of the war of 1870-71, until, in fact, Gambetta's dictatorship began. There is no doubt that the system did great injury to the French Army. To escape from service was regarded as the correct thing for a man of means to do. A class of men of very low order entered the army solely because of the high bounties which they obtained from those who wished to escape service. The whole standard of the army was lowered as compared with that of Germany. When the war was over, one of the earliest reforms was the abolition of all substitution. Nevertheless, though now every one of all ranks and professions is obliged in France to serve, with a universality at least as great as that in Germany, the system has by no means worked equally satisfactorily. Whether because the French officer is not as closely in touch with his non-commissioned officers and men as the German officer is, or whatever the reason may be, there is no doubt that the non-commissioned officers are left with a most undue amount of power over the privates, and that they have in very many instances used this to extract from the more wealthy men, who are compelled to serve, bribes which are enforced by bullying. This condition of things has not tended to improve the discipline and spirit of the army, but to deteriorate it. For us these details are chiefly interesting because they illustrate the truth, that a system which works well under one set of conditions and in one country may not work well without careful adaptation in another. Moreover, it is to be noted that no small part of the difference arises from this, that whereas in Germany the whole scheme is determined by the principle that the efficiency of the national service is the one thing to be considered, and that individual interests must give way to it, and when necessary be sacrificed to it; in France, on the other hand, the abolition of substitutes was largely taken up as a democratic idea, as

a means of making "equality" as obnoxiously aggressive as possible; of administering it, in fact, like a dose of nauseous physic, good as a cure for those who had anything better than their fellows. This mode of using it, mainly due to the popularity-hunting and catch-cry seeking of the class of politicians who have lately been dominant in France, could hardly be expected to produce any wholesome result, and it has certainly not done so. Nevertheless, the practice of accepting substitutes purchased by money is undoubtedly so bad in its effects, that we certainly should regret its being introduced into a scheme for home defence, of which the ballot in any way formed a part. We doubt if in these days any responsible Government or Minister would propose to permit it. Lord Lansdowne emphatically repudiated it, and it is not allowed in the Government Bill. So far so good. But in their fear lest by a sidewind some kind of substitution should be introduced, those who have drafted the Bill appear to us to have applied a principle which we feel sure would be excessively unpopular, would be regarded as very unfair, and, as we think, has at least the aspect of being done rather from the French than from the German point of view. A Conservative Government is always in some danger of adopting an ultra-democratic and pseudo-popular pose. We can in no other way account for the fact that the principle on which, according to the Bill, any deficiencies in the Militia are to be made up is thus. Suppose that a certain county is deficient in its quota and it is decided that the number of men required is to be made up by ballot. The original assessment, based on the provision of men which may fairly be asked for from, say, a group of hamlets, shows that, of A., B., C., D., and E., A., B., and C. have provided their full numbers, but that D. is deficient of five men and E. of six. The proposal of the Bill is not that D. and E. shall be called upon to make up the number they ought originally to have provided, but that the whole group, A., B., C., D. and E., shall be called upon to supply between them the eleven men whom D. and E. ought to have furnished: so that A., B. and C. will have, in addition to making up their own proper number, to give extra men because of the slackness of D. and E.

We feel sure, in the first place, that this would cause very unsatisfactory local ill-feeling, and in the second that it will tend to discourage localities from doing their utmost to keep up their proper quota. If once it comes to be known that, no matter how actively the inhabitants of Ealing have interested themselves in providing their proper share, it will not be they who get credit for it, but that they, will, in addition, have to make up the deficiencies of Acton, it is only in accordance with human nature that next time their zeal will slacken, their quota will fall off, and the ballot will have to be greatly extended because both Ealing and Acton are short. This is a point

which is of very great importance where the system does not consist, as it does in Germany or France, in applying a universal ballot, but in using a ballot only as a supplement to a voluntary system. With a universal service system the conditions of life are adapted to it throughout the whole country, and it is little or no hardship for the sons of the well-to-do classes to pass through the ranks because every one does so, and the training is satisfactorily in Germany, very badly in France, suited to the facts. But with us, from every point of view, the object ought to be to apply the ballot only when necessary, and to keep it in reserve as a stimulant to voluntary enlistment. In the main in the country districts the recruiting for the Militia, and largely even the standard and quality of the Militia, depends on the extent to which the country gentlemen interest themselves in it, and take pride in the constitutional force of the county. It is most desirable to keep up this connection between the locally influential elements of county society and the local force. If the ballot be properly held in reserve and due warning be given to defaulting localities of sufficiently small area to make all residents personally interested in the question, that the ballot will be applied to them if their quota be not supplied within a reasonable time, it is as certain as anything can be that the cases will be very rare in which it will have to be applied. "Oh, but," say the Government draughtsmen, and Lord Lansdowne as their spokesman, "that means that you will have substitutes for those who would be compelled to serve if the ballot were applied." To which we answer "Yes" and "No." In one sense of the term it is true, in another not at all so. It is quite true that the men who will be induced to serve, because there is danger of the ballot being applied if the quota is not furnished, will not be the same men who would be enlisted if the ballot were applied. In that sense these men will be "substitutes," but they will not be "substitutes" in the sense which made that class so objectionable under the old French system before 1870. You can easily make provision if you please to prevent that. You want to make it felt to be discreditable to the patriotism of a locality not to provide its proper quota. You will not gain that end unless you apply the ballot only in the last resort, and make it fall where the deficiency in voluntary enlistment occurs. Our English principle of local self-government and of leaving small places to make their own mistakes, suffer from them and learn by them, does not produce the smooth working and logical consistency of a centralised French bureaucracy, but it does develop local life, and through that national life, while the French system kills both. It is quite possible that in a given place the strongest efforts will be made to induce men to enlist who would not otherwise have enlisted, if there is fear that the ballot might hit some who would find it inconvenient to join the ranks.

Very likely in a few cases the result will not be an improvement to the class of recruits, but the danger is much less than that of discouraging all local effort. We feel convinced that the difference between the two systems, that of making the defaulting D. and E. find their men, and that of distributing their deficiencies over a wider area, will be that by the first system you will, in the long run, enlist local feeling in your favour, and by the second that you will produce at first a mere dull want of interest, and afterwards, when the ballot is extended as it necessarily will be in consequence of the want of vigour in the voluntary enlistment, a strong repulsion which will certainly not improve the spirit of the force you raise.

Seeing that, from the mode in which the Bill was introduced, its chief value lies in provoking discussion as to its details, and seeing also that there is little hope that those, whose feelings will be most vigorously aroused if the Act should ever be applied, will examine it when it is only a proposal for the distant future, it is very necessary that before the Bill is brought in again next Session sufficient attention should be directed to its provisions to clear up such points as those we have raised. The principle involved is one of considerable importance, however remote may be the practical application. The one advantage of getting such questions settled in good time, before they arouse any excitement, is that their principles can be determined on the most satisfactory lines, undisturbed by the mere cries of party warfare. It seems to us that the Government acted wisely in endeavouring to put the Act into a workable form. If its introduction served no other purpose, it is at least useful as a reminder both to the country at large and to foreign nations that though we rely for our national defence on our supreme navy and on an army and militia recruited by a voluntary system, we do so because we believe those methods to be adequate, at all events for the time being, and that we, not less than foreign nations, have always in our Statute-book recognised the right of the nation to demand the services of its subjects. With the few other changes that have been made, either in the old Act or in Mr. Cardwell's proposed Bill, we have no quarrel. Lord Wemyss, who has been the great advocate of a compulsory ballot for the Militia, appeared to be quite satisfied with the arrangements made by the Bill and quite willing to waive his own proposals in favour of them. On the other hand, we fully agree with Lord Lansdowne that even if, instead of merely putting the old machinery into order for some imaginary successor to use at some indefinite time, he had actually passed through the Legislature such a scheme as Lord Wemyss has often advocated for the immediate application of the ballot system to the Militia, he would have done very little to increase the armed power or, therefore, the defensive power of the country. For the defence of these kingdoms never can and never ought to be

supposed to rest upon the same conditions as those of nations whose frontiers march with those of other land Powers. We ought to be able to defend these islands on land, but not from any distrust of our sea-power, and not with any idea that by some arrangement of a Swiss militia, admirably adapted as that is to the defence of a mountain inland State, can the defence of our island home be best maintained. Moreover, though these islands are the head and heart of the Empire—and head and heart are vital parts of the body-politic that must be securely guarded at all cost—they are not the whole Empire; are not the whole or even a large part of the home throughout which the nation is dispersed. Paralysis may set in as surely if hand or foot become cankered as if heart or head receive a sword-thrust.

Just at this moment, therefore, when we are watching from day to day the issue which will decide the fate of one of our most important and extensive colonies, it is not a little interesting to observe the new development which has come over another branch of our national forces. The offer first made by Colonel Balfour and the London Scottish, since extended by Sir H. Vincent and others, however little possible it may be that it should at this moment be accepted, is none the less significant on that account. The criticism we have ventured to make upon a particular point of the proposed Militia Bill is based entirely on the principle that in all attempts to regulate effectively our armed strength it is essential that the conditions of English life as it exists should be taken into account; that our armour and our armed organisation must be fitted to the limbs of the nation, not the nation to some abstract idea of the conditions prevailing in foreign parts. Now there is a certain factor in English life which it is very necessary that he who would deal with the problem which puzzled Ulysses, "how to get the Greeks to arm themselves for the fray," must seriously take into account. The great majority of Englishmen, or, at all events, a very large proportion of them, have no particular wish to become soldiers—that is to say, that whether as officers or as privates they have no hankering after barracks and parades. But when once national feeling is aroused and they are interested in a struggle that is going on in the field, they have then a very hearty wish to be present in person. They do not like the feeling that others are fighting *their* battles for them. They feel the battles to be *theirs*. They do not want to be in the background. This feeling we believe to have been always latent. Various circumstances have tended of late years to increase its force: the general rise of what has come to be called Imperial feeling, but is in fact something very different from what Mr. Gladstone, by one of the greatest mistakes of his life, during the war between North and South, characterised as a love of dominion. It is the unity of ourselves here in these islands and of those who have gone out from us to America, Asia, and Africa that

inspires our English Imperialism. It is against that sentiment, which they have never understood, that Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley fight in vain. The example of the United States, where thousands of volunteers are as surely available for any distant enterprise on the call of the President as if a conscription were enforced, has exercised on our own people a contagious influence. On that point we shall have something further to say presently, but it is an element that must here be seriously taken into account. Again, the offer of forces from our colonies, their, at least occasional, acceptance, and the common assumption that they will be accepted in the future, has naturally had its effect in making some of our excellent volunteer battalions say to themselves, and now say by Colonel Balfour with clear voice in public, "If these good fellows go, why should not we?" Lastly, the progress of the long-sustained volunteer movement has gradually developed a class of officer of whom Colonel Balfour is an admirable example, who have really devoted themselves to studying both theoretically and practically the conditions of actual warfare, and feel an exceeding desire that the training that they have acquired should be turned to advantage for the service of the nation. It is a most patriotic aspiration. There are certain obvious objections to the offer being accepted, such as no one will understand better than Colonel Balfour himself and those officers of his own calibre among the volunteers. We propose to state them not because we wish that the proposal should be rejected, but because we should exceedingly like to see it tried on a small scale, and, therefore, think it well that all sides of the question should be fairly examined.

The difficulty, then, and the cost of dealing with the Boer question will not consist in providing men for the service, but first of all in the preparing of sea-transport, and notably in putting the necessary fittings for horse-transport on board a sufficient number of ships within a reasonable time. Again, in the field the keeping of the army efficient at the front in a region where horse-sickness is prevalent will depend on keeping up the supply of horses, of mule transport, and of food, medical comforts, and warlike supplies. Obviously, therefore, as whatever number of men there are at the front, the food, transport and supplies must be proportioned to that number, it is advisable that the fighting efficiency of all who are at the front should be as great as possible for the number of mouths fed. Now, splendid as would be the material provided by such corps as the London Scottish and others, it can hardly be expected even by them that a general in the field should prefer out of a given number of mouths to have them in preference to a regularly trained British regiment. Man for man the Scottish volunteer would probably be the superior fighting animal; very probably he would be the better shot; but the trained unity of working of a good British battalion would make its practical

fighting efficiency incomparably greater. And here it is that we think it well to put in a *caveat* against the reports which have reached us of the fighting efficiency of the American volunteers in Cuba. It is absolutely certain that those reports were dished up for the American palate, that the truth in numberless instances was deliberately burked, and that for those who know the facts no campaign in history has more conclusively demonstrated the superiority of regular troops. These formed the bulk of the American army engaged in Cuba, and, despite the personal gallantry of the volunteers, the attempt made to throw numbers of them, without any adequate training, upon a hostile shore was fraught with disaster, and very narrowly escaped ending in a great catastrophe. We have no doubt whatever that in all respects the training of the best of our own volunteers is incomparably superior to theirs, and we believe that a corps might be selected that would be very valuable. Supposing that war in the Transvaal does take place, we think that, from a larger point of view, it would be well worth while that a small body of volunteers should be there as representatives, and we should like to see legislation which would provide for the occasional volunteering for active service for the term of a campaign. As the case at present stands there are obvious legal difficulties in the way. A short Act, which could be easily passed if Parliament had to be called together for a vote of credit, would be necessary. Otherwise, as has been suggested by some volunteer commanding officers, there does not appear to be any means by which the volunteers could be present in the field unless they were enlisted for the term authorised by the Army Act, which would clearly not be what they want.

The point raised by this offer seems to us to be of much importance. Careful observers have long been doubtful whether we have not very nearly reached the limit of the number of men whom we can by any possible terms obtain for the regular army. That number is about sufficient for our needs for the ordinary garrisoning and maintenance of the Empire. If we are right as to that particular tendency of Englishmen to wish, when the time comes, to be actually at the front, a great statesman ought to be able to utilise this desire in creating a vast possible reserve for real emergency not for service at home only, but for Imperial needs. The possibility of such employment would give an immense stimulus not only to volunteer recruiting, but to the zeal with which the volunteers would prepare themselves to be fit for it. It happens that, for a subsidiary reason, it might in the present case be particularly useful to have the Scottish volunteers at the front. Quite lately an Edinburgh crank addressed to Paul Kruger an absurd letter, in which he wrote in extravagant denunciation of England, as though there were some differences between Englishmen and Scotsmen, warning Kruger not, by yielding to our demands, to place himself in the present condition of Scotland. Ridiculous and harmless as this

sounds to us who know the truth, it by no means follows that it would be without its effect on an ignorant Boer. Coupled with the unfortunate incidents connected with Sir William Butler's resignation of his command, and with the speeches of such Irish members as Messrs. Davitt and Dillon, it is very possible that it might largely help to lead Mr. Kruger to believe that there were serious discordant elements among us. Mr. Rhodes has, we understand, expressed the confident opinion that there will be no war, but that it will require the placing of 30,000 British troops on the borders of the Transvaal to prevent it. We hope that, if we are obliged to take strong measures, the Government will be sufficiently well advised to place at least that force in the field as the surest means of averting war. If, therefore, the primary object of our sending out troops is to produce a certain effect on Mr. Kruger's mind, clearly it might not be amiss to let him have ocular evidence of the feelings of Scotsmen in the matter. It could not be, to put it on its lowest ground, a serious detriment to an army in the field to have, say, a thousand picked shots from among the volunteers. As an experiment it would be at least very interesting, and might be very valuable.

After all, however, neither the provision for the future of a means of raising our Militia to its required numbers, nor the supplementary services of the volunteers abroad meets the main conditions of Imperial strength. It is on the power given to us by our navy and our mercantile marine, and on an army adapted by its readiness to take advantage of the facilities which they present that our substantial power depends. Though we can, no doubt, prepare transport far more rapidly than any other Power, it would take at least six weeks at any time to have the necessary transports made ready in any considerable number, and within that time, under our present arrangements, our troops would be in all respects fit for war and prepared to embark. The more solid the force we show the less danger will there be either of resistance to our just demands, of further local complications in South Africa, or of any foreign Power obtaining an excuse for interference. Penny wisdom will here, indeed, be pound folly if it leads to the placing in the field at first of inadequate forces tempting resistance to be reinforced only after some indecisive efforts.

MILES.

ZIONISM.

IT was in Philadelphia—"The City of Brotherly Love"—that the first piece of work for modern Zionism was achieved. For here, in Baldwin's world-famous works, was turned out "a Mogul Locomotive Engine, having three pairs of coupled wheels and a two-wheeled swing bolster truck, for the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railroad."

The whistle of that engine is the keynote of the new movement. Palestine is no longer the mystic dream-place of angels and prophets, the land whose very soil Jewish thought figured as animated with a holy abhorrence of murder, licentiousness, and idolatry. It is a country like any other, only worse. The electric cars whizz past the mediæval peace of Milan Cathedral, and Zion's Hill is no longer safe from the *Funiculaire*. The world's childhood is passing, with all its charming and fantastic visions of fairies and fiends, and even in Jerusalem, Whitman's "years of the modern, years of the unperformed" must have their tardy turn.

And, in harmony with this modern *Weltanschauung*, comes the prospectus of "Zion, Limited," the conception of "The Jewish Colonial Trust," with its capital of two million pounds in one pound shares, for the regeneration of Palestine and its ancient people.

When the steamship was first launched, a son of Philadelphia and the projector of an American Jerusalem, Mordecai Manuel Noah (whose fame *Noah's Times and Weekly Messenger* yet preserves), prophesied that it was the steamship which would ingather the Jews from the four corners of the earth. And who can doubt but that Steam and Electricity, which have given our earth a nerve-system, must transform the problem of Israel?

The object of Zionism is not, however, to ingather Israel or to fulfil the prophecies. No great wave of national emotion, of longing

for a theatre in which to work out national or religious ideals, has passed across the globe, like some wireless message, finding *rapport* in the Jewish soul everywhere. Jerusalem has been indeed a goal of Jewish pilgrimage: but the aspiration has been to die there, not to live there: or if to live, then in that sequestered student-life which is only a shadow of living. Religious and racial emotions are indeed enkindled by Zionism, but they did not enkindle it. Zionism is not the outflaming of the nation's spirit. Israel has been too cowed and crippled to be capable of active energising, and had not Pharaoh become too outrageous, Israel would never have dreamed of going. Zionism is not spontaneous combustion: it is the flame of the hammered explosive.

The object of Zionism is to alleviate what Heine called the *Juden-schmerz*. The Jewish evil is twofold: the external evil of Persecution, the internal evil of Isolation. It must suffice here to consider the first, without entering into the more esoteric investigation of the self-inflicted sufferings produced by the Jew's attempt to maintain a religious and racial independence in every country of the Diaspora.

It is saddening to say—after the honest efforts of noble-minded Christians to give the Jew the favour of a fair field—that there is no country in the world in which it is not a disadvantage to be a Jew. Max Nordau exaggerates but little in asserting that a Jew must be three times as clever as any other man to win equal success in the battle of life. "Justice for the Jew" has never yet been the spontaneous instinct of the masses or even of the classes. The nations have been hurried by wise legislators into codified compassion and formulated fair-dealing, but even their own laws have not completed their education. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" have never been more than a glow at the heart of the great and a formula on the lips of the little. Even in the universities of Europe—where, if anywhere, sweetness and light should rule—the most brilliant Jew is subtly and insidiously handicapped in the competition for fellowships and professorships. In Russia, where half the Jews of the world are congested, the Ghetto still partially exists in the shape of the Pale, and the restriction of the mass of Jews to specified towns produces an appalling poverty. In Roumania, Jewish children are practically shut out from the public schools. Furthermore, while the Jew is not free from social prejudice even in England and the United States, in most other countries he lives in the shadow of a volcano, whose eruptions are irregular but inevitable, while in the boasted capital of civilisation, the Paris exhibition of "Justice for the Jew" has excited the righteous indignation of the rest of the world. And like many other diseases, anti-Semitism is epidemic: it flies—and with no fear of quarantine—from one country to another. Even Sweden, which in the last century sagaciously invited Jews to come

in and help it to prosper, has now caught a touch of the German complaint. Or it may be that an all-ramifying Jesuit plot against the Jew is more than the imagination of the author of "Degeneration." Certainly the circulation of the favourite children's book, "Fleurs de l'Histoire," with its teaching that the Jew is compact of "treason, roguery, and lies," comes near to systematic poisoning.

Whence this persistent hostility to the Jew? In part, it is doubtless a survival from the Dark Ages, still nourished by the Dictionary, a religious antagonism still fomented by the Christian Prayer-Book; in part it is a racial antagonism, an episode of the long struggle of East and West. Commercial competition and industrial jealousy contribute to the compound, and one must not omit the pure joy of malice. "It is for his virtues, not his vices, that the Jew is hated," maintains Dr. Herzl, the leader of modern Zionism. He confounds, perhaps, "struggle-for-life" virtues with real moral virtues. Yet of a sooth the same energy and push and business instinct which are lauded in the Anglo-Saxon, the Scotsman, or the American are set to the bad in the Jew's account. "The poor Jew's virtues," complains Harold Frederic, a sympathetic observer, "are negative and unlovable." The Jew is too meek and sober. The world prefers dash and fistcuffs. In short, the Jew is too Christian. "Honour," says Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the fairest French critic the Jew has ever had, "is not a Jewish conception." As if it were the appanage of every Christian! No one had a keener, a more Quixotic notion of honour than the above-mentioned Noah, who was as ready with sword and purse and pen as Cyrano de Bergerac himself. All these generalisations about the Jew are absurd. You cannot, as Burke says, draw an indictment against a whole nation. Though it is true that the prosperous Jew, who has shaken off the culture of the Ghetto and not yet taken on modern culture, is of the most disagreeable types our planet has produced, yet the deepest reason of anti-Semitism, it seems to me, is simply that the word "Jew" exists. Nothing gratifies the mob more than to get a simple name to account for a complex phenomenon, and the word "Jew" is always at hand to explain the never absent maladies of the body-politic; a word, moreover, already admirably surcharged with historic hatred, bigotry, and repugnance. The countless noble Jews in every age and clime do not seem able to reach down to the popular consciousness. Barney Barnato is a proverb, while the Baroness de Hirsch passes away practically unnoticed. The exhaustless munificence and impeccable financial reputation of the Rothschilds are neutralised by the rigour of Isaac Gordon, the multi-nominal money-lender.

"Why does not the world pick out Mr. R. as the typical Jew instead of the flaunting, vaunting type?" asked the *Jewish Chronicle*

in an obituary panegyric. Why should his lack of ostentation be less Jewish than the gaudy showiness of some other Jew? Why should not his reserve, his modesty, and his rectitude be regarded as typically Jewish?" The question is almost an Irish bull. Paradoxical *impasse*! Unless the Jew shrieks, "Walk up! Walk up! Behold in me the most dignified man in Creation," his quiet dignity must go unregarded.

Again, the notion that Jews form an alien section of the nation cannot be driven out, even with a pitchfork. They may call themselves Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, but the question is, not what they call themselves, but what Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians call them. They may offer body and soul to the Fatherland for generation after generation, but a Goldwin Smith will arise to ask, "Can Jews be patriots?" And every now and then every nation will have sudden spasms of pseudo-racial self-concentration—Pan-Slavism, Pan-Hellenism, and other panics of Pan-ism demanding the immediate elimination of the Jew. Even in hybrid Belgium a native politician explained to me that the Jew did not represent "true Belgic ideals." And this in Brussels, where two idioms live on opposite sides of the same street. From time immemorial Jews have dwelt in Algeria. We hear of them in the sixth century under the Visigothic kings. After the Spanish persecutions of 1391 Algiers was a great centre for Jewish exiles. Yet the *parvenu* French conquerors, who have scarcely been settled there half a century, regard the Jews as "foreigners," as witness last year's riots. Dr. Herzl's paper-State was conceived in a panic, under an outburst of Jew-hatred in Vienna. But, looking at the whole situation in cold blood, who can say that there is no basis for his despair of Christendom?

How remedy the *Judenschmerz*? There are four possibilities, and four only: (1) National Regeneration; (2) Religious Regeneration; (3) Disappearance; (4) no remedy.

The last we must pass by with a bare recognition. The third, though recommended by some of the best Jewish intellects, is not so easy as it sounds. The second—considered as proceeding on a basis of final emancipation of Judaism from a soil or the dream of Palestine—is the alternative solution to Zionism, though Zionism does not exclude it. There is much to be said for the American ideal, expressed crudely in the formula: "Washington is our Zion." But the Jews of America cannot be said to have done much as yet to make "the word of the Lord go forth from" Washington, and perhaps to expect the *Judenschmerz* to be allayed by pulpit talk is to dream even more deeply than the denounced Zionists. I am only called upon here, however, to discuss the Zionist solution.

There are some curious resemblances between Dr Theodore Herzl

and the aforementioned Major Noah, who in 1825 begot the still-born New Jerusalem on the Niagara River. Both begin by reconstructing the Jewish State in minute detail on paper, with scant reference to or appreciation of actual psychological and political conditions; yet both are men of the world, lawyers, journalists, dramatists, and—humorists. In New York, Mordecai Manuel Noah tells the smartest story, writes the wittiest paragraph of his day. In Vienna, the Hungarian Doctor of Law achieves fame as the author of “A Book of Nonsense” ere he writes the *Judenstaat*, to which his enemies would give the earlier title. Both men are anything but democrats. For if Herzl does not appoint himself “Governor and Judge of Israel,” he has the same sense of leadership of a blind mob whose interests he must represent in *tête-à-tête* with kings and emperors. Perhaps it is the playwright’s habit of moulding events in the dream-world that leads to these attempts to manipulate the tougher material of the real.

This tall, impressive, black-bearded figure, with a head that I have elsewhere compared to an old Assyrian king’s, first dawned upon me in my humble London study some three years ago and unfolded the as yet unpublished project. Dr. Herzl wished me to get him a representative Jewish audience, and this though he was only in England for three days. By what I shall always regard as a social miracle, I found myself two days later presiding over a goodly gathering of “Maccabæans” at which the unknown Hungarian—dropped from the skies—gave to the world the first exposition of his scheme in an eloquent mixture of German, French, and English. England the Doctor has always regarded as the *pou sto* for his leverage to move the world: the one European country free from Anti-Semitism and famed for its practical genius and financial steadiness. Hence the “Jewish Colonial Trust” has its headquarters here. But the conversion of English Judaism itself the Doctor has not yet effected, or in a very minor degree.

Dr. Herzl’s first notable achievement was the creation of the Zionist Congress, which has just met for the third time. The first gathering of Jewish delegates from all parts of the world, on reunion bent, was as unique in history as the Peace Congress itself. Many perilous moments were glided over at this first Congress at Basle, but Dr. Herzl was the focus of unbounded enthusiasm, and the resolution was arrived at “to found a public legally secured home in Palestine.” Like Major Noah, Dr. Herzl had begun with the dream of a State anywhere, so long as it brought Jewish independence and freedom from persecution; but like Noah he soon realised that the magnetism of Palestine was too great to be resisted, and as a practical statesman he enlisted on his side the immense force of this sentiment. In so doing, however, he handicapped himself with the enormous counter-

vailing difficulties, to conquer which he is not equipped by religious faith in "the Prophecies"—unless he acquires it *exundo*. For—in this unlike Noah—Dr. Herzl does not pretend to more than political Judaism. He is of the moderns, modern—an engine-driver, not a Mahdi. And with him is associated Max Nordau, whose polemic against the stock religious ideas may be read in any of his works. To most Jews and all Christians, herein lies a paradox. But if we look for people's religions in their emotional and practical attitude towards life and their fellows, and not in their verbal intellectual opinions, we shall, I think, find as much lip-profession of irreligion as of religion, and there is no need to take either Dr. Herzl or Max Nordau at their own estimate as unbelievers. Herzl's tears at the sight of the Holy Land held perhaps as much religion as those of any of the weepers at the Wailing Wall. And if the leader is thus affected, how much more the followers? It is certain that the success, even the partial success, of his project would promote a religious revival among the Jews, perhaps even in the world at large; and thus National Regeneration would mean Religious Regeneration too, and the *Judenschmerz* would be undermined from both ends.

But no one in the world has a harder row to hoe than the Jewish idealist, mocked by an unbelieving generation, libelled by antagonists, harassed by coadjutors, zealous or jealous, his sanity questioned by his foes and his originality by his friends. "What filth I must wade through!" he writes to me pathetically. It may be the real founder of modern Zionism was the pious Rabbi Mohilewer of Russia. But what is the use of quarrelling over the glories of an unaccomplished movement, or distributing the laurels ere the day is won? It is enough for the moment that under Herzl's leadership the cause of Zionism has made vast strides, that since he began his propaganda organs have been created or captured for Zionism in almost every capital of Europe, as well as in the United States, and that the joint-stock scheme for raising the sinews of peaceful war—Herzl's individual conception—has already attracted enough—one-eighth—of the two million pounds demanded by the Prospectus to justify going to allotment. If the children of Israel have not yet gathered from the four quarters of the world, they have at least sent their shekels. The applications for shares would gladden the heart of a collector of stamps.

As I understand Dr. Herzl, though his charter gives him what his critics denounce as a "roving commission," he designs to use his capital for four purposes: first, to obtain political concessions from the Sultan tantamount to a legal recognition of Israel's settling in Palestine, with something akin to local government; secondly, to obtain commercial concessions for railroads, harbours, &c., that may perhaps be sold at a profit; thirdly, to purchase land, fourthly, to

subsidise poor immigrants in establishing agricultural colonies or factories. He is strongly opposed to any continuance of the present immigration into Palestine, even of Jews of substance, for this but sends up the price of land, without achieving any legal recognition of the Jew's position, and makes negotiations more difficult. Let us come into Palestine, he says in effect to the Sultan, as into a State in which we are not regarded as *Utlanders*, and we guarantee you—apart from any sums in cash—the growth of a prosperous modern community at the heart of the world, an intermediary between East and West, which will push out railroads to India and Bagdad, and regenerate Turkey as well as Israel. That the Jews are to migrate *en masse* has never been suggested: a recognised centre of Jewish life is to be set up, which will be left to its own evolutionary impetus; a centre of gravity which may be trusted to attract the persecuted and the patriotic. Rothschild may remain at Paris without the pretext of the embassy. In two points "The Jewish Colonial Trust" differs from an ordinary joint-stock scheme. It does not prophesy the percentage of profit, it does not admit the shareholders to any real control of their funds. A hundred founders' shares possessed by the Executive Committee carry as much voting power as all the other shares put together. The shareholders are thus practically the Committee, and the Committee is practically Herzl. He is not a director, but he is more: for he directs the directors. Perhaps only thus can great things be done in this world.

While the Western Christian is generally not unsympathetic towards Zionism, the Western Jew is generally in bitter or contemptuous opposition. The "Trust" has even alienated good Zionists. Pecuniary pocketings, if not by the chiefs, at least by their parasites, are inevitably insinuated. But the bulk of the Western Jews at least would shrink from Zionism, even if they themselves got the pocketings. They urge (1) that it is unnecessary; (2) that it is unpractical.

Under the first head it is further contended that Zionism is dangerous, plays into the hands of the anti-Semites, with their cry of unpatriotism, and disturbs, by raising prices, the beneficent agricultural colonisation already proceeding in Palestine: that it is, religiously, a blasphemous attempt to force the hand of Providence; spiritually, a misconception of the true future and mission of Israel, intellectually, a mere caricature of the exaggerated nationalism which has temporarily replaced the eighteenth-century cosmopolitanism; and, politically, an undoing of all the constitutional rights Israel has won so painfully from civilised communities. Under the second head are summed up its own inner difficulties—the artificiality of the passion for Palestine, the difficulties of migration thither, the peculiar difficulties of Palestine through barrenness, fanaticism, political com-

plications, &c., the incapacity of Israel for self-government, the immiscibility of Eastern and Western Jew, the inaptitude of the Jew for agriculture, as evidenced by the slow progress of the Hirsch colonies in the Argentine, and the failure of the Rothschild colonies in Palestine to pay. and for climax the absurd unworkability of the Herzl Trust with its unknown and unpractical directors hailing from obscure and unpronounceable places.

Whether Zionism is unnecessary I cannot now further consider : I shall examine only whether it is unpractical.

The case against Palestine is indeed so black, that one is tempted to say that Zionism would be practicable but for Zion. Even if Palestine were a paradise it could not really compete with the soil of one's childhood in evoking the tender subtleties of patriotic affection. The passion for Palestine—albeit religious or romantic—must necessarily be factitious. Mr. Israel Abrahams—the learned historian of Jewish life and literature—considers even Jehuda Halevi's love of Zion merely literary · a poetic idealisation. But the actual sight of the Holy City seems to have been as disenchanting to the mediæval Hebrew-Spanish poet as it is to most moderns. To-day its filthy alleys harbour more than forty thousand Jews, mostly pietists, beggars, and artisans out of work. I remember how my heart sank as my horse plodded painfully through the stony desolation that environs it. Much of Palestine is a waterless, treeless waste, wherein the prayer for rain ascends annually ; where it is moist, it is often malarious. Politically it is under the primitive rule of the Turk, supine and *bakshish*-ridden ; not a few Bedouin tribes run wild and anarchic. In a recent attempt of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to give Jerusalem a much needed water supply, so much *bakshish* seemed to be necessary to induce the Turks to accept this generous gift that the scheme was abandoned. Even if concessions were acquired from the Sultan, there is no guarantee that they would not be withdrawn, and it is possible that the Porte only coquetted with Herzl in a Machiavelian effort to solve—that is, to silence—the Armenian question. Religiously, moreover, Palestine is the Holy Land of Christianity and Mohammedanism as well as of Judaism, the battlefield of contending fanaticisms, and even should the Jew obtain it, Jerusalem would be held back. Palestine without Jerusalem would be Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. At best the land tenure is insecure. And what is to guarantee the new Judea against a new Crusade, or even the lax Jews against a Torquemada of their own ? A return to Palestine also involves the vexatious agricultural question of the restoration of the *Shemtah*, or Sabbatical Year of the Bible ; perhaps even the question of the restoration of sacrifices. The German colonies have established a better footing than the Jewish, and so far from returning joyfully to the soil, the Jew is found, in tropic Palestine,

superintending the natives at work under the broiling sun, while he leans against a tree under an umbrella. To crown all, the Sultan is known to hate the idea of adding a Jewish question to the many racial and religious rivalries that beset him. And so the Porte has stopped the further entry of Russian Jews into Palestine, and through the mouth of its ambassador at Washington distinctly declared it will not sell Palestine. Again, Dr. Herzl's following in its heterogeneous range from Polish fanatics to Parisian freethinkers is but representative of the chaos we call Israel. Politically the Jew is a quarrelsome and dissentient animal, and the smallest synagogue has its factions. even the cultured representatives at the Basle Congress could scarcely keep the peace. Some families settled at Cyprus by the Hirsch Fund refused to co-operate even for works of general utility. In London the German Jew despises the Dutch, and the Spanish despises both. The East End has just violently shaken off the direction of the West End.

Nevertheless it is the "practical men" who insist too much on these intestine differences who are really the dreamers. They can never have observed the life of a people, its eternal self-contradictions, its evolution through contraries (as Hegel might put it). Perhaps Dr Herzl's ignorance of Jews and Judaism, even more than his political insight, saved him from such discouragement, but at any rate he has proved that "the brotherhood of Israel"—one of the two intertangled factors of Israel's isolation—is strong enough to provide a working basis for a common movement towards regeneration on a Jewish soil. And to the other dark clouds there is also a silver edge. The beauty and fertility of Palestine glow still in its ashes; the bleak hill-terraces are covered with the remains of vines and olive-trees; here and there are wonderful splashes of wild flowers. The cedar grows yet on the enchanting slopes of Anti-Lebanon. Re-afforesting would bring back the rain and improve the climate; the planting of eucalyptus-trees would allay fever; the ancient wells could be coaxed back. In places Jewish colonies have made "the desert blossom as the rose." There are nearly thirty colonies in Palestine and Syria, and if the majority do not pay, they will. If the Rothschild and Hirsch colonies have made such little headway, it is because they have been philanthropic schemes, not the outcome of self-sustaining enthusiasm. "I started colonies, not to promote Zionism," Baron Edmond de Rothschild told me, "but to give work to the Jews I saw starving in Palestine, and also to disprove the notion that Jews could not be agriculturists." All honour to the noble pioneer, but his millions have naturally impeded the work they have made possible, and, sustained and weakened by this boundless reservoir, his colonies have had more officials than labourers, while rumour hums with far graver instances of maladministration. Baron Hirsch was even less a Zionist. His

object was not to integrate Israel, but to disintegrate it : to break up the vast congestions of Jews in Galicia and Russia. He was less Moses than the Destroying Angel, who, according to the Talmud, is also a messenger of love. The report of the Hirsch Colonisation Association—with its beneficent activities diffused all the world over—is a pathetic record of a heroic effort to roll a rock up a mountain. It may be prophesied that whatever portion of the Herzl two millions goes to persuade Jews to be what they are not naturally inclined to be, will be as profitless in the first generations at least. It is a waste of force to yoke a winged creature to the plough : and if twenty centuries of artificial selection have made of the Jew an organising and impatient brain, one must await the equally slow processes of reversion to the rural temperament by force of the new life in the open air. The re-possession of Palestine does not necessarily imply pastoral idyls, and Arabs may quite well continue to cultivate the soil. The Jewish colony of Woodbine in America is organised on a basis of one agricultural to eight industrial families. Invaluable as a return to Nature will be to the Jew, we must guard against the fanaticism of idyllic idealism. The only value, the only new feature, and the only absolute essential of the Herzl scheme lies in the phrase “legally-secured home,” and if the two millions could secure that anywhere, they would be well spent. For the rest, reliance must be placed on spontaneous immigration, unsubsidised enthusiasm, and individual capital and labour.

It is impossible to believe that the Jewish commercial genius should fail even in Palestine. Already several factories are running profitably ; a tobacco plantation has been established, mulberry-trees have been planted for the rearing of silkworms, the tolerable cognac and claret of the colonies are selling in Europe, and with the further opening up of the European market, Palestine could export not only the cruciform flowers, the mother-of-pearl mementoes, and the olive-wood carvings of the holy bazaars, but also olive and sesame oil, soap, conserved fruits, sweets, perfumes, &c. The Turkish rule may be corrupt, but the Jewish Trust could farm the taxes. The Turk at least has not persecuted the Jew, perhaps because the Jew, especially in his Oriental embodiment, is religiously akin to the Mohammedan : both are monotheists ; a service in a mosque is very like a service in a synagogue. And if the Turk is a religious cousin, the Arab is a racial cousin. Dr. Herzl's willingness to make the “Holy Places” of Jerusalem extra-territorial, like the Vatican in Rome, suggests a possible compromise with Christendom. The chances of a new Crusade the Jew would have to take : like the eel, he is used to being skinned alive. Should he himself establish an Inquisition, the Jewish heretics could fly to more Christian lands. Turkey's present embargo on the Jewish immigrant really plays into Dr Herzl's hands. As for the

official expression at Washington that Turkey will not sell Palestine, it is only a theatrical death-blow to Zionism; the dagger-blade slips back into the haft. To buy Palestine is not quite the scheme, and even if it were, the Sultan's mind is not a fixed quantity. Sultans' moods come and go—and so do Sultans. We cannot perhaps remove the Alps, but who ever heard of a finality in politics, even when fixed in a treaty? Besides, as one who has bargained for hours in Oriental bazaars, I am not to be impressed by the vendor's opening statement. Meantime the word of the Lord goes forth from Zion, and the Sultan's from Washington.

But if the outlook in Palestine is not so black as appears at first sight, it is still black enough to discourage all migration save the Herzlian and the heroic. To re-establish a sort of Jewish State on the ancient soil is an ideal that at least quickens and elevates the Jewish consciousness everywhere, and the reward of success would be as much to the millions without as to the myriads within. But to promote further Jewish immigration into Palestine with no such object is simply criminal. The *Chovev Zion*—an organisation for slowly and prosaically colonising Palestine with Jews—possesses neither the inspiration of the ideal nor the pretext of the practical. To establish a single cultivator and his family on the holy but sterile soil costs from five to six hundred pounds. The only legitimate sphere of this association's activities is the pauper Jewish population already established in Palestine: here, among the younger generation, lies its sole excuse for existence. Jerusalem may still fulfil its function of a spiritual and scholarly centre for Judaism—feebly as it has hitherto fulfilled it, the contributors to the *Chalukah* have at least had a moral glow for their money—but for mere colonisation, minus a political idea, go anywhere but to Palestine. Why not solve the Russo-Jewish question in Russia itself? It is the most practicable theatre, perhaps the only possible one. Siberia is understood to contain enormous tracts of fertile land. The American soil still offers the advantages enumerated by Major Noah. Canada, like the States, has the blessing of Anglo-Saxon administration. Cyprus, where a beginning has been made, is near Palestine, and has the romantic association of having been placed under the British flag by a Jewish Prime Minister. In a privately published German pamphlet—to which I am permitted to refer—by the celebrated Orientalist, Dr. Paul Haupt, of John Hopkins University, strong reasons are alleged for selecting the district between the Euphrates and the Tigris, the richest land of antiquity. “Whoever succeeds in planting a firm foot in the heart of Western Asia, between the Mediterranean, Black, Caspian, and Persian Seas, will win the prize in the partition of the Earth.” The Biblical flavour of “the blessed word, Mesopotamia,” makes the country indeed almost as appealing as Palestine, into which its population if prosperous

would ultimately overflow. For protection against the anarchic bands of Bedouins, Dr. Haupt suggests that old soldiers shall form a proportion of the settlers and thus constitute a defensive militia. Dr. Haupt's scheme—which has the advantage of being formulated by a non-Jewish theorist—avoids the initial political and religious difficulties of the Holy Land, besides offering a far richer agricultural and industrial field, and engineered by practical financiers might well move quicker than Herzl's.

To sum up, if a Jewish State, even a State in Palestine, is impracticable, it is less because of the external difficulties than because of the internal unwillingness of the Jews. Without an inner enthusiasm for immigration no number of millions of pounds could avail. This enthusiasm, now confined to a minority, may spread as the prospects improve. But even a Jewish State would not remove all the *Judenschmerz*. Only a quack could offer one simple remedy for so complex a disease. Of the three possibilities, National Regeneration, Spiritual Regeneration, and Disappearance, I am inclined to accept all, to offer a threefold solution of the long historic tragedy. Those who believe Israel's isolation a harmful superstition should absorb themselves in the environment. Those who believe Israel has yet a mission, that is better served by diffusion than by concentration in a petty State, should make of themselves centres of righteousness everywhere, and assert, not withhold, their ideals in civic and national life. For the orthodox and persecuted masses in semi-barbarous countries a State would be a boon. But these possibilities are all ideals, and none is easily translatable into actuality, a State least of all. It is even possible that when the moment came, realising the immeasurable value of his Jewish subjects, "Pharaoh would not let the people go."

Hence the last word of all seems to approach the fourth possibility—that there is no remedy. Even this would not be a word of unique despair: as much might be said of the countless other tragic problems that beset the thinker—for the *Judenschmerz* is only a fraction of the world's suffering. But the chances are that, even if Dr. Herzl's scheme break down, and Dr. Haupt's scheme never develop, the Jew in semi-barbarous countries will, with the gradual advance of civilisation, be relieved of his unjust burdens, and that when emancipated politically, he will either disappear or undergo a religious regeneration.

I. ZANGWILL.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

IT is now almost universally admitted that the gravest problem with which the people of this country are confronted is that tangled mass of pathological, sociological, political, and economic problems called the Temperance Question. There is little difficulty in obtaining verbal acquiescence in the oft-quoted dictum of Richard Cobden that "the temperance reformation lies at the basis of all social reforms," yet amongst the wealthy classes, prominent politicians, authors, and journalists, there is still an incredible amount of ignorance on this subject. It is said, with humorous exaggeration, that except perhaps the House of Lords, the place in all England which is the least enlightened on the temperance problem is the House of Commons; and I am afraid it is undeniable that what our legislators have done or have left undone has not been, in respect of liquor legislation, of great advantage to the nation. The temperance party have been accused, with some measure of truth I fear, of not having striven in the past to attain to the greatest possible unity of action; but an awakening everywhere seems to be imminent, and the opportunity for acquiring a mass of reliable information is now given in the records of the evidence of the recent Royal Commission; for the whole question has been brought prominently before the public as perhaps never before. We are, therefore, hoping for better things in the immediate future, and there is solid foundation for hope. The issue of the Reports of the Royal Commission on Licensing, the character of Lord Peel's report, the abandonment by the liquor party as represented on the Commission of opposition to Sunday closing in Wales, the acknowledgment by everybody that there is need for a great reduction in the number of public-houses warrant our belief that there is a turn in the tide of thought.

Again, the remarkable result of the plébiscite on the Local Option question, lately taken in Mr. John Morley's constituency, which recalls to mind a series of plébiscites on the same subject taken throughout the greater part of Scotland ten years ago, and but little noticed at the time, the vast amount of interest excited by Messrs. Rowntree & Sherwell's book (which a short time ago would have attracted but little notice), tend to show that there is a preparedness in the public mind for a great advance in the field of temperance legislation. At this moment, therefore, a vast responsibility rests upon the representatives of temperance reform to work unitedly in order to obtain some distinct and valuable advance. It is certain that an overwhelming majority of the temperance party in all its branches will generally support the recommendations of Lord Peel; but I think it essentially necessary that the party should go farther, and join upon some such measure as that outlined by Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P. In the very able memorandum which he has appended to the Reports of the Royal Commission, Mr. Whittaker's scheme is practically identical in all matters of principle with that suggested by Messrs. Rowntree & Sherwell, and the greater number of the provisions and principles of both have the implied sanction and support of Lord Peel's report.

Mr. Whittaker's recommendations in broad outline are:

- "1 Consolidate and reduce the number of classes of retail licences.
- "2 Reduce the number of licences and abolish beerhouse and grocers' licences
- "3 Allow a term of grace before bringing ultimate provisions into operation. During that time carry out the reduction in the number of licences, and arrange compensation to be paid by those who remain to those who drop out
- "4. Ultimate provisions, to come in force at the end of the years of grace
 - "(1) Much higher licence fees
 - "(2) Power to further reduce the number of licences, close on Sundays, and close altogether by direct popular vote, or
 - "(3) Adopt management by the Local Authority
 - "(4) Provide substitutes for and counter-attractions to the public-house

I am desirous of urging specially two points, both of which are, I venture to think, essential to any extensively useful scheme of liquor law reform. I do so because they are not points on which the various sections of the temperance party are united, but points on which, it seems to me, if good is to be accomplished, they must be harmonious. I would therefore briefly state some reasons for the adoption of (first) the direct popular veto, and (secondly) the management by the Local Authority of such portion of the trade as is not suppressed by local veto.

THE DIRECT POPULAR VETO.

I cannot pretend that I find much comfort in the recommendation or suggestion of the section of the Commission who signed Lord Peel's report, that "at the end of the given period, a wise measure of direct popular control might be applied, under proper safeguards, to Scotland and Wales." There should, I venture to think, have been a clear and strong recommendation of the full direct popular veto for Scotland and Wales. For at least twelve years it has been clear that a large majority of the responsible, law-abiding citizens of these countries are strongly in favour of such a measure. The plébiscites taken in Scotland in fifty towns and villages on the question, "Are you in favour of the people around you having the power to suppress the liquor traffic by their votes if they wish to do so?" was answered in the affirmative by 71,408 householders, while 5527 answered No. That is, thirteen to one voted in favour of relegating the question to the ratepayers. Again, in thirteen communities, including Edinburgh and Glasgow, in answer to the question, "Are you in favour of the people having the entire control of the liquor traffic by their votes?" 114,741 answered Yes, and 15,240 answered No.

That these were discriminating plébiscites is manifest from the fact that when the following question was put in eleven communities (including Edinburgh and Glasgow), "Are you in favour of the prohibition of all licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors?" 81,610 answered Yes, while 31,530 answered No, showing how large a proportion voted for giving the power to the people in comparison with those that voted for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

It is difficult to see any logical reason why the principle granted in the recommendations for Scotland and Wales should be withheld from England, more especially as the power could only come into operation when two-thirds of those who vote cast their ballot against the issue of licences in their own locality. It is held, however, that the people of England do not desire this power.

If such be the case, it may be well to concentrate energy on sections of the United Kingdom where the people unquestionably desire it very strongly. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Cameron, M.P., Mr. Caine, Mr. Herbert Roberts, M.P., and Mr. Whittaker, M.P. (five members of the Commission who have given long study to the question), have recorded the following opinion:

"1. That the people in every part of the United Kingdom should have power, by a substantial majority vote, taken on the widest franchise in force, to prevent any premises being licensed to sell intoxicating liquors in their respective localities. The grounds on which, in our judgment, such a power of direct popular control and

self-protection should be conferred are set forth in Mr. Whittaker's memorandum.

2. That public opinion in England is prepared for and would sustain a measure for closing licensed premises entirely on Sundays

But just at present it is an article of faith among all sorts of "superior persons" that prohibitory liquor laws have up to date been always and everywhere a failure, and that nobody but a faddist would propose that the power of prohibition should be given to localities in any part of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, a large section of the temperance party confidently hold and teach that such laws have had great and blessed success wherever they have been fairly tried, but these people are said to be enthusiasts, and their evidence invalidated by prejudice and partisanship. It seems to me, however, that those directly connected with the enormous money interest involved in the liquor traffic, and to whom suppression would mean absolute ruin, are more likely to circulate exaggerated tales calculated to disparage prohibition than the temperance people who support it purely from philanthropic motives. So hot, however, has been the contention that many people do not know what to believe. Fortunately we are now possessed of evidence on the subject, which is quite untainted either by partisanship or self-interest, and which is conclusive as far as it goes, and it goes a long way. The official statistics of the consumption of alcoholic liquors at various periods in certain British colonies and foreign countries, including all those in which prohibition and local option have for a considerable length of time existed, have been republished in a return issued in this country in the present year by the Board of Trade. These statistics enable us to judge as to the broad effects of prohibitory and local option laws *in reducing the consumption of alcohol* over wide areas and in varying social conditions.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in a speech which he made at Glasgow on the eve of the election in 1895, attributed to Lord Rosebery that he "did not anticipate, as the certain result of Sir William Harcourt's Local Control Bill, that if passed into law the number of licences would be diminished, still less that it would be possible to assume that the amount of alcohol consumed would be lessened." This is a recognition by Mr Balfour of the fact that the lessening of the consumption of alcohol is a decisive test of the value of a liquor law, having temperance reform as its object.

Mr. Faithful Begg, in his speech in the House of Commons on May 3 of the present year, against the Scottish Veto Bill, advanced as the crowning proof that such legislation was useless in the United States, where prohibitory laws had been in operation for half a century, the assertion that there "the consumption of alcohol had not decreased." The statement is, of course, inaccurate, but my reason for adducing it

is that it emphasises the point that the test of the usefulness or uselessness of a liquor law passed in the interests of temperance is its power to reduce the consumption of alcohol. Again, the advocates of the Gothenburg system practically rest their case on the assumption that the company systems of Sweden and Norway have reduced the consumption of alcohol in these countries, and, in common with many others, I have regarded the fact that under the present licensing system in this country the average consumption per head has greatly increased, as sufficient evidence that the system is a failure.

What, then, are the facts as to the influence of prohibitory laws in lessening the consumption of alcohol? During the last fifty years or so there has been an enormous decrease in the use of alcoholic drinks in all those countries in which prohibitory laws have been somewhat extensively in operation. But this is not all. In Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium, where the popular veto does not exist, there has been a very great increase. In Sweden, before the year 1855, the consumption of spirits was enormous. The precise rate per head is not known with absolute accuracy, but the lowest estimate is that it was about six, and the highest that it was about ten, gallons of proof spirit per head. At that time in these countries wine and beer were of but little account. In the year indicated a local option law was passed. It was speedily put into operation in the great majority of communes throughout the country, and the result was that, before the termination of 1856, the consumption of spirits for the whole of Sweden was reduced to a little less than two and a half gallons per head of the population. "Before 1855, brandy could be bought in almost every cottage, in 1856 one might travel through whole provinces without finding a single place where it was sold." Thus, within the short period of two years after the passing of the law, the consumption of alcohol was reduced to probably about one-third of what it had been before the law came into force.

Many people in England are still under the impression that in some way the Gothenburg system had to do with bringing about this happy change; but the Gothenburg system was not in existence till ten years later; it did not come into operation even in Gothenburg itself until 1865. It was not till after 1871 that it came into general use. The Swedish towns, it is important to note, did not obtain the power of prohibition. That was enjoyed only by the rural communes, which, however, at the period in question, contained about seven-eighths of the population of Sweden. There was no noticeable diminution in the consumption of drink in the towns until about 1880; after that date, however, a reduction did take place. But between 1855 and 1880 the marvellous reduction for the whole of Sweden was attributable almost exclusively to prohibition. There has been no violent reaction; the decrease has been maintained. Indeed, so far as spirits are concerned,

it has been greatly extended ; and last year the alcohol contained in all the wine, beer, and spirits sold for consumption in the country was equal to 2 70 gallons of proof spirits per head of the population. The spirits amounted to 1·65 gallon per head. The increase in beer and wine made up the rest. Clearly in Sweden, therefore, local option has been highly effective in reducing the consumption of intoxicating drink.

Norwegian local option legislation is of longer standing, and has been more successful than that of Sweden. It was enacted so long ago as 1845, and it has remained in active and most satisfactory operation ever since. From the statement already referred to, published by the Board of Trade, I find that immediately before the enactment of the local option law the consumption of proof spirits per head of the population of Norway was 16 litres ; that from 1846 to 1855 it was 8 litres ; that from 1876 to 1885 it was 4 litres, from 1890 to 1894 it was 3 4 litres ; and that at present the consumption is only 2 2 litres, or 48 of a gallon per head. It is clear, therefore, that between 1845 and last year the per-head consumption of spirits in the whole of Norway had been reduced to about an eighth of its amount prior to 1845. Since that date, however, there has been an increase in the consumption of wine and beer. The very considerable influx of tourists into Norway during recent years has increased the demand for wine as well as that for beer in the country, and writers, anxious to discount the value of prohibition, have told us that the country has been "flooded with wine," especially an inferior sort of it called *ladderwin*. It is well worth while to note in passing the exaggerated language used with respect to this matter. The total quantity of wine which was imported in 1897 into Norway, and which has sufficed to "flood" the country, was 59 of a gallon per head of the population. The quantity of beer consumed per head was 4 62 gallons. In all, the consumption of alcohol per head of the population for the year was equal to 1·18 gallon of proof spirits, or less than half the quantity consumed in Sweden, and a little more than a fourth of that consumed in the United Kingdom. Here, again, prohibition by the will of the people has enormously lessened the consumption of alcohol ; and here, again, there has been no "violent reaction" against prohibition.

In this connection the following facts are well worthy of special attention. The neighbouring country of Denmark has had no liquor legislation of a prohibitory character, but it has had the advantage in as ample a manner as Norway of all other influences that are held to promote sobriety ; yet I can find no trace of a time when the drink bill was heavier than it is at present. To-day it is more than four times as large as that of Norway. The alcohol consumed in Denmark in 1897, in the form of beer, wine, and spirits, was equivalent to 5 02 gallons of proof spirits per head of the whole population. The present

per-head consumption of spirits is greater than that of any other country in Europe. It is therefore quite impossible, it seems to me, to be blind to the conclusion, with respect to the effect of the power of prohibition on the consumption of alcohol, which follows from these facts. As to Canada, I must emphasise the facts that it is the soberest Christian country in the world. Norway runs it very close indeed, but the Dominion has the advantage. According to the Report of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic in Canada, which in relation to this matter merely reproduces the statistics of the Dominion Government, the average consumption of alcohol per head of the people of the Dominion for the three years ended 1893 was 1.10 gallon of proof spirits per annum. Now it is important to note here that every one of the Canadian provinces, with the single exception of British Columbia, possesses and exercises the power of prohibition by local option. The early drink history of Canada is, I find, somewhat obscure, and I am not able to state what was the rate of consumption of alcohol per head throughout the communities which now constitute the Dominion, from sixty to thirty years ago, for I can learn very little of a definite character respecting the liquor laws in force among these communities at that time. It is certain, however, that in the earlier decades of the century drunkenness was exceedingly prevalent, and, as is always the case where such conditions exist, caused enormous loss and suffering. As to legislation, we know, on the authority of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that as early as 1864 the great province of Quebec possessed a local option law, under which the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic in particular localities could be brought about; and we further know, also on the same authority, that at present, under that same law, out of 933 rural municipalities in the province, licences were issued last year in only 330. In 603 municipalities, therefore, the power of prohibition was exercised. Other communities, formerly inhabiting areas which are now provinces of the Dominion, have existing and operative laws similar to that referred to by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In 1864 the Dunkin Act came into operation in Ontario, and was found to be largely beneficial. I have not been able to obtain facts to show precisely how much the consumption of alcohol declined under its operation, but trustworthy statistics as to the consumption of alcohol in the Dominion for the last thirty years are now easily accessible. From the Report of the Royal Commission, already cited, I find that for the five years 1871-75, the yearly consumption of alcohol throughout the Dominion had been reduced to the equivalent of 1.615 gallon of proof spirits per head. Since then, under the Scott Act, and certain provincial local option Acts, the average yearly consumption has been reduced to the equivalent of the quantity of proof spirits per head first stated—1.10 gallon. What part had prohibition in bringing about this reduction? The following facts will help to show. In

British Columbia there has been no prohibition for the six working days of the week. There has, however, been prohibition for the seventh. The consumption of alcohol per head in this province is the equivalent of 2.30 gallons of proof spirits per annum per head of the population. But for Sunday closing, it probably would have been 2.68 gallons. That is more than two and a half times the average for the Dominion. But the average for the provinces, where prohibition by local option prevails to the largest extent—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—is .546 of a gallon of proof spirits, or between a fourth and a fifth of the average of British Columbia. Of the three provinces named, Prince Edward Island has the larger proportion of its area under prohibition by local option, and the consumption is only equal to .306 of a gallon of proof spirits per head per annum. British Columbia has, therefore, close upon eight times as large a per-head consumption as Prince Edward Island. Now, if a comparison between the per-head consumption of drink in British Columbia and that in the Dominion as a whole be valid, the conclusion to be deduced is that the local option law—"abject and entire failure" though it is declared to be—has actually reduced the Dominion's drink bill at least one-half, and that is something important. The half of England's drink bill for the last year was seventy-seven million pounds, but, roughly, seventeen million pounds of this sum was for duty. If we in this country had but had a "failure" of the same character, and on the same scale as that of Canada, we should have thereby saved sixty millions last year, or five times the money necessary to start an old-age pension scheme. Prohibition prohibits on a large scale in Canada.

Finally, I come to the case of the United States. Few people have any idea of the extent to which prohibition either by State law or by local option prevails throughout the Union. It is not long since two members of Parliament of light and leading informed their hearers that there is now no prohibition left in America save in five of the States. It has been repealed, they said, everywhere else. They said this to induce the public to believe that there was no use in bringing local option into operation in England. Mr T. P. Whittaker, M.P., on page 75 of his "Memorandum," thus states the extent to which prohibition and local option exist in the various States of the Union:

"Five States are under prohibition, 37 are under local option of some kind, 4 are under licence only. Of the 37 local option States, 25 have local option by direct popular vote, 5 have it by direct personal approval of a majority of the voters or residents in the vicinity being required before a licence can be issued, and in 7 States the local option takes the form of full control, with power to prohibit, entrusted to the elected local authority."

In many of these States prohibition by local option is in operation on a wide scale. In Massachusetts, for example, among 1,200,000 of a total population of 2,200,000, the liquor traffic has been suppressed by local option.

It has so happened that in every one of the States which repealed State prohibition a local option law giving the power of prohibition exists at this hour, and in all but two the power is exercised through the direct popular veto. Tennyson's doctrine that a lie that is half the truth is ever the worst of lies, seems, in this case, strangely applicable. Is it possible to use the statement referred to honestly, as a valid argument against direct local veto? Granted, it may be said, that such laws exist almost everywhere in the United States, are they at all effective? The contention is that they are not. It is insisted that prohibition does not prohibit, and that there is as much drink consumed as ever, in spite of all prohibitory liquor legislation in the States. Indeed, it is often said that it is mainly because of this legislation that drinking remains as bad as it is. Unfortunately the liquor statistics of the Union Government relating to periods anterior to 1870 are of exceedingly little value for purposes of comparison. They greatly understate the quantities of spirits produced at the periods to which they refer, because for a long time the Government was systematically and most extensively robbed by the distillers and others in the trade, who were too often helped to carry through their schemes of wholesale plunder by the Government's own servants.

What was, then, the rate of consumption fifty years ago? Direct evidence of a valid character on the point does not exist, so far as I can discover. But even so, there are indirect roads by which we can reach a substantially trustworthy conclusion on the subject. Take the case of Maine. The British Consul in that State, reporting to our Foreign Office, says, regarding Maine: "All breweries and distilleries have been suppressed; the liquor traffic has been reduced to one-twentieth of its former proportions. Grog-shops are unknown in the smaller towns and villages." The essential point to be noted is that in the State as a whole the traffic has been reduced to one-twentieth of its former proportions. The British Consul was by no means likely to make such a report to his Government without having taken good care to ascertain that it was near the truth.

Here is testimony from an expert. The Hon Woolcott Hamlin, ex-supervisor of Internal Revenue for Maine, says:

"In the course of my duty as an internal revenue officer I have become thoroughly acquainted with the state and extent of the liquor traffic in Maine, and I have no hesitation in saying that the beer trade is not more than 1 per cent of what I remember it to have been, and the trade in distilled liquors is not more than 10 per cent. of what it formerly was."

The Hon. Nelson Dingley, an ex-governor of Maine, testified that the expenditure in drink in the State was, at the time he gave his evidence, only one-tenth of what it had been in 1840. And the Hon A. W. Paine, a gentleman of Bangor (Maine), who for many years had

given much attention to the matter, said that from the internal revenue returns, which "are probably approximately correct," he had found that while in the United States as a whole the annual liquor tax was about two dollars per inhabitant, the portion of it contributed by Maine is less than 4 cents a head

The Hon. Nelson Dingley, in a speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, made a statement to precisely the same effect, but to me it seems that the statement of the Hon. Woolcott Hamlin, whose position in the revenue department in Maine must have made him thoroughly familiar with the exact condition of matters alcoholic in the State, when he put the consumption in 1894 at one-hundredth part of the beer and one-tenth part of the spirits which he had known to be consumed formerly, is most to be trusted.

Further, in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic in Canada, the statement is made that in 1888 (the most recent date for which at that time the returns were available) in the high-licence States the amount of this tax was \$2 11c per head, in the low-licence States \$1 72c. per head, and in the Prohibition States \$0 34c. per head. In those States which for this purpose were called Prohibition States, four low-licence States, of which abnormally large portions are under prohibition, were included. But for these States the average tax per head for the group called Prohibition States would have been considerably smaller. But is such success as this altogether compatible with the evidence adduced in this country as to the extent to which the prohibitory law is evaded in Maine? I do not think it is. The actual facts as to the evasion contrast in a very striking manner with the language which is generally used in this country in describing it. The great need, on the part of those studying this question of the effects of prohibition, is a true sense of proportion. Prohibition in Maine is said to be "an unquestionable and abject failure." Let us look at incontestable facts. The population in Maine is 670,000. Prohibition is confessedly a success throughout the area inhabited by six-sevenths of this number. In any serious inquiry that point is not even in question. That is, there are roughly 570,000 of the population under a thoroughly well-administered prohibitory law. There is some question as to the degree of success among the other 100,000. The two cities which are brought forward as "terrible examples" of failure are Portland and Bangor. Bangor is a city of 20,000 inhabitants—that is, three and one-third per cent. of the population of Maine. But, according to statements made, one would be led to believe that it contained 75 per cent. of the inhabitants of the State. In it the law is exceedingly badly administered. It might almost as well be non-existent. In Portland matters are altogether different. There is no open illegal sale, and such as is carried on furtively and obscurely is really not of much account. Even

under high licence, Portland would have over a hundred places for the sale of drink; while at present, for the city and neighbourhood, there is only one liquor agency, which in recent years has sold about enough liquor to supply each inhabitant of the city yearly with 1s. 6d. worth. This is one of the "terrible evils" resulting from prohibition which have been shaken in the face of the British public. When looked at closely it is not formidable. Another "great evil" is the illicit sale. Vague talk about this is not so easily exposed, because there is a certain amount of mystery surrounding it, and its extent cannot be definitely settled. But Mr. Baxter, who was mayor of Portland when the Canadian Royal Commission visited that city, said in the course of his examination, "There are no open saloons in Portland. There are places where liquor is to be found, but it is sold in secret, and, I should say, *almost altogether from the pocket.*"

It seems very obvious that a trade confined to an agency which sells liquor to the value of about 1s 6d. per annum per head of the population, and another which makes its sales "*almost altogether from the pocket,*" must be a very flimsy evil as compared with the trade in 100 high-licence public-houses open from early morning till late at night. There were between 300 and 400 licensed places in Portland when the population was very much smaller than it is at present. Then as to the present volume of drunkenness in Portland. The following report of the police court officials in Portland was given to the Canadian Commission

"For example, in the Portland City Marshal report for 1892, 874 are grouped under the general head of Drunkenness, while an accompanying classification of offences shows that the number really charged with drunkenness was 502. And the evidence of police officials shows that the number of persons arrested for drunkenness is not nearly so large as even the last quoted figures would indicate. Mr. Harmon, who has been connected with the police department of Portland for more than twenty years, told the Commission that he had noticed in recent years that the prisoners for drunkenness 'are the same old crowd' 'Take a hundred men out of the city and lock them up, and there would be few drunks on the street' "

My remark upon that is that a tenth of the quantity of liquor which was sold in Portland previous to the prohibition era would amply suffice to keep a hundred men drunk daily all the year round. Two every three days would supply the 502 charged with drunkenness in a year.

Thus it appears that in local option countries—the United States, Canada, Norway, and Sweden—there has, during the last half-century, been a decrease of from 50 to 75 per cent. in the consumption of alcohol. During the same period there has been an increase in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium. This broad, strong fact can neither be argued nor sneered out of existence. And all the maladministration and evasion of the laws in question,

so often and so earnestly pressed on our attention, has failed to prevent the realisation of this magnificent result. I acknowledge that prohibitory laws are often badly and dishonestly administered, and often evaded, indeed, that this is the case is part of my argument. So far as I can understand, the contention on this point used by the liquor party and their supporters in Parliament and the Press is this that the licensing laws of this country, although perhaps a little too strict and too strictly enforced, are excellent and excellently administered; and all prohibitory laws are, though well intended, wholly execrable in themselves, and execrably executed. But the facts I have adduced show that in the ultimate issue this argument really means that licensing laws, held to be good and well administered, do next to nothing in the way of reducing the consumption of drink, while even bad prohibitory laws, though badly administered, are exceedingly effective in attaining that object. The following summary statement brings out this very clearly.

The average of the present rates of consumption of the four local option countries is equal to 1·74 gallon of proof spirits per head per annum, while the average of those of the following countries (where there is no popular local veto), the United Kingdom, Denmark, Hungary, Germany, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland—is 4·95 gallons per head. The details which are summed up in these two figures are all derived from the return published by our own Board of Trade. There are two other points which in this connection are exceedingly interesting and important. At what cost of life and health is this reduction effected? It is contended that alcohol is a necessary of life; that to deprive large sections of the community of this necessary is to lower their vitality and shorten their lives. It is, however, a solid fact that the average of the death-rates of the four local option countries is 16·5 per 1000 per annum, while that of the European countries named above as having a high drink-rate have an annual death-rate of 24·9. The details, of which the figures just given is a summary, are supplied by the Registrar-General for England in his return for 1897. The particulars for Norway and Sweden are supplied by the same authority, and those for the United States and Canada by the official returns for both countries for the ten years ended 1890. The average for the European countries is for the twenty-five years ended 1896.

Now I do not say, and I do not believe, that the whole of this vast difference as to the death-rates between the two groups of countries is owing to the fact that in the one group of countries there is a small, and in the other there is a high drink-rate. Other important factors I know come into operation, but the advantage in longevity which local option countries quite manifestly possess is conclusive evidence that the reduction of the drink-rate has not

increased the death-rate. Indeed, it is easily demonstrable that to a very important extent the prolongation of life in the local option countries has been promoted by the lessening of the consumption of alcohol.

Now the fact that prohibitory laws enormously decrease the consumption of alcohol in the countries in which they are brought into operation explains two things. It shows why the temperance people adhere so tenaciously to their demand for the local veto, and also why the liquor party and all interested pecuniarily in the liquor trade will tolerate almost anything but the veto. I am told by temperance people familiar with electoral matters that Liberals connected either directly or indirectly with the trade, who desire to be candidates for Parliamentary constituencies, will promise to support almost anything that the Liberal leaders may propose, save and excepting the veto. The real objection to this measure is not, as is so often pretended, that it will fail to be operative, but that it will be operative to an undesired extent. Genuine temperance reformers therefore must insist on the grant of this essential power.

But in England at present a measure of local option or local veto, although essential to any effective scheme of liquor law reform, would not fully meet the necessities of the case. Mr. Gladstone was, I am convinced, right if he meant the observation to apply to England in the existing state of public opinion, when he said that "local option could only be a partial and occasional remedy" for intemperance. Mr. Gladstone, as we know, had in his mind the idea that something containing the principle partially embodied in the Gothenburg system—the elimination of private profit from the sale of alcoholics—was also necessary. He saw, or thought he saw, that however valuable the local option power in the hands of the people might be, it would be insufficient to cope adequately with the claims and growing evils of the drink traffic at present in this country. He expressly said in a letter to the Secretary of the Alliance, which found its way into the papers, that he was unwilling to leave the terrible evils of the liquor traffic to be dealt with by the veto alone. He had dismissed as altogether insufficient the expedient of "mere reduction of numbers" on any such scale as Parliament seemed to contemplate, and he looked to something on the lines of the Gothenburg system. It was pointed out to Mr. Gladstone at the time that the Gothenburg system as it had operated in Sweden had, "if aspiring to the dignity of a remedy, been little better than an imposture", but Mr. Gladstone did not recommend the Gothenburg system as it exists at present in Sweden. He recommended no scheme. His sole point was that, if the sale of liquor was to be carried on at all—and he believed that for a long time to come this must be the case—no profit to private individuals should be derived from that sale.

At present the question of carrying on the sale of drink under greatly improved conditions, but not for private profit, is well before the country. All sections of social reformers owe a deep debt of gratitude to Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell for their valuable book, "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform." I regard all the sections of this work as most interesting and important, but the section which at this moment seems to me to be of the highest practical value is that which deals with the public management of the retail trade in liquor. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have submitted in outline only a scheme by which radical reform could be effected. They have not undertaken the responsibility without due preparation. They have visited and travelled through Sweden and Norway, and have closely observed the operations of the *Bolag* and *Samlag* systems in those countries. They have examined more thoroughly, I think, than anybody else has, the official liquor statistics for the last half century of those two countries. They have also, it seems to me, read everything of any importance dealing with the liquor traffic in Sweden and Norway. They are, therefore, likely to know all that can be known of the much-misunderstood Scandinavian public-house system, and they do not recommend its adoption in this country. They have found out its weak places and its shortcomings, and they have determined to avoid these as far as possible.

In Gothenburg, the whole liquor trade, save that in about twenty-four spirit shops doing a working-class trade, is carried on for private profit. The sale of drink in hotels, restaurants, wine and spirit "off shops," as well as in the wine and beer houses—these in all numbering between 800 and 900 for the city—is carried on for private gain. If a drunkard is turned out of a company's house he can go to a wine or beer shop and be served as easily as his like are served in English public-houses. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell propose that all sale of alcoholics should be under management. Under their scheme the principle would be really tested.

Every scheme that has been devised has its own disadvantages, and doubtless their scheme also will have its own peculiar imperfections; but for its own special purposes—as a part of a wider and more comprehensive scheme—I know no better.

The following specious argument is much used by their opponents. They say that alcohol, by whomsoever publicly sold, will always produce injurious effects on the community; that, although the seller be an Archbishop or even an Archangel, the drink will produce drunkenness and other mischief quite as readily as it would if served out by an ordinary publican. This, if the other conditions were the same in both cases, would be quite true, but beside the mark. For the question really is: *Would* the same quantity and quality be sold by officials bound by stringent rules not to sell to drunken persons and

to minors, and having no pecuniary interest in pushing the sale of liquor, and would it be sold to the same sort of persons? To me it appears that the serving of some persons—say working girls—with drink for their own use is much more likely to be productive of grave evil than is the supplying of it to adult men for consumption with their meals. I have no desire for any sale at all. I do not approve of supplying intoxicants even to adults. I do not use the article, and should recommend everybody totally to abstain from it. But the question before all temperance reformers seems to be: What is necessary for the ultimate solution of the difficulty with which we are contending? Are we to do nothing to lessen the evil merely because we cannot altogether suppress it? Are we to be regarded as “having complicity” with a trade for the reason that when we cannot suppress it altogether we desire so to change its form and character that we deprive it of three-fourths of its power to harm, but permit a fourth of that evil to continue for a time? I hold that it is our duty to restrict the evil as far as we can, and I hold that we are responsible only for the amount of harm which we could prevent, but allow to continue. I am satisfied that if, by helping this scheme, we can contribute to the reduction of the consumption of drink, to say a fourth of what it is at present, and prevent habitual drunkards, male and female, and young people, working girls and boys, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, from buying liquor, we are accomplishing much good, even although it may be certain that the fourth of the traffic which unwillingly we leave in existence will still continue to do harm. We should not, I think, be deterred from doing the good in our power merely because we cannot do all we wish.

There is an objection that may be legitimately raised against the scheme proposed by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell. It is that, although these reformers do eliminate private self-interest, they call in corporate self-interest; and here I can well see there is danger; but they desire to guard against such evil as may arise to the fullest possible extent. We cannot be rid of the difficulty by merely rejecting the scheme which the authors submit. The growth of population, and the increase in the number of places licensed for the sale of drink, together with the enormous reduction in the cost of the materials from which alcoholics are manufactured, have conspired to pour the nation's wealth into the coffers of the brewers, the distillers, and the licensed victuallers. Four-fifths of the amount of the profits from the drink are monopoly profits, unearned by those who at present enjoy them; and if they must be earned at all, they are rightly the property of the nation. The people are awakening to this, and soon they will claim and obtain their own. Would it not, therefore, be well, while yet there is time, to ally with the inevitable transference of the monopoly

profit of the liquor trade of the nation a scheme which, with the people's sanction, would restrict the mischief of the trade within the narrowest limits, and use the profits arising from it for the promotion of the people's well-being instead of, as at present, allowing it to be used for the poisoning of local self-government, the degradation of politics municipal and national, and the throttling of the commonwealth?

Heartily as I endorse every recommendation made in Lord Peel's report, I cannot but feel that it is absolutely necessary that to such measures should be added further provision conferring on the people the two options—direct popular control, or management by the local authority.

In this transition age we are passing through the pangs of a new birth, and rising from individual to corporate consciousness and conscience, and we are possessed with the belief that what touches one member of the community touches all. The Christian appeal has come to us with a new passion, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," and to those who have studied the conditions of the people, the greatest burden that is bound upon our national life to-day, the burden that tells the heaviest on the wage-earner, on the wife, on the child, on the social and economical life of our country is, we must unhesitatingly say, the curse of drink. It has permeated every phase of our national life; it has penetrated every section of our social existence. It is no wonder, therefore, that men and women are being aroused everywhere to the seriousness of the situation; and it is at this moment that I venture unhesitatingly to say that a great responsibility rests on all who have influence on the ever-growing body of temperance reformers; for at this time the temperance forces must combine as never before; they must lay aside all differences, and must bring together in the overwhelming force of a righteous cause the different sections of the great army of reform.

ISABEL SOMERSET.

AMONG OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

ONCE more September, with its conscientious squirrels busy at their work of keeping the earth replenished with woodlands by timely and assiduous planting, its partridges calling to one another from among the corn-stooks, perplexed at the sudden animosity of man. On the dahlias, yet again, the red-admirals sit winking their bright wings, and in pavilions of purple plum-skin as of old the wasp holds its autumnal *levée*. I like September and the character of it. It accomplishes facts. It brings the harvest home. It completes the ripening of the apples and grapes. Routine vanishes at the first crisp breath of its morning; everything is up and doing. The leaves all set to work changing colour; berries relieve flowers of their turn of duty; birds suddenly remember and take to song again. Autumn has come again with its rustling footstep, and the birds who enjoyed and brightened our sunnier months are banding together to follow the swallow summer that has already flown. We are sorry that the hot days and lengthened evenings are over—who can help regretting them?—yet we all welcome the change with the Fall of the year. We feel the earth beginning to move again; the engines are beating, and beautiful as were the summer seas upon which we have been of late so lazily becalmed, it is well to feel the purposeful push of the new season and the tonic of motion once more. August had been a month of Capuan delightfulness. I had forgotten, being away in the demoralising Tropics two summers in succession, how glorious our August is. Yet, when I am abroad and the dwellers in “isles of Eden” ask me about our English weather, I always maintain that there is no other climate in the world than ours that is good enough for men and women as good as we are to live in. And, coming home again, I am confirmed in

my globular insularity by the splendour of August. Yet September is better still.

July, it seems to me, has less character than any other of the twelve. It is a born-in-the-purple sort of month, sitting in state in the middle of the year, enjoying for its own reputation the fulfilment of flowers and the promises of fruit. But it does nothing itself that we should crown it. On one side June has glorified it with its roses and lilies and the breath of new-mown hay. On the other cheek lies, premonitory, the glow of August's ripened grain and ruddy orchards. It understudies both the seasons, coming on as the one when it is laggard, and as the other when it anticipates its cues. And the two seasons endow it with gifts with both hands, delighting in its beauty. Glorious months, too, are these for watching at one's ease the open-air life of orchard, spinney and garden, and happily making re-acquaintance with old acquaintances.

There is a large summer-house in the orchard, with a table in it and commodious seats, a weather-proof thatch as solid as a cottage roof, and stout walls of young pine logs and oaken rustic work. But it is so very little used that, if it were not that its ruin would cause great inconvenience to certain wrens and robins, it really might not be kept in repair at all. But the wrens and the robins have taken to it too seriously to have their confidence betrayed. To them it is one of the leading "natural features" of the landscape: what a heathered hillside is to grouse, or a dark pool to trout. According as their mood runs, it is their "sweet Auburn" or their hundred-gated Thebes. But, whichever it may be, the summer-house is their property, acquired by the simple process of taking possession of it, and should you go into it they do not hesitate to remind you that you are in the way. I sometimes feel on going in that I ought to have brought some agent's card or "order to visit." Certainly, when speaking of having made use of it, one should add, "by the courtesy of the Wrens," or "by the kind permission of the Robins." Their young are absurdly tame—all too tame, poor little mites, for their safety. One day, entering the summer-house, I found the robins feeding three young ones on the seat. The mother flew away, but the fledgelings stayed where they were, as she told them. They moved up a little, so to speak, to oblige me, to make room for me, as it were, on the seat. As I remained for nearly two hours, the parents had to abandon their timidity, and to feed their children just as if they did not see me sitting there. They were never actually disagreeable about one staying long, but the persistent way in which the wrens kept coming to see if you had gone yet, chirping disappointedly to find you had not, and flying away, was disconcerting.

And as you wrote tiny flocks of fluff would come sailing down from the roof on to the table, and scraps of moss drop on your head or

paper. I do not think the wrens did it purposely, but still, at the back of it all, why should there not have been an idea that it was as well that you should be allowed to see that everybody was not so idle as yourself, and that, while you sat there trifling with pencil and paper, others might be really busy and deserving of consideration?

The roof was stuffed with wrens' nests old and new, and it is a curious fact that one day I saw the same wren working at two. At any rate, it flew up sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, with moss in its beak, and displayed, so far as I could see, the same proprietary interest in both. Which of all the nests the family ultimately emerged from I did not discover, but one day I found five young wrens cuddled together all in a row on the "window sill." As I came up unexpectedly round the corner of the house, the old birds had no time to lead their infants off, and were compelled to make the best of the situation, which was absurdly complicated by the total indifference of the little ones to my presence, and their refusal to take me seriously or hold their tongues. I confess I did not do much writing while the old birds were coaxing their brood away, for one of the parents sat close to me all the time, threatening to take my life if I interfered with the strategic movements to the rear that were being executed, while the other was persuading the family of midgets one by one to hop along the rustic work and get out of sight.

But it is very odd how quaintly the parent birds, in spite of their surpassing attachment to their nestlings, will sometimes endanger the lives of their family out of sheer crankiness. As for evidence whereof, take this story of the tits and the pipe.

At the door of a disused conservatory, which had been turned into a "pet-house" for the children, there had stood for over a year a piece of old iron pipe, seventeen inches long. It stood on end, and never being moved, a growth of young suckers from the roots of a plum-tree had sprouted up round it. Twenty times a day the children went in and out of the conservatory, for there were a hedgehog and some guinea-pigs, a rabbit and some whimsical mice, to say nothing of many cages of caterpillars and bottles of newts and tadpoles to be looked after—and sometimes a dog or two would go with them, sometimes a cat; on occasion even Jane the donkey. And all this time the rusty old pipe stood on end by the door and never got knocked down. This in itself was wonderful. And one day a couple of great tits (*Parus ater*), looking about for an eligible site for a nursery, chanced upon the pipe, and in spite of the distressing inconveniences of its uprightness, in spite of the noisy traffic at the door, decided that they had found "just the very thing," and proceeded to build a nest in it. They did not fill the pipe up with materials and then make their nest on the top. No; they built their

nest on the ground, at the bottom of the pipe, seventeen inches down, perpendicularly. Now the pipe was barely four inches in diameter, yet the tits managed to build not only a symmetrical nest, but actually reared four young ones in it, at the bottom of the pipe. The nestlings, of course, were unable to escape from their nursery, and the consequence was that the old birds had to go on feeding the young ones till they were full-grown and fully fledged.

I had almost made up my mind to lay the pipe down on its side and free the imprisoned birds—for it was quite distressing to listen day by day to the parents calling to the little ones to come out, and the little ones crying out in reply, "We can't"—when one morning the gardener announced that the birds were going. We hurried to the spot, and were lucky enough to see the last of the family escape. What we actually saw was this. A bird flew down off the fence and dived into the pipe. A few seconds elapsed, and suddenly out came two birds. They perched for a moment on the pipe, flew up on to the fence, thence into the plum-tree, and so away. We looked into the pipe and found the nest was empty, so that what we had seen was one of the old birds fetching out the last of the brood. How it helped it we could not see.

The tits, as every one knows, are among the most expert acrobats of the bird-world, but even the consciousness of exceptional agility would hardly explain or excuse the selection of such a preposterous nesting-place. Naturally they thought that the pipe was a permanent fixture, but even so, it was a feeble choice—for although the old birds could dive headlong in and shoot out again with amazing swiftness, never resting on the edge whether going down or coming up, parental instinct should surely have forewarned them that fledgelings would find it very difficult to scramble up seventeen inches of pipe. Eventually they must have had to work themselves into the daylight by the alternate pressure of the wings against the side, with perhaps one of the parents "hunching" up the climber from underneath.

Two other instances of equally defective intelligence in nest-builders have come under my notice this summer, both in aucuba "laurels." The long supple shoots of this plant end in tufts of heavy large leaves, and they often get bunched, as it were, several shoots interlacing near the sprouting of the leaves. In one of these bunches, which hung out from the bush drooping over a path, a pair of bullfinches built and had three eggs. But some one passing knocked the eggs out of the nest and the birds deserted it. On going to take the empty nest, I found that if I wished to cut it out I should have to destroy a good part of the bush, for the poor birds had discovered that the pulling of the shoots in different directions when the wind wagged their heavy heads would tear their nest to pieces. So to steady the nest they

began interlacing all the shoots and twigs that were in combination by "stays," and eventually found that they had set themselves the hopeless task of tying up the whole bush.

During the process the nest assumed the shape of a comet, the actual nest itself being the "nose" of the meteor, and its "tail" a gradually widening network of delicate thread-like roots, the whole extending for a very considerable distance into the bush. Pulling out the nest, ten inches of this outer structure came out with it, and it seemed to reach as far again. The intelligence of the little builders was handsomely shown in thus trying to remedy their original want of judgment; but how came they to make their first mistake?

A chaffinch did the very same thing. The best book on British birds extant is doubtless Seebohm's, but the author is in error when he says that this bird does not build in evergreens—the present one being a case in point. The chaffinches had found a bunch of aucuba twigs which seemed to them a suitable site, and attaching the foundation of the nest to three of the twigs, went on with the work. The extraordinary time, even for chaffinches (which are curiously deliberate builders), that they took over their nest attracted my attention, for though one or other of the birds seemed always doing something, they never got any nearer to the finishing touches. The truth was that they found that each of the three twigs was working in a separate direction, and that the rings with which they had expected to keep the nest fast to them had no grip on the smooth polished surface of the aucuba bark, but slipped loosely up or down as the twigs moved. As a matter of fact, of course, the nest was quite safe, for the triangular duel going on between the twigs, their three opposing pulls, ensured its security. But the birds thought the nest would slip down, so they set to work and bandaged each of the supports in thick rolls of cobweb and fibre, and taking in a fourth twig treated it in the same way. Contented, apparently, at last, they lined the nest. The hen laid one egg, and then the nest was deserted. I suppose that when she came to sit on the nest, the bird got frightened at the various earthquaky movements that went on underneath her, and confided to her spouse her belief that the place was coming to pieces. When taken out, the nest had four ribs or rolls on it, and was probably the most unshapely chaffinch-nest ever built.

It would be very easy to multiply, even from my own experience of birds, examples of this half-witted intelligence in the matter of nest-building, and I cannot understand why a certain class of writers persist in calling upon us to admire the subsequent ingenuity which makes good the original carelessness. The missel-thrush that builds its nest where it cannot escape the eye of the passer-by, but so builds it that it looks as if some one had pulled down a handful out of it;

the waterfowl that cleverly raises its nest when it finds the water rising dangerously; the chiffchaff that builds so close on to the edge of the foot-path that it dare not fly direct to it, but runs along under the grass to reach it—these are all very ingeniously self-preservative, no doubt, in their after-thoughts, but they can hardly be admired for common sense in their first ideas. A change of site a few feet one way or the other would have secured them all just the same security without making life a burden by daily apprehensions.

As for the tits, the bullfinches, and chaffinches, of whom I have specially written, they are illustrative of bird eccentricity rather than of sagacity. This much, at any rate, is certain, that the human being who built his house on a sliding bog, and then by marvellous feats of engineering kept it from sliding when the bog did, could hardly be cited as a model of intelligence, any more than the couple who should construct a nursery to which, like the tits, they had only access by the chimney.

It is among the keener penalties of "the splendid isolation" of humanity among the powers, greater and less, of the animated world, that we men and women should be no judges of cobwebs.

Of the variety *communis vel hortensis* we cannot always help taking note in passing, because, as a rule, it stretches across garden-paths on the parallel of the human nose. Another local kind also we sometimes observe, a cobweb that counterpanes a patch of moorland or a whole meadow, stretching, while they sleep, silken awnings over the small fly-folk who make their dormitories among the roots or on the stems of the herbage. A dismal awakening for them and up-flying the next morning! But of the cobwebs "found-all-over-the-houseous," the cobweb *par excellence*, everybody's cobweb, we know it only as "cobweb." There are no varieties of it in our gross classifications, nor grades in quality. Here the chaffinch has the advantage of us—as the figurative American has it, "the bulge" on us.

When the chaffinch asks for cobweb she sees that she gets it. She is not to be put off with trash. And while her ladyship turns over its samples, the spinner of the stuff crouches itself out of sight, pretending it belongs to the corner, is, in fact, part of the corner, its extreme angle, and not a pottle-bodied, edible spider.

Nor is the customer "soon suited to her mind." Some threads are too dusty, some have been in stock too long. What she wants, and means to have too, "even if she turns the whole shop over for it" (and eats the spinner into the bargain), are fresh, sticky strands that will make an invisible cement and ligament for her lichens and moss. So she picks and chooses with most amusing fastidiousness—"pernickity" is, I think, the epithet applied to human beings who are so "fid-faddy"—or is it the other way about? Anyhow, that is what the spider, hiding for dear life behind a tattered bit of

its own arras, thinks she is. "A plague on the hussy; will she *never* make up her mind and go?" At last she does. Satisfied that she has picked out all the very best of the cobwebs that are to be got, she flits away to her nest.

By-and-bye she is back again, and just as "finnicky" as ever—the despair of shopmen and the horror of the shopwalker. Apparently she has forgotten she had been there before. At any rate, she begins making her selections with all the nice deliberation of her previous visit—itself, perhaps, the twentieth or the hundredth—and it is only after she has fastidiously ransacked the verandah that she is content. And with what a little Packed up in her beak, her laborious collection really amounts to nothing: a ridiculously small parcel at best, for cobwebs crowd up very small. But, after all, it is not altogether becoming in us human beings to make objections to the shoppings of a chaffinch. If the chaffinch considers a bundle of cobwebs that would just nicely cork up a weevil-hole in a nut to be a fit and proper load for her, and as much as she can handle properly at a time, we may depend upon it that it is. She would be a sorry housekeeper, indeed, who took home more than she could do with.

Oddly enough, the chaffinch never seems to understand that after every visit she makes the residue of the cobweb becomes more and more inferior in quality, for she goes on for several days depleting the edges and corners of the panes and the woodwork of their web with precisely the same daintiness of choice as at first. At last there is none left at all, not even any of the "worst worst." She has eliminated it by grades to the veriest dregs, the dustiest and grimest fag-ends and rubbish, and in the end has carried even these off with just the same affectation of selection.

And now, bare indeed in their chinks and craunies, sit the poor weavers. Thinking to glean where she has already scraped, the chaffinch comes back again, and peering into the untapestried corners and the cracks beneath the putty from which she has dragged the silken hangings, she descries the spider where he sits, with all his knees cruddled up, and having stripped his house even to its wall-paper, she now eats the householder. "A dismal thing to do," as the little Oyster said to the Carpenter. Arachne sometimes disconcerts her visitor by making a dash for liberty, and the chaffinch, as the insect scampers over her toes, hops to one side with a chirp and gesture of long-skirted annoyance, very much as a girl might do if suddenly charged by a mouse. But, as a rule, the bird catches the spider, and thus makes a handsome clearance of the premises.

The cobwebs, so conscientiously assorted and carried away, are of course intended for the fastening together of the materials of the chaffinch's nest; as a rule, one of the most beautiful and instructive of bird-buildings—and as a rule, too, one of the longest in the build-

ing. For in her house she is nothing if not tasteful, and the mere outside will take her as many days to construct as it will the greenfinch hours. Moreover, it is "she" as a rule, not "he," that builds the nest.

Well, indeed, has science called the chaffinch *Cœlebs*. Though it is supposed that the male collects the material and that the hen is the architect, I know, from my own observation, that the hen spends much of her day in getting together not only cobweb to bind the moss and lichen, but moss and lichen too. What *Cœlebs* may contribute towards the building I am not at liberty to say, for it is extremely difficult to detect him going to the nest.

He is thereabouts all the time, for you cannot approach the spot without his at once beginning from his hiding-place to deplore, in a pained tone of voice, the miserably indifferent taste of your conduct. It is the most elegantly gentlemanly protest imaginable. His finer feelings are wounded, but he is not out of temper. He does not abuse you as the blackcap does, nor half choke himself in voluble incoherence, scolding you, as the whitethroat will. *Cœlebs* merely repines at, regrets and complains of, your behaviour. He would wish that you had had the advantages of better bringing up, and laments the negligence of your parents and your lack of refinement.

For himself, he is the very essence of good form, and just now, when he has got on his summer suit, his manners are all in harmony with the beauty and exquisite fit of his apparel. You will often see other birds looking as if they had been dressed by a country tailor. Never *Cœlebs*. A sparrow in a "reach-me-down" suit is not out of order in a hedgerow where blackbirds go about in frumpish frocks. But the chaffinch is always the pink (or "spink," should I say?) of neatness, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form; as dapper as any beau, spark, or gallant in the verses of Pope; as spruce as any fop, coxcomb, or dandy in the prose of the *Tatler*. He never leaves "home" until groomed to perfection, and thereafter, like a gentleman, he betrays no consciousness of being thoroughly well-dressed, and goes through his day without any of your finical humours or fantastical Tom Noddy caprices, as comports an elegant little bird of naturally delicate tastes and dainty self-respect. Even when pressed by hunger, when there is famine for the birds in the garden, he never puts himself forward.

It is always "After you, sir, with the crumbs" to the other birds. As I said when writing about my small almsmen, what time the snow was on the ground, and food was put out for those in want, "the courtly chaffinches come with a gay step, chirping to each other as if to give and take confidence, but eating nothing, moving obsequiously out of the way of every gluttonous sparrow, and pecking only with apologies." Not that he is a coward in the least. "Even the polite chaffinch, always ready to give place, and never coming forward with-

out a 'by your leave,' gets out of patience at last with the froward sparrow, and dabs it on the sconce," elegantly, as if fencing in a court suit, but severely, as one who is master of his weapon.

So that the chaffinches, both Cœlebs and Cœlebs' wife, are self-respecting persons, and, as all such should be, are respected. And when they combine to build a nest, and are themselves satisfied with their work, you may depend upon it that there is but little reason for disparagement. Their "house beautiful" may be long in the building, but when built it is fit for lovers of their art to live in.

But enough of chaffinches. Let me tell you, indulgent reader, of the manner of the passing of Grey Rabbit

Grey Rabbit was the oldest rabbit in the warren, and he had just waked up in the long cool grass of the meadow, where he had been lying with his ears shut up and laid along his back, and his nose between his fore-paws. It was too hot to go regularly to bed, one of those days, as he said, "when the bedclothes look as if they had been kicking about all night, and the pillow hasn't had a wink of sleep." So he was going to "lie out" where he was in the meadow. He had already scratched his head on both sides very carefully and sleepily, and had stretched himself out so long to yawn that he looked like a rabbit-skin, and he was just wondering whether he should go and have a light breakfast of carrot-tops in the garden close by, or stay and pick out the young clover growing amongst the hay, when a strange thing happened. Grey Rabbit heard a whirring noise at the bottom of the paddock. And it did not stop, but went on, whirr-rr-rr-rr. Dragon-flies overhead? Oh no, for there were men's voices talking to horses. And the noise grew fainter and fainter, and, just as Grey Rabbit felt sure it was gone altogether, it grew louder and louder and louder, and came closer and closer and closer. And he squatted down as flat as he could, and kept his ears quiet, and the Thing that whirred came past him.

He heard a man talking to horses quite plainly, but he saw nothing. Then the noise died away in the distance again, and Grey Rabbit scratched his head thoughtfully, wondered over the thing that had happened, and was just going to nibble off a tuft of young clover when—whirr-rr-rr—he heard the Thing coming again. And again the sound grew fainter, and again it grew louder, and came closer and closer and passed. And Grey Rabbit saw the top of a man go by: he was high up in the air and moved slowly past, whirring all the time. This was even more wonderful. Grey Rabbit had never, all the number of times that he had peeped out from among tall grass at men passing by, on foot, on horses and in carts, seen anything like this man who sat in the air and whirred as he went along. Never.

Just then Madam Pheasant came by with her head bent low. "Chuck!

chuck!" she said nervously, and ten gawky young pheasants, with all their heads down, followed at her tail.

"Whither away so fast?" said Grey Rabbit jauntily, as a man of the world who had seen things in his time, "is the sky falling?"

"Chuck! chuck!" said the pheasant in an agitated, hurried way, and the last of the ten gawky youngsters disappeared from his view.

"Always *was* a silly old mollycoddle," said Grey Rabbit, taking a mouthful of grass just to assure himself that he was not getting nervous. "I wonder what she's in such a fright about?"

But he sat where he was. Experience had taught him in all previous dangers that sitting still until compelled to run was always the safest thing to do. And he heard the noise rising and falling far away, and then it came closer and grew louder, and the man in the air went by again. And this time Grey Rabbit thought he saw the top of a horse in front of the man.

But the Thing went away again just as before, and his spirits as before began to revive, and the larks came running through the grass past him.

"Whither away?" said he quite bravely, "is the sky falling?"

But the larks said nothing: they ran a little further, chirping, so it seemed, very sadly, and then flew up into the sky, and Grey Rabbit saw them flying round and round, but neither of them was singing.

"That's odd," thought he, "for the larks have a nest full of young ones near the edge of the meadow."

And whirr-rr-rr came the Thing again, and a young rabbit, nearly out of its wits with fright, came creeping along. And Grey Rabbit felt quite glad of the company even of so small a bunny. So he said, "Stop, stop, where are you going? What are you frightened at?" And the little one, who had great respect for the oldest inhabitant, stopped.

"Listen," it whispered. Whirr-rr-rr came the Thing.

"Oh!" said the old one, "that's nothing. I've heard it ever so often this morning, and though it comes it always goes away again. There's a man"—and he suddenly stopped. For this time he could see quite plainly there was a man sitting on something and driving two horses, who nodded their heads at every step. And Grey Rabbit could see that their manes and tails were long, and looked as if they had been bleached by sun and rain. He saw, too, that as the man passed, the hay between himself and the man grew much thinner: indeed, he could see now right across the meadow to the hedge. He heard, too, another sound that he had not heard before, a whispering, lisping sound in the grass that went by with the man.

"There," said he to the small bunny, "I told you it would go

away. All you have to do is to lie quite quiet and do nothing, and things will go away—most of them.”

And the small bunny thanked him gratefully, and seeing Grey Rabbit scratch his ear with a hind foot—just to show that he did not allow miraculous occurrences to make any difference in his ordinary conduct—took heart of grace and scratched its ear too.

So there they sate, the little rabbit in the shadow of its reverend relative, just behind the big one, and listened to the rising and falling of the sound in the ups and downs of the sloping meadow. And listening, they became aware that it was again coming up to them, and the whirr-rr grew louder and louder and louder. The small rabbit could not, for the life of it, help sitting up just a little and looking at the Thing as it came along.

How slowly it moved! and the horses bobbed their heads at every step, and whisked their tails, and, strange to say, the hay, as the horses passed, bowed down and lay flat. The bunny could see that the meadow was all empty in front of it, and still the Thing came on, never changing the tone of its voice, and the horses bobbed at every step. It was very solemn, the little rabbit thought, and very exciting.

And Grey Rabbit saw everything, too, but besides the man and the horses he heard, coming along through the grass, the same hissing noise he had heard the last time. He could not understand it, but it was a very suspicious sound, and perplexed him. So he laid his ears flat along either side of his head and got his feet well up under him, so as to be ready to make his famous jump at the first sign of danger. And the hissing noise came nearer and nearer and nearer. How thin the grass was getting! how—— Something touched his fur! And the little bunny saw its great grandsire make a motion as of jumping when—*blup!*

Grey Rabbit's head went off all by itself! And the hay bowed down and lay flat, covering up its body.

And a great fear, out of all proportion to the size of its little person, seized upon the bunny and it fled. What had happened to Grey Rabbit it never knew, for before next hay-time it died from a sudden attack of Bang-Bang, and so it never had another chance of seeing a hay-making machine.

PHIL ROBINSON.

NEW ZEALAND.

THERE is, judging by what appears in the public journals, a great anxiety in England to become acquainted with the various social and legislative experiments we are making in the Australasian colonies—especially in New Zealand. It may happen, when what we have done is carefully analysed, that it will be seen that we have no new ideas to offer, but that we have only put into practice very old suggestions

To understand our experiments, however, the point of view of colonists should be ascertained. Those who have lived in the colonies for over thirty years are struck with the changed view of colonial life which prevails to-day. In the olden days most immigrants came to the colony intending merely a temporary sojourn, and a return to the land of their birth when their fortunes were made. The institutions of the colony were regarded from that point of view. All this has changed. To more than half of our population New Zealand is the birthplace as well as the present home. And there has grown up a strong feeling that no country in the world equals New Zealand in all the elements that go to make for happiness. We are fast acquiring a national spirit and developing a local patriotism. There is, it is true, still a strong "Home-land" feeling, but perhaps that is waning. Not many more than one-fourth of our people have ever seen any part of the United Kingdom, and many of those who were born in England, Scotland, or Ireland were so young when they came to New Zealand that the "Home-land" is but a vague memory to them. They consider themselves as much New Zealanders as if they were native born. This change in the feelings of the people has altered the old point of view, and with that change have followed many other changes in our colonial life. Of course, England herself has changed.

The village life portrayed by Miss Mitford—or even by Charlotte Brontë—is not, I suppose, the prevailing type of village life in England to-day. In the colonies we seem to be drifting further and further apart from the ways of our Mother-land. This may be seen in many directions. Even our language is becoming a distinct type. We use words not used in England, and others in a sense different from English usage. And the pronunciation of our youths is characteristic. If a stranger were to pass down the streets of Wellington or Auckland, and to listen to the ordinary conversation of our youths, he would realise that he was not in an English, Scotch, or Irish town. Nor do we speak as the Americans or Canadians speak, but we are rapidly developing a variety of the English tongue all our own. Our life, also, must be on somewhat different lines from life in England, though, no doubt, it has much in common with it. I judge that there is a considerable difference, from what I learn from those who have recently visited the Home-land, and from the perusal of English books, journals, and newspapers. Our physical environment is considerably different. We have more sunshine and no severe winter. Frost and snow are practically unknown on the sea-coast of the North Island, and even in the South Island the winters are mild compared with those of Southern England. The eyes of the English people do not, however, seem to be turned to the climatic and physical advantages of our life. Social reformers and philanthropists are discussing certain legislative or governmental experiments that we have made and are making, and these seem to be the cause of more debate and discussion in Britain than in New Zealand. We take them as a phase of the necessary evolution of our life. One law for the reform of social abuses has succeeded another, and we did not know that we were making ourselves famous till some able men in London discovered it and told us. Can our experiments, or the reasons why we have made them, be even appreciated if our point of view is not clearly understood?

There are two experiments, if I may so call them (though we ourselves hardly consider that they are experiments), which may illustrate our colonial point of view. The one dealing with Labour, and the other with the attitude of the State towards the Church, will show our view of the functions of the Government, and will serve as a key to explain the principles which guide us. Government is, to us, a powerful institution—as powerful as the Tsar appears to be to his subjects—and it is considered to be benign. The socialistic wave has reached us, and has affected us. And, although we have not any socialistic societies, nor any community-settlements, we appeal to the Government whenever a social wrong is proved to exist to redress it. Is there anything, we ask, which the State cannot set right? And the reply to our query is, Nothing. Our labour laws are a product of

this feeling. They have not sprung into being during the last ten years. They have grown as we have grown, and are the product of prevailing sentiment as to the duty and power of the State to remedy grievances and to promote general happiness. Statutes regulating employment in factories have been on our statute-book for over twenty years. But the impulse to remedy ills by statute has grown much during the last ten years : our appetite in this respect has grown by what it fed on, so that the more laws we pass the more we demand. And with the increase in the number of our laws the drastic nature of their provisions has also increased. The State's supervision over employers and employees has increased, and demands for more laws are still put forward by the trade-unionists.

The present labour laws are not deemed the last that will be required and that must be passed. Perhaps the most characteristic of our labour laws is the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act. By it a tribunal is created that has the power, on the demand of the employers or employees in any trade, to fix the hours of labour, the wages, the number of apprentices, &c, in that trade, and the decision of the Court must, under heavy penalties, be obeyed. The final tribunal in all labour matters consists of a Judge of the Supreme Court and two assessors, one appointed by the Employers' Association and one by the trade-unions throughout the colony. We have also a law to regulate the hours during which our shops are to be open for the sale of goods. In every borough there must be a half-holiday on one working day in each week, and no employee is permitted to work in a shop on this half-holiday. We have also innumerable Inspectors—Inspectors of Factories, of Shops, of Dairies, of Stock, of Rabbits, &c. And thus the State has affirmed the right to regulate labour. It is not my intention to discuss the provisions of any statute, or to deal in detail with our labour laws. My inquiry is rather as to how the passing of such laws can be explained. We find that individualism, in the old English Liberal sense, is at a discount in our colony. The Government is no longer deemed an enemy of the people, but, on the contrary, it is believed to be the benign father and mother whose every care is for the people, who are not considered capable of regulating their affairs without such assistance. The action of a political party, or a Ministry, may be condemned or denounced, but the Government can be guilty of no wrong, and whenever or wherever a social evil is discovered, an appeal is at once made to the Government to redress it. The omnipotence of the Government is never doubted. What the effect of this change in the attitude of the people to the Government will be we do not know, and few of us have cared to inquire. If we did, and were we to issue any warnings, our warnings would be ignored. Statistics are often quoted to reassure us whenever any qualms of distrust of the results of our efforts come upon us. But

statistics cannot estimate or analyse this growing habit of dependence upon the State, and it may take many years before the real effect of our policy can be determined. We are progressing. Our population is increasing. Our death-rate is low. We believe we live in one of the best countries in the world. Food is cheap and abundant; our surroundings are pleasant; as our population increases our wants increase, and what is termed the economic pressure is not yet felt by us as it is felt in older lands. Statistics are quoted to make us believe that we are sailing in the right direction to reach the haven of joy. When an optimistic wish is father to our thought, we find that kind of theorising whence, as Browning says, "a fact looks to the eye as the eye likes the look." Hence in our discussions upon our progress we find it convenient to ignore those statistics that tend to shake our self-complacency, for it has become a fixed idea that all this State interference is right. For example, some Jeremiahs have pointed out to us that, whilst from 1886 to 1891 the number of our factories increased by 308, from 1891 to 1896 the increase was only 205. To appreciate these figures it has to be remembered, first, that our population increased from 1886 to 1891 by 8.33 per cent., and from 1891 to 1896 by 12.24 per cent. The period from 1886 to 1891 was called "the years of depression." The labour laws began to be made more drastic in 1891. The increase in employment and in the value of the productions of our factories was less in the prosperous years than in the years of depression. From 1886 to 1891 the increase in the number of employees in factories was 3538. From 1891 to 1896 the increase was only 1756. The increase in the value of the output was £2,067,458 from 1886 to 1891, but only £775,523 from 1891 to 1896. Until another census is taken in 1901 we cannot judge accurately of what has happened since 1896. There is, however, one result given us by Customs returns that some people do not deem satisfactory. Our population has increased and is annually increasing. We gain a few thousands every year from immigration, and our births exceed our deaths by about 12,000 a year. With this increase of population we should have more factories and more employees in industries, and we should import less and export more manufactured goods. Our Customs duties were increased in 1895, and this should not have led to an increase in imports and a diminution in exports of manufactured articles. The figures, however, tell against us. They are as follows—I shall take the last ten years—In apparel (boots, shoes, drapery, &c) the imports were in value: 1888, £1,510,013; 1893, £1,908,046; 1898, £1,935,009. Ironmongery, implements, &c. 1888, £697,784; 1893, £920,626; 1898, £1,502,974. These, no doubt, include many things which we could not manufacture, and the figures may be used to show that we had a greater purchasing power; but, on the other hand, there are among

these imported articles many things which we could well have manufactured.

The values of our exports of manufactured goods (including flax) were as follows: 1888, £253,919; 1893, £358,455, 1897, £204,252; 1898, £194,783. Our trade has increased, though it has not made great strides, but the increases in the exports have come from pastoral and agricultural operations, and these are little affected by labour laws.

The statistics of our colony will not at present help us much towards realising the effects of our legislative experiments. Many years may—nay, must—elapse before we can ascertain what the results are to be; but, whether they prove beneficial or baneful, we must go on with our experiments. The colonists worship the State and believe that the Legislature and Government can save them from many untoward evils. The other illustration that may be given of this feeling of reliance on the Government is the attitude of the people towards Churches and towards education. State education is believed in, and State aid to Church schools is supported by very few. The Roman Catholic clergy denounce secular and State primary schools, but they have been unable to get any strong support for denominationalism. The idea of allowing Churches to control the education of the young is foreign to the views of the colonists. And as the years roll by the number of those who favour aid to Church schools diminishes. The colonists cannot appreciate the difficulty English statesmen seem to have in dealing with the education question. Take the Irish University question, for example. I have spoken to scores of colonists—men who favour Home Rule for Ireland and have not a tinge of Orange feeling or Protestant bigotry, some of them members of the Roman Church—and they simply cannot understand all the pother over such a question. The solution is so easy and clear to them that they think it is not attempted because of some deep political party consideration. To understand their point of view we have to learn what has been done for higher education in the colonies. In all the colonies the University is a State institution, and not under the ægis of any Church. There are certain institutions called colleges affiliated to the Universities of Sydney and Melbourne. Some of these institutions are connected with Churches; but these so-called colleges are rather of the nature of halls or boarding establishments. The students living there must attend the University lectures and pass the University annual examinations, and the University confers the degrees. New Zealand has a somewhat different and more complicated University system. This was occasioned by the fact that New Zealand, though now one colony, was at first really a congeries of colonies. It was colonised from different centres, and had Provinces and Provincial Parliaments. The late Sir William Fox,

in writing on New Zealand, called his book "The Six Colonies of New Zealand." This definition was accurate. The Provincial Parliaments were not abolished until 1876. We began to provide for University education in 1869. We have four cities that are the four main centres of civic life—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. We lack a chief city, the centre and metropolis of the colony, such as we find in all the Australian colonies, which has prevented our having one central University. The provincial element has exercised an influence on the founding of our University. But, strange to say, the point at issue at first was whether we should have an institution for the higher culture in the colony, or should provide scholarships for the brighter youths to enable them to be educated in Europe. Those who favoured a colonial institution won. The Province of Otago, through its Provincial Parliament, founded the first University. Later was established a New Zealand University, which is a scholarship- and degree-granting institution alone. It insists on attendance, with certain exceptions, at the teaching University colleges. The cases for exemption are a student who does not reside within ten miles of an affiliated college, or who is engaged in acquiring a profession or trade, or earning a livelihood. Such students are not required to attend lectures for the degrees of arts, science, or law; but they must pass the annual examinations of one of the colleges. There are now four University colleges—the Otago University, situated in Dunedin; the Canterbury College, in Christchurch; the Auckland University College, in Auckland; and the Victoria University College, in Wellington. All these colleges have professors and lecturers teaching subjects necessary for the degrees in arts, science, and law. Otago has a Medical Faculty and a Mines Faculty, Canterbury an Engineering Faculty and an Agricultural School, and Auckland a School of Music. The examinations for all degrees are conducted by the University of New Zealand and by examiners resident in the United Kingdom. This has kept the standard for degrees high, and it will be admitted that the ordinary pass degrees—B.A., B.Sc., &c.—are more difficult to obtain in New Zealand than in Oxford or Cambridge.

All these institutions for higher education are State institutions, and are endowed and supervised by the State. There are no religious tests, and no Church organisation has anything to do with any of them. The New Zealand University is managed by a Senate of twenty-four Fellows, who were at first chosen by the Government. The Fellows are appointed for life, and if vacancies occur they are filled by the Senate and by the graduates alternately. The University statutes must, before coming into force, be approved of by the Governor. The University colleges are managed by boards or councils, and the modes of appointing the boards or councils vary. The Government has, however, the right to appoint some members on all of the councils. For example,

part of the council of the Otago University is appointed by the Government, part by the graduates, and part by the professors and lecturers. The most recently constituted University college—the Victoria—is managed by a council; part of its members are appointed by the Government, part by the members of the Legislature resident in the middle district of New Zealand, part by the Education Boards of the same district, part by the graduates, part by the teachers in the district, and part by the professors. The regulations or statutes of the college must be approved by the Government; the accounts of all must be audited by the Government auditor; and a report must each year be submitted to Parliament. The Visitor in all cases is either the Governor or the Minister of Education. The appointment of all professors, lecturers, and officers rests with the boards or councils. The Government has no power to appoint any officer. Though they are State institutions, free from any Church control or any religious test, there are found on the various boards ecclesiastics of all Churches. For example, on the Canterbury College council there are four ecclesiastics—an Anglican bishop, a Roman Catholic bishop, a Presbyterian minister, and a Wesleyan minister. On the Victoria College council there are three clergymen—an Anglican bishop, a Roman Catholic priest (rector of a Catholic college), and a Congregational minister. And on the Senate of the New Zealand University there are four ecclesiastics—the Anglican Primate, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, a Presbyterian minister, and an Anglican minister. No suggestion has ever been made that there should be any religious tests for students, professors, or members of the governing bodies. No Church institution is affiliated to the University. All the teaching and examining for higher education is, like the primary schools, under the control of State institutions. And though this has been the case, there never has been even a suggestion as to the possibility of any proselytising. The students are of all religions, and the professors belong to different Churches or no Church. And the members of the different Churches in the managing bodies of these institutions have worked together harmoniously and without the slightest friction.

During all the time that these University institutions have been in existence there has been a persistent demand by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church for aid to their primary schools, but they have never asked for aid to establish a University college. They have, on the contrary, nobly aided in the management of our University institutions. We cannot, therefore, understand why the same arrangement that has worked so well with us should be impracticable or impossible in Ireland. That is our point of view, and we are amazed when we read in English journals of disputes, which appear to us to be over trifling matters, when the great need of popularising University teaching in Ireland is considered. To imagine that the only solution is an

Anglican University in Dublin, a Roman Catholic University in the same city, and a Presbyterian University in Belfast, appears to us to be midsummer madness. Is the State, we ask, under the control of the Churches? I am not concerned with the rightness or wrongness of our view. We may be altogether wrong in exalting the State over the sectarian institutions of the nation, but we do it. If we had to settle the Irish University question, I believe it would be on some such lines as the following: We should follow the plan of the Queen's Colleges. We should establish a degree-granting University, and perhaps there would be sufficient funds granted to this University of Ireland to enable it to grant scholarships to students who could attend any colleges affiliated to the University. There would then be established in the north, the south, the east, and the west teaching University colleges free from Church control. The University and colleges would be under separate management. The University would be managed by a Senate, partly appointed by the Government, partly by the graduates, and partly by the affiliated colleges. The Senates of the colleges would be partly appointed by the Government, partly by the graduates who had studied at the college, partly by the professors and lecturers, and partly by the local bodies in the district—the County Councils and City Councils. At none of the colleges would theology be taught, and the Churches would have to institute their own theological colleges without Government aid. Trinity College would become the University College for Dublin; part of its endowments, now being used for theological teaching, would be given to a theological college if the Irish Church established one. The University and colleges would receive such endowments as their necessities required, and in time new and other colleges might be required in other centres. Under such a University system Catholic need not vex Protestant, nor Protestant Catholic, and there would grow up, perhaps, a true national feeling of brotherhood, that seems as lacking in Ireland as in many other countries. It would be a State system and based on citizenship, not on Church membership or Church organisations. And as the Imperial Parliament has declared that Ireland does not require a State religion, can it be said that she requires a University system based on Church organisations?

This is the point of view of the majority of the colonists. The Church and State are kept apart, and we believe that that is the only policy that can give us freedom and true equality as citizens. No one says that our University system has weakened the power of the Churches over their own church members, or that we are less touched with religious emotion than our kin across the seas. We have erected magnificent church buildings, we have quite an army of ecclesiastics, and our Church organisations are active, strong, and zealous. And the State has gained by the separation of Church

from State, for we have relegated theological discussions to the Churches. They are outside of politics.

May it not be necessary to strengthen the affection of the people for the State so that the perennial struggle in older lands between Churches and the State may cease? The colonists, as has been said, are being trained to look to the State for most things which they require. This may be a phase of our evolution. The time was when the Church loomed largest in the ideas and imaginations of the people. With us the State holds that position. Humanity, it has been said, cannot get on without institutions. Is the State to take the place of the Church? If it is to do so, it must become altruistic and dispense favours. This may explain why it is that in the colonies the functions of the State have been greatly extended in all directions. But who knows but that this increase of State duties and worship of the State may not be a phase of our growth and pass away, just as the domination of the State by the Church is passing away in all nations? The growth of the power of the State has its dangers; but such a power centred in one organisation, and that under democratic control, may prove much less mischievous than power centred in sectarian organisations, which tend to separate citizens and destroy true brotherhood.

These few observations are not offered as a defence of, or apology for, our point of view. This point of view of the State's position and functions exists. It is the stage in politics that we have reached—whether it shows progress or retrogression it is not for me to say. The liberty of the individual is not so sacred in some directions as it was, but it is more so in others. There is a tolerance of opinions, and there is an altruism and a growing civic conscience, that will compensate to some extent, perhaps, for the curtailment of freedom of contract, and for the interference between employers and employees.

Many explanations may be given for our point of view. It has to be remembered that in starting a new colony there is no co-operation amongst the immigrants. The Government is their co-operative association, and it is some time before private associations or companies can be formed. Individual effort can do little without co-operation, and the early immigrants were not capitalists. The Government must perforce do many things that in older countries are left to private enterprise. And as the government of the colony is in the hands of the people of the colony there necessarily is developed this feeling of the power, the wisdom, and the benevolence of the association called Government. And bit by bit its power has extended until the Government has come to occupy a position and importance entirely disproportionate to the position occupied by Governments in the opinion of people in other countries. But, whatever the genesis of this feeling, it exists, and it has to be

reckoned with by colonial statesmen and understood by our foreign critics.

Whether our experiments have any lessons for our Mother-land, or whether they can help to point a way to solve her burning questions, it is difficult at this distance to say. To appreciate our attempted solutions, however, it is necessary to understand our point of view. And perhaps it is necessary also to remember our environment. We have many advantages. We are possessors of a country having five-sixths of the area of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with a climate of great variety, extending from the sub-tropical North to the temperate South, with no extremes of heat and cold, and without the droughts or floods of Australia or the hurricanes or blizzards of North America. The scenery of our country cannot be excelled, and its productions are varied and abundant. We are also the healthiest country in the world, for our death-rate is often under 10 per 1000 in a year. Our people are few—under 800,000—and we lack and shall lack great cities with their inevitable slums, or great concentration of people. Our manufactures are small, and our labour troubles can, consequently, never be very acute. Situated as we are we must escape, in their accentuated form, many of the troubles of the older land, though the recent decrease in our birth-rate would seem to show that we, as well as the inhabitants of Europe, have an economic problem. There is, however, no sign amongst our New Zealanders of physical, intellectual, or moral decadence. Our young generation can hold their own and compare favourably with their fathers and mothers. But our time has been but short. One of our colonies—Canterbury—only celebrates its jubilee next year. It may take us fifty years more before we can see the effects of our experiments. If they fail with us they must fail everywhere, for our lines have been cast in pleasant places. And if we succeed, perhaps our success may be due as much to our environment and to the qualities of our race as to our laws. Some of us may have our doubts whether in other lands differently situated our experiments can be models for universal adoption.

ROBERT STOUT.

A NATIONAL CHURCH FOR INDIA.

IT seems strange that, whilst in England there has been great rejoicing over the celebration of the Centenary of the Church Missionary Society, in India the Church in its various operations has been, and is being, subjected to a criticism more or less severe, the leading Anglo-Indian journals having freely opened their columns for the discussion of this subject. I shall here deal with only one phase of this discussion—namely, that referring to the mischievous effects of sectarianism in the diffusion of Christianity, and in the serious obstruction which it constitutes to the consolidation of the Indian Christians into one compact body bound together by ties of love, charity, and sympathy towards each other, and capable as a united community of promoting their common interests. It is a significant fact that the brunt of this criticism has been mainly directed against the clergy of the Church of England, and a more or less unfavourable opinion expressed both as to the qualifications of the missionaries to carry on the work of evangelisation, and the manner in which their operations with this object in view are being carried on. Be this as it may, for there is much to be said on both sides of the question, it is yet a coincidence that cannot fail to be noticed that just at this juncture these same missionaries should by their united action, to some extent at least, have refuted the charge that they were lukewarm or indifferent in furthering the cause for which they came out to this country, and should have shown the world that they are not quite oblivious of what is passing around them, and is hindering the progress of the Church, and, so far as lies in their power, they are prepared to remove these hindrances, and to place the Indian Church on a more satisfactory footing.

For some time past it has been the practice of the missionaries

connected with the Church Missionary Society working in different parts of India to meet every five years to confer together as to the best method of carrying on their work. The last Quinquennial Conference was held in Allahabad in the month of December 1898, and was signalled by the passing of certain resolutions, which, as it were, mark an epoch in the history of the Church in India, and which indicate that the Conference has at last had brought home to it the conviction that the affairs of the Church were not on quite so satisfactory a footing as was to be desired, and that the time had arrived when a fresh departure was necessary to ensure its future well-being. These resolutions were unanimously passed, and that they were by no means premature is evidenced by the fact that a distinguished missionary in China resigned his position in the Society as a practical protest against the evils which these resolutions are intended to remedy. And this was followed by thirteen resolutions being passed by the Chinese Missionary Conference, having for their object the removal of those denominational differences which have divided Western Christians and were being transplanted to the young Christian Church in China, and the promotion of missionary comity and co-operation. But the Quinquennial Conference of the Church Missionary Society's missionaries in India has struck out a bolder line. It advocates the constitution of a self-supporting, self-governing, and independent Church, free from European control. The resolutions passed on this particular head are so important that they deserve to be quoted in full:

"1. That this Conference places on record its opinion that the future outcome of the Church Missionary Society's Native Church Council system should be the formation of an independent Indian Church, governed by its own Synods, under an Indian Episcopate, and in communion with the Church of England

"2. That, bearing in mind the fact that all the clergy, whether European or Indian, are now bound by the laws and regulations of the English Church in India they may as individual presbyters take their share in diocesan organisations, so far as their own standing as clergy of the diocese is concerned

"3. That the Indian Christians as a body should not be committed to any policy which may fetter their action in the future, or in any way hinder the independence, self-support, and self-development of the Church in India

"4. That, as the English Church in India must of necessity always consist mainly of Europeans who are not permanent residents in the country, and as it is difficult for it to adapt itself to the needs of the Indian Church, it is not desirable that for all time it should be the supreme ruler over the Indian Church, nor that the Church should be bound by laws and Acts of Parliament framed for a totally different state of society, and under national, political, and other considerations which do not prevail here.

"5. That this Conference requests the parent committee to confer with the directors of the large Missionary Societies carrying on work in India, in order that some united policy may be adopted in their respective Indian missions with reference to the questions of self-support in the Indian

Churches, and of increased independence to be given to these communities. The importance of united action is so great that, if some common basis of agreement is arrived at, this Conference trusts that all the Societies will take the necessary steps to secure the carrying out in the mission field of the policy agreed to. This Conference would further express its conviction that, if some such united action is taken, the result will be that the Indian clergy and laity will look less and less to foreign societies and more and more to the Indian Christians for the maintenance of all pastoral work, and it is believed that the spirit of self-denial and of dependence on God which such a movement would develop will lead to increased evangelistic zeal on the part of the Indian Churches.

"6. That this Conference is of opinion that, where Christians are sufficiently numerous, and where there are suitable Indian clergy, the appointment of Indian suffragan bishops will promote the consolidation and development of the Indian Church.

"7. That this Conference earnestly requests the parent committee to face at once and anew the important question of the policy of the formation of an independent Indian Church in the near or distant future—especially in view of the growth and increasing influence of the English Episcopate in India—and to state clearly and definitely, for the guidance of its missionaries and Church Councils, whether the object in view in our native Church organisation is or is not a self-governing and self-organising Indian native Church free of European control. The Conference is of opinion that it would be advantageous if the parent committee were to explain their policy, when clearly formulated, to the Indian Episcopate, and endeavour to secure a proper understanding with them in this matter.

"8. This Conference is of opinion that over the wide range of the Church Missionary Society's Indian missions the conditions are so diverse that it is impossible to adopt uniform legislation which shall be equally beneficial to all. Hence, when strong movements towards new methods in missionary work develop in one part of the continent of India, they ought not to be discouraged on the ground that they are not advisable in other parts of India."

In these resolutions several reasons have been pressed which show both the necessity and the urgency for their immediate adoption. The Church in India is peculiarly constituted. It is a department of State, governed by laws and regulations passed by Parliament, and was brought into existence solely for the benefit of Europeans. That it should be utterly unsuited to the people of this country need create no surprise. It is improbable it will undergo any change so far as the Europeans are concerned. These, taken at their best, are not permanent residents of India, and, unfortunately, take little or no interest in the affairs of the Church. A benevolent Government provides them means for their spiritual ministrations, and they are content to let matters follow their course, leaving to the Government the sole responsibility of determining what measures should be adopted for the proper conduct of the duties of the clergy, or for regulating the relations between the clergy and the laity. At this indifference of the Europeans we need not be surprised. The social and moral atmosphere of India is not such as is likely to stimulate any deep interest in spiritual matters, and the European is but a temporary

resident in any particular city in India, liable to be transferred at a moment's notice at the will of those he is serving. Even in certain instances where, comparatively speaking, he may be termed a permanent resident, he finds that he is called upon to attend the services of a Church which neither demands nor would permit any interference on his part. As to the personality of the clergyman to whose ministrations he has to submit, and who, to all intents and purposes, is a State official, he is neither consulted nor encouraged to offer any opinion. The character of the services is left entirely to the officiating clergyman, who would consider any suggestion made by the laity in the light of a contempt of his lawful authority. The Englishman in India pays no rates or taxes for the benefit of the Church, nor is there any public opinion which would compel him to give donations for the benefit of any public object, unless he does so out of pure good will. It is obvious, therefore, that he possesses no legal or moral right to interfere with an institution which to him is a voluntary gift on the part of the State.

But how is the Indian Church circumstanced? The State provides no churches for the benefit of Indians, nor clergy to minister to their spiritual needs. The requirements of Indian Christians have hitherto been met by the missionaries, who for some time past have been aiming at making the various churches under them self-supporting. In some stray instances their efforts have been successful; in others there is a promise of the attainment of the desired object in due course of time. Supposing the Indian Church does become self-supporting, is it to be expected that it should sit calmly and allow itself to be governed by bishops who have been appointed by the State primarily to minister to the wants of Englishmen in India, and are practically uncontrolled in the discharge of their duties, and who can have but scant sympathy with the budding aspirations of Indian Christians desirous of having some voice in the organisation and management of the Church which they hope to be able to maintain by their own unaided efforts? Be it said to the credit of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society that they have of late shown a hearty sympathy with these aspirations, and have after careful deliberation given expression to their views in as solemn a manner as possible. This is perhaps the most hopeful feature in connection with this question, for hitherto some missionaries have laid themselves open to the suspicion that they were but lukewarm in their desire to foster the formation of churches possessing any independence. This lukewarmness was due as much to the deep-rooted tendency in the Anglo-Saxon character to Anglicise everything, as to the reluctance on the part of missionaries to loose the leading-strings in which the native Christians have been brought up. However, it is a matter of congratulation that the missionaries have at last realised the fact that

a continuation of a narrow and suspicious policy is fraught with the greatest danger to the Indian Church, and the resolutions passed by them show a broad-minded sympathy from which much good may be anticipated.

And, after all, the missionaries are but carrying out the policy which was adopted sixty years ago by Henry Venn when he declared that what he aimed at was a self-supporting and independent Native Church, free from European control. Theoretically this has been the policy of the Church Missionary Society ever since, and but two years ago Sir J. Kennaway, President of the Society, in his anniversary address at Exeter Hall, stated :

"No one, I think, will dispute that many souls have been gathered in from heathen darkness into the light of Christian truths through the efforts of the Church Missionary Society. No one will question that Christian influence has been brought to bear, by our schools, by our translation of the Scriptures, and by the example of holy self-denying lives of our missionaries, upon untold millions who yet do not openly acknowledge Christ. Ought we to be satisfied with this? Suppose we were obliged to withdraw our men and cease our grants, suppose in God's providence there came about the termination of British rule, for example, in India, what would remain of the edifice we have so laboriously built up? How far have we carried out the mission scheme, the main object of which is the development of native churches? Are we attaining the chief object in missions, which is the development of a Native Church with a view to ultimate settlement on a self-supporting, self-governing, and self-extending basis "

The resolutions quoted above demand from the parent society some authoritative declaration of its policy as regards the Indian Church, and as a reason for the urgency of an immediate declaration the Conference lays stress on the fact of the growth and increasing influence of the English Episcopate in India, which it evidently looks upon as a serious obstacle to the formation of an independent Church. The Bishops in India are, no doubt, good men and true, they are learned, they are well-intentioned, they earnestly desire the welfare of the Church over which they preside. But we may just as well ask a despotic monarch to consent to the organisation of a republic in the country over which he rules, he himself becoming the President of the republic, as expect a Bishop in India to surrender his present unrestricted authority into the hands of others, though he still remained the nominal head. The Conference had not far to go for an illustration of the perils which the Indian Church will have to face, and which will come from the quarter of the English Bishops. It is difficult to recall to mind the name of any person who, as we shall see further on, has denounced in more forcible terms the evils of sectarianism and advocated the formation of a National Church for India than Mr. Clifford, the ex-Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta. But Mr. Clifford, as he well deserved it, has been raised

to the Episcopate as the first Bishop of Lucknow, and the selfsame person who had cried shame on the missionaries and described them as Pharisees for perpetuating in the Indian Church divisions and distinctions, now, it is alleged, sees serious objections and difficulties in the way of an independent Church being organised in India. Have the Bishop's convictions undergone any change? I think not, only that he looks upon the question from a different standpoint. He is now a dignitary of the Church of England, holding an office the authority of which he is bound to maintain, and it would be unreasonable to expect one who is vested by the Government with a strictly defined authority to prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in him by acting in concert with others for the object of not merely weakening, but practically transferring that authority into other hands.

But the members of the Conference, if they had been so disposed, might have admitted the existence of another danger to which the Church in India is exposed, proceeding not from without, but from those intimately associated in fostering and guiding it—that is, from their own selves, or those who would in the future succeed them. So far as the representatives of the Church Missionary Society in India are concerned, it may at once be frankly admitted that they have hitherto shown no tendency to indulge in ritualistic practices, but of late there are indications that there are some who entertain for such practices a secret sympathy. In Agra a magazine called *Our Link* is published at the Secundra Orphanage Press, an institution belonging to the Church Missionary Society. This periodical is the Parish Magazine, not only of St. George's Church, where the Government Chaplain officiates, but of St. Paul's Church, which is in the charge of a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and in the number for April the following are some of the subjects dealt with: "Heroes of the Cross," "St. Gregory," "St. Edward, King of the West Saxons," "St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester," "St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan," "St. Alphege," "St. George, Martyr," followed by an account of "The Invention of the Cross." It may be said that this is an isolated case, but we ought never to forget that the Church Missionary Society's missionaries are working under the bishops appointed by Government, and are not only brought intimately into contact, but are often associated in the performance of religious services with Government Chaplains. The most recent appointment to the Indian Episcopate is that of Mr. Whitehead, the head of the Oxford Mission in Calcutta, a man holding extreme High Church views, to whose nomination as Bishop of Madras serious objection has been taken, in so far that the Secretary of State for India had a question put to him in Parliament. Of the Government Chaplains it has been ascertained that no less than thirty-five are members of ritualistic societies in England. Such being the case, any apprehensions on the score of the missionaries connected with the Church of

England becoming infected with the craze for ritualism cannot be considered to be altogether groundless. The mischief to the Indian Church would be simply incalculable if it were torn asunder by dissensions which had their origin in the indulgence of practices from which, at present, it is completely free. It is clear, therefore, if Indian Christians desire to avert this danger they must try and dissociate themselves from such persons, and remove themselves from such surroundings, as are likely to facilitate the introduction of this evil.

It may, perhaps, be objected by some that the foregoing remarks, though closely bearing on the formation of an independent Church in connection with the Church of England, are not very relevant to what is the purpose of this article—the organisation of a National Church for India embracing the various sects and denominations which are at present working independently of one another. But much as this desirable object has been and is being advocated on all sides, it has been felt that the greatest obstacle in the way is the present constitution of those Missionary Societies which work in subordination to an Episcopate appointed by the State. It has been foreseen that the first step towards developing a National Church would be the release of the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel from the thralldom of the present bishops, and the development of the Churches under them towards a self-supporting and self-governing basis. Once this is attained the rest, it is imagined, would be a much easier matter. It is not the other denominations who would hold out or stand in the way of an amalgamation which would combine the present conflicting elements into one united body. We have the authority of no less a person than the Bishop of Lucknow that for the perpetuation of the present disunion the missionaries are responsible, and primarily those of the Church of England. In an address delivered before the Bengal Church Missionary Conference in 1882, he spoke as follows :

“Yes, brethren, let us not deceive ourselves in this matter; the sin and shame of the disunion which exists among native Christians rest almost entirely with us European missionaries. It is we who are guilty, we missionaries of the Church of England who have not sought enough to conciliate our brethren, and have often carried ourselves stiffly and as though we had a monopoly of the grace of God, and the Nonconformist missionaries who have needlessly perpetuated their sectarianism and imposed it upon their converts in this heathen country where often the original cause of difference has no existence. God forgive us all, for we are verily guilty concerning our brethren. How should *they* know, how should *they* be able to stand out for union against those whom they regard as their spiritual fathers! No, it is *we* who are to blame, we with our Phariseism and our bigotry and our want of brotherly love. Let us not attempt to excuse or hide our fault, but frankly acknowledging it to God and one another and our native brethren, try to make amends, and before it becomes quite too late, begin now to strive sincerely and honestly to put away these unhappy divisions and build up the Church of Christ in godly union and concord.”

It might be asked, and with the best of motives, Since India is such a large continent, why is it not possible, by an arrangement arrived at between the different Missionary Societies, so to subdivide it that one denomination should not trench upon the preserves of another denomination? This was possible in the early stages of Christian evangelisation in India, when, on the one hand, the workers were few and were the agents of a limited number of Missionary Societies, whilst, on the other hand, the number of converts was not so large as to exceed the demand for service either in the particular mission to which they belonged, or with Government, or some other employer within the circle of the operation of that mission. Now the number of Protestant independent organisations number sixty-four, and the progress of Protestant missions in India since 1851 has been phenomenal, as will be seen from the following table :

	Foreign Missionaries	Ordained Indians	Indian Christians.	Communicants	Pupils.
1851	339	21	91,092	14,661	64,043
1861	479	97	138,731	24,976	75,995
1871	488	225	224,258	52,816	122,132
1881	586	461	417,372	113,325	187,652
1890	857	797	559,651	182,722	279,716

The Christian population of India is increasing at the rate of 25 per cent every ten years, and the probability is that for the ten years ending in 1900 the increase will be at a rate far exceeding that. In some parts of South India where the pariahs predominate, and in Oude and Rohilkund in the north, the lower castes of the rural population are being converted in large numbers. That these should form a compact body under a particular denomination is feasible ; but even these are receiving more or less the benefits of an English education, with the result that young men and young women go out to cities or large towns to obtain a living. Thus it is that in every city Indian Christians of various denominations are found to be residing. Sometimes it happens that several denominations are working in the same place, so that there is ample provision for their spiritual interests. But where there is only one mission represented, and especially if it happens to be in connection with the Nonconformists, those converts who do not belong to it run a great risk of being totally neglected. And this is solely due to the sectarian lines on which the religious education of Indian Christians has been conducted, and particularly of those who are brought up under the teaching of the Church of England. I would carefully guard myself from making the assertion that all missionaries working under this denomination are so illiberal and intolerant as to teach their followers to keep studiously aloof from other denominations ; but unfortunately the number of those who have done so is not small, though there is reason to believe that it is decreasing now.

An Indian pastor, working under the Church of England, once told me that he did not allow any members of his congregation to go to a Nonconformist place of worship, and volunteered certain abstruse reasons which, paraphrased in plain language, meant that he considered his Church alone as entitled to be called Christian. Some years ago, whilst at Jubbulpore, I asked the native pastor of the Church Missionary Society—as simple-minded and honest a Christian as I have come across—if he was going to hear Bishop Thoburn, of the American Methodist Church, deliver an address. He seemed shocked at such a proposal being made to him, and, so far as I could make out, he sincerely believed it would be wrong on his part to do so, and also that he would thereby incur the displeasure of the English missionary under whom he was working. His face was a picture to look at when I told him that amongst the congregation I had noticed this very missionary, who is now the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society at Allahabad. The Bengali Christian Conference is an association which is composed of Indian Christians of every denomination, including the Church Missionary Society. They meet once a month to discuss matters relating to their spiritual or material welfare. Once a year during the long vacation, when the Hindoos are celebrating their Doorgah-poojah, they hold revival meetings which are attended by Christians from hundreds of miles, and close these meetings with a procession from one part of Calcutta to another, singing revival hymns and songs set to national tunes and accompanied by music purely Indian. That this has left a deep impression on the crowds of Hindoos and Mohammedans who listen to them, it must be said, on the whole, with the most respectful attention, is evident from the fact that a certain reformed section of the Hindoos have thought it of sufficient importance to imitate them, and these Sankirtans, as they are called, are quite the fashion now. But from these monthly meetings as well as from the revival gatherings and the procession, the Indian Christians connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel keep themselves studiously aloof. They do so simply in imitation of the example of the missionaries of that Society, who have made themselves conspicuous by refraining from joining the Calcutta Missionary Conference of which every missionary in Bengal, no matter to what denomination he belongs, is a member. These good men can hardly realise the responsibility they are incurring by sowing the seeds of dissension and estrangement amongst those to whom they preach the gospel of peace and good-will towards each other. It was as much for these reasons as for his ritualistic tendencies that in certain quarters an objection has been raised to the appointment of the Rev H. Whitehead, the principal of the Bishop's College, Calcutta, to the Bishopric of Madras. How great has been the evil of sectarianism has been described by the Bishop of Lucknow in most forcible terms in the address to which reference has already been made :

"Here is this vast Empire with its 250,000,000 of souls, sunk in the darkness of ignorance and superstition and false worship. And here are we the disciples of Him who prayed for His people that they all may be one. How have we learned of our Master, and how do we represent His will to the people of this country? Alas! instead of going to them as *one* body united in one great purpose, preaching the one Lord, one faith, one baptism, inviting them to join themselves to Christ, and in Him to all who call upon His name, we find ourselves split up into some twenty sections, each with a different banner, and a peculiar shibboleth of its own. Shame to us we cannot worship together, cannot meet at the same Holy Supper, often cannot preach and work side by side in the same town, without endless jealousies and heartburnings. We preach the Lord who prayed that His people may all be one, and we ourselves are all at variance with one another, and are gathering our converts, not into one great catholic body, but into some little society which is more or less at war with all the rest of the Church, and perhaps will scarcely recognise other believers even as worthy of the name of Christians. Who that even for a moment thoughtfully considers this matter can fail to perceive how utterly alien to the mind of Christ this disunion among Christians is, and specially how hurtful and scandalous, where, as in this country, the whole number of believers is such a fraction compared with the non-Christian population. Scandal and shame this disunion among Christians is anywhere, but how much more in a heathen country, and in face of a foe which so tremendously outnumbers us, and where our only hope of success can lie in presenting a united front, in acting in harmony on some common understanding, and on a mutually concerted plan."

Apart from the pernicious effect sectarianism has on the non-Christian population of India, and its tendency to alienate the Christians from one another, a serious drawback in connection with it lies in the fact of its being a source of great internal weakness to the Church of Christ taken as a whole. What a useless waste of energy, what a frittering away of talent that may be better employed! Take Calcutta, for instance. There are no less than sixteen distinct organisations represented there, each with its separate church buildings, pastorate and agency for carrying on the work of evangelisation. Some of these places of worship are but thinly attended, the members of their respective congregations being scattered in different parts of Calcutta. If the various congregations were working in concert, not only would there be an economy both in men and in money, but the people would be better looked after. Some years ago I had to go on professional work to the interior of a district in the North-Western Provinces. I called on the Indian pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who invited me to attend the Sunday evening service. The Methodists, though they have but recently started the work of evangelisation in these parts, have been so far successful that the converts in and about this town number more than 500, drawn mostly from the lower castes. No special place of worship had been erected, but the service was held in the verandah of an ordinary native house. The next morning I took a walk in the town and was pointed out a building capable of accommodating 150 persons, which was the church and school of the Church Missionary

Society who had commenced work there fifty years ago. The building was closed, and in the verandah round it a number of cows and goats were tied. On going into the compound a Christian woman, the wife of the man in charge, came out, and informed me that once in four months a missionary from a neighbouring city visited the town and held service there, which was attended by two families. Asked if she had ever been to the service of the Methodists she replied no, she did not belong to that Church, besides, the padre sahib would be angry. Here we have the case of a congregation without a place of worship, and a place of worship without a congregation. Alas ! for that Christianity which renders it impossible for those in charge of such a place to proffer it to those who could utilise it to good purpose.

The evils of sectarianism, of which I have tried to give a brief outline here, are, indeed, as great as they are deplorable, but happily there is hope for the future, in that there are indications of a general recognition of the evil, and if the prayers of earnest and godly men of all denominations count for anything, no doubt a remedy will soon be found. For perhaps a quarter of a century this question has exercised the minds of some of the most eminent Christians in India and abroad, and the only remedy they could suggest was the gradual organisation of a National Church for India. And, indeed, anything less drastic or thorough would fail to achieve the object in view. It is probable that the congregations of Indian Christians subordinate to the Church of England will at no very distant date be developed and consolidated on a self-supporting and self-governing basis, an excellent thing, no doubt, in itself, but, after all, this would only mean the perpetuation of a denomination under a constitution which is somewhat modified. This may help to some extent in removing the barriers which at present divide the Church of England from other denominations, but the goal to be aimed at is the gradual abatement of those feelings of hostility and jealousy which at present estrange the different sects from each other, and constitute to the Church a source of weakness within and without, inasmuch as the Indian Christians divided amongst themselves are unable by their united efforts to promote their common welfare, and their constant bickerings and mutual denunciations have anything but a salutary effect on the non-Christians by whom they are surrounded. The remedy, to be effective, lies, therefore, in the direction of a total extinction of sectarianism, and the consolidation of the various branches of Christ's Church in India into one community, which will combine into a harmonious whole the best features of all denominations, and be suited to the social instincts and national characteristics of the native converts. This is by no means a Utopian idea, for the following quotations will show that the attainment of this end has been considered quite within the range of possibility by men whose opinions are entitled to the greatest weight and consideration :

"The aim of all missions in India should be to create an independent Church in the future, neither Episcopalian, nor Presbyterian, nor Congregational, but the outcome of the national spirit. For, now that people are coming over to Christianity in masses, the question as to the formation of a Protestant National Indian Church must become ever more and more a burning one"—Dr. T. Christlieb, Bonn Professor of Theology.

"We may hope, and at no distant period, to see a great Christian Church in India, with distinct national characteristics of its own, but with features which may be recognised by all Catholic Christians as betokening true Catholic unity with the great Head of our faith"—Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.S.I.

"India is our special charge as a missionary Church. Hitherto we have kept too exclusively to beaten paths. Our mode of dealing with the Indian has been too conventional, too English. Indian Christianity can never be cast in the same mould as English Christianity. We must make up our minds to this. The stamp of teaching, the mode of life, which experience has justified as the best possible for an English parish, may be very unfit when transplanted into an Indian soil. We must become as Indians to the Indian if we would win India to Christ"—Dr. Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham.

"Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective shibboleths, learn and repeat our respective war cries, and even make caste marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formulas approved of by our forefathers, and the separating signs of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some, and I feel assured that it will be realised in part as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated, unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organised and governed by the natives themselves as far as possible independently of us."—Dr. Norman Macleod.

"Now, I take it that experience will have convinced most of us that the unity of Christians in this country will not be brought about by their all joining themselves to any one of the existing bodies *just as it is, without any modification*. The Church of England, no doubt, vastly exceeds all other Protestant bodies in this country in the number of its adherents, but there is, I take it, no probability at all of large numbers of Nonconformists renouncing their peculiar tenets and seeking admission to its fold without any modification on its part. To my mind it is clear, that when Christians in this country awake to the duty and importance of union, they will naturally form themselves into a national Church of their own, which, however close its connection may be with the Church in England, will be distinct from it, and have a constitution and character of its own"—Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Lucknow.

"It behoved England to insist on the principle on which she lived—that in the whole united body of the Catholic Church there must be national Churches, and that each must hold the Gospel with such forms as might interpret it in the best light to itself"—Dr. Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

"We do not want Western Christianity in India. We want Anglican theology to spread there, but not to stifle the Church. We must give

plenty of freedom, and let the native Church form and frame itself, as is necessary for the wants of their own people, so as not to be a Church of England in India, but a Church of India in full connection with the Church of England."—Dr. Harold Browne, late Bishop of Winchester.

That any one denomination will in course of time absorb the other denominations is entirely out of the question. Any union that may eventually take place will therefore be on the lines of mutual compromise, leading to a fusion of the existing sects into a Church drawing to itself the best characteristics of each. To Western nations it might seem a stupendous achievement to bring about such a union, but, so far as India is concerned, it is not necessarily so. The sectarianism of the West is deeply rooted in the minds of the people whose fathers fought for it and suffered for it. The sectarianism of the East exists merely by reason of the will and the pleasure of the missionaries, and has so little root that, if they were to say to-day that they had resolved on sinking all their differences and forming a united national Church, the proposal would be received with acclamation by the Indian Christians, a large proportion of whom, as I have said before, have no intelligent notion as to the origin and necessity for these differences.

Thanks to the caution and foresight of the Church Missionary Society, which has deliberately set its face against any of its representatives in India adopting any Romish practices or doctrines, there is, as a matter of fact, amongst the different sects working in India no serious difference of opinion so far as the essential dogmas of Christianity are concerned. Whatever difference there is has reference chiefly to the question of Episcopal ordination, of Church government, and of mode of worship, matters by no means difficult of adjustment. It may be conceded at once that no union is possible, so far as the adherents of the Church of England are concerned, unless it is on a basis of Episcopal ordination of priests and deacons. Will the Nonconformists consent to this? Why not? So far as the Indian Christians are concerned, it would be by no means difficult to persuade them that an ordination of their ministers at the hands of a bishop and two or three presbyters would be at least as good as at the hands of a number of Nonconformist ministers. If the alternative is presented to them of union coupled with the Episcopal ordination of ministers, or not at all, there can be no doubt which alternative they will accept. Then, as to Church government, as a matter of fact, in India there is not much difference between the Episcopal Church and the various Nonconformist bodies. The one has over its head a bishop, who exercises a general supervision over its affairs; the others have officers, who perform a similar function, but are called by another name—generally secretaries of the Society to which they belong—whilst the American Methodists, who are, perhaps, destined to take a more prominent part in the evangelisation of India than any other

denomination, are subject to the control of a bishop just as much as the members of the Established Church of England. But happily there are points of agreement to be found in India which are absent in England. The Nonconformist bodies have conferences or synods composed of ministers and laymen to regulate the affairs of their respective Churches, and the Episcopal Church is not far behind them so far as the Indian Christians are concerned.

There are at present eight Church Councils in India acting independently of each other, with District Councils subordinate to them, and in their hands to a large extent is vested the administration of the affairs of the Indian Church. These Councils are composed of laymen and clergy, and are entirely free from the control of the bishops. The secretary of the Church Missionary Society, holding as he does the purse-strings, naturally exercises a considerable influence in the deliberations of these councils, but as the Churches become self-supporting this influence will proportionately decrease, whilst the laity and clergy will find themselves placed in a position of greater independence. And the day is not far distant when we may see the constitution of a General Church Council for the whole of India, which, with the aid of bishops specially appointed for the Indian Church, will exercise a complete control on all matters relating to the organisation and administration of the Church, constituting, as it were, a Court of Final Appeal on all matters ecclesiastical.

So far as the connection between the Church and State in India is concerned, it has no meaning whatever to Indian Christians. The State does nothing and can do nothing for them, placed as it is at the head of people who believe in a variety of religions, and towards whom it professes to maintain a position of absolute neutrality. True enough the bishops who ordain the priests are State officials; but if the Church Missionary Society were to-day to send out a number of bishops to work solely amongst the Indian Christians, the Government of India would be the first to welcome such a measure, as removing a cause of complaint with the non-Christians, that it was applying a portion of the revenues of the country to the support of the Christian religion. Not a voice would be lifted in India in support of the maintenance of the connection, such as it is, between the Church and the State. The Bishop of Lucknow, in the address I have referred to above, has, with reference to the doctrines to be adopted by a National Church, given utterance to the following wise and weighty words, which would indicate that no serious difficulty need be anticipated, on this point at least:

“The elaborate doctrinal standards of the English Church or the Church of Scotland were produced by circumstances which do not exist in India. To imitate them here would be a fatal mistake. The motto of the Church of India, if it desires to comprehend in itself all existing bodies of Protestant Christians, must be *simplicity*, not elaboration, as regards doctrinal standards.

There is, of course, no difficulty in suggesting a simple standard, Holy Scripture and the Creeds of the first four centuries would supply it, the difficulty would lie in getting people to be liberal-minded enough to exact no more than this from their neighbours. The tendency amongst Christians to anathematise one another for small divergence from their own particular standard of orthodoxy has always been great, but it may be not unreasonably hoped that a brighter day is dawning upon Christendom, and that the recognition of principles of liberality and charity is on the increase. Certain it is that to the end of time Christian men will take different views of truth and adopt different interpretations of Scripture, and if we wish to unite them in a common organisation it must be on the understanding that within certain broad lines freedom of opinion is permissible. Christian and Churchman ought to be co-extensive terms, and though in this world of error we can hardly expect that such a happy consummation as that will ever take place, yet in drawing up the constitution of a new National Church the greatest care should be taken that the terms of communion should be as liberal as possible, and no needless dogmatic hindrances to membership imposed. Among our native brethren, I believe, there would be no opposition to a very simple and comprehensive standard. Feeling the broad contrast between the heathenism they have left and the Christianity they have embraced, differences between the doctrinal views of this Christian and that seem to them insignificant. And surely we have much to learn from them in this respect. In this country, at any rate, in face of the common foe, we may well tolerate minor differences for the sake of the great matters in which we are at one. God grant that when it comes to the point liberality and charity may prevail. For my part, I believe they will, and that the unity of the Church of India will not be frustrated by any un-Christlike exclusiveness on our part."

The foregoing remarks clearly establish two distinct facts, the one bearing on the necessity, even the urgency, for a speedy union of the various denominations working in India; the other, that such a union is not outside the range of Indian Church politics. The best qualified authorities, whose theological opinions are most divergent, are at one in this, that if a serious and honest attempt is made to bring about a union it will be attended with success, and India may one day be blessed with having a National Church of its own and the present dissensions and heartburnings and jealousies be a thing of the past. It is not the purpose of this article to present a complete scheme for achieving this union, but reference has been made to the broad lines on which this end can be attained. The first step that has to be taken is for the Church Missionary Society to give a hearty response to the appeal of the Quinquennial Conference "to face at once and anew the important question of the policy of the formation of an independent Indian Church," and "to confer with the directors of the large Missionary Societies in order that some united policy may be adopted with reference to the questions of self-support and independence of the Indian Churches."

ALFRED NUNDY.

THE WORKHOUSE FROM THE INSIDE.

MY attention has been called to the article "Within Workhouse Walls" in the June number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, and perhaps a few words in reply may prove neither uninteresting nor inopportune, coming from one who has had a still more intimate connection, and for a longer period of time, with that workhouse of which Mrs. Crawford has now been an unpaid officer for the space of a little over a year. True, I was a *pard* officer; but I do not think that this makes me an untrustworthy witness or biases me for or against the present system of workhouse administration.

The question of that system is a very large one, complex as are the subtleties of our common humanity, and bristling with difficulties of which many can only be known and appreciated at their proper value by the paid officials; they alone live day in day out with that heterogeneous mass of men, women, and children who are known to the Poor-law as "paupers."

The vital importance to the commonwealth of finding an adequate solution to the problem of the treatment of paupers is forced home on any one who takes the slightest interest in social matters, but to those of us who have been brought face to face with the deepest depths of human poverty and degradation, dirt, and disease, to whose daily and hourly charge the victims fall in their ever-varying, horrible reality—to us, indeed, it seems well-nigh impossible ever to cope with it. But it seems to me to be one of the ways "how not to do it" to brand the Poor-law official as a bully and a tyrant, as has lately become the fashion. I can truly say I never saw any cruelty or real hardship inflicted on any "inmate" by my fellow workers during my term of office. They were uniformly kind and patient to those

committed to their charge, who, to say the least of it, could be extremely exasperating.

Philanthropists generally, in their anxiety for the pauper, overlook the fact that, in order to carry out their most laudable and excellent ideas, it would be necessary to have a very superior kind of officer indeed, equal to themselves in fact, and that these peculiar qualifications are not to be had in every man or woman that aspires to the post, or indeed to be had at all for the present inducements offered. For an intelligent, educated man to be shut up with the lowest of his kind (both mentally and physically considered); to be on duty from 6.30 A.M. in summer and 7.30 A.M. in winter, till 8 P.M., Sundays and weekdays alike; with rations of inferior ever-alternating beef and mutton, and the impression in the minds of some of the guardians that he ought to be content with the same fare as the lazy and improvident under his care; liable to the foulest abuse, to say nothing of blows; to be willing for this life to forego marriage, a home, and all chance of advancement (for to the under officer the chances are small), on a money salary of from £20 to £50 per annum, would require the devotion of a monk of the Middle Ages. Small wonder is it that the desirable superior male officer finds work more attractive outside the workhouse, and the more hardy, if less talented, official takes his place within.

All the refuse of the hospitals falls to the share of the workhouse attendants, to them are brought for cleansing the most degraded of human beings, even before the ordinary infirmary nurse is expected to touch them. Shall I ever forget the sight I once saw in our receiving ward? On the floor was seated an abject heap of misery, unable to open her eyes or help herself in any way. It was necessary to give the woman six baths of clean water before she was fit to be rolled in blankets and taken to the infirmary! A few weeks previously she had left our gates a clean and tidy woman, to go into a situation found for her by the matron. Through drink she soon lost it; sleeping in the parks and low lodging-houses she had become infested with vermin, and finally, in helpless intoxication, had allowed the flies their loathsome work and all this rather than submit to what any just-minded person would say was wholesome discipline. Is it to be wondered at that the average man and woman loses patience sometimes, and cannot hide the loathing and disgust which such sights inspire? Maternity cases, which no lying-in-hospitals will touch, often sent away in the last extremity from their door as not fit for the regular nurse, all and everything not admissible elsewhere comes to the workhouse; and it seems scarcely fair, or even honest, that the hospital nurse should be looked upon as a modern saint of society, while the workhouse attendant, trained in the hardest of schools, and without whose services the inhabitants of London would soon have

pestilence knocking at their doors, should be branded as the lowest and least worthy of public officials.

When first I entered the doors of St. Marylebone Workhouse I was so unprepared for the true state of affairs, that for a long time I was absolutely incredulous of what I was told, and for a still longer period so utterly bewildered, so unable to disentangle my new conceptions from the old, that mentally I kept oscillating between the two, and even now, after having dwelt three and a half years within the precincts, I am very diffident in expressing myself emphatically on the vexed subject of how best to deal with the incapable and destitute members of our modern civilisation.

It was on a wet, foggy November day, such as only London can produce, that I first passed the gates as an accredited workhouse official. My first sensation was one of utter dreariness. The great gate with its little wicket, a labyrinth of yards and corridors, dripping trees, and barracklike buildings, bedraggled women in blue cotton gowns and stockings down at heel; these were anything but invigorating spectacles, and I felt correspondingly depressed. The place, too, was lighted up in a half-hearted way with meagre gas jets; the paint on the walls was of sombre red and green, relieved by limewash of various shades equally depressing; and my heart swelled with commiseration for the unhappy individuals whose misfortunes or incapacities constrained them to make such a place their home. My quarters were in the oldest part of the great establishment, which occupies close on four and a half acres, including the recreation-ground. To-day all these corridors, yards, squares, and cloistered footways have disappeared to make way for a new and modern edifice, which is certainly lighter, if less quaint, and perhaps more convenient, though there are various opinions on that point. For one hundred and sixty years the old building had served many purposes—barracks, hospital, and poor-house, whilst small-pox, fevers, and “all the ills that flesh is heir to” had been nursed within its not inhospitable walls; and it still stood looking stolidly on at the seething mass of human misery and broken fortunes, with never a smile on its dull red face. “All hope abandon ye who enter here” seemed plainly written on its weather-beaten, smoke-begrimed features that dull November afternoon.

Prepared for the worst, my astonishment was great when I crossed my threshold and found awaiting me a cheery fire and a trim nurse (my assistant) in a neat uniform of brown merino, clear-starched apron, pretty cap, and linen collar and cuffs. She bade me welcome, and then took me round my wards, containing in all some 108 beds—85 for the aged and infirm, and 23 for maternity cases. Plenty of work for two pairs of hands, for it meant a considerable amount of nightwork in the last-mentioned class; and the aged and infirm, though able to look after themselves in great measure, did sometimes

fall sick, and, unless seriously ill, were nursed in their own wards. Serious cases were, however, always sent on to the infirmary, some two miles off, being conveyed thither in a very uncomfortable ambulance, which during my time made way for a really easy and convenient one with pneumatic tyres and modern improvements.

To return to my first impressions, it is needless to say that I slept little the first night, for, in addition to the novel surroundings, I expected to be called at any minute, and a particularly strident quarter Jack belonging to the workhouse clock awoke me if I dared to doze between whiles. At 6 45 A.M. the bell rang, and again at 7.30 for breakfast. Everything awoke to life at the first bell; the men began bringing the bread and butter from the kitchen, and at 7 30 precisely the tea, in huge urns, with milk and sugar complete. The women under my charge being in many cases very feeble, and in the lying-in wards semi-invalids, were more or less indulged, quite half of them having breakfast in bed, and getting up leisurely afterwards, whilst the wardswomen and scrubbers, of whom I had sixteen, washed up and made the beds of all unable to do for themselves, and finally scrubbed every inch of flooring. Our work was usually finished by noon, when dinner was served, after which the old ladies had a nap on their beds till 3 P.M., when they all waked up for their afternoon tea. Each old lady had her own teapot, and, as the grates were open, sundry little cookings went on of scraps of meat saved from dinner, potatoes, &c., and above all rose the comforting smell of hot buttered toast. This, however, was not at the ratepayers' expense. Most of them had friends who made them little presents and provided the tea, and the allowance of bread and butter for the day was usually sufficient. The bread was excellent, made and baked in the kitchen, officers and inmates having the same. Potatoes were uniformly poor, and of these the officers also had their rations. The meat sometimes might easily have been better; it was more often than not tough, badly cooked and carved, consequently unappetising and ill suited to the needs of old women without teeth. Yet, strange to say, they preferred it to soup in any shape, and tinned meat nearly always went down as it came up, only to be thrown into the pigs' tub, as under the Poor-law no food can be re-cooked or re-served to any pauper. This tinned meat was most excellent, tender, clean-served, and solid, and many a time have my nurse and I helped ourselves to the rejected inmates' dinner, finding it a very welcome addition to our usual beef or mutton. Milk was of the best, and more than half the old women under our charge had one pint per day, and also a pint of beef-tea, while the more feeble had eggs and milk pudding. There were two soup, two bacon, and three meat dinners in the week, the popular dinner being bacon and greens, and on soup days a raw onion with cheese was much appreciated.

Perhaps here a few details of the numbers within the walls and the officers required may not be out of place. The house was registered for 1800, and the officers (night and day staff included) numbered twenty-six. Frequently, however, the inmates numbered 2000, and one inclement winter, I was told, as many as 2200 had to be accommodated. It is useless to talk of overcrowding; the destitute cannot be turned away, and it is no question of "Is there room?" but an imperative demand, "There must be room" when necessity arises.

To gain admittance an order is necessary from the relieving officer; that obtained, the bearer is admitted into the receiving ward to await the visit of the medical officer, who comes twice a day, and decides whether the new arrivals are fit to mix with the regular inmates, or, if suffering from disease, whether they need to be sent to the infirmary. If fit for the "house," they are given a clean bath—not a dirty one (as some sensational reports have it)—and a clean suit of clothes; their old rags, after being carefully booked and a duplicate list given to their owners, are sent to the laundry, so that on discharge they may go out clean and wholesome. Then they pass to the body of the house, those over sixty to the quarters for the aged and infirm, the young and able-bodied into a separate department, nursing mothers to the nursery, children to their own attendant, and lunatics to special wards with padded rooms attached. There are also quarters for the married couples over sixty years of age, "the cocks and hens," as the other inmates irreverently call them. These quarters are pretty little cottages overlooking the park, with separate sleeping rooms and a common day-room; cheery looking places, bright with flowers, and window-boxes, creeping plants, and a shady verandah.

The order of the day's work is pretty much as follows: first bell, 5 45 A.M., March to September; 6 45 A.M. September to March; breakfast, 6 30 and 7 30 A.M. respectively. At 8 the able-bodied are distributed to the various departments for the work of the day; the elder ones, over sixty, to the needle-room, where, under the needle mistress, they make and mend all the wearing apparel; the younger to the scrubbing and cleaning of wards, &c. To the able-bodied old men and skilled workmen are given the carpentering, plumbing, general repairs, house-painting, tailoring, cobbling, &c., while the stronger of the young of both sexes are drafted to the laundry and kitchen respectively. It is, in fact, a thoroughly socialistic establishment, where every one is supposed to do his or her share of the daily work, though I cannot say much for the goodwill that should animate the whole. This mainspring to all good concerted action is totally wanting. We are on the horns of a dilemma. If there could be an *esprit de corps* it would be a happy place, and what many writers of newspapers and periodicals seem to desire would be realised. On the other hand, once make it a desirable place, and it would lose its

distinctive disgrace, and cease to be an incentive to self-supporting labour outside, and surely it is not altogether to be deplored that it should be considered a disgrace to live on the rates.

What seems to be required is some intermediate place where those who fail through no fault of their own could pass a respectable and respected old age. But, sorry as I am to say it, their numbers would not be legion. For this there are many reasons. First and foremost, because to grow old means the decline of mental as well as physical power, and in this class of person, never above and seldom up to the average, the decline of both sinks them to a lower level than the ordinary aged man or woman. They are literally children over again, *plus* all the evil habits, thoughts, and inclinations gathered during sixty years of life, never of the highest type at its very best. I never understood what second childhood meant until I faced it in Marylebone Workhouse. To keep a child clean is one thing, but when that office has to be undertaken for a full-bodied old woman it is another, and it can be perfectly horrible. In recognition of this fact, the young able-bodied women, who had charge of the lavatories, &c., had tea and sugar allowed them to help them over their disagreeable task. As for the abuse these poor scrubbers got from the old ladies, it was sometimes cruel. The average pauper is infinitely more abominable to his own class than any "bullying officer." Some of them were too feeble and foolish to be abusive, but among my eighty-five old ladies there were very few eligible for "cottage homes." Then, again, of those eligible many would have to be deducted. Country places and peace—these seem the desirable things to those tired spirits who are engaged in the hand-to-hand fight of the tumultuous city. But they become absolute weariness to the old, who like, above all things, the stimulus of numbers and the neighbourhood of their lifetime. To take them away would, in many cases, be as wise as to uproot an old tree and expect it to thrive in a fresh soil.

Then they have truly "little fads and fancies" rigorously objected to by the official. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate their proclivity to stow anything and everything under their beds instead of in the cupboards. I remember taking one morning from under the bed of a nice clean old French lady a gridiron, three saucepans, and five large Spanish onions! I left her tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, biscuits, even a tomato, in a pan allowed for the purpose, as it was complained, and with reason, that those articles were in danger of being stolen from the cupboard. Time would fail me to tell of the pockets, bags, and boxes in which the old ladies would secrete all manner of rubbish, the favourite device being to get hold of the patching print sent up from the stores and carefully make a series of pockets to be worn under the dress. It has taken three of us

sometimes to get these cherished articles away. Bits of cheese, old potatoes from the dustbins, crusts, bacon, bread, butter, mouldy pudding, all were mixed up in a foul-smelling mass; to say nothing of bread and butter in the bolster-cases, and meat and greens in the bed. The abuse received during these periodical visitations is too vile to print.

These and other little peculiarities on the part of the aged and infirm account somewhat for what seems the rigid discipline of the workhouse, the warm bath once a month, and the lack of privacy which so many outside our walls think unnecessary and barbarous. But for constant vigilance we should be overrun with vermin, though to listen to the complaints of the inmates one might be tempted to think the officers spent their time in molesting their victims, and exercising their ingenuity in giving them as bad a time as possible. A very good story was told me one day by the registrar. A friend of his came with a very long face and asked if it were true that every aged person was forced into a cold bath every morning. It was only necessary to give the number of aged and infirm paupers to prove that there would be time for nothing else if such were the case, yet one of the old folks had gone out and told this piteous tale! As a matter of fact, no one, young or old, need wash even her hands in cold water, for hot water is laid on everywhere, and it only requires the tap to be turned to procure it. One significant fact I may mention, and that is that the old ladies will keep on their legs to the very last in order to die "at home" in the workhouse rather than be sent to what we all felt to be the more luxurious and better-appointed infirmary; I have in my mind one old lady in particular who called her attendant "a bad, wicked woman" because she drew the doctor's attention to the fact that she was suffering from pneumonia, and succeeded in getting her off to the infirmary! Some weeks later she returned in triumph, having tired everybody out; and not long after she took to her bed and actually died among the old people with whom she had lived so long.

To those who only occasionally visit our workhouses, and to those who listen to or read the sensational accounts written by amateur casuals and paupers, the workhouse has become the synonym for all that is inhuman and barbarous to the aged and infirm and the children within its walls; and now it seems as if the discipline was too hard for even the able-bodied. The present writer has seen enough of human misery, vice, and incompetence, with all their dire consequences, to suffice for the natural term of her life. Slowly and reluctantly, cherished notions have had to be given up, until there seems no place for individual rehabilitation, but only for the large impersonal charity which, like the sun in heaven, shines equally on the just and unjust, and which, under the Poor Law, consists in administering impartially its provisions, giving to all who need, whether from mis-

fortune, vice, or incompetence, food, clothing, a clean bed, and a "home." I use the word "home" advisedly, for to those who conduct themselves well the workhouse can be, and is, a better "home" than any they have known outside its walls. Practically to these the Poor Law says: "You shall not starve, nor go houseless, or naked, we will furnish you with house, and material for food, and clothing; only you shall keep the one in order, and cook, and make up the other. If you are sick you shall have doctors and nurses, and your children shall be educated, only you must do your own work." The inmates of the house work solely for themselves; no one else is benefited; and if this be hardship, then, indeed, their lot is hard. To the well-to-do ratepayer the food seems coarse and the accommodation rough, but to the poor, hard-working man, whose utmost endeavour can only just keep his head above water, it looks like, and is, luxury. Of steady, painstaking work ordinary paupers have not the faintest conception. Whether it is that they are born tired, or have found out that if they only sit down long enough and steadily enough the world will believe them to be so, it would be difficult to say; certain it is that of the able-bodied male and female paupers scarcely twenty out of a thousand could be found who ever really put in a day's work. Take the young women for instance. What domestic servant could afford to begin work at 8 A.M., having first had breakfast ready to her hand, with plenty of hot water to wash in, without having to put a match to her fire? And what domestic servant could reckon on having finished the main bulk of her work by noon, with nothing to do save wash up a few dinner things, and be free from all service after 7 P.M. till the bell rings at a quarter before seven next morning, and with ten hours of bed in the meantime?

The inmates can take a day off whenever they choose, or if they do not fancy the work they have been put to. It is only necessary to take their discharge and to obtain a fresh order before 4 P.M. to be readmitted, often in a state of helpless intoxication. Some of them do this regularly one day in each week, and others, with children, require them to be fetched up from school at Southall—half a day's journey. In one case the family cost the guardians some £25 for railway journeys alone, so frequently did the mother take her discharge. The guardians would be only too delighted to give them a start in the world outside; they have the power, and exercise it whenever they have a suitable opportunity; but, from what I know and have seen of such cases, they usually end in disappointment.

The only hope for the future lies in the children, for them no pains should be spared, and parents who forfeit their right as parents should be absolutely forbidden access to them. Nothing can be worse for the children than to be periodically dragged about the streets by dissolute and drunken parents, and what they see and hear in low lodging-houses

WANTED, PLANT DOCTORS.

IN the advances made by natural science during the latter end of this century no branch has a larger share than plant pathology and therapeutics. This is due to the great increase in our knowledge of the physiology of the flowering plants and to the discovery and investigation of multitudinous species of parasitic fungi and bacteria, so that now we possess information enabling us to successfully diagnose a very large number of plant ailments, those due to evil influences in environment as well as those attributable to the attacks of living organisms. Our therapeutic knowledge is naturally—considering the relatively short time the work has been carried on—not so extensive as our diagnoses, and though so far we are to a great extent accumulating data and our knowledge is perhaps more theoretic than proved and exact, yet the plant therapist has now a basis of scientific facts on which to construct his preventive and curative measures. The field is limitless and full of interest, and every worker can assure himself of being able to add by careful investigation to the store of knowledge.

But has the work of plant therapists achieved any practical results? That this question can be answered in the affirmative may easily be proved, but before the answer can be appreciated some of the difficulties under which the plant doctor works must be explained. In the first place his patients do not help him in the same way as those of the medical or even the veterinary practitioner. A thinking patient most frequently feels the symptoms of his disease before their effects on himself are visible to others, and the doctor is thus enabled to combat the disease in its early stages. The "vet." too is helped by the fact that the animal is usually under the observation of a shepherd, herdsman, or carter, and an absence of health is soon

noticed. But the plant is as a rule in a parlous state before the agriculturist or horticulturist observes its distress, and is most often dead and spreading its disease to its neighbours before the plant doctor is consulted. Owing to the fewness of the workers in this field they seldom or never visit the infected plants and investigate them *in situ*, but have to diagnose the disease and suggest remedies from examination of dying or more often dead plants or parts of plants sent to their laboratories, and in very few cases accompanied by any accurate facts as to the history of the disease or of the plant. It is very usual for a specimen of a dead plant, attacked by saprophytic organisms which have nothing to do with the cause of death, to be sent by the cultivator in his zeal to send a "good specimen" of the disease. How many doctors would consider themselves fairly treated if a dying or dead patient, perhaps in a state of putrefaction, were sent to him and he were asked to give the cause of death without any knowledge of the circumstances leading up to it, and to prescribe a remedy for other patients at a distance and diseased in an apparently similar way?

Then in his methods the plant doctor is very much more restricted than the medicine man. The conditions under which plants are cultivated render isolation—the chief weapon of human and veterinary sanitation—impossible. The doctor cannot remove his plants, but must treat them in an unnaturally crowded condition, and is in as disadvantageous a position as a doctor who is fighting a contagious or infectious disease among a number of people crowded into one room; and, again, the blood system which helps the doctor to convey antidotes to all parts of his patient's body has no analogue in plants which the plant doctor can so use.

The therapist of plant diseases is in many cases dealing with injurious organisms, the characteristics of which are very close to that of the host plant, and this makes the discovery of a remedy often seem hopeless, as anything which can be used to injure the parasite is equally harmful to the host. This and other reasons explain the fact that the good effected by plant pathologists has been more largely preventive than curative. The plant practitioner may, however, find consolation in the fact that his patients are bound to submit to his treatment as well as experimental investigation; besides, as yet no anti-vivisectionist has raised a crusade against cruelty to plants or even to the lower animals, and Professor Oliver was allowed without remonstrance to carry out a series of most torturing experiments in the heart of London to elucidate the effects of urban fog on plants.

Taking the difficulties into consideration and the small number of the workers, we may fairly claim that the deeds done in plant pathology and therapeutics are not only a credit to science, but vie with the wondrous discoveries which history relates in medicine.

The prevention and cure of the *Phylloxera* on the vines of the Continent by means of spraying with the Bordeaux mixture rescued a whole industry in France from destruction. The surgical treatment of canker in trees has saved countless numbers of valuable trees; and various diseases of field crops, from dodder in clover to finger and toe in turnips, have been to a large extent stamped out. In a recent report of the United States Department of Agriculture the loss by plant diseases in that country is estimated at £40,000,000 annually, and in the same report it is stated that the curative means employed in the case of a disease of peach-trees—"peach-leaf curl"—have secured a gain to peach growers, in California only, of £100,000. In America they recognise the need and advantages of such work, and every state has its workers in plant diseases paid out of public funds, the whole being directed and controlled by a National Department of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology. Germany has its scientific labourers in this field by the score, and the great mass of our knowledge on this subject is contained in German literature. The names of De Bary, Hartig, Sorauer, Willkomm and Tubeuf, with others, will ever live in the history of plant medicine as the founders of a science which is destined to be looked on as indispensable to the economic cultivation of any form of vegetable life.

But in Britain we are far behind, and unencouraged by the State this work is left to a few—a very few. Some of the great agricultural and horticultural societies have officials who in addition to other duties carry on investigations into plant diseases and give help to farmers, and some of the members of the staffs of the British Museum and Kew Gardens, as well as a few professors in Universities and Agricultural Colleges, are doing work of this kind, but there is no scientific man in the pay either of the State or of any public institution who devotes his time to plant pathology. All the workers have duties which take up the bulk of their time and they can only give their leisure to this study, which is nearly always a labour of love. As was stated before, diseased crops in the field are rarely and almost never examined by men with any knowledge of the science of vegetable physiology and pathology. The doctor or the veterinary surgeon, before he is considered to be especially worthy of consultation, however large his stock of theoretical knowledge, must have seen practical work for some time, and one who devoted only spare moments to his work would be considered an unsafe man to consult; yet in plant medicine these are the only helpers to be found, and it is no doubt due to this amateurism in plant doctoring that any lack of confidence in its usefulness is due. To be an efficient plant doctor experience in the field as well as in the laboratory is needed. Too great knowledge of physiology and the lower forms of plant life is impossible; but an acquaintance with the outward

appearance as well as the physiological conditions of health is as necessary in vegetable as it is in human therapeutics, and the absence of a practical knowledge of agricultural and horticultural methods often leads to the prescription of remedial and curative measures which are impossible and lead the farmer to look on the plant doctor as an impractical theorist.

Plant doctoring has passed from the empiric to the exact and scientific stage, but it has to win the confidence of the farmer and gardener before it will be recognised as indispensable; and it is most important that all who give advice on these questions should beware lest by ignorance and want of care in investigation hasty and wrong diagnoses are given, for one such mistake may do more to prejudice the farmer than will be balanced by a score of successes.

As a rule in England opinions are given from a cursory examination of fragments of the affected plants, and often the presence of mycelium or the root portion of a fungus is deemed sufficient to give a haphazard diagnosis. The expert in these cases knows the danger of depending on a portion of the fungus which is so like in very many species as to be indistinguishable; but he has no time to devote to investigating each case thoroughly, and is betrayed into a system of diagnosis which can only be compared to the "6d. and a bottle of medicine" practice which obtains in crowded cities. Here then is a field ready for intelligent and painstaking workers, and when once those interested in the results are assured of the soundness of the help given the hire of the workman will not be wanting. A time must come when every agricultural district will have its plant doctor, and when specialists in animal parasites, cryptogamic botany and bacteriology will be consulted in difficult and obscure cases just as the help of Harley Street is called in by medical practitioners. The practice of plant medicine is in its infancy, but with increased competition in the growth of cultivated crops, the farmer cannot afford to neglect any help that he can get in keeping the plants under his care in as high a state of health as possible.

Until this branch of science is an acknowledged wheel in the mechanism of our agricultural and horticultural industries, it needs help; and what better use can be found for a philanthropist's money than the founding of a school of practical plant pathology, for the investigation of the diseases which occur in Britain? Doctors and veterinary surgeons have got their recognition, and a clever doctor or "vet." needs no assistance, but the practice of plant medicine is passing from the apothecary or rather the barber stage into the scientific. The State does not help it; who will?

J. B. CARRUTHERS.

OBSCURER CAUSES OF CRIME.

SAM SLICK'S knowledge of life enabled him to place on record the fact that "there is a good deal of human nature in man," and many years' acquaintance with the darkest side of life has led me to notice that this human nature is infinite in its variety and unfathomable in its depths

To the student of men no life can be more interesting than missionary work in our London police-courts. The never ending procession of men and women through these courts is cosmopolitan in its character, its ranks being recruited from every section of society. Every phase of life finds its counterpart in this procession, every vice and every virtue, every source of strength and every cause of weakness incidental to humanity are illustrated in it. To see this procession day by day is in itself an education, and though figure and mien, complexion and attire are often leagued together to inspire dismay, to provoke pity, or to raise disgust, yet if we wish to understand men and women—the problems of life and the conditions of society—a closer acquaintance must be made with this stream of human beings, repellent though it be. If to see these people and to hear their stories before the magistrates is an education, to visit them in the cells, to button-hole them one by one, to look into their faces, to listen to their sighs and bitter complaints, to see the calm philosophy with which some await their punishment, or the deep despair with which others regard it, is education of a secondary kind. But the higher education comes only from an intimate and friendly relationship with these men and women when they are fully at liberty and when confidence is completely established between them and the one who seeks to help them, and who, in order to help them, must know them.

Then deeps below deeps are revealed, and we are aghast at the awful dual nature of men, and also at the vast extent to which mental and moral disease prevails. We then find also that some vices are but exaggerated virtues, and that some criminals that seem hardened and hopeless are what they are because they possess in an abnormal degree some most desirable quality, which if exercised in a legitimate direction would make them estimable citizens. But physical disease is also an important factor in the causation of crime.

I want, then, in this article to consider some obscure causes of crime—personal, not social. It would, of course, be very easy to connect our social conditions with crime and still more easy to charge those conditions with production of that peculiar state of mind and body in men and women which renders them liable, nay almost certain to commit crime. But prison reform is in the air and our authorities are wisely endeavouring to find new and more satisfactory methods of dealing with our criminals. In the hope, then, that my long experience with this class and the knowledge I have gleaned through many years may be helpful in arriving at a proper understanding of it I am writing these pages.

First let me place *mental disease* as one of the obscure but frequent causes of crime.

It is saddening but instructive to read the report just issued by the Commissioners in Lunacy. It shows that mental disease is taking a firmer grip on the human family, and that the largest increase in the number of those under treatment for insanity in England and Wales took place last year. Year by year the total has been increasing, faster considerably than even the number of our population. To me this report represents but a small portion of the insanity that exists. Outside our asylums are great numbers of people, male and female, who suffer from mental disease and who are not really responsible for their actions, and who present to those that know them a more woeful spectacle than the altogether mad. The certified insane, at any rate, are cared for and protected against themselves and society is protected against them: many of them far from unhappy, for life is made tolerable to them. Very different is the lot of the mentally diseased in the world of misery and sorrow in which I have moved; the sorrow and misery I have seen in the homes of such people stand out as the most pathetic and the most hopeless. Only whilst they are at liberty and left to control themselves does the fact that they are not sane manifest itself. Place them under authority, surround them with medical officers, question and cross-question, examine and re-examine, watch them unceasingly, and they defy every member of the faculty to find traces of insanity. They can under such circumstances control their thoughts and speech, and to a certain extent they can make the worse appear the better reason.

Under these circumstances their actions are largely controlled for them and not by them: therefore their madness is not made manifest. Now this group of unfortunates is a very large one, and not by any means confined to one class or one sex. I know personally a not inconsiderable number of men who go regularly to their arduous duties in the City, whose every thought is centred in their work and who do severe mental work to the full and complete satisfaction of their employers. For years they have held their positions, their integrity, honesty, and ability are beyond suspicion. To the casual observer they appear well-behaved and estimable fellows, but if we follow one to his home a sad revelation awaits us. There the wife and children await the man's coming with dread, even the little ones on his arrival carefully watch him before any conversation takes place. What is the matter? The matter is that the poor fellow is insane! For years he has had the positive conviction that his wife is unfaithful to him. It is all a delusion. At times he knows and realises that it is a delusion, but generally speaking his first act is to search the house for some confirmation of his strange belief, and the fact that he never finds any only confirms him in his belief of her duplicity and guilt.

Now this kind of mental disease is a very common one and leads frequently to crimes of violence, if not to homicidal mania. I have for years been practically a self-appointed "keeper" over some of these men, and at all hours of the night I have been called to protect the wives from their violence. I am fast becoming an expert in the use and knowledge of antidotes for poisons, as these men invariably attempt suicide—if indeed they do not kill or maim their wives.

I have said this kind of mental disease is a common one. I mean a disease which leaves a man capable of fulfilling for a lengthened time the duties of his ordinary occupation but which compels him to a fixed belief in some imaginary evil. Often these men have a feeling that something is wrong with them mentally, but such a feeling only adds to their misery and in reality to their hopelessness. In their lucid intervals the possibility of becoming insane dawns upon them; their horror is intense and violent mental struggles are succeeded by fits of despondency and then by short terms of absolute forgetfulness and irresponsibility. At such times I have known men—middle aged and elderly men of undoubted purity—commit criminal assaults on little children. I have spoken in the cells with such men, who have earnestly and strenuously denied their guilt, if guilt it could be called, and it was only too evident to me that their mental faculties had been dormant and the animal only in active existence.

Nor does this state of mind produce only offences against the person. Offences against property too frequently arise from it. Mental aberration is a dangerous thing in commercial life; but to

the men I have been describing it sometimes occurs with disastrous results. I have known a man in this state give the whole of his month's salary away in the streets before reaching home. For years I received his monthly cheque myself paying it over to his wife by weekly instalments to protect them from this danger. I have known others equally free with their employers' money, and charges of embezzlement have ensued. These poor fellows never profited one penny by their employers' loss and no mind-searching or effort of memory would enable them to recall the manner or the place where they had lost or disposed of the money.

Among the labouring class this kind of mental disease produces crimes of a vindictive or gross character, frequently serious assaults on innocent and quite unknown persons, more frequently the wilful destruction of valuable property—still more frequently criminal assaults.

Day by day our London magistrates have before them men and women who have committed strange acts and of whose sanity they are more than doubtful. I have seen, spoken to, and obtained a friendly relationship with hundreds of them, invariably the magistrates kindly remand these to the House of Detention for a week, that their state of mind may be inquired into and reported upon by the prison doctor. Invariably comes the reply that they have shown no indication of insanity during detention, though sometimes it is added that he or she is "subject to delusion" or "of weak intellect." Occasionally it is true, one who has gone a stage further than "delusions" is certified as insane and is then sent somewhere to be treated as such. But the great bulk of those people are set at liberty, to hug their delusions, to nurse their grievances and to meditate upon some scheme of revenge. I am quite aware that those of us who take pity upon these demented ones run considerable risks. I get numerous letters from people outside lunatic asylums who appear to think that I alone can secure for them their imaginary rights or remove their imaginary grievance. A powerful man who has been several times in prison and who has been pronounced not insane turns up often at my house, believing that I can influence the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown him King of England—for years he has held on to that delusion; for years I have tried to soothe and help him; so far he is tractable and amenable to my influence, but it requires no great imagination to fancy him turning ultimately vindictive and dangerous, from the long delayed realisation of his hopes. To my certain knowledge many crimes are committed against person and property by victims of this peculiar mental disease.

The extent to which this disease prevails is further exemplified in our police-courts during "application time." Among the vast number of men and women who apply to our magistrates for advice are many victims of it. One complains of the telephone wire that runs

over his house and wants it removed because it talks to him. Another complains of the telegraph wire sending messages down his chimney; a third is shadowed by some one wherever he goes. Now these people continue at their work, leaving it occasionally for half a day in order to consult the magistrate about their grievance. They can transact the ordinary affairs of life in a satisfactory manner, and one might meet with them many times without discovering their madness. I was myself closely intimate with one man for a long time before discovering his delusion. He jealously guarded it, and it was not till he had confidence in me that he revealed to me his secret. That this kind of mania impels certain people to the repeated commission of a particular kind of crime I know only too well, for it has cost me days and nights of anxiety and a world of sorrow and humiliation. Let me give a few examples of men and women for whom I have toiled and hoped, and in whose return to respectability and citizenship I have been intensely concerned. Now a frightful tragedy is compressed into the life of a human being who earnestly strives to do right and yet is compelled by some inward power that he never understands to do absolutely wrong, even to the perpetration of serious crimes. As I sit here away from the turmoil of London, looking out over a beautiful country, and drinking in the sweet silence, a whole troop of such people march before me, every life a struggle, every life a tragedy, and so far as successful dealing with them is concerned every one a brilliant failure; but into each of these separate lives I have thrown myself, and for lengthened periods they have formed part and parcel of my existence.

Here is a respectable-looking middle-aged woman; twenty times at least she has been sent to varying terms of imprisonment for stealing from shops; an incorrigible shop-lifter she is termed, and so I thought till I came to understand her. Repeatedly as she was charged, the pathos of the whole thing grew upon me. Her silence in the dock and her tears in the cells were irresistible. So we became friends, and she told me her secret. I found respectable lodgings for her, hired a sewing machine, and secured her plenty of work. She was not idle, and was soon beyond the necessity of stealing. I flattered myself we were on the way to success, and I said to her, "Your devil shall be cast out," when all of a sudden the old offence was repeated, and again to prison she went. My heart went out to the wretched creature as she sat in the cell. I could not condemn her, for I knew. With a piteous look into my face she said, "Don't blame me, Mr. Holmes, don't blame me; I can't help it. I would if I could, but I must steal boots." Knowing this, I had provided her liberally with boots to minimise the temptation, but all in vain, and so far as I could ascertain she had never stolen anything but boots.

But the mania may be more serious and dangerous than boot stealing. As my troop marches past I call another out of the ranks and he stands before me. Here he is. Five feet four in height, straight as an arrow, full of nervous energy, eyes like the eyes of a hunted hare. Six years ago he was waiting for me outside the police court. He wanted a helping hand, he said, and had been advised to come to me. "What was your last stretch?" "Fifteen years" "Burglary?" "Yes." I knew of course that was not his first term by any means, and on inquiry found that though only forty years of age he had been sentenced to more than twenty-five years' imprisonment and penal servitude at different times for burglary. He had been released in May. With his gratuity he bought a decent suit of clothes. He had tramped London over to find work and now at the end of June found himself footsore and helpless. He'd had enough of prison, he did not want to go back there. I looked at the little fellow and felt the dint of pity. I saw there was still backbone and a semblance of manhood left. I gave him my hand, telling him that it should not be my fault if ever again he got there. The redemption of that promise cost me dear, but it taught me much; through it I have sounded some of the depths. I have seen how good and evil exist side by side. I have seen how tenderness, pity and love may dwell in the heart of the confirmed and fearless criminal. I have learned how hopeless is the position of the released convict, unless personal friendship is accorded him; his loneliness is his danger. I have realised how futile are many of the schemes for the social salvation of these men. Day by day men of brain—but not of muscle—are released from our prisons. They have skill but not strength, intelligence but not brute force, they have long been used to a deadening monotony. Wood-chopping will not save them. Paper-sorting shall not redeem them. Your pick and shovel are not elevating. Nothing but that divine inspiration that comes through human goodness can or ever will help such men. Not only the consecration of loving hearts and religious effort, but the consecration of brains, intelligence, manhood, home-life and self are required if the sin-seared hearts of these men are to be reached. But to my burglar friend. He was a bookbinder, and I could not get him work. He was married and it became expensive work to keep him. My failure to procure him work disheartened him. So I bought him tools and material and he commenced business. He was a splendid workman who could not do a slovenly job. I and my sons kept him going for a month, and then having specimens of his work we collected orders, and work became plentiful. Several of our London magistrates gave him good work, and took a keen interest in him. He was a constant visitor (for work) at the house of one of our judges. He has been left alone and trusted among valuables in very

good houses. Exact, methodical, industrious beyond measure, honest in his dealings, he was to me a friend, a study, and a delight. I never talked his past over with him, preferring to centre his thoughts on the future. He was a constant visitor at my house, and one night over a pipe his secret came out. I told him I could not understand how such an intelligent, industrious, skilful workman as he was could be a burglar. He must know that it was wrong and would not pay. He looked at me for a moment and then said: "You have seen the power of drink. You know the fascination of gambling, bring drink, gambling, and horse-racing and roll them into one, and they do not equal the fascination of burglary. The silence of the night, every sense on the alert, the element of danger, the chances of failure and success, all combine to make burglary a fascination. Why do some men get drunk? Because they must! I was a burglar because I was compelled to be."

There was to me no doubt about the truth of this, his way of saying it was convincing, it admitted of no argument. But it troubled me, I felt that the demon might not be dead but only sleeping. He himself laughed at the idea that he could ever again commit burglary. He was then living and working in one furnished room, for beyond his tools, &c., he had no goods. I said to myself "This man wants a stake in society, something to lose." I provided that something next morning. Taking an unfurnished home for him I stood security for sufficient goods to furnish it decently, and he and his wife moved in. I kept him well supplied with work, and in twelve months he had paid every debt and the goods were his own. He had done more, he had won the confidence and respect of all who knew him. Two years went by, during which time I found him just and true in his dealings and a most kind-hearted fellow. When, hey presto! the house of cards disappeared. He had been with the previously mentioned judge in the morning and brought away plenty of work, at night he was in custody. He had broken into a boot warehouse and was caught in the act. Five pounds of his own money were found on him when arrested. A sentence of three years was imposed; his ticket of leave was revoked and he had in all seven more years to serve. "Don't think too badly of me; you know I have fallen, you know why I have fallen, but you don't know, you can't know, the hundreds of times I have put the horrible temptation from me!"

Thus he wrote me and I believed him. But his story is not yet ended. His three years over, the Home Secretary, through the kind intercession of one of our magistrates, released him, and he was sent back to me. Sent back—but how changed. Men must, I know, be punished, detained in prison they must be; but is it good to turn them into wild animals? I was speechless at the sight of him.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Matter, man! Turn round and look in that glass!" He did so, and then sat down, covered his face with his hands and cried like a child. He had not seen the reflection of himself for more than three years. I kept him in my house a few days, got him decently clothed, shaved, &c., made him a little more human and then took him to decent and respectable lodgings close to me, and where the excellent people soon learned to love him. Again tools and material were provided for his former home; wife and tools were all gone. I fitted up a room of my own for a workshop. His former patrons did not forget him and work became plentiful. Many had been saving it up for him. For seven months he worked regularly; every morning at eight punctually he rang my bell, every morning he left his lodgings with the kiss of little children on his lips, every evening he was welcomed home by them; his eyes became restful, and his voice natural, his face the face of a man and "his flesh came again as the flesh of a little child." My sons and my friends treated him as their friend and we could have trusted him with our money and our lives. He began to accumulate quite a nice sum of money, he began to be happy, to smile and even laugh. The police treated him in a gentlemanly way and never divulged his secret. He was most ingenious and had invented a new system of book edge ornamentation of which he was justly proud and which we were about to patent. Then again he is carried captive by his old enemy. With some pounds of his own honest earnings in his pocket, with a watch and chain and plenty of really good clothes, he went straight from my house and broke into a working-man's house in one of the suburbs, where he could not have secured portable goods to anything like the value of the money then in his possession. He was caught in the act and in April last was sentenced to five years and his ticket of leave revoked. In his pitiful letter to me he says, "I don't know why I did it, but I was forced to do it." Shall I ever see him again? Not at liberty. Nay, nay, in less than nine years, he will have eaten his own heart. I see him, a man of many talents, at the monotonous daily round of his uninteresting task. I see him in the horrible and long continued solitude of his cell. I see the disappearance of the man and the resuscitation of the brute; but never again shall I see his deft fingers at work. Never again shall I hear his foot on my door step; for heart disease has already hold of him. A year or two of maddening thought—incessant reflection and choking confinement, and he will have passed into the presence chamber of the Great Judge. Many a castle in the air had I built for him. I had, I believed, safeguarded him with every battlement and my heart still is sad for him. But I regret not the efforts I made for him, I count my labours not lost nor my time wasted, for I learned to know him. "His life was gentle," and but

for his mania he was a man. Reason, skill, home life, liberty, prosperity; industry, the love of nature, the sympathy of loving hearts, self-respect and the respect of others, were all powerless before his demoniacal possession.

And there are many such! My boot-stealing female friend and my bookbinding burglar tread not alone the path that leads to the limbo of wrecked lives. The procession moves on, and I see a host of young men and maidens, old men and children, treading the same path, impelled by the same power. Think ye they are sinners above all others? I tell you, Nay. Others may judge and condemn them, I cannot. Said a dipsomaniac to me, "Mr. Holmes, I could go on my knees and with my teeth gnaw the very stones for drink." But the drink demon is by no means the only one that takes up his abode in the recesses of the human mind. The stream of crime rolls on; offences are very much alike. But no two criminals are alike, they are as varied as nature itself, but it is given to those and those only who have an "Open Sesame" to the minds of the offenders to realise how inscrutable are many of the causes that lead to crime.

But there are other causes that must be mentioned—causes that ought to be provided for and the public safeguarded against. Epilepsy produces many and serious crimes. This dread affliction—half physical, half mental—can induce a state of mind, from which not only crimes of violence and of homicidal tendency may result, but crimes of almost any character. Mental stupor, and sometimes complete aberration, follows or precedes epileptic seizure. Assaults, wilful damage, attempted murder, attempted suicide, thefts, indecency, and criminal assaults, as well as murder itself, are quite likely to be committed. I have, in fact, personally known all these crimes perpetrated, some of them repeatedly, by well-known epileptics.

I am a frequent visitor in houses where some member of the family is an epileptic. I have perhaps met the sufferer in the cells, or the friends have come to consult the magistrate, and I have called on them in consequence. The public generally have no idea of the extent to which epilepsy prevails. I have no figures or statistics to give. I do not know whether or not it is on the increase, though, if I had to give an opinion, I should say it was. I know it is very common. I know an epileptic is one of the most woeful objects on God's earth, I know the anxiety and sorrow of families who have one such in their home. I know that many—very many—serious crimes, and a world of suffering, might be saved if we had registration and proper oversight of epileptics. The provision made for these unfortunates is miserably insufficient. That provision ought not to be left to philanthropy. Their neglect by the State is a national scandal, but it is also a public danger. People who can pay may have their epileptics cared for; the epileptics of the poor are cared for by short

periods of confinement in prison, workhouse, or asylum. We have a right to ask for some large, considerate, and humane method of treating them, a wise nation will protect them against themselves, will protect society against them, and will remove that dreadful anxiety that depresses so many people who have an epileptic among them, haunting them day and night with the fear of "something happening."

But I must allude to an obscure cause of crime that it is not easy to discuss, especially as I have no medical knowledge and know but little of physiology. Yet who can doubt—certainly no one who has experience of life—that sexual causes lie at the root of a good deal of crime. I do not mean vice, but crime; not crime that has anything to do with the relationship between the sexes, but ordinary crime.

Of the number of young men who have ruined themselves mentally and physically by an indulgence in a certain habit, and who have thus become irresponsible for their actions, I do not wish to speak—only to say that the number is large. Their case is easily to be understood, although they commit a variety of crimes. But I have in my mind a large number of girls whose ages vary from twelve to twenty. Scores of mothers consult me about such girls; hundreds consult the magistrates. Many of these girls are disobedient and wicked; some are born thieves; some, even at fourteen, are slaves to vice; but a great many are absolutely irresponsible beings. Numbers of such girls are charged with stealing; they don't know why they have stolen; they don't know what has become of the things stolen; when in the dock and the cells they act in a passive, bewildered kind of way. Invariably the magistrates treat them under the First Offenders Act, and they go home again to their parents. I place them on my "visiting list," and so take further knowledge of them; I see their strange demeanour, and often give friendly advice to the mother; I have sometimes paid for medical advice, which has been productive occasionally of the desired good. But many of these girls are charged again and again, and ultimately find their way, some of them to our reformatories, more still into rescue homes. Now, these girls are not thieves, though they have stolen, in many of them there is no vice, but owing to physical reasons a state of mind exists which makes them incapable of sound judgment and self-control. To associate them, in reformatories or rescue homes, with the hardened and wicked is the way to demoralisation.

Surely it is possible—it ought, at any rate, to be possible—in these enlightened days to find some more sensible way of dealing with such children. The fatherly doctor, the enlightened motherly matron, nourishing food, fresh air, healthy exercise and innocent recreation combined, may save many of them. Failing these conditions, hundreds

of girls in our large towns must and will become criminals, or drabs—most likely both.

Hundreds, too, of married women have I seen in our cells from a similar cause. Consider for a moment the life of a poor married woman in London. If she has no children, she suffers untold physical and mental torture, if she has children, one comes every year. The constant fluctuations in her system, the constant depression of mind, the same four little walls everlastingly to look at, the same eternal anxiety as to the future, the trying and continued worry with the children, the usual lack of sympathy from the husband, and the same vile air to breathe over and over again. Men who have a constant change of scene little know what gloomy imaginings prey upon her; they little know what nameless terrors haunt her. For months before a child is born multitudes of these women are not really rational. To make some provision for the coming "trouble" they steal, but the inconsequence of their action is proved by the fact that many of them steal things that are of no earthly use to them. For such women let me plead for compassionate consideration and tender and humane treatment. Of our London magistrates we are justly proud, and to me it is a matter of profound thankfulness to know that every one of them will break the letter of the law, if by so doing he can do an act of mercy to some unfortunate woman.

But woman's troubles are long dragged out; early womanhood and the time of motherhood being passed, there comes a more trying physical and mental strain. At this time many seek relief by taking drink. True, it is a mistake, but who can wonder at it? Again, ill-health and nameless fears haunt the woman; perhaps through it all she is to be found daily at charring work, and, in moving about the house in which she is working, temptations are presented to her, temptations that in her then state of mind and body it is impossible for her to resist; so she steals, is prosecuted, and sent to prison. I have a mental picture-gallery full of such women. "An honest woman never walked," many a bewildered husband has said to me. Many strange things I have known done by a woman at this particular time of life—even to stealing a six months old baby, taking it home, and believing she had given birth to it.

I might continue my list of physical, mental, and psychological causes of crime, but I must draw to a close. I have in this article spoken of that which I know, and testified of that which I have seen in my dealings and intercourse with men and women—with young and old. I have been at school, and I have had to learn; old cherished fixed opinions have had to go. It was hard for me to part with them; I wanted to think and prove I was right; I have had to confess myself wrong. All crime does not proceed from wickedness, nor from the love of wrong-doing. This I have learned, and would to

God I could burn this truth into the brain and conscience of the nation. We should then seek to understand our criminals, and, getting some knowledge of them, we should deal differently—how differently!—with them. Dealing differently with them, we should have fewer of them; it would no longer be an axiom, “Once a criminal, always a criminal.” Many a dust-biting soul would be lifted up; many a wretched man and woman would receive help and comfort.

Meanwhile, let me ask all those who have power or influence to ponder these things; let them earnestly inquire, and their inquiry must lead to knowledge. The time is not far distant when new methods must be tried in our prisons, and these methods must be inspired and directed by knowledge of the wonders of the human mind and body. Of all who may read let me ask for a compassionate judgment even of the worst; it is so easy to judge, and we are so ready to condemn. We know they have fallen, but do we know, can we know, why they have fallen?

THOMAS HOLMES.

THE CROSS AS THE FINAL SEAT OF AUTHORITY.

I.

IN converting the world, the Church should not forget that there are conversions to be brought about within her own pale, and especially upon some of her own ideas. The self-reformation of the Church is not merely an event of the sixteenth century; it is the Church's standing instinct of self-preservation amid the corruptions and errors of history; it is a permanent condition of the Church's health, and an exercise of the vital spirit whose indwelling makes it a Church and keeps it so.

And it is a great part of the Church's duty to-day to convert, perhaps the idea, but certainly the word, *Evangelical*. It needs restoring from its fallen to its first state. It needs to be rescued from the sects and restored to its public and universal scope. It is time that it changed its meaning in the public mind from a symbol of the narrow and the stale to the whole breadth of the soul, the whole depth of the human tragedy, and the whole tension of the human crisis—the soul's crisis and the social need. It is urgent that more should be done to dissociate the word from the theories of grace and to attach it to the realities of grace; to adjust it at once to the historic Christ and to the historic and actual situation of society. It needs to be moralised, to become more ethical and more practical. It requires to be adjusted to Christ and to social need more even than to the Bible.

It is desirable that we should realise the Evangelical authority to be not so much the Bible as the Gospel, the Bible in the Bible and before it, the Gospel of grace and redemption in the person of Christ, the Bible's living spirit to be distilled from it, not its dead residuum to be obtained by evaporation or dissection.

We ought to be as Evangelical as our fathers, especially as our

early fathers of the Reformation. But what does that mean? It means that we should fit grace to need, and be as relevant with a Gospel of grace to our age as they were to theirs. For instance, we are many of us living on the Evangelical revival of the last century. That was a great and a timely movement. It was a movement against spiritual deadness in the Church. And its protest has been not only effective but vital. It saved the Church, and it continues to do so. That deadness does not now exist. The Church is quick and powerful, and it would be a mistake to suppose that the Evangelical testimony is to-day called on to take the same form. To repeat the old phrases and experiences may (I do not say must) savour of insincerity or of unintelligence. Revival is not now the need of the Church, at least in the same sense. The social situation is different, and the Church's mood is different. The great Protestant movement has passed into another phase, and the Protestant principle asserts itself in another and more relevant form.

It is still the old watchword of grace to human sin and faith. But there are at least two points on which the Christian situation of the day calls for special stress:

I. Grace to-day must be a gospel not so much of the supernatural as of the superhuman; it needs to be preached as transcending human love even more than natural law.

II. And as it is thus much more than sympathy, so it must be a gospel not in the first place of freedom, but of authority.

I venture to say something on the first of these heads, but most on the second.

I. Our gospel is superhuman, even more than supernatural.

The word and thought of the supernatural are very largely due to the eighteenth century, with its idolatry of Nature, not only in the science which this century has popularised, but in the literary movement associated with such names as Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Burns. For the hour it is the literary movement that holds the field. What fills the air to-day is not nature, but humanity. What creates difficulty is not so much historic miracle as human misery. There is a rebound from the objective to the subjective. The ruling note is not law but love, not the head but the heart, not science but literature; and literature not of the classic sort, but of the sort that makes direct appeal to the most untutored sentiments, to the sentiments which are ready rather than great. The note is humanism native or refined; whereas the Gospel, if it remain a matter of grace and not of course, must be superhuman. The literary man is not a priest except in a literary and unreal sense. Last century the Church had to protect grace against a rational humanism; this century it faces a sympathetic humanism; we confront at once a vaster rationalism in idealism, and a more winsome humanity in æstheticism. Our fathers had to assert grace in a

Christendom which believed in law and reason ; we have to do it in a world, and even a Church, which believes chiefly in love and pity. Faith then was to see grace as love ; now it is to see love as grace. Then God's grace needed interpreting as love ; now God's love needs interpreting as grace. Then the Cross needed interpreting by love ; now love needs interpreting by the Cross. Faith is not the response to love, but to grace ; it is not Christian sympathy, but Christian repentance.

The forms of humanism are the æsthetic (or literary) and the philanthropic, and each by itself threatens the Evangelical note. Each would detach love and pity from the moral conditions of sin, and therefore from grace. Each would naturalise Christ's love, and, while enhancing its charm, would reduce its miracle. Each would make religion but the spiritualised man, natural affection etherealised. But to love your enemy and forgive your revilers is a totally new and supernatural affection. It is not a natural affection educated, cultured, and refined. Our note is neither culture nor is it character as the result of culture—even of religious culture. It is the change made by grace as an act of forgiveness, and not as a system of consecration. Christianity needs to some extent to be saved from its own moral success, from a monopoly by those who have been "born good," and reared in the fine law of Christian purity, love, and consideration. And Christianity is the only religion that can both produce such characters and save itself from being captured and trimmed down even to their delicate legalism.

We cannot, perhaps, insist, as our Free Church fathers did, on purity of communion, secured in individual cases by a scrutiny which to many would now seem indelicate, not to say harsh. But we can make it the more of an ideal as we make it the less of a test. And we must insist on the New Testament idea of the *miraculous nature of the Christian life*, whether we entered on it by a sudden breach with our past or not. Its nature is a standing break with the world in the sense that there is for the soul a decisive difference between the human graces as evolved from nature and as devolved from grace.

One of our chief difficulties when we speak of a gospel of grace rather than of love is the shallowness of the public mind and conscience, its passion for immediacy, its sensibility to the interests of the hour, its impressionism. The kind of thoughts and doubts which prevail in religion belongs to the light of nature and the literary class. It is the pain and waste in nature that suggest question of a God, it is the impulses of the heart that indicate Him. Faith stands or falls by natural sentiment. Some of the booklets that sell by thousands on great themes are not the work of the real thinkers or saints, but of men who have the knack of writing chapters from the rambling heart-history of the intelligent man in the street. The amateurishness, not in thought only, but in experience, on the part of those novelists who

hold public attention on some of the great themes is very offensive—as is also a certain jaunty air of pioneers, while they are only turning, and not even threshing, the old, old straw. The serious thinkers are discredited as ponderous pedants, and there is a cant against theology or theological religion. But religion must be either theological or sentimental, and if it is sentimental its life is brief. It has no depth of earth. Christianity was theological and not literary at the first. The theologians are simply the competent in their kind. And while we do not wish to consecrate systems, we do need the guidance of the competent.

Let us educate our ministers. But do not let their education wait for their professional experience. They should be in a better educated position before they begin to educate. And let us not do it by the Press. If ministerial training is not wholly training by blunders; no more is it by courses of novels, essays, and newspapers. Nor is the idol of the Press the ideal of the Church. Much nonsense is spoken about learning to know the heart. That is not the minister's first business, which is to know his Gospel. The Gospel brings with it that knowledge of the heart which stands the preacher in best stead. There is more humanism in the Gospel than there is gospel in humanism, more literature in the Bible than Bible in literature.

The gospel of grace is superhuman as well as supernatural; it is as much above natural affection as above natural law. The central act of grace is as much beyond the natural heart to do as it is beyond the natural reason to explain. It is a revolution more than an evolution. What is at our Christian centre is more of a miracle than of a law, an idea, or a passion.

Need I say that no word is to be raised against either literature or philanthropy? They are just as necessary to life as faith is, and a living faith which takes hold of the social order is bound to develop them. A caution is only required when their principles and tests are made the final standard of faith, and the Christian revelation of grace is required to plead at the bar of culture or benevolence for its right to command men or its claim to bless them.

II But what I desire chiefly to say is this. A gospel of grace should come to the Church and society of to-day more as a gospel of authority than as a gospel of freedom.

I do not say that it should come *first* in that form. It need not begin on the keynote. But the keynote should be as I say. Sympathy and freedom are the language of the time, and we must speak that language to be understood. But what the language must convey is a gospel which, in its nature, is the very authority for soul and conscience that the age chiefly needs.

The air is full of freedom. We have more freedom than we know what to do with. Without a clear charter it becomes to many a

misery. This was not the case one hundred years ago even. The great political and social victories of the century have placed us in a totally new position. We have realised two things in particular—a sense of individual freedom and a sense of responsibility for our brother. Yes; but responsibility to whom or to what? On that head we are not so clear. What we need is a power that rules our freedom because He gives it, and a power that accepts and sustains our sacrifice because He inspires it. We need supremely an obedience.

The question of the hour, and still more of the future, is as to the true and final seat of authority.

There is no question so deep and urgent if we will but hear it. It is momentous enough at any time, but it is more pressing now than ever amid the dissolution of so much that used to pass without question and to be obeyed without demur. It is a question, too, not of Church organisation, nor of political forms, nor of coherent creeds, but of the very cohesion of society itself. The bond of control is everywhere relaxed, and there is a recrudescence of faith in those forceful, primitive, and external methods of coercion which can extort no more than a sullen submission from our awakened and awakening time. We succeed better with the organising of society than with the unifying of life. "*Fehlt leider auch der geist'ge Band.*" The traditional creeds and sanctities are shaken, reverence is more æsthetic and formal than really obedient. The rising generation is tutored in independence for its own sake till the child is in the unloveliest sense the father of the man. The rising classes are unfamiliar with history, with experience, with responsibility, human nature, or affairs. The public mind is unready for its own future, it is interested yet distracted upon final problems. The sense of a real authority is not growing so rapidly as the sense of the unreality of what has served as authority. And there is both in the intellectual and the spiritual world an aversion which amounts to impatience towards the spiritual effort and insight for which the real situation calls. The very ethical interests of the hour are not searching except in a few; and they find it difficult to secure a hearing except in plays or tales which do more to reveal the pain than to heal the disease. They raise "ghosts" that they cannot lay.*

This question of the final seat of authority is not yet earnestly faced

* Since the above was written I have lighted on the following, which I translate from Eucken's "*Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart*," p. 315. "Viewed as a whole, the present time shows on the central problems much reflection but little insight. It knows much but it creates little. It has many interests but small power, plenty of elasticity but poor faculty for following out fixed and independent principles. In a word, it has plenty of talent but little character. It lacks spiritual substance, and with that the feeling for the substantial, the faculty to distinguish the real from the apparent, the sound from the sick. So we have a huge contrast between our tireless, capable, and fertile work in the *breadth* of things and our total vacuity when it is a question of life in its *depth* and life as a whole."

by Protestantism. We are still misled by the notion that Protestantism is chiefly valuable as a protest against authority in favour of the rights of an individual or a minority. But without a real authority Protestantism is not only a blunder, but it deserves to be a failure. We need an authority more than anything else; and it is the offer of what seems a real authority that is the very life of the anti-Protestant theories of the Church and the counter-Reformation. We shall not hold society for Protestantism unless we can make good an authority more real and more searching than the imposing, spiritual, and subtle authority whose seat is at Rome.

II.

With the Reformation entered the New Age of European culture, the modern mind. By this is not intended culture on its academic or its æsthetic side. That dawned in the Renaissance. What is meant is not *Bildung* but *Kultur*, not merely refinement but progress, not simplicity but complexity, not education so much as civilisation. It might sound pedantic to say that with the Reformation there burst upon Europe the modern consciousness, but it would be more accurate. Of this consciousness the most striking feature is the universal and passionate assertion of individual freedom and its contents. The general mind has become subjective to a degree never realised in the previous history of the world. We have arrived at the very egoism of humanity, and even its apotheosis. Men are such units as they never were before; but also never was man so much to man. "Man," says Herder, "has no nobler word for his destiny than he himself is." Even the humanism of Greece never made man such an actual power in his world. The great Chorus in the "Antigone" is long outdone. For, while there has gone with this modern subjectivism some measure of the weakness of introspection and sentiment, it has carried with it much more of control over the world, and much more sense of a right to its conquest. The new inwardness is matched by the new outwardness. We cannot, indeed, say that modern civilisation has overcome the world in the finest and most solemn sense of these words. For there are many signs that the world has seduced the soul of its conqueror and shorn his immortal strength away. The spiritual cowardice of their Agnosticism is a singular comment on the bold mastery of the outward world shown by the Progressive and Protestant races. But it remains true that the modern mind is marked by a sense of itself which is as unprecedented as its sense of the world. It is objective in its intelligence and subjective in its passion. The perilous, the fatal thing is that the objective which it feels most is cut off (also in an unprecedented degree) from anything in its nature authoritative. What we know is nothing by which we are known. Our research leaves us with no feeling that we are searched and tried. Our confessions of ignorance grow with our growing

knowledge, but they do not leave us humble. The universe crows our mind, but we take it out in a subtler pride. And so we have the chemist, the explorer, and the engineer of the day balanced on their spiritual side by an overweening selfhood represented by Nietzsche. *Das Uebermenschliche* gives way to his *Uebermensch*. The Titan among men claims the same right to beat their morals under his feet as Titanic man has to lord it over the immense world he can range. The world has swelled both *in* man and *for* man, but its growth *for* man has lost in authority what it has gained in extent; therefore the world *in* man has lost its poise, and he becomes his own drunken god and most accomplished Trinculo.

Yet the main course is right. It was inevitable that man should be forced upon that spiritual selfhood which the Reformation brought and perilled on the edge of his individual freedom. No obedience is sound which is not free. The world had long worked in upon him. As Nature or as Empire, as Paganism or Catholicism, it had crushed the soul. It was quite necessary that he should turn and work outward on the world. If the soul was as eternal as the Church had declared it to be, it was bound to realise that it was in command of Time, which was at most but a part of Eternity. But if of Time then of History; and if of History then of an historic Church. The soul claimed the right to revise the Church, and judge the Church, and condemn it—yea, reject it. It could by grace educate its master. If the destiny of the soul was everything, it must surely take its true place one day even over the pædagogic institutions which had taught it its royal worth. It is true that the downfall of the old authority left it in a naked and perilous state. The infant self could not but feel in course of time the chill and terror of its new and imperial solitude. The *pædagogia puerilis*, from which Melancthon said Luther had freed the Church, was outgrown only in principle. Even to-day the release is still far from an actual and complete one, and we have masses of people, increased by the *début* of women on public and *direct* influence, who are psychologically in the Middle Ages still. They flee shivering into the soft, warm air of a church climate sub-tropical if not torrid, clerical if not priestly, in its prescriptions, guidance, and claims. How could it be otherwise? "The monk is always a minor," and the priest tends to be a dwarf. It was a too long tutelage that these exercised in Europe—longer than our three centuries even can yet outgrow. Europe had been immersed in a spiritual *lycée* till its powers and passions were a man's while its soul remained largely a child's. Such things are but slowly repaired. With the unity of the Church disappeared the power which for a thousand years had been not only an outward authority but an outward authority of a very inward kind. An institution like that cannot be plucked from the mind that it has so long made without a shock, and a shock which can only be steadied by an authority

greater still. And where was that to be found? There was nothing on earth that could claim it; no body had been slowly prepared for it. It could not be transferred. Authority is not easily transferred; it must grow. The new Churches could not claim it, at least in the sense of the old. They arose from a breach of Church authority, they bore the stamp of their origin, and it was not far that they could go in any authoritative claim. So they strove to fall back on two things. They fell back on the authority of the civil power which made the Church at last the flat appendage of the State that it is in Germany and England to-day. And they fell back upon the Bible. But what was the Bible? The Church had put it there—as a canon at least, and the Church had claimed to interpret it ever since. If another interpretation was offered it must be the result of private judgment and sectional experience. At least, it could not impress itself upon the outer world or against the Church with any greater weight than a personal experience gave. Protestantism, when the glow of its first mighty impulse had cooled, found itself in a condition of spiritual anarchy, which is our dread inheritance and our supreme but not insoluble problem. The Roman Church has not ceased to go forward in the line of its magnificent and unholy audacity. The dogma of Papal Infallibility has in it something sublime in its self-certitude, to which we can no more refuse a certain æsthetic admiration than we can to Milton's Satan. What has Protestantism with which to confront that, still more bold, commanding, and thorough? The disintegration of the Bible, say some cynics. No, but the release of the Gospel from wrong views of the Bible; the growing consolidation of a great Evangelical Church, which the sects do not distract but enrich. The Gospel, and the Gospel alone, is the religion of Protestants.

One thing is sure. We can never solve that problem by the silly device of overleaping the Reformation and picking up the Mediæval state of things. Such could only be the view of an archæologist and not an historian, of a cleric and not a prophet. We have, in the teachable part of us at least, learned that history demands a treatment much more informed, respectful, and modest than that. The way from Mediævalism *could* only lie forwards through the Reformation. It is not for nothing that these great movements of the spirit take place. And this movement took place to much greater purpose than merely to produce a counter-Reformation and present the world with the Council of Trent. The Reformation struck into the right path. Authority could only be replaced by a religious way. It must remain religious. A religious authority could never be replaced by one merely rational, political, or individual. A living and present Church must only be superseded by something equally living and near. And the religious way must lie through the subjective realm. Whatever could be done by a religious authority chiefly out-

ward had been done. The new universal could only be found in the soul's interior, in the soul being forced inward and downward upon itself. If there be no universal and final imperative there, there is none anywhere. The Reformation took an indispensable step, a step that the best work of the Church had made inevitable, when Luther transferred the supreme problem of life to the area of the personal conscience. And though the awful scope of the problem might burst and break the individual soul in the conflict, yet it was in these very ruins that the new life and the new reign arose. The new creation must begin from the soul's chaos and night. Whether you take Peter, Paul, or the Lord of both, the new man arises from a broken man, the new Church from a broken Church, and the victory of faith is on the field of blood. Revolution is an idea more central to the Church's gospel than evolution. The spiritual conflict which had hitherto been waged by the Church as a whole, and softened indefinitely for the individual, had left him, by this consideration for his weakness, too weak to face the world. At least he was unfit to face the terrors of a spiritual world, and the Church could no longer fortify him. The whole moral tragedy of the world was now active into the arena of the single soul and its resources. The soul no less than the faith, the gospel, had come to the dilemma which stakes the whole future upon an "either—or"; and it is upon the decision that the decided make that the gentler and milder, the more harmonious and less thorough souls unwittingly live. So the self-complacency of the soul, yea, its very self-respect, was annihilated; and it was shut up into the new authority of a direct and personal *Redeemer*. A helper was useless. The true Paraclete means much more than that. Ideals but mocked and damned. The soul was driven into such a corner of its interior that the outward had no worth for it except as a miracle—a creative miracle of rescue and grace. It so sank into itself that it could only rise redeemed—not refreshed but rescued. The mediæval idea of a progressive salvation and gradual incorporation of the human with the divine was driven out by a complete revolution and a saving catastrophe. The Pelagian and educational idea of salvation was displaced by a decisive and divine intervention. The development of natural goodness or of baptismal grace was no longer the type of salvation, but the radical change effected in personal faith. Sanctification could not be so directly and deliberately worked at without the blight of self-consciousness. Seek first for the kingdom and sanctification will be added; care for Christ and He will take care of your soul; sail by the Cross and you will sail into holiness. Religion became much more miraculous than evolutionary; but it was a miracle worked on the will, and not on the nature or substance of the man. And within the soul's agonised extremity there was revealed the new authority in the moral form and nature of an absolute and universal Redeemer. Christ becomes the

new conscience and the new King. The Cross and not the Church becomes the new seat of His authority—the Cross as Christ crucified afresh in the evangelical experience of the desperate soul, and rising anew in its new trust and new life.

By such individualism, individualism was in principle destroyed. In the extremity of personal concern, belittlement, and despair, arose a life which was a world in itself. The Redeemer was also the kingdom. To the soul He “became its universe that sees and knows.” And a Church of those who are in Christ took the place of a Church of the baptized. A Christ who placed men in a Church took the room of a Church that placed men in Christ. Such is the principle which as yet, however, Protestantism has but half actualised. That great movement has fallen under the fate that befell Christianity itself before it was 200 years old. It has been captured by culture, by another freedom than the redeemed, by another subjectivity than the sanctified. It has become identified with natural and civil progress through friction, with the rejection of all authority, with the assertion of a native independence whose ideal is the healthy stalwart who never knew what it was to stand in the presence of a superior. There is much that attracts the raw young mind in the manly ideal of an insubordinate rough-rider who can take a tender turn as hospital-nurse. The uniform of the trained nurse and the red Garibaldian shirt are indeed perhaps the badges by which the democracy of this age might most expressively be symbolised to posterity. And our very Churches are more familiar with the idea of giving free scope to the individual and to the young than with the prior and primary obedience of faith as a real act of will and person. The first demand now made of anything that offers itself to faith is not that it shall be the clear will of God according to His one revelation in Christ, but that it shall commend itself to the heart. And by the heart is not meant what Melancthon or Schleiermacher meant by the word, but something which is the joint product of literary and domestic culture, the humane sympathies, and especially the atmosphere of the religious poets of the second rank and the poetic preachers of the first. There is no doubt of the charm of this frame of mind; and Protestantism has arrears to make up in the way of winsomeness. But it is doubtful if even art can live upon charm alone; and it is certain that faith cannot. And it suffers less at last from the absence of immediate sympathy than from the lack of immediate and absolute authority. If Protestantism has failed at all, it is as an obedience, and in so far it has failed to realise its own idea of Redemption. For the first claim of an absolute Redeemer is property in the redeemed, and absolute control in the first place of their wills and lives. It was faith in this sort that was Christ's constant quest; His demand for affection came second, and could only be met through the more radical faith.

May I here briefly recapitulate what I propose to say in reply to the questions which are raised by our historic spiritual situation?

The real and final seat of authority is Evangelical. It is the Cross of Jesus Christ. Neither soul nor society knows anything as a final authority but Him crucified. The sovereign and the cement of society is the Saviour of the soul. That rules man which rules the conscience; and that rules the conscience which forgives it and redeems. The conscience is not the ruler, but only the ruler's throne. The centre of authority is the world's central moral act, which is the expression of the world's central moral personality and order. It is the act of redemption. It is not the ideal but the Redeemer of the conscience that is its King. The Cross is the seat of moral empire and human unity. There is more unanimity among the saved about the Cross than there is among the enlightened about truth. The believer has an authority for society that the thinker has not. The Church, when it has become truly reformed in its grasp of its gospel, will exercise a power among men denied to the schools. To redeem the conscience is to command society. A sinful humanity is shut up to obey its Saviour. The Cross did not in the first place lay down a law, announce a truth, or provide an ideal; but it did give practical effect once and for ever to God's miracle of grace. It therefore displaces the Bible, the Church, the reason, or the heart as the final authority for human thought, life, and liberty. The authority that rules even the Bible is the Gospel for whose sake the Bible exists. By the Evangelical seat of authority it will be seen I do not mean the authority that has been invoked by Evangelicalism, but the authority that is given in the nature of the Gospel.

We may say, therefore, that the gospel of grace has this task before it to-day when we contrast it with its work a century ago. It has to relax its pressure upon thought and knowledge—especially regarding its own history in the world—and it has to increase its pressure on life. It has to sit more loosely to the organisation of a creed, and press more heavily for the organisation of society. It has to recast creeds, but it has still more to recast society. It has not only to reconstrue the love of God, but to reconstruct society by it, reorganise it into society. It has to move saving interest from the centre of a theological to the centre of a personal and social system. It prescribes a more informed theological freedom, and a more searching moral and social obedience. It offers more room for heresies and less room for schisms, whether as Church sects or as social classes. We have been over-engrossed with the breaches between thinkers, scholars, and Churchmen, we have now to repair the breaches between classes and between souls. We have slowly, wisely, and indirectly to import into the social world the principles of the brotherly Church, and the tough colossal egoism which has been pruned and curbed in the spirit-world of repentance must not seek compensatory scope in the social or industrial world.

But the obedience and serviceableness learned in the one must be carried into the other. The communion of saints must become the brotherhood of man, there is no other real meaning in the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. The conversion of the human soul must mean, in the long run, the conversion of the social and industrial organisation to the uses and principles of the soul. The same God who drew human society out of wild nature by ages of evolution must out of human society draw the kingdom of Christ. And the agent of this change is the miraculous Gospel, more miraculous than the appearance of self-consciousness in the evolutionary scale. And the principle of the Gospel is the final and irresistible authority to bend to this end the unruly passion of human self-seeking and self-will. It is one authority, theological or social. That which regulates what we believe inspires and prescribes what we are to do.

III.

I am to commend my case that the final seat of authority for human society is in the Cross of the Forgiver and the Redeemer; that Christ is King, not as the Son of our Creator, or as the Logos of the Reason, but as our Saviour.

And 1. The seat of authority must be sought in the ethical direction rather than in such quarters as would usually be understood as rational. It is only in the practical reason that we find authority; the pure reason has none. There is no truth that we may not criticise; but there is such a person. There is no absolute formal truth, only an absolute person and His act. Science, even theology in so far as it is scientific, owns no truth as final. The absolute is the only final authority, and we touch that by the moral act of personal faith alone. Man is the free creature even more than the rational; the lower animals are more rational than free. And it must be in the region of his distinctive freedom that his King resides; it is there he needs and finds his authority. It exists for free will rather than for free thought. For knowledge and thought there may be order and limit, but there is no authority, which, in the real, absolute, and final sense, exists for man as moral and not as intellectual. We receive from it our salvation, but not our creed. The truth as it is in Jesus is Jesus as truth. Revelation was in its essence Redemption, an exercise of power rather than persuasion, and the gift of life rather than of truth. The remade man makes his truth out of the new gift of reality, as Paul did. The absolute authority of truth as truth means a reign of orthodoxy which has been one of the calamities of the Church. It is but the rational side of that institution-worship which, in the larger form of Catholicism, has made the Church one of the perils of the world.

The seat of authority must be primarily ethical, and act on the reason only ethically and indirectly. Our great response is an obedience more than an assent, and our strength is not so much certainty as trust. Our prime need is to know not so much where we have inquired, but in whom we have believed.

2. This ethical authority cannot be merely individual in its action; it must be social: morality has no meaning except through a society. Its word is not for the single conscience, but for the public. Its destination is not a group of wills, but the race. The lord of the soul is the lord of society. A single soul could not be a soul, nor have an eternal Lord. The ruler of a single conscience only would soon cease to rule even that conscience. My king would not for ever seem to me royal if he were king only of me. Right for me would lose its right over me if it were not right also for a world of men. A God who is God only of individuals soon becomes an individual God. We relapse into Theism, which is just individualism obtruded into God. There is no social authority possible on a mere Theistic basis. The individual force of moral authority is due to its social nature and power, to its seat in a God who is in His nature social, and in His unity manifold, triune. "*L'Esprit Saint c'est Dieu social*"

The seat of authority is not only in the centre of the soul, but of society. This great white throne is set up among men because its roots are in the central society of the Godhead itself.

3. Being social, this moral authority must be historic. It is a rude view which regards society as contemporary alone. The living are but the latest; they are the fringe of society. We are but the outskirts of the race and inhabit the suburbs of Time. The present is but the glowing tip of the past. For moral purposes and the affairs of the soul society includes the dead and their works, heaven, hell, and history. The longer the world lives, the more it is ruled by the dead. The majority of us are not with us. Our best wealth is chiefly legacy. I say nothing yet of the way in which we are ruled by the King of the unseen, the Firstborn from the dead.

Moreover, the future lives and works in us. Posterity is a great factor in the present. Heredity has a retrospective action and comes up to us from the future as it descends on us from the past.

"There come up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

The conscience of the future determines our action to-day as well as the conscience of the past. The unborn deeply affect the generations that carry them, they affect our tastes, feelings, thought, and action. The present has the duties and emotions of a coming maternity. We were working in the men and movements of old. Parents obey

their children in a subtle but real sense. There is in us an ethical presentiment and a spiritual providence, an entail from the anticipated, whereby we build better than we know. We own our solidarity with the future no less than our continuity with the past, and we confess the beneficence to us of the posterity we bless.

It is not, therefore, in the midst of the present that the seat of authority must be sought, but in the centre of history, of the soul. It is at the focus not of the age but of the race. It is no more limited by the time than by the individual. It is catholic for all time, never antiquated though ancient, and as central at any one point of history as at another. Just because it is central to history it is equally relevant to every age, and the permanent contemporary of all time. If it emerge at any point it is central to all.

4. The moral authority which is final must be not only historic as a matter of fact but as a matter of essence and principle. It must belong to the very nature and genius of this authority that it be historic. It should not inhabit only a remote world. It cannot rest in heaven; and it cannot realise itself in the mystic depths of the individual; the mystical is too individual to have authority. The true authority must press outward to take effect in events, in action, in history. It is a self-bestowing, self-actualising authority. The action of the race must not only give it an area but an expression. It "finds itself" in history. It must be authoritative for any age because it chiefly makes the half-conscious age what it is. And so it must be not the past alone, nor the future alone, but something which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—the same not because equally indifferent to past, present, and future, but because equally fatal and creative—that is to say, it must be in its nature Revelation. The absolute power over us must be an outgoing, self-giving power, translating itself into man; if it mould the soul it must mould it to its own image. It descends on the soul, descends as a gift, as a self-bequest.

5. If the seat of authority be thus historic and not mystic, social and not individual, ethical and not merely rational, it must stand forth either as an institution or as a person in an act. As a matter of fact it is between these that we are compelled to choose—between a Church and a person. And history has written in the career of Catholicism the result of placing the ultimate ethical authority in the Church as an institution. It is Jesuitism. The conscience of human society is not another society. The Church is not the conscience of the State; nor is the conscience of the Church the kingdom of God even. The kingdom itself is first constituted by the king; and the conscience of society is a personal holy will. Wherever the conscience of the conscience is an institution we lapse into some form of Machiavellianism or Jesuitry, according as the institution is State or Church. No institution can be the conscience of the conscience without

debasing it and in the end provoking a saving rebellion. If the conscience cannot be its own authority, it can at least be the death of every usurping authority. Only one Lord can sit this steed.

Conscience is not its own lord, but it is autonomous thus far, that its authority must be of its own nature—personal. It is heteronomous indeed; it demands an external authority. But it is an authority external to its range only and not to its nature. And an institution is foreign in its genius to the conscience; it is only a person that is akin. Only a soul can rule a soul, only a will redeem a captive will, only a living person be a source of grace. Holy and blessed as the Church may be, it is but the channel of grace, and therefore only the organ and not the seat of authority.

6. But if the final authority be not an institution then it cannot be a canon, which is in the nature of an institution. It cannot be the Bible. The canon of Scripture was the work of the Church, and if the Church's work be final for the conscience then the Church must be. The Bible is really a word of two meanings, with which we unconsciously juggle. It means the canon, and it means the Gospel as the living soul of the canon; and the two things are not the same. There is a great difference between the whole of the Bible and the Bible as a whole. The whole of the Bible is not authoritative, but the Bible as a whole is. The whole of the Bible is not authoritative, the soul of the Bible is. But even the Bible as a whole and soul is not, in strictness of thought, the *final* authority. The final authority is the Gospel in the Bible, which is Jesus Christ and Him as crucified. That is within the Bible; but it is to be got out (as I have said) not so much by dissection as by distillation. The Gospel is not a dead portion of the Bible, but its living Spirit. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of all its prophecy.

The Bible broke the yoke of the Church; but there are those to whom the Bible itself has become a yoke. They have forgotten that they were the Bible's sons and not its slaves. The Gospel must do for the Bible what the Bible did for the Church. The Bible has an authority that judges the Church; and the Gospel has an authority that judges the Bible. The Gospel made the Bible, and the Gospel must rule it. If the Church had made the Bible, the Church would rule it, and would be its final interpreter. If the Christian consciousness simply had made it, then it would still be at the mercy of the Christian consciousness. But it is not. Neither the Church tradition nor the Christian consciousness is the final appeal. It is the Gospel rather than the Bible, yea, rather than the character of Christ, that is the true last word of God. Christ Himself was there for the sake of the Gospel—for the work of grace and the word of Redemption. The value of the Bible is not primarily for theology, but for Redemption. It is there as an expression and witness of Christ in His saving work. The real solvent which is acting on the Bible at

this moment is Christ and the power of His Resurrection. It is the vast and growing action of Christ's redemption that is rending the gorgeous tomb and raising the lovely stone of Scripture, lest we should only embalm the Lord in His shrine. The Bible does not exist for the schools, but for the Church, and especially for the practical function of the Church with the world, its salvation. It is not there for sacred culture or sacred science, but for Christ and His one purpose of Redemption. Its authority is due to its place and function in the service of the Gospel. The final authority is the Redeemer. The Bible is authoritative only in so far as it conveys and serves His redeeming work and purpose. It is regulative neither for science nor history, but for the soul. Its key and goal is the Gospel, as God's forgiving act in Christ. And the varying value of each part is proportionate to its nearness and directness to this central aim. The touchstone of every book and passage is Christ, as Luther said; but it is Christ, not as the perfect character, but as the sole theme that Paul would know, Christ as the crucified Redeemer. "Back to Christ" is a sound call; but it would mislead us if it meant merely back to His teaching as our norm and His character as our ideal. His teaching, as precept at least, does not cover all the moral ground, even where it is clear; and His character means for modern ears such a biography as we have not and never can have. Back to Christ means back to the Gospel as it is in Christ, and especially in His atoning death. The supreme commentary on the Gospels is the Gospel, as the key to Christ's life is His death.

We are free, nay, forced, therefore, to deal critically with all the parts of the Bible under the ruling principle of Redemption. That principle prescribed both the power and the limitations of the Redeemer Himself; and it cannot but determine the scope and limits of the record. The critics may teach us to *place* each part; but we measure and weigh it by its contribution to that principle and end. Christ in the Bible judges the Bible, as the conscience in us judges us. The authority for the Bible is not the conscience, but that which is the authority for the conscience also. It is the Redeemer of the conscience, who, through the redeemed conscience, sent forth the Bible to make just such claims upon men as the Redemption that produced it—no less but no other. Both the Bible and Church are products of the Gospel, and they exercise what authority they have as servants of the Gospel. And the servant is not above his Lord, nor even near His level. Both Bible and Church may be the means of our faith but neither is the ground of our faith. If Protestantism have any meaning it is that the ground of our faith is identical with the object of our faith—which is God reconciling the world in the Cross of Christ. The Reformation was not the rediscovery of the Bible chiefly, but of the Gospel in the Bible. And it stood not for the supremacy of

conscience, but for the rescue of the conscience by the supremacy of Christ in it. And of Christ in it, not as the supreme Rabbi to solve cases, but as the author and principle of a new life and spirit which solves cases age after age by an indwelling grace, and truth, and love, and light, and power.

7. My drift has already escaped. There is but one authority which corresponds to all the conditions I have named, that is ethical, social, historic, personal, living and present. It is revealed, absolutely given, and for ever miraculous to human thought as the divine forgiveness always must be. It is the grace of God to us sinners in the Cross of Christ that is the final moral authority as being the supreme nature and act of the supreme moral Being. And it is for ever a wonder to human thought except in so far as it has made in man its own thought. It is not irrational, it is rational; but it is not in reason to realise its own deep nature and content till it is redeemed. And the Redemption of Christ not only satisfies the natural conscience which is its herald, but it opens to it a new world even within itself. The thoughts of many hearts are revealed as well as the purpose of God. It provides a new standard and ideal which it guarantees as the final reality and *therefore* the final authority. It reveals in the conscience new needs, and raises it to appreciate the moral value and right of a doctrine like Atonement, which to its mere light of nature seemed strange and incredible.

The grace of God to the conscience in the historic but perennial Cross of Christ must be the one source of morals and the final seat of authority to a race that is redeemed or nothing—redeemed or lost. Natural and theological ethics may be separated for convenience of academic discussion; but in the final experience of the race there is no ethic but a theological. All morals are but academic which fail to recognise that the greatest fact in social ethics is also the most formidable and intractable. It is the fact of sin and guilt. We must take man in his actual historic situation, and if we do this the so-called natural conscience does not exist. It is an abstraction; and what exists is the historic product, the sinful conscience. So much as that Solidarity and Heredity may teach us. If, then, we so take man, whoever masters that fact of sin is master, effective and sole master, of the conscience, and so of the whole of human life, of history and of society. The Redeemer from moral death is the seat of authority for all mankind, in their affairs as in their faith. For practical purposes, on the collective human scale, on the scale of the whole passionate, actual soul, we must deal with the evangelical conscience, shaped by faith in the Redeemer, when we ask for the seat of final authority for the race. The ethics of the future must be the explication of the Cross—and of the Cross understood as a gospel and not as an ideal, as an atonement and not as a classic sacrifice.

8. I would present the matter, in fine, from this point of view, and

indicate how it is only a deep and expiatory view of Atonement that invests Christ with this final moral claim, or the Cross with its ultimate authority.

The whole race is not only weighted with arrears but infected with a blight. The train of history is not simply late, but there has been an accident, and an accident due to malice and crime. We struggle not only with misfortune but with a curse. The total and ultimate moral situation of the race is not moral only but religious. It is a spiritual and not only an ethical crisis. The malady and the remedy are religious both. The Lord and Master of the race is not merely "a self-transcending goodness," even if we regard that goodness as personal and ideal. He is a Redeemer. He not only *embodies* goodness, and startles us with the wonder and love of our ideal selves, but He *intervenes* with His goodness as the only condition of our release, and of our power to fulfil ourselves and share His life. My King and Lord is not only my helper, but He who gives me back the life I had thrown away and lost the power to regain. My Sovereign deigns to contend with rebel me, and, when He has disarmed me, gives me back my sword and takes me into His service. And He is especially and absolutely King and Lord when we realise *how* He became Redeemer, what is the nature of the moral act by which He saved the spiritual situation of the race. His authority does not rest simply on our grateful sense of His kindness. It is not alone that we are melted and mastered by the spectacle of His tender mercy and His love that will not let us go. It has a more objective ground. That is too subjective and unstable for a seat of authority universal and spiritual, absolute and eternal. Nor does it rest on our admiring sense of His goodness. It is not that He produces on us the impression of one who incarnates excellence, concentrates human worth, anticipates in Himself the moral future of humanity, and sets it forth as an ideal to man and a surety to God. All that is fine, but for the purposes of the conscience and its absolute authority it is too æsthetic. He remains still outside the living centre, conflict, and tragedy of the will. The seat of His absolute authority is neither in our wonder, fascination, nor gratitude. He is not King because He personalises the divine life. Nor is He our Master because He incarnates the holy law; for that would be but condensing in a personality the very power our sin had most reason to dread. *Holiness* becomes even more terrible in the Holy *One*. But He redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us. He satisfied for us that holy law which our sin could break but never unseat, whose wounded claim no future obedience or even penitence of ours could ever extinguish, which at once lifts us from the dust and grinds us to powder, which it is our dignity to touch and our misery to remember, on which the most Titanic human defiance dashes in vain, and which masters our loudest freedom with a quiet

inextinguishable irony and a slow inevitable judgment. That was our absolute master as Christ found us. And that was the judgment that He absorbed in His holy love. By extinguishing through loving sacrifice the claims of this law He became their reversionary over us. Our High Priest became our final judge. He took over in His person the lien held on our sinful conscience by all the moral order of the world and all the holy righteousness of God. He acquired the claim He extinguished. He became our moral world, our spiritual realm. By His complete obedience to God's holy law He is identified with it in its immovable right over us, and so He becomes in Himself and His redeeming act the moral master of the race. Because He took man's judgment He became man's judge. Because He exhausted the curse He acquired the monopoly of blessing. He who met the whole law became the law's lord. And the lord of the law of the conscience is for conscience its king. 'He is the conscience of the conscience because He is the redeeming conscience of Holy God. He is thus the fountain of moral honour and the centre of spiritual authority for ever. He would be supreme indeed if our orderly moral nature were only constituted in Him; but He is absolutely and for ever supreme because our disordered nature is in Him redeemed. And the moral authority of society has at the long last only an Evangelical base.

A true and deep Evangelicalism, therefore, is not a party in the Church, but it is the very being of the Church. The coming Church must be an Evangelical Church. While she has this note the Church has the secret of the social future. Everything turns on the Cross and the nature of the Cross's grace. Is the spiritual power of society the moral mastery of Christ's Cross? There is no question in the world so vital to society as this of the spiritual power. The temperance question, the sexual question, the war question, the Irish question, the negro question, the question of labour, the question of the proletariat, and other such are most grave and pressing. But none of them are so grave and deep, in the long run, as the question of the spiritual power. Society coheres with many abuses, but it cannot remain society without a spiritual power. What shall that be, and where is its seat? It is really the Church question. No question of philanthropy, however urgent and moving we feel it, has the importance of this. For it has the future and permanence of philanthropy itself within it. It is possible to vulgarise any question, and more easy the greater, finer, and subtler it is. And the Church question is much vulgarised. The No-Popery cry can be vulgar enough. But the issue is great and spiritual enough to outlive all that. It will be always with us, and always nearer. It is not extinct, it is only in abeyance. It retires for a longer leap. That the Christian question is a social question is now a truism in theory, though it is not yet a commonplace of practice. But that does not mean that it passes from

the Churches to the politicians, economists, and socialists. It means rather that by the will of Christ the Christian problem cannot be solved except by a Christian society—by a Church. And it means that we must be more concerned to choose between the various Churches, especially between the two great Western Churches, the Catholic and the Protestant, the theurgic and the Evangelical, the magical and the moral; for with one of them the social future lies, social authority and social safety; and it does not lie with the other. What lies with the other is social collapse. We must work in a Church. Mere individual efforts at social reform, if they are very radical, are but Quixotic, and break fruitless and miserable on the entrenchments of wrong. To change the world convert the Church. It is through a society that the Saviour wills to save society, and when we make our choice we have but to ask which Church gives effect to the New Testament Cross, to the moral authority of the spiritual Cross. Which is built on the Gospel as I have explained it—as an act and a power, rather than a creed? Which has that authority? Which, therefore, has the divine commission? Is it the Church whose secret is in its organisation or in its Gospel, which is institutional or moral, which is graceful in its sacraments or sacramental in its grace, whose word asks for mere assent or for the obedience of faith, whose authority has its seat on a venerable spot of earth or utters its still more venerable and awful voice seated in the centre of the redeemed conscience? We must have for these days an authority which is *in its nature* emancipatory and not repressive, empowering and not enfeebling. That authority is the Redeemer's. The object of human faith must be the source of human freedom, individual or social. Society can only be saved by what saves the soul. The Evangelical contention is that that object of faith is the Redeemer, directly and alone. It is the straitness of the Cross that is the condition of critical, speculative, and social freedom for the world. The Church of the future is the Church of one article, which has the simplicity of a whole and the greatness of the soul. And the concentration of the Evangelical Churches upon that infinite and creative point of Redemption alone is the one answer by which Protestantism can meet a claim so bold, thorough, and commanding as the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Mere Catholicism is powerless against Vaticanism, which is Catholicism made perfect.

Our Gospel is not the property of a religious group however large, or of a religious organisation however hoary. But it is the one public power, the one person, by which human society is saved, not only for God but for itself. It is society that is being saved, and not only a group of individuals, an elect out of society. And the one saving power is the living Word and Gospel of Jesus Christ the crucified, risen, and royal Redeemer, who is over all and blessed for evermore.

THE BRITISH POWER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ON May 26, 1884, an old Barolong resident at Moshette's kraal, Kunwana, thus gave his views on British Government in South Africa (C. 4194, p. 37): "I have the highest opinion of the justice and fairness of the Queen's Government, but it always leaves the country when it is most needed. I was in the Orange Free State a young man when that country was made self-governing and the Queen left. I was in the Transvaal lately, when the same thing took place. In my opinion, there is no government in the country like that of the Queen; but it has one fault, it always goes away."

We have here, in a nut-shell, a blunt expression of the views which bitter experience has impressed upon the loyal folk of South Africa, whether British, Afrikander, or Native.

The supremacy of Great Britain is alternately active or dormant, and while dormant the Boer rules supreme.

This cannot be said to arise from our system of party government, seeing that the forward policy and subsequent retrocessions have been carried out indifferently by both Conservatives and Liberals, according as the views of the nation at the time were swayed or changed by the exigencies of the moment, or the arguments of particular partisans.

The British Government has pursued no settled policy towards the colonies in South Africa except to treat them like other British colonies elsewhere, to give them Representative Government as soon as they require it, and to leave them alone to settle their own affairs; and has seldom interfered except when it has been absolutely necessary, to redress grievances, or to put down or prevent disturbances. No objection could be raised to a spasmodic and vigorous action at times when circumstances required it, were the South African colonists like those in other parts of the British dominion. But the people are not one but many, with different aspirations and views, and while the British minority have for years past been fit for Representative Government the bulk of the Boer majority have not been equal to efficiently take the leading part which has fallen to their lot. The

Boers of South Africa as a body are so ignorant and simple that they have always been guided by a few leading families, who had their own interests to serve, and in the Cape Colony for many years after they were given Representative Government they were unable to realise that they held the reins in their own hands and were discontented with the laws and executive that they themselves controlled, supposing that they were fettered by their British rulers, while the British minority felt keenly that they were being controlled and "trodden under" by the representatives of the Boer majority. In fact, it may be said that both Dutch and British have for years past been under the control of an alien party which eventually developed into the Afrikander Bond.

It must not be supposed that the difference between Boer and British is in any way a race difference pure and simple, for there is less difference between them than there is between the people of the east and west of England. The difference lies in the fact that the Boers were and still are, in education and knowledge, far behind the people of Europe; they are, for the most part, sprung from very ignorant people, have lived for generations isolated from the world, and have little connection by family ties with Europe. They are thus in a unique condition, and, with many good and noble qualities, they are so easily imposed upon that they have become the ready tools of some leading Boer families and Hollander adventurers.

The result has been unfortunate for good government, for the tendency of the Home Government has always been to conciliate the Boer, and on many occasions after difficulties with them, the loyalists of all races (including Boers) who have fought on behalf of the Crown have found themselves at a disadvantage and left to the mercies of the malcontents, without any adequate provision being made for their safety and the security of their property, and they have learnt gradually to mistrust the Government they had recently supported, till, in 1882 to 1884, finding that they were left to their own devices, they joined their opponents in crying "Africa for the Afrikanders," "Eliminate the Imperial factor."

The timid policy of giving in too readily to those who posed as the exponents of the Dutch views, without sufficiently consulting British interests, pursued so often by our Colonial Office, and carried out by some of our Governors and High Commissioners, has caused a question to arise in the minds of many, which underlies all the other very momentous questions which have agitated the country—a question which is only being answered finally this year.

Is the British rule going to remain permanently in South Africa, or will the destinies of the country be handed over to the narrow majority of illiterate Boers, leaving British interests to shift for themselves? Happily for the Empire affairs have so shaped themselves in recent years that there are now very few Englishmen who

could possibly throw in their lot with the malcontent Boers. Still, it is a fact that for some years the zig-zag action of our Colonial Office was so irksome and exasperating that many Englishmen at the Cape found themselves forced to do so, and were gradually lessening their attachment to the Mother Country. As will be shown, we owe our escape from this danger to the high-handed and arbitrary measures adopted towards our countrymen in the Transvaal.

It is little more than ten years ago that matters were so desperate that in the hall of the Colonial Institute an Englishman, editor of a leading Cape newspaper, said (April 10, 1888) : "I really see no reason why Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State should not be unified—then it might be necessary for you to surrender to us the power of nominating our Governor, and permit us to call him President, or anything we please."

At the present moment the following points must influence the Dutch colonists.

(a) The loyal Boer says to himself, "Can I afford to be loyal or must I conceal it? are my wife and children provided for in case I fight, and must I face ruin as a recompense for my loyalty : in a word, is Great Britain going to stay?"

(b) The waverer says to himself, "Are the demands of Great Britain just? If so why do the continental press and many prominent men in Great Britain back up the Transvaal. I am ready to fight to the bitter end to assist my relations in a just cause, but I would hold aloof if the proceedings of the Republics are not just. Oom Paul is *slim* (sly and slippery), and they are getting rich north of the Vaal; I want to be satisfied who is in the right"

These are the two questions which under one guise or another must constantly appeal to the Afrikaner Dutch. They are a simple, God-fearing, and in some respects a chivalrous race, and far more loyal than we give them credit for : above all they have the keenest sense of justice when applied to themselves, though they are not sufficiently far advanced to be able liberally to mete it out to others. In a just cause or in defence of their homesteads they will fight like enraged lions, but they have no great stomach for fighting on equal terms unless some dire necessity arises. It seems probable that if the malcontent Boers could be brought to see the injustice of the treatment they have dealt out to Europeans in the Transvaal, and to realise the fettered condition of the English, politically, since 1872 in the Cape Colony, they would fight with but a bad grace, but they are ignorant and deluded.

Much has been written concerning the accentuation of bitter feeling during recent years between the British and Afrikaner Dutch, but it cannot be substantiated. Those who know South Africa are aware that race bitterness is not now so intense as it was

sixty years ago—far less than it was thirty years ago, when the high-water mark of bad feeling was reached.

There are many strong reasons why this feeling on the part of the Boers should have diminished; perhaps the principal one is that the generation which in 1837 shook off the dust of Boer feet against any settled form of government have all departed this life, and with them has gone the fervid religious fanaticism which inspired their actions; the new generation which has risen up has different views; their educated men have adopted a more liberal creed; wherever they may go they find they must have some form or another of government, and they do not find their own in the Transvaal more congenial than that of the Cape Colony. Moreover their grievances are all of the past, they have had no real wrongs to brood over for more than thirty years, and they have had everything very much their own way since 1872. British forces have subdued the turbulent native tribes all around them, and instead of living from day to day in danger of their lives, they inhabit their farms in peace and quietude and are probably at heart much more averse to fighting than they were in early days. Much as the British have suffered in the Cape Colony from the rule practically passing into the hands of the Boer, there is one great advantage to the Empire;—the Boers have no possible form of grievance they can foster, and the bitterness of feeling has given way to arrogant conceit—very galling all the same.

One of the strongest proofs that bitterness of feeling is passing away in the Cape Colony is the position that the Ministers and the Opposition can take up at the present day, compared with the line they were obliged to take up from fifteen to twenty years ago. Then both the "Ins" and the "Outs" were strongly Dutch and anti-English; but this has now ceased, and while one side takes an Imperial view the other side is not far behind. This would be an impossibility were the Dutch majority of the Cape Colony at the present time opposed to the British, and shows not only that there are a large number of loyalists, but that they are not afraid to show their loyalty. No doubt, if they felt quite certain that there would be entire subjection of the Transvaal they would show their loyalty still more openly.

The subject is an intensely complicated one, but all indications point out to us that the Boers of South Africa, as they get more educated and enlightened, are ceasing to keep up their family relations to one another, and the sympathies between the countries north and south of the Vaal must gradually diminish, and those of the Cape Colony will turn towards the British.

Even now the interests are rapidly separating, the Transvaalers are looking to the Delagoa Bay Railway as well as to Capetown and Port Elizabeth. The Cape Colonists are beginning to feel that their rich relations in the Transvaal are having a good time of it, and are quite able to shift for themselves.

In order to show how these changes of sentiment are working out we must go back to the condition of the Boer in early days

I. THE ZIG-ZAG POLICY.

At the time that the territory about Cape Town first began to be colonised the coast line of South Africa was controlled by the Netherlands East India Company for the sake of its East Indian possessions, and little heed was given to the colonists, who were chiefly the families of uneducated retired soldiers and sailors and Government officials, who were permitted to take up their abode in the new country. These people were of all nationalities, and probably required a strong hand to keep them in order. At the end of the seventeenth century this community was augmented by eligible Dutch maidens from Holland, but the total number of colonists, all told, in 1687 did not exceed six hundred.

In the following year some two hundred French Huguenots, refugees on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, joined the community, they were in every respect on a higher level than the Dutch; they were of a higher class socially, many of them being of good family, they were well educated, and were acquainted with farming and other operations; moreover they had an intense love of liberty, and had left their native land for the sake of liberty and religion. They were distributed among the Dutch and their children learnt Dutch, but in thus losing their own language their individuality and earnestness enabled them to stamp their views and aspirations upon the bulk of the Dutch colonists. Not many years elapsed before the amalgamated Dutch and French inhabitants of the Cape Colony learnt to resent and resist the iron rule and grinding oppression of the Dutch East India Company, and in the early part of the eighteenth century a rising of the farmers against the Government took place, which was put down with severity. From this time all those who loved freedom and a life of adventure began to trek further and further away from the central Government at Cape Town, freeing themselves so far as they could from the exacting rule of the Company and inaugurating a simple patriarchal rule which has continued in the sparsely populated parts to the present day. This love of liberty gradually degenerated into a dislike to all settled forms of government, and antagonism to the rules and restraints of civilisation

By 1770 the colonists, though numbering little over 10,000, had trekked as far as the Great Fish River, beyond all settled government, and the Company in 1785 established the fourth district, of Graaf Reinet, in order to bring under control those farmers who had trekked away. These people, thus again fettered by the Government, were exposed to inroads from the Kaffir tribes on the east, and at last became so exasperated by their grievances that in the Graaf Reinet and Swellendam provinces they threw off the yoke of the Company,

expelled its officials, and declared themselves a free Republic with a National Assembly

It was while matters were in this condition, that the Cape Colony came under the control of Great Britain for the first time in 1795. The nationalists in Swellendam gave no trouble to the new Government, but the Border farmers of Graaf Reinet refused to submit, and it was not until a military expedition was sent against them that they gave a sullen consent to the rule of the British. In 1803 the Cape Colony came directly under the Dutch (or Batavian) Republic, which ruled with wisdom, endeavouring to rectify the abuses started by the Netherlands East India Company, and when in 1806 the British Government resumed possession of the Cape Colony, efforts were made in the same direction, though not always successfully, to rule with a fair hand; but nothing could conciliate the people gathered on the Border, nothing short of their own government and full permission to treat the natives as the Israelites treated the inhabitants of the Promised Land.

At this time these colonists had not as a body reached as far as the Orange River, or even crossed the Stormberg Ranges, though enterprising hunters might be found living among the Hottentots, Griquas and Bastards, who were in advance, and also on the trek, getting out of the way of the advancing Dutch, and who occupied the banks of the Orange and Vaal Rivers to the west of what is now called Basutoland. The whole white population of South Africa did not at this time exceed 26,000 persons.

Thus, at the very outset of its rule the British Government was saddled with an intricate race problem, inaugurated by the Netherlands East India Company. A large number of Dutch and French on the trek endeavouring to form a Government of their own, and in front of them again a large body of the yellow races and half castes, and runaway slaves, fleeing before the Dutch and appealing constantly to the British Government for redress for their grievances, and again, on the east, swarms of Kaffir tribes, who from time to time made inroads on the advancing Dutch, and who could be held to no engagement or agreement. The rule of the British Government was very liberal and enlightened as compared with that of the Government it had replaced, but it was despotic, and did not suit the Border colonists, who did not wish for progress and civilisation, but only wanted freedom, with power to deal with the natives in their own way; and their own way was a very rough and ready system of extermination wherever the yellow races would not submit as serfs or slaves.

The advent of missionaries to the native tribes increased the difficulties of the situation and caused most serious trouble, for they were able to put before the world the terrible measures the Boers adopted to free the lands they seized and occupied from the "native pests."

The Moravian Mission, after one fruitless attempt to gain a footing,

succeeded in establishing themselves in the country among the Hottentots in 1792, and were followed, in 1800, by the London Missionary Society and subsequently by other British, German, and French Societies, who for the most part at first took up their work among the yellow races, including the Griqua Bastards.

The views of the missionaries (which may be briefly expressed as the preaching of "the brotherhood of men," white, black and yellow) could not be received by the Border colonists, who though also actuated by the strongest religious sentiment, approaching fanaticism, derived their views principally from the perusal of the Books of Moses and Joshua. The Boer belonged essentially to the "old dispensation" while the missionaries preached the Gospel. This misunderstanding and ill-feeling soon increased to bitterness and recrimination when the missionaries boldly accused the Dutch of inhumanity to the native tribes, which, though unfortunately true, was often the result of terrible provocation, in addition, the British system of meting out evenhanded justice to whites and natives, without distinction, was deeply resented by the colonists, who often, owing to their ignorance of English, and their insolent and defiant bearing to the magistrates, quite failed to properly represent their side of the case, while the natives were assisted by the missionaries, who usually could speak English fluently.

In 1815 the Border farmers were so irritated by the interference of the Government in their treatment of the natives that they again rose in insurrection, and on being subdued, five of their number were hanged for high treason at Slachter's Nek. This still further increased the bitter feeling of hostility to any form of settled Government, and it grew stronger and stronger as the people increased and multiplied, until it culminated about the time of the supersession and recall of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, whose forward policy of extending British jurisdiction over the Kaffir tribes on the Eastern Border was upset by the British Government in 1835, in spite of his warning that the reversal of his settlement would be speedily followed by the extensive abandonment of the Graaf Reinet District by the colonists. This retrocession of Kaffraria by Lord Glenelg on the part of the British Government had a most disastrous effect at the time, and was the last grievance, accumulating on others, which led the Border Dutch to trek away from British rule. In subsequent years the forward policy was again enforced, though in a somewhat modified form, the Kaffir territory being placed under and directly administered by the Crown under the name of British Kaffraria: but it was now too late to win back the Border Dutch who went forth into the wilderness. These people with primitive views were many years behind the European world, and the liberation of the Hottentots in 1829, and the emancipation of all slaves in British dominions in 1835 were regarded by them as acts of injustice specially levelled at them.

selves, more particularly as, owing to their simplicity and mistrust of the Government, many of them had sold their right to compensation to unscrupulous agents at an almost nominal value. It has been supposed by many authorities that it was in connection with the emancipation of the slaves principally, that the final move of the Border Dutch took place, but a careful analysis of history will show that this was only one of many irritants, and that these wild people were bound to go sooner or later for their forty years wandering until succeeding generations should be ready for a settled government.

This great movement, though disastrous at the time, and looked upon even now in this country as a most untoward event, was in reality a blessing in disguise, for it led to the occupation of the lands about the Vaal and Orange Rivers, thus cutting off the Zulu and Matabele tribes from the weaker native tribes to the west, and preventing their certain extermination, for whatever may be said against these Trek Boers, it must be admitted that they were humane and liberal to the natives as compared with the Zulus and Matabeles.

During the years from 1817 to 1821 commenced the British immigration, and some 5000 or more were introduced into the Cape Colony, and eventually settled in the Albany district to the east of the Dutch, forming more or less a barrier between the Dutch and the Kaffir tribes. These people are the progenitors of the present British Afrikanders, who have shown by their energy and loyalty both in peace and war how important was their accession to the Cape Colony, and how desirable it would have been if year by year steps had been taken to import more of them.

The great trek of the Border Boers from the Graaf Reinet district commenced in 1836, and was carried out on a large scale. The people went out with their wives and families, their flocks and their herds, their waggons and all their belongings, into the land of the heathen; strongly convinced that this land was their own, and that the native occupants must give way before them and become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" among them. Finding the hordes of Kaffirs to the east too strong for them they trekked north over the Orange River, into what is now the Orange Free State, and overflowed across the Vaal River, beating back the imperious Matabele tribe under Moselekatse, driving them north and occupying their lands, which are now the southern portions of the Transvaal. They also overflowed into Natal, then occupied by a few British settlers, who received them with open arms. Here they met with a shocking disaster at the hands of the Zulus, their leader, Piet Retief, and one hundred Boers being treacherously massacred in cold blood. After making good their position and settling down in Natal, they resisted the British Government, and were forced to submit, the more peaceful settling down on their farms in 1847 when Natal was proclaimed a British colony, the more turbulent clearing out north of the Vaal River.

On the lands between the Orange and Vaal Rivers the Trek Boers refused to submit to the British Government until they suffered a reverse at the battle of Boomplaatz in 1848, when the more peaceful settled under British rule and the Orange River sovereignty was proclaimed.

On the north of the Vaal River no attempt was made to place the people under British rule, and in 1852 the Sand River Convention was signed, conceding to them "the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves without any interference on the part of her Majesty the Queen," with a stipulation that no slavery should be permitted or practised in the country.

In 1854, owing to the great military outlay in connection with native wars, and the difficulty of raising a revenue to meet the expenditure, it was decided to give up the Orange River Sovereignty and allow it to be self-governing under the name of the Orange Free State. This appears for the time to have been a terribly disastrous blow to British interests in South Africa. There were residing in the Sovereignty a large minority (if not a majority) of enthusiastically loyal persons both among the British and the Dutch, whose interests by this act of retrocession were jeopardised by being placed in the hands of narrow-minded bigoted people reinforced by others from the Transvaal. The result was, that while this retrocession did not in any respect render the malcontents more placable or friendly, it alienated the loyal feelings of those who had looked to Great Britain, so that in a few years the most bitter partisans against Great Britain in the Orange Free State were to be found among the descendants of those who had suffered for their loyalty to the Crown; and the worst charge a Free State Boer could lay against the British Government was the abandonment of their State. There has always, however, throughout the Orange Free State, been a strong counter current of loyalty, often carefully concealed, which may break into flame should it be certain that Great Britain is going to stay and exercise its position as the paramount power in South Africa.

In the Transvaal self-government was not found to be accomplished easily, and many difficulties occurred. On the east and north the Zulus, Swazies and Matabeles, prevented further expansion, and the filibustering Boers devoted their attention to swallowing up the lands of the weaker tribes on the west—the Barolongs, Batlepins and Korannas—by fermenting discord among them for their own advantage. By 1866 they had already mapped out farms on paper over what is now Stellaland and part of Griqualand West so far south as Barkly, and were only waiting for the opportunity of ousting the natives on one pretext or another; and the only checks upon their advance were the British traders in Bechuanaland and the London Missionary Society, whose headquarters were Kuruman.

There is no sign that during this period there was any idea that British supremacy over these parts was abandoned; but the question

was whether the British Government would ever rise to the occasion, exercise its undoubted right as a paramount Power, and adjudicate between white men and natives should the exigencies arise. The duty was there, and, as has frequently been pointed out, the neglect to do the duty was merely a shirking of responsibility.

A very few years, however, elapsed before it was necessary for the paramount Power to step in. In 1870 diamonds were discovered in the native territory of Griqualand West, to the west of the Orange Free State, both on the Vaal River and at the New Rush (Kimberley), and, though the lands were claimed by the Chief Waterboer, the Orange Free State at once established a form of government there which was soon found quite inadequate to keep order among the unruly whites of all nations and natives who thronged to the diggings. The paramount Power was now forced to come forward and exercise its duties; and, accepting a cession of his territory from Waterboer, declared Griqualand West, by proclamation of October 27, 1871, to be British territory. The Orange Free State bitterly resented this action, and at that time probably race feeling rose higher than at any other period in the history of South Africa; but neither the Transvaal nor the Orange Free State could take any active steps, hemmed in as they were by hostile forces of natives on every side.

Many suppose that the division on race lines is more acute at the present day; but this is not the case. The action of the Trek Boers at the present juncture is only due to their being able to carry out their desires, owing to the subjugation of all the surrounding native tribes by Great Britain in 1878-79, and by the Chartered Company in 1894—viz., the Zulus, Bechuanas, Griquas, Basutos, and Matabeles—and owing to the Transvaal having become rich enough to purchase field-guns. So far as the intensity of feeling is concerned, the Boers in 1871 to 1877 were far more incensed against Great Britain, but they were impotent for mischief.

In 1876 President Brand met Lord Carnarvon in London, and after considerable discussion agreed to a boundary line to the west of the Orange Free State, which included the diamond fields in Griqualand West; on the payment of £90,000 by Great Britain in consideration of the abandonment of all claims on the part of the Orange Free State. Owing to the strenuous exertions of President Brand and the remarkably kindly feeling which the Boers acquired for Lord Carnarvon throughout his career as Secretary of State, this agreement was ratified by the Raad and the bitterness of feeling towards the British in the Orange Free State sensibly diminished. Had the £90,000 been secured as a debt on the province of Griqualand West, and part of the customs' dues received in the Cape Colony on account of goods in transit been allowed to it, this province, which was wholly British, might have continued as a British community; but this was not looked upon as feasible, and an arrangement was entered

into with the Cape Colony to take over Griqualand West with its debt at an early period, and was carried out in 1880. Griqualand West had shown great vitality, and during the native risings of 1878-80 had not only settled its own native rebellions, but reduced Bechuanaland to submission and sent contingents of volunteers to the Cape Colony and the Transvaal. But a most loyal community of British were rendered discontented and inimical to the Colonial Office by the absorption of this province in Cape Colony. Had the Cape Colony remained a Crown Colony, or had Griqualand West been Dutch in sentiment, no harm would have been done, but in 1872 the Cape Colony (undivided) received Representative Government under the Crown, and the great majority of the votes were Dutch. Without questioning in any way the loyalty of the Dutch population of the Cape Colony, it must be admitted that their views have not been in unison with the "go-a-head" principles of the British, and the British vote was entirely swamped by the Dutch. The addition of Griqualand West only added more British votes to the number submerged under the dead weight of the Dutch. Blood is thicker than water, and by ties of consanguinity the Cape Colonists are intimately connected with the Dutch of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. When it is recollected that the present population of 400,000 Boers, of whom 250,000 are in the Cape Colony, are nearly all sprung from the 26,000 Dutch of A.D. 1800, it can readily be conceived that in any question connected with the Boer Republics the sympathies of the Cape Colony were with them and not with the Crown, and the British colonists were thus forced into a most exasperating position. Thus in subsequent years, when the Boer Republics north of the Vaal resisted the will of the paramount Power, we had the strange spectacle of the ministers of the Cape Colony (leading Englishmen) advising the Governor according to the Boer view and sympathising with the Boer Republic, while the same high personage as High Commissioner was receiving directions from the Secretary of State for the Colonies from an Imperial point of view (see the Blue Books of 1882 to 1884).

As early as 1858 the subject of confederation of the States of South Africa had been discussed between the Colonial Office and the Governor of the Cape Colony (Sir George Grey), and the latter proposed a scheme by which it might be effected. The Orange Free State then made overtures for federation with the Cape Colony, which Sir George Grey brought prematurely before the Cape Parliament, for which he was censured, and the subject was in abeyance for a while.

Lord Carnarvon, in 1876, saw that the salvation of South Africa lay in a federation of all the States, with a Governor-General and Central Parliament, and Mr Froude came out on his behalf to expound his views; but he made himself obnoxious to the Cape Ministry, and his mission failed. In 1877 Sir Bartle Frere was sent out as High Commissioner with a special mission to push on this

federation, but he was not more fortunate in this respect, for one of the terms was that the inland States on confederation should receive a certain amount of the customs dues collected in the Cape Colony on goods passing direct to them, and this made the Cape Colony lukewarm and even opposed to the scheme. Moreover, at this time, the Transvaal had just been taken over by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in an insolvent condition, and the native tribes were rising in arms throughout South Africa. Otherwise the chances of Confederation being established were most excellent, and there might have been six States or Provinces with the following proclivities —

Majority with British sentiments East Cape Colony, Natal, Griqualand West

Majority with Dutch sentiments West Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange Free State

There were other difficulties in the way of federation. Many of the British in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony saw that the safety of their interests lay in the division of the Cape Colony into East and West, so that they might have a fair share of their voting representation, and petitions were forwarded to the Colonial Office (C. 1631 and C. 1681) proposing that "the present Cape Colony be divided into two or more self-governing States for purposes of administration or legislation on questions of local interest" under the federation scheme. This seemed a perfectly fair proposal, and would have been advantageous to both British and Boer, but the Cape Colonial Ministry, representing the Boer majority, would have nothing to say to it, and the subject of federation was dropped, to be brought up again probably at no very distant date.

The supersession and recall of Sir Bartle Frere at the end of 1880, and the reversal of the policy with which he had been entrusted, marked another grave crisis in the affairs of South Africa. He had gone out to inaugurate a forward policy and secure peace, and so far as his own efforts were concerned he succeeded in a most admirable manner. Whilst leaving a free hand to his subordinates in details, he kept an iron grip upon all essentials, and secured their confidence and most loyal co-operation. With the colonists, British and Dutch, European and Afrikaner, his personality was so great that he was obeyed, loved and respected, and at a happier juncture he might have carried through his difficult undertaking. But he arrived at a time when the whole of the native races were rising against the rule of the whites, and all his efforts were neutralised while the native war was raging. Both parties in the State found fault with him, and much has been laid to his charge, but after events have fully vindicated the action he took. He certainly tried to hurry on events, but this is what he was sent out to do, and the fates were against him. Time was not ripe for the action he had to take, and misfortunes one after another happened for which he at least was not responsible.

The change of policy towards Sir Bartle Frere is usually attributed to Mr. Gladstone; but the truth is the nation was weary of the series of disasters that occurred, and wished to turn away from them and to have a scape-goat provided. In August 1879 (*"Life of Sir B. Frere,"* ii. p. 347), he wrote to Sir Michael Hicks Beach, "We are meanwhile drifting into very awkward relations with these colonies. What you are now doing seems to me uncomfortably like what was seen more than a century ago, when we drove the American colonies into war and forced separation." The sequel showed he was right, for his recall was looked upon throughout South Africa as an abandonment. The loyal people, British and Dutch, must now shift for themselves, they must exist on a lower level, and make terms with the malcontents.

Sir Bartle Frere a year before this had pointed out the evils of weakening his Government and his Ministers, who were thoroughly English in feeling, and stated that the Opposition were "sedulously courting the Dutch party and swaying the loyal Dutch (a great majority of the Cape Dutchmen) to swell the already considerable minority who are disloyal to the English Crown here and in Transvaal." The line that was now to be taken by colonists was stated explicitly by Madam Koopman de Wet in a letter of November 16, 1880. "Now there is but one cry, 'We will have no Imperial help.' Why is this? We have lost confidence in a Government that would play with our welfare." (*"Life of Sir B. Frere,"* ii. p. 401)

The recall of Sir Bartle Frere was a sign to the malcontents, and they rapidly availed themselves of it and were soon engaged in a struggle with British troops, and a peace was concluded which handed back the Transvaal to the Boers without sufficient precautions being taken for the preservation of Imperial interests, or for the safety of the native tribes on the borders who had been rendered innocuous by British arms. In Bechuanaland, owing to the intervention of the Ministers of the Cape Colony, the British agents were removed, and the Boers swarmed over the borders. The Government, by "shilly shally," had reached its climax, the British and British interests were abandoned to take care of themselves, and the supremacy of the Boer was looked upon as complete.

Before leaving this part of the subject it is necessary to say a word on the retrocession of the Transvaal. No objection can be made to its being done; it was right to do it, but it was unfortunate that it should be done in such a manner that the Boers thought they were equal to defying the Imperial will. The Transvaal may have been taken over by Sir Theophilus Shepstone with the full concurrence of the responsible persons, but the people did not know this; they had no opportunity of signifying their assent in open Raad, and it was allowed to appear that it was done in face of the protest of the President, which Sir Theophilus Shepstone himself said (*"Life of Sir Bartle Frere,"* ii. p. 185) appeared to him "to pledge the people to resist by-and-bye." The people therefore felt

they were fighting in a just cause, and the retrocession was the only *amende* that could be made. It was most humiliating to the British people, but now that it is all over it is fortunate that it was one, as the Boers have now no grievance of any kind, which makes all the difference in the fighting powers of a people who conceive themselves to be instruments of divine justice.

II. THE SUPREMACY OF THE BOER.

Fortunately there was one man in South Africa who had sufficient ability, personal weight, and knowledge of the subject to bring before the public both in South Africa and Great Britain the true position into which the British Government had drifted, and the deplorable condition into which the British colonists had been forced, and who was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the Empire.

It is not too much to say that the Empire is indebted to John Mackenzie, the Kuruman missionary, the successor of Moffat and Livingstone, for stemming single-handedly the tide of the "giving-up" policy, and bringing round public opinion to a sense of the duties of the Empire as the paramount Power. The history of these times and the account of the action taken by John Mackenzie have yet to be written; in Britain's days of difficulty men have always risen fitted for the occasion, and on no more momentous occasion was a true son of Britain required than in the dark days of South Africa, the years 1881 to 1884. He was not merely a missionary speaking for the South African natives—as such he could have had little effect on public opinion, but he took a high aim as a true Imperialist, and asked for fair play *for all*, British, Dutch, and natives. His was no local cry of "Africa for the Afrikaner," nor was it a narrow-minded proposal to tread down the Dutch under the British, but he took the broad view that all who were fitted for the position were fellow subjects of Great Britain, and he lectured on the matter in the Cape Colony to Dutch and English, Boers and British Afrikanders, and won the hearing and suffrages of many.

Owing to John Mackenzie's efforts, and the support given to him by many conspicuous leaders, Liberal and Conservative, by little and little the "giving-up" policy was abandoned, and the same statesman, who in one year declined to listen to any proposal for the exercise of British influence where a gunboat could not go, in the following year came round to the view that the Empire required an active interference with an Imperial force in the heart of South Africa.

The Boers had overflowed into the native territories east and west of the Transvaal, and were fast absorbing them spite of all agreements, urged on, as each High Commissioner has pointed out, by the tacit approval, if not the direct sanction, of the Transvaal Government. And these invasions were accompanied by cruel wrongs inflicted on the natives; even as far back as 1877 Sir H.

Barkly (C 1776) wrote that "the scenes of injustice, cruelty and rapine, which abundant evidence is every day forthcoming to prove, have rarely ceased to disgrace the republics beyond the Vaal ever since they first sprang into existence ;" and Sir Hercules Robinson in his despatches constantly wrote to the same effect

At the very time that Mr. Mackenzie was pleading with the public against the disintegration of the Empire, the Government of the Transvaal was seeking to upset the Pretoria Convention and obtain a Convention still more agreeable to the Boer view.

In the autumn of 1883 the Convention of London was agreed to by President Kruger on the part of the Transvaal, and was signed February 27, 1884, and on its face it appeared to give up more and more to the Boer ; but John Mackenzie's words had had their effect, and the Colonial Office was not so ill-advised as it appeared, for the Convention, while extending the boundary of the Transvaal so as to take within its borders some native tribes supposed to be friendly to the Transvaal, clearly defined a new boundary line agreed to by the delegates and subsequently ratified by the Transvaal Raad, and at the same time it was stipulated that the native tribes to the west of the new boundary line would be under the protection of Great Britain.

This London Convention of 1884, so much stigmatised as a further concession to the Boers, may be said to be the turning point of South African history. Hitherto the Transvaal Government had refused to acknowledge the western boundary line of the Keate award, but by the London Convention not only was the new boundary concurred in, but the Transvaal Government expressly agreed to adhere strictly to it, and as far as possible prevent all encroachment from the Transvaal. In this Convention, the position taken up by Sir Bartle Frere in his dispatch of May 13, 1873 (C. 2220) was vindicated, he said :— "By refusing to accept the position of a protective power, habitually acting as an arbiter in inter-tribal disputes, we escape nothing save the name of responsibility. The realities are already incurred, and when at length we unwillingly undertake the burden of dominion, we shall find it greatly aggravated by delay and neglect . . . To declare such a protectorate as I have suggested appears to be a large scheme of annexation, but it is not so in reality. It is simply an authoritative declaration of facts'."

The altered position of affairs in South Africa under the London Convention was not realised in that country for many months after the Convention was signed. Englishmen and loyal Dutch were still gravely mistrustful of the British Government, and both parties in the Cape House of Assembly were, to all appearance, strongly pro-Boer in their views and anti-Imperial ; they had been left to shift for themselves and they wished to see some explicit action on the part of the mother country before they would again join in with her.

A singular instance of this is to be seen in the action of the leader

of the opposition and of the Cape Ministry in the affairs of Bechuanaland in 1884. When the Boers overflowed and occupied the so-called Stellaland and Rooigrond, it was expressly stated by Lord Derby (C. 3841, 105) that the whole of the Boer filibusters were to be removed and the *whole* of Bechuanaland lying outside the amended boundary line was to be an independent reserve; subsequently this was modified (C. 3841, 112) by allowing that some cases might occur in which the freebooters need not be removed from lands actually occupied by them. At this time (end of 1883) all action for removing these filibusters was to be taken by civil police, and the High Commissioner expressly informed the Cape Ministry that there was no chance of the British Government sending out troops to clear them out—neither was such action deemed possible at the time. Early in 1884 Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the leader of the Opposition, was sent up by the High Commissioner to act as Assistant-Commissioner in Bechuanaland under the London Convention in the absence of Mr. Mackenzie. Much has been written about his action on this occasion in reversing the settlement already made and making an agreement with the filibusters, contrary to the wishes of the loyalists, giving all Stellaland to the freebooters. If we carefully analyse the frame of mind of the people of South Africa at the time, we may allow that he may have honestly done his best, in his mistrust of any action on the part of the British Government, to save Rooigrond by giving up Stellaland. In fact, considering that South Africa was left to its own devices, he did what he could to save something to the native tribes, and also to keep the Boers of the Transvaal and Cape Colony in good humour. This action of Rhodes led the Ministry also to make a bid for popularity—this same Ministry that in 1880 Sir Bartle Frere, as already quoted, called thoroughly English—and they in the autumn of 1884 proceeded to Rooigrond and endeavoured to effect a settlement which also gave the filibusters all they wanted there, on the grounds that they had the same claim that the southern freebooters had to Stellaland.

In the meantime, however, British feeling was aroused throughout the Empire, and although war was being waged in Egypt, Mr. Gladstone's Government, in the autumn of 1884, sent out a military expedition to roll back the Boer filibusters from Bechuanaland, and to ensure the protection of native territory secured under the London Convention.

When the expedition arrived at Cape Town in November 1884, the loyal folk, British and Dutch, woke up from their lethargy and discontent; their enthusiasm was unbounded; they added three regiments of volunteers, and assisted in the successful termination of the expedition by which the Boer filibusters were turned back into the Transvaal without fighting. Loyal people now felt that they could look the malcontent Boer in the face and say that the British Government was doing its duty, but they were in advance of their

politicians, who were at the back of the Boer majority; and during the work of the Expedition, and for some years afterwards, the Ministry acted, to say the best, in a half-hearted manner, and looked askance at Imperial interference. The drift of the views they held, or, at least, that they expressed, may be gathered from the remarks of some of the leading Englishmen in the Cape Assembly debate, July 16, 1884, on the Bechuanaland annexation question. There were some honourable exceptions, to wit, Mr. Leonard and Sir Thomas Scanlan. Mr. Upington, the Prime Minister, said "The Government of South Africa should be in the hands of the people of South Africa, and every possible effort should be made to prevent outside [*i.e.*, British] influence from affecting the Government of South Africa." Mr. Sprigg was utterly opposed to a British protectorate in South Africa, it had not been a success in the past and was not likely to be a success in the future. Mr. Rhodes, the leader of the Opposition, said that the Imperial factor which he had warned the House against in the previous year had now been introduced into Bechuanaland, and he believed it their duty to act immediately and remove the Imperial factor on the border of the Transvaal, which must lead to danger in South Africa. Mr. Barry said that the sole object of the Imperial Government in Bechuanaland was to protect the natives, but this was not for the good of South Africa.

Thus closes another scene in this history when the curtain draws up again, everything has changed. Even while the Bechuanaland Expedition was being carried out in 1884-85 a new European Power had gained a footing in the country and a German Protectorate was established in Damaraland and Namaqualand. This at once forced the pace of the British Government, already on the move forwards, and of the British in South Africa, and no longer was there any question of retrocession or giving up. The chances of rivalry with another power spurred on British traders and merchants to secure the trade routes to the north and to look towards Mashonaland and Matabeleland, with which the Bechuanaland Expedition had already entered into communication, and soon the opening up of the country to the Zambesi, the pushing of British enterprise to the north and the opening up of gold-fields there became household words. But the finding of gold was not to be limited to countries north of the Transvaal; in the Transvaal itself gold was found in 1886 in payable quantities, south of Pretoria, and the Transvaal, from a poor and insolvent country of agriculturists, rapidly developed into a wealthy state with a large population of Europeans, principally British.

IV. FORWARD.

Still the politicians of the Cape Colony proceeded, and though Great Britain was undecided in its action, Paul Kruger in the Trans-

vaal and Cecil Rhodes in the Cape Colony raced neck and neck for the foremost position and for the lead of the Dutch party. It is now said that the dream of Paul Kruger's life has been to see a Dutch Afrikaner Republic, stretching from the Zambesi to Capetown; it is not Kruger only who has had this ambition; it has been the common dream of the Dutch Trek Boers for many years, and affairs in 1881 to 1884 were clearly making in that direction.

It is impossible to conjecture what might have happened had the President of the Transvaal accepted the offers of the leaders at Johannesburg who were willing and anxious to throw in their lot with the Transvaal and support its independence (The Transvaal from Within), but fortunately two events have interfered with this, viz., the Jameson Raid and the action of Mr Kruger toward the Reform Committee of Johannesburg.

The Jameson Raid, unjustifiable as it was in every respect, and disastrous in some measure, had one good effect; according to the words imputed to Mr. Rhodes, "it upset his apple-cart"—it severed his connection for ever as a leader with the Boer extreme party, forced him out of the wrong groove in which he was moving, and made him stand out on the right side as an Englishman. It was an enormous advantage to the welfare of South Africa that Cecil Rhodes, with his wealth, ability and influence, should now be enabled to take up the position which naturally should fall to his lot, the leader of the Imperial party in South Africa.

A Boer has recently stated in the *Times* (Oct 13, 1899) that "your boasted Conservative majority has been the obedient tool of the Radical minority, and the Radicals have been the blind tools of our far-seeing and intelligent President."

So far as can be seen at present Mr. Kruger has unwittingly been doing his best for the Imperial interest in falling out to the extent he has done with the Uitlanders and refusing them the franchise. What his object was is still a profound mystery. Some assert that he wanted, by squeezing them, to gain further concessions from Great Britain, while others think that the government of the Transvaal is on so precarious a footing, owing to its being run by a few leading Boer families and Hollanders, that the admission of some Europeans to the Raad would cause a greater strain than it could bear, and there would be a collapse. No doubt Mr. Kruger has been in a terrible dilemma, but it is possible that he has not been able to gain a clear view of affairs, and has thought that the British Government would not go to the expense of the large force required for the subjection of the Transvaal, or that he was strong enough to try a fall. Whatever may have been his reason for his actions, there can be no doubt that in the long run he has been of great service to Imperial interests.

From the time that the Cape was first taken over by the British,

the Border Dutch or Trek Boers have been an impossible quantity to deal with ; but, fortunately, recent events have altered all this. Their grievances have been done away with, they have been treated with the utmost forbearance by the British Government, and they have repaid this action by a scandalous oppression of Europeans, and have now taken on themselves the responsibility of waging war on the Empire. This will all greatly influence them : they have an excellent sense of justice, and when they are subdued they are not in the least likely to retain any animosity for the number of their killed and wounded in fair fight. On the contrary, they will probably be proud of it, and we may look upon them in the future as well-disposed fellow-subjects, who will come forward to assist us in our wars ; but they require a thorough drubbing first. Of this we may be quite certain, there would be ten times as much bitterness raised over one Boer hanged for high treason as over a thousand killed in war. The executions on Slachter's Nek, in 1815, are still brought forward as one of the principal charges against the British Administration.

V. CONCLUSION.

There are few pages of history which in a short period give such instructive lessons as those of South Africa during this century, and what is most striking is the fact that it would have been impracticable to pursue any fixed policy in the treatment of affairs without sometimes doing much greater injustice than has been done. The complicated race problems there have made it quite impossible to do what each party would consider the right thing at the time ; but one thing we can discern clearly, that the British Government has honestly endeavoured to do what was right each time it was called upon to act, though sometimes very difficult to stir up to action, and whenever the right thing has been done, although it seemed disastrous to British interests at the time, it has turned out in the end to the benefit of the Empire. There have been many blunders made, but with right intentions ; by wonderful good fortune, they have all turned out to our own advantage, and, at the present moment, the Dutch Afrikaner who can study history must be aware that when the Government has erred it has been in his favour.

It seems quite certain that a conflict with the descendants of the Trek Boers was inevitable, and all British subjects must feel glad that it has been entered into at a time when the malcontent Boers have no wrongs to complain of, and when the administration and command locally are in the hands of Sir Alfred Milner and Sir Redvers Buller in whom the public place well-founded confidence.

CHARLES WARREN.

GLENCOE, ELANDSLAAGTE, MAFEKING.

THE great news of the success that has been gained by our troops has, amidst the public rejoicing, left so many hearts heavy with personal trouble that one has hardly courage to use what may sound like an almost flippant expression about it. Otherwise I think that one could scarcely express the situation better than by saying that we find ourselves very much in the position of the man who "always thought the old horse would sell for more than he expected." I mean by that that the news at first seemed almost too good to be true, although throughout the time that has preceded the war there has been an amount of public confidence in a successful issue which is in many ways remarkable.

Considering that within our own generation we have several times had engagements with the Boers, and that on each of those occasions we have suffered severely, and, to put it mildly, have not been very successful, it is rather curious that neither in England nor, except in a few very insignificant quarters, on the Continent does it appear to be considered that our generals and armies will have a task to encounter that will present difficulty of any kind, or that they will deserve any credit if they bring us through triumphantly. This is all the more noteworthy, because, as a rule, for popular purposes a victory is a victory, whether it be an outpost affair almost of a corporal's guard or a great battle in which tens of thousands have been engaged. No doubt the explanation is that the intense interest which was excited in the popular mind by the events of the Jameson Raid, and the feeling of national humiliation which attended the surrender after the war marked by Bronkhorst Spruit, Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba, have led to an examination into the circumstances of those affairs much more minute than is usual in the case of ordinary mili-

tary operations. As a consequence of this, it is thoroughly understood that at each of those actions the number of men engaged was very small, that Sir George Colley, led by a generous desire to save from surrender the small British detachment which had been caught and besieged under most unfavourable circumstances and without any previous preparation in Potchefstroom, rushed into the contest with any men he could get together, and that his infantry, supported only by a makeshift artillery and a few men on horseback whom it would be an insult to the arm to call cavalry, had no fair chance in the struggle. Again, the fact that we have recently more than once had to measure ourselves with others of the Great Powers of Europe, and have neither had ourselves any reason to fear the encounter nor found them indisposed to recognise the power of Britain, makes it seem absurd that a great Empire like ours should have any difficulty in dealing with a body of undisciplined and ill-organised farmers, in numbers certainly inferior to the well-organised force which we shall ultimately array against them. The consequence, at all events, has been that on the Continent the whole subject has been treated as though we were, in mere lust of dominion and for the sake of the gold-mines, going to shoot down an almost unresisting foe, while in England a feeling of pity for the unfortunate Transvaalers and men of the Orange River Free State has restrained our hand even when it was evident that it was a question whether Englishmen were to be allowed the ordinary privileges of human beings in a country side by side with one in which we give equal rights and equal treatment to every Dutchman, or descendant of Dutchmen, without inquiry as to his origin, as though he were one of the race which conquered the land.

Now that a striking success has in more than one direction attended our arms there is no little danger lest its nature should be misunderstood, and lest an impression should prevail that we have been making excessive preparations to deal with the crisis, and that it will be quite unnecessary to despatch to South Africa the large force that has been made ready. What is required is some appreciation of the size of the continent with which we have to deal, and of the extent to which a small army would be lost in it, where elements of possible disturbance exist over such an enormous area. Consider this one fact alone, that the distance by sea from the Cape to Durban, the port of Natal, the colony which Sir George White is defending, is twice the length of this island from Land's End to John o' Groats, and some estimate of the size of the problem may perhaps begin to enter. Sir George White's force is engaged in the defence of the one relatively small colony of Natal, and it is very much to be hoped that the success at Glencoe will enable him effectually to carry out that work—that is to say, not merely to defeat such Boer forces as may come within his reach, but to prevent any slipping past him and doing

mischief in his rear. Even that task is not a light one in the single colony in which he is. Fortunately the Boers have made their movements relatively slow by hampering themselves with their waggons and their guns. Otherwise the work of stopping large bodies of mounted men who are good shots from passing through a line at least a hundred miles wide is not easy. But beyond the Drakensberg Mountains lies, quite away from this colony which he is defending, the Free State on his left hand, and if the Free Staters had carried out their original intention of invading the Cape Colony from the southern side of the Free State near Aliwal North, that station is more than two hundred miles, as the crow flies, to the south-east of the extreme left of his line, and not to be reached under a march of three hundred miles. Kimberley, again, is on the farther side of the Free State from Ladysmith, three hundred miles from him in a north-westerly direction, and four hundred miles from the sea. The whole area of possible disturbance is eight hundred miles long by eight hundred miles wide, and, independently of the two hostile Republics with their numbers of mounted men, is full of warlike natives who will most assuredly be made uneasy by the fighting going on, and will obey our orders or not in proportion as we show a strength adequate to deal with such a huge dominion. Every one, therefore, who desires a quick and permanent peace, every one who wishes for an equal law for all white men throughout South Africa, every one who desires that law courts shall be established in which evidence is fairly heard and in which justice prevails, every one who has one particle of the feeling of our forefathers who made sacrifices that the black man might be free, must wish that Sir Redvers Buller's army should be as powerful as it can be made. Now that war is begun, those only can wish that we should stay our hand who wish to leave the whipping to death of girls to be an offence leniently dealt with and carrying no disgrace; who wish that, as the result of a patched-up peace, race feuds should break out again in a year or two; and who, leaving the Boers with their terror for the natives gone, wish to see the Transvaal and Free State overrun with Swazis and Basutos who will avenge in savage fashion the crimes that have been committed against them.

I am very much inclined to think further that the point has been missed by many, that what really happened at Glencoe was that part only of the column that crossed at Laing's Nek, breaking away from control, prematurely attacked our troops. So doing, they have no doubt dislocated all the offensive scheme of the Boer leader, and have made it probable that no very serious attack can be made again during the interval that must elapse previous to the arrival of our main army; but very little has happened other than the moral effect upon both sides to diminish the practical strength of the Boer defence.

We have still to force our way into the Free State and the Transvaal, and to capture the strong places the Boers have constructed, more especially the forts at Pretoria. That is a very different task from the defence of Natal.

Much speculation has, however, been current as to why the Boers moved up to attack at all, and there are some considerations on this point which are, perhaps, worth offering

There was evidently at first a disposition among the leaders to try to throw on our troops the task of attacking them, quite apart from the political question of the responsibility of the war. They recognised, what is undoubtedly true, that men of the character they command are much more likely to fight at advantage in a mountainous region and on the defensive. They saw that to move down into the open plain and fight among the gentle declivities of the ground which has been chosen for the main position of our troops round Ladysmith would put them into a difficulty against trained soldiers able to manœuvre on such ground with much greater facility. When, however, they realised that they would be throwing away the very advantage for the sake of which they had declared war, and would have to watch uselessly the gradual accumulation of our army against them, they felt they were obliged to advance. It is exceedingly doubtful if they could have kept their men together at all if they had not done so. It has been the experience of all history that irregular levies such as these can be held to their work only so long as they go forward and have something definite given them to do. When long delays occur, either after or before a fight, each man thinks that his own home concerns are very pressing, and that his particular absence will be of no importance to the army. When this feeling spreads, temporary desertion, with the full intention to return, becomes epidemic. It may even lead to the prevalence of a sentiment so general that the commander cannot venture to take any effectual means to prevent it.

There is a further motive which has tended to urge the Boers forward. It is always difficult to maintain even a regular army of large size concentrated for a considerable time on one spot. Sanitary conditions of themselves make it unadvisable. Naturally not only these but difficulties of supplying large bodies of men with food, of keeping up the condition of animals after all the grass has been eaten and trodden down by prolonged occupation, tell with tenfold effect on a congress of amateurs, none of them too much disposed to obey orders or to attend to the regulations necessary for the health and well-being of a large force. For all these reasons it seemed from the first certain that the Boers would be obliged to attempt a serious forward movement into Natal. They, in fact, selected the part of the position which was on ground usually most favourable for them,

and their design was to cut off the right at Glencoe, attacking from three sides. Meantime, in order to detain Sir George White at Ladysmith, they demonstrated on our left with their right, consisting of such of the Free State Boers as are not employed in guarding the passes and in preparing to invade Cape Colony. On our right front they moved by way of the old direct road into Natal over Laing's Nek, and, though the reports of the third column are as yet vague, they seem to be moving also on our extreme right across the Buffalo River, having begun to cross at Rorke's Drift, or even farther south and yet more behind our lines. It is therefore necessary to realise what the position of the two opposed bodies has been. The line of defence which has been taken up by Sir George White runs generally in a north-easterly direction from at or near Ladysmith on the left. The force there, till it moved on the 20th to clear the road to Glencoe, was concentrated or within easy reach of concentration over a few miles of ground. The direct front to be defended from the Boer advance was about one hundred miles long, from the mountainous district of Basutoland on the left to Rorke's Drift and the Buffalo River forming the front of Zululand on the right. There appears to be no doubt that the Boers attempted to intrigue with the Basutos, as they have done with other native tribes, hoping to enlist their sympathies against us. The *a priori* argument of the *Daily Chronicle* and other papers that this cannot be true because of the notorious hatred and contempt entertained by the Boers for all natives only shows with what deplorable ignorance of South African history men are ready to write on the subject of this war. Seeing that Kruger himself personally did attempt at one time to induce the Basutos to join him in an attack on the Orange River Free State, the argument is a little musty. Nevertheless, though it is clear from his previous record that the present head of the Transvaal State will have no scruples in stirring up any natives he can against us, it is certain that he will not succeed either with the Basutos or with the Zulus. The Basutos have an hereditary tradition of loyalty to the British Crown ever since the days of the very shrewd and able old Chief Moshesh, who, having had the advantage of us in fair fight, was clever enough to see that that was the moment for him to make due surrender before worse befell him. From that time onwards, having been, on the whole, wisely handled by local Residents and Cape Governors, the Basutos have been year by year more attached to the British Government, which has left them free within their borders, and has saved them from the aggression of the neighbouring Boers. Our one difficulty will be to prevent their paying off old scores against the Free State when they find that it is engaged against us. Similarly, on the other side of Natal, the Zulus from long experience hate the Boers with a deadly hate, and the wise, firm, and just administration of our one-armed

administrator, Sir Marshall Clarke, has of late years bound them firmly to us. Even in the days of Ketchwayo his one perpetual petition was that he should be allowed to let his young men "wash their spears"—*i.e.*, in the blood of the Transvaal Boers. It was our refusal to grant this much-urged request which more than anything else stirred him up to those acts of aggression which brought on our war with him. Whatever the Boers may do, it is obviously a fatal, as it would be an impossible, policy for us to reply to their intrigues with the natives by letting loose against them the surrounding tribes of Swazis, Basutos, and Zulus. The very object of making Sir Redvers Buller strong is to enable us to limit the area of the quarrel and to finish it as soon as possible.

We do not wish to have on our hands, after the Transvaal and Free State have been tranquillised, natives in arms with claims for services rendered and accustomed to fighting against white men. It is, however, altogether a different question whether we should not insist, in the case of the two Protectorates of Basutoland and Zululand, on the same rights that we should have if these were civilised States upon our border. As we shall certainly abstain from allowing any aggression on the part of the Zulus against the Boers, it is monstrous that the Boers should be allowed to violate with impunity Zulu territory. It appears to be certain that the Boers from the north of Zululand, near Vryheid, have been passing through Zululand with the intention of crossing it at Roike's Drift or farther south. Clearly we are entitled to take steps to prevent it, and to give directions to Sir Marshall Clarke to instruct the chiefs of Zululand to hold their own borders and allow no intrusion within them. Similarly, on the other flank it is all-important that the mountain district of Basutoland shall be forbidden ground to the Boers. They would not dare to cross the border if they knew that the Basutos, who in their own region are formidable warriors, would repel them. Sir George White is fully entitled to have these two points definitely cleared up at once by orders from the Government. Indeed, I hope that long before this has appeared the matter may have been settled. I mention it only, first, because of its great importance, and secondly, because in discussing the possible action of the Boers I must have some definite data to assume on the subject. If the Boers are left free to pass down on the eastern side of the Buffalo River through Zululand, it is obvious both that their facilities for moving against the flank and rear of Sir George White's actual position would be greatly extended, and, what is perhaps more serious, especially since Glencoe, is that they will find it much easier to slip by him altogether and pass into Natal behind him.

A force of 12,000 men or thereabouts, such as Sir George White has under his orders, cannot guard every part of a front one hundred

miles long. If it attempted to do so it would be weak everywhere. The usual military method, which is that now being carried out by Sir George White, is to watch all the possible lines of advance of any enemy with light troops, cavalry, mounted infantry, and cyclists more especially ; to obtain from all sources information as to the direction of intended movements ; and then to strike him on the move, or await his advance in a previously designed position, according to circumstances. An inspection of any of the numerous maps that have been published will show how important for this purpose it is that Basutoland and Zululand should be places into which no Boers can pass without being disarmed. Take, for instance, the incident which occurred the other day, when Sir George White moved out from Ladysmith against the Boers who had crossed the frontier and had advanced within about fifteen miles of the British left. Supposing that the fight had actually taken place, it would have been very close to the Basuto border, and it would have made all the difference in the result whether the Boers, crammed back against the pass by which they had issued, were able to make their escape into Basutoland and so return to their own country, or were disarmed and detained in Basutoland till the end of the war, as they certainly would have been had they crossed the borders of a civilised State. The case actually occurred during the Franco-German War when Bourbaki, having been obliged to take refuge in Switzerland, was disarmed, and was retained in Switzerland till the war was over. There can be no reason why the same conditions should not be applied to Basutoland. Similarly, on the other side of the theatre of war, if Zululand were a secured territory into which the Boers could not have entered without being disarmed and interned till the end of the war, the advantage to Sir George White's defence would not merely be that the Boers would not be able to pass down on the farther side of the Buffalo River out of his reach, and make for the parts of Natal that lie behind his position. It has that importance ; but also, as he holds the position at Glencoe, which is only about fifteen miles from the Buffalo River, the Boers, if they attempted to advance against him by passing between the slopes of the Biggersberg, on which Glencoe is built, and the Buffalo River, would run the risk of being driven into a territory on arriving in which they ought to be disarmed by all the rules of war.

We have, it seems to me, an absolute right to direct our two Commissioners in Basutoland and Zululand, while they restrain the natives from all aggressive action against the Boers, to prevent the Boers from entering either territory except as unarmed fugitives. Our actual position prior to Glencoe was this : On the left the main body with about nine thousand men of all arms was holding Ladysmith and watching the threatened advance of the Free State Boers from the various passes of the Drakensberg. On the right front at Glencoe,

where Colonel Yule, who commands the Devonshire Regiment, was acting as Brigadier-General in command of the station itself, General Symons had 4000 men for the general defence of the right. These chiefly consist of the Indian Brigade, of which Colonel Yule is the senior Regimental Commander. Glencoe and Ladysmith are about thirty-five miles apart, but till the Boers seized the station at Elands-laagte, from which they have just been expelled, the two stations were connected by telegraph and railway. It would almost seem as if while the column of the Boers which advanced over Laing's Nek was delayed either by the breaking down of its transport or by internal dissensions and want of leadership, and finally the young of this column attacked alone, the large body which gathered at Vryheid in the meantime pushed its most advanced parties through Zululand, and that these crossed the Buffalo River at Rorke's Drift and other passages, so that it is now gathering in the neighbourhood of Helpmakaar, unless it has been alarmed by the failure of the other column. From that point there would be nothing to stop its movement into Southern Natal either to break up the railway or to raise Boer sympathisers among the Natal farmers. Even now, however, it would not be too late for the Government to warn Pretoria that we shall not allow passage either of supplies for this force or communication by means of native runners to take place through Zululand, and that if they violate Zulu territory, which we are doing our utmost to keep neutral for them, we shall direct the chiefs to stop their supplies, to cut off their messengers and to allow no telegraph messages to pass through to them. This, which is surely absolutely just, would prevent any combination between this column and the others, and would place it in a very hopeless position; otherwise it may do much mischief.

In the other parts of the theatre of war, the wide territory of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland were from the first obviously open to Boer raids, and we must bear with such injury as they can inflict until the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller's corps enables us to advance in force. At first there seemed considerable danger lest the Boers of the Orange Free State might invade the Cape Colony on the southern and western side of Basutoland by way of Alwal North, hoping to increase their forces as they advanced by calling into their ranks the numerous Boer farmers of the Cape who sympathise with them. Their forces have, however, been so slow in gathering, and the general tranquillity of the Cape appears to be so well assured, that it would almost seem as if this movement were already belated. It will doubtless be delayed by the moral effect of Glencoe, and by what appears now to be the certain failure of the Boers before Mafeking. They may ultimately succeed in taking that little townlet, but the splendid defence of it which has been made by Colonel Baden-Powell will doubtless have had the effect of gaining time for the arrival of our reinforcements before

any very serious mischief can have been done. Meantime, every day's delay tells in our favour. We must have, independent of the army corps part of which has sailed, either at sea and now rapidly approaching the Cape, or already landed, nearly five thousand men to be added to the defensive force, for hardly any of the troops that were despatched from England and the Mediterranean at the same time as the brigade was shipped from India have yet been reported as arriving. Probably this is due to a wise regulation not to announce the successive arrival of troops, in order not to indicate to what point they have moved.

These, however, like Sir George White's little army, are essentially part of the delaying and defensive force which is intended to provide for the temporary security of the colonies until the recently mobilised corps can be landed. That can hardly be completed and moved forward till after Christmas. The mobilisation itself has proved to be a complete success, and the whole army corps, nearly fifty thousand men, is ready to embark. The only difficulty and delay consist in taking up adequate shipping for so great a body of men. In particular, the horse-fittings for ships take a long time to arrange. These and the voyage to the Cape alone delay the delivery in South Africa of the finest and most complete army that Great Britain has ever put into the field at the beginning of a war. It is in every way, I must reiterate, a wise economy. The larger the force with which the country is represented in South Africa, the less resistance will it have to meet with, because the uncertain elements in the country will undoubtedly remain quiet if strength is shown, and will only be formidable to weakness. It is a question for the future to determine whether the war will heal up all the sores that have been opened, but under that aspect it is well to remember that a wiser choice for the Commander-in-Chief of the expedition could hardly have been made. Numbers of Boers served under Sir Redvers Buller against the Zulus, and, whilst they had a profound admiration for him, he had the greatest possible liking and respect for them. That is an element the value of which will be chiefly apparent when the war is over, but it is one that may be of capital importance in the final settlement.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER IN SOUTH AFRICA

October 23

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

"Owing to the general indifference and ignorance of the dominant country and the supreme Government respecting the condition of a dependency, they do not think about its concerns in ordinary things and under ordinary circumstances. But if, on any extraordinary occasion, any question affecting a dependency should happen to excite the attention of the dominant country and the supreme Government, it is rarely treated (especially if the form of the supreme Government be popular) with reference to the true interests of the dependency itself, or even of the dominant country as regards the dependency."

"Nor are the ignorance and indifference of the dominant country about the concerns of the dependency limited to the supreme Government. Hence, if any dispute should arise between the dependency and the supreme Government, and if the dependency should appeal from the Government to the people of the dominant State, it will probably find it has not appealed to a better-informed or more favourable tribunal. On the subject of the dispute, the people of the dominant country can scarcely be so well informed as their Government, and in any struggle for power between their own country and the dependency, they are likely to share all the prejudices of their Government, and to be equally misled by a love of dominion and by delusive notions of national dignity" (Lewis on "Dependencies," pp 248, 276)

IT would be easy to illustrate from the history of the past in South Africa these truths, so clearly enunciated by Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the ablest English statesman who has devoted attention to what may be called the "philosophy of the relations between a supreme Government and its dependencies." Time and space fail, and we must confine ourselves to the illustration of the above principle as afforded by the most recent events in South Africa. Enormous evils have resulted to this country and South Africa from the uninformed actions

of officials sent out to Africa with cut-and-dried plans, and who, on landing on the shores of Table Bay, imagined they knew more of its affairs than the people who had acquired the experience of a lifetime in dealing with the difficulties presented by the government of South Africa. Many great men have received their education in South African affairs at an enormous cost. Almost invariably after their experience of South Africa they have reversed the judgment and the policy they have attempted to pursue on their first arrival on its shores. It may merely be mentioned in passing that, since the time of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, six Governors of the Cape and one of Natal have been recalled. England is placed in this dilemma. These men were the best men she could find to send out, and their advice, even when informed by local experience, should have been followed, or, if they were not the best men she could send, they should never have been sent. But whichever alternative is selected, the results upon the unfortunate country committed to their charge have been equally disastrous. When we recall our past errors, the recollection of them should make us doubly careful, and doubly considerate and patient in our dealings with South Africa to-day. Sir Benjamin D'Urban went out inspired by the policy of Earl Glenelg. At great cost and loss of life he discovered, after several years' service in South Africa, that policy to be an impossible one, and upon reporting this view to the Imperial Government he was recalled. From this time onwards similar changes in the views of great men have taken place. I will only refer to one or two of the most important in their bearing upon recent events. Mr. Froude was sent out as Lord Carnarvon's representative, and at first stirred South Africa with a violent excitement, and "stumped" the country in opposition to the Ministers of the Cape Colony; then, after his experience had been gone through, he said, "I had observed in South Africa that the confusions and perplexities were diminished exactly in proportion as the Home Government ceased to interfere" ("England in the West Indies," p. 8). Sir Bartle Frere, on his arrival, advocated with all his force a policy that would have restored the Crown Colony form of government to the Cape in substitution for responsible government, which had only recently been initiated. After three years' experience, he deprecated in the strongest manner possible any withdrawal of responsible government, or any interference with the policy of her Majesty's Ministers on the spot, and he warned the Imperial Government that no confederation of South Africa could be hoped for without the fullest extension of responsible government (*Nineteenth Century*, January 1881). The later in time great mistakes are made in British policy towards South Africa, the more inexcusable they are, and the heavier is the penalty which must be paid for them. It would appear that the present Government have entirely ignored this

truth: "The best prophet of the future is the past." In their haste for the immediate solution of difficulties which can only be solved with time, they have abandoned all the teachings of the past fifty years' history of South Africa.

The governing factor in South Africa, since the end of 1895, has been the passions roused by the Jameson Raid. The difficulties there have been enormously accentuated. The unanimous thanks of all South Africa were accorded to Lord Rosmead for the course which he pursued at the time of the Raid and subsequently. The chief dread of South Africa after that Raid was that a man ignorant and unacquainted with the political requirements of South Africa might be appointed as High Commissioner. When Lord Rosmead, in May 1896, was called home to confer with Mr Chamberlain, so great was the fear that a man might be appointed to his post who had not his unrivalled qualifications, in the experience of his double governorship, that a unanimous wish was expressed on the part of the whole of South Africa that he should be permitted to remain in supreme control of its affairs. The Parliament of Cape Colony, both the Upper and Lower Houses, passed unanimous resolutions expressing their "deep sense of the great services rendered by him to South Africa during the recent unhappy crisis," and desired further, "to express the hope that he will speedily return to resume his duties, as his prolonged absence might be detrimental to the best interests of South Africa" (C. 8423, pp 12-14). The Prime Minister of Natal telegraphed expressing the wish to welcome back, at the earliest possible date, "one to whose wise and patriotic action is due the peace which now prevails," and stating that the Ministry regarded his "early resumption of official duty in South Africa as essential to a satisfactory solution of pending difficulties and conducive to the common interests of all" (C. 8423, p 28). The expression of these hopes was not confined to the British Colonies. The President of the Free State on May 16, 1896, expressed the same hope for his speedy return. "We are all aware of the fact that it is mainly due to your exertions that we to-day still enjoy the blessings of peace, and I am thoroughly convinced that your presence in South Africa is absolutely necessary to restore the confidence which was so rudely shaken by the unfortunate occurrences at the beginning of the year. It will certainly be a disappointment to us all if, in this critical time, a man is appointed as High Commissioner, who, unlike your Excellency, is unacquainted with our political requirements" (C. 8423, p 28).

This was further enforced by the expression of similar hopes on the part of Mr. Fisher, who had met Lord Rosmead in Pretoria in connection with the occurrences immediately subsequent to the Raid. These expressions on the part of the Governments of South Africa illustrated the anxiety everywhere and unanimously felt of the danger

to the whole country which might arise from the action of any man who might be sent out and who might be wanting in knowledge of its history, the character of its people, and its requirements. In acknowledging these resolutions, Mr. Chamberlain informed Sir H. Robinson that he had stated in the House of Commons on the preceding day that "your policy in South Africa was the same as my own" (C 8423, p. 12). Lord Rosmead unfortunately failed in health, and it became impossible for him to continue to give his distinguished and devoted services to his country. A new man was selected, a man whose previous experience had, so far as it went, given hope that he would be able to discharge adequately any duties to which he might be called in the service of the Empire. That hope, so far as South Africa is concerned, has been grievously and utterly disappointed.

There is a large consensus of opinion that the Press of the world, in its excitement of the more violent feelings, is not a force tending to the peaceful solution of difficulties which may arise between nations and peoples. Lord Salisbury himself, we believe, has given expression to this view, but, unfortunately, Sir Alfred Milner has received his training as a pressman, and that in a highly dangerous school, a school of extreme sentiment. If Mr. Stead may be believed, he acted as a moderating factor during his press experience, yet a perusal of his despatches shows that the sciolism of the press is patent on every page. The position of High Commissioner of South Africa is the most difficult appointment of its kind in the Empire; the highest diplomatic qualities and the widest and most tried experience are necessary for the proper discharge of its duties. This place has been filled by a man who writes brilliant leading articles and calls them despatches. As an illustration, the perusal by an impartial mind of his despatch of May 4, 1899, will go far to prove this proposition. The remarkable similarity of our present relations with South Africa and of our treatment of its people to our relations to and treatment of America before the American Revolution is so instructive and so full of warning, that I venture to draw attention to them. Sir George Trevelyan has described in considerable detail the character of the governors who habitually misinformed the British Government of those days "A narrow and plodding man is the predestined enemy of those whom it is his vocation to govern. Exactly in proportion as people are keen to detect their rights and formidable to insist on having them, a governor of this type is certain to distrust their aims and to disapprove their methods and bitterly to dislike their turn of character." And he goes on to tell us how they represented the inhabitants as "disaffected and rebellious" ("The American Revolution," p. 69). Here we have both a description of Sir Alfred Milner and of his action. He began by aspersing the loyalty of the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa, but, further, he committed the offence against

legal principles of indicting a whole nation. He mistook the strong feelings of the majority of South Africans against those who have been associated with the Raid and interpreted them as a strong feeling against England. When at Graff Reinet the inhabitants had assured him of their loyalty, he lectured them as though they were children, and told them he did not need any superfluous assertions of this character. He knew that they could not be disloyal, yet in his despatch of May 4 he impugned their loyalty! On what grounds did he do so? Had he any special personal knowledge of the people whose loyalty he was questioning? He confessed in a speech at Swellendam, made in April of this year, that he did not know anything of the inhabitants of the outlying parts of Cape Colony. He said: "I do not feel that I have really got into very much closer touch with the people of the outlying parts of the community over which I have the honour to preside. I regret it, but it cannot be helped," and he went on to explain the reason by stating that his duties as High Commissioner had been of such a difficult and worrying character. "Those duties occupy my time and my energies to an extent which does not give me the opportunity, of which I would gladly avail myself, of coming closer into contact with the people of this Colony" (*Cape Times*, April 19, 1899). If, then, he had no knowledge such as he ought to have had, before he spoke as he did of the colony which he was practically governing, he certainly had no personal knowledge of the rest of South Africa, but supported his statement as to the disloyalty of the Dutch by adducing an article in a newspaper called the *Stellalander*, a paper published in a remote country town, the very existence of which was unknown to 999 out of 1000 of the inhabitants of South Africa. Yet this anonymous article was put forward as a justification for indicting a whole people. It was perfectly monstrous, to those acquainted with the facts, to put forward such an article as a representation of Dutch opinion and feeling in South Africa. But there is more than this in his conduct. The British Colonies, before the introduction of responsible government, had resented the tone and manner of the officials sent to preside over their destinies. In commenting upon the proposal that some members of the Upper House in the Cape Colony should be nominated by the Crown, the Chief Justice, Sir John Wilde, brother of Lord Truro, reported to the Secretary of State that "so completely had Crown nomination begun to stink in the colonial nostrils that it would actually degrade an Upper Chamber composed by its means so much as to render it the butt rather than counterpoise of the more popular assembly" ("The Present Cape Case," by Sir C. Adderley, p. 69).

In British colonies this undesirable relationship between the officials and the colonists has been entirely done away with by the granting of responsible government, but in the case of the Transvaal the con-

duct of officialism has been such as no colony of the British Empire would have endured. To those who know something of the details of the causes which led to the Transvaal War in 1881 and the rejection of British authority, not the least of these was the petty insolence of minor officials and the dragooning of the inhabitants by Sir Owen Lanyon. As an evidence of the flippant manner in which the most serious subjects have been dealt with by our officials in South Africa, I would point to Mr Conyngham Greene's letter of March 24, 1899, in which he makes reference to a dignified protest on the part of the State Secretary, Mr. Reitz, against the tone of the correspondence. "The note," says Mr Conyngham Greene, "concludes with remarks as to the justification of your Excellency's representation in such complaints, and closes with strictures on your style of correspondence *and a homily on the virtues of mutual forbearance*" (C. 9345, p. 105). The tone of the High Commissioner himself is not far short of that of his subordinates. "My observations, to which he was replying, were also strong; I never expected a soft answer to these observations. . . . It does not follow that because the Government of the South African Republic are very much irritated by my criticisms they will not be more careful to avoid giving occasion for such criticisms in future. . . . Plain speaking will not aggravate a situation which is about as strained as it can be" (C. 9345, p. 104). Such a mode of conducting a correspondence is certainly not a likely one to achieve satisfactory results by peaceful methods.

It should have been remembered that, as in the case of the American colonies, "an ancient and powerful State, in its dealings with dependencies whose social system is still primitive and whose public men are yet untrained, could afford to make allowances for faults of taste and even breaches of official custom and propriety." This, too, has its analogy in the incidents which led to the American War. Sandwich and Rigby, says Sir George Trevelyan, were the two Ministers who, it was notorious, ruled the Government. "As if by some sort of understanding between them, they now adopted a tone of forced and studied insolence with reference to the colonists." Such conduct is in diametrical opposition to the conduct advocated for our relations with the Dutch in South Africa by all who have studied the history of the country. Sir Harry Johnstone tells us that the Dutch were alienated in the early part of the century by the unsympathetic treatment of some of the early English governors ("The Colonisation of Africa," p. 81). Theal, the historian of South Africa, has made it clear how unsympathetic and how unwise that treatment has been. There is an endless array of opinion in favour of consulting the wishes and opinions of the people of the spot as to the policy to be pursued in South Africa. Sir George Napier attributed the difficulties of the Cape Government to the want of the people's participation in the manage-

ment of their affairs. This was in 1841. Sir Harry Smith was obliged to promise a form of representative government even before he had the assent of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and to the Secretary of State he reported, "there is but one opinion on the desirableness of representative government"

Sir George Grey recommended the fullest measure of self-government (see p. 234 of "South Africa Past and Present," Noble). Sir Henry Barkly carried out the grant of responsible government and deprecated Lord Carnarvon's attempt to force confederation against the views of the local authorities. Mr. Froude, after his disastrous interference, as we have already seen, deprecated in the strongest manner all interference on the part of the Home Government. Sir Bartle Frere, after his still more disastrous attempts to upset South African policy, upon his return deprecated in the strongest manner interference from England with the course of colonial policy. "The English Government resolved that the system of allowing colonial management of colonial affairs to grow and develop itself, instead of being ruled from England, should be practically tried. The plan has answered fairly in other far-separated colonies. I believe it has answered still better there" (in the Cape) "than in Canada or Australia," and he warned the Government here that there was serious danger in attempting to interfere directly (*Nineteenth Century*, January 1881, p. 158). Lord Rosmead (then Sir Hercules Robinson) laid it down in the strongest manner that the day for direct Imperial interference in the affairs of South Africa was past. "Without parliamentary government," said Lord Randolph Churchill, "Cape Colony would be ungovernable" ("Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa," pp. 23, 24). The consensus of opinion of Imperial and colonial statesmen is all but absolutely unanimous on the point. To-day we see a Governor and High Commissioner who goes full in the face of this great consensus of opinion, who refuses to modify his policy by a consideration of the expressed views of the Ministers of Cape Colony, who appeals to the "British press," as he calls it, against the views of the constituted authorities—her Majesty's Ministers in South Africa—for support to his views. "The British Press throughout South Africa is practically unanimous at my back" (C. 9415, p. 14). The result was patent to all who knew anything of the history of the country and its circumstances. The aspersions on the loyalty of the Dutch by men in official position can only tend to make them disloyal. All their actions have been of a contrary character. Their support to the Imperial Navy, their grant to the Imperial Government of the full control of Simonstown, have testified that they are absolutely loyal. But these go for nothing against the extracts from the *Stellalander*. The party in power at the Cape claim to have an opinion in regard to their own affairs, and to affairs which

affect them so nearly as those of a neighbouring State, in common with the right of all other British subjects to hold opinions on things of interest and moment to themselves. The disastrous consequences of this policy of ignoring the local constituted authorities have become manifest in the evolution of violent feelings in South Africa. Already we see troops quartered upon British colonists. It is reported within the last few days that British troops are being quartered in Stellenboch, in Uniondale, at Naaupoort, and at De Aar. If any one desires to understand the consequences that are likely to ensue from this action, they will find an interesting description of the subject in the results of the quartering of British troops on the inhabitants of Boston. In Sir George Trevelyan's account of the Revolution this is stated to have been one of the most important steps which brought about the American Revolution. We may usefully bear in mind the opinion of Franklin, when examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, "that if troops were sent to America they would not find a revolution, but they would be only too likely to make one." Those who have long known South Africa, and have resided there and are well acquainted with its inhabitants of all races and classes, are well aware that there was not the remotest danger to British predominance or to British prestige in South Africa. The sciolists of the press and those who have inspired this fateful policy of haste and force appear to forget that, in regard to the inhabitants of the Empire who are not of English blood, whether they be Frenchmen in Canada or Dutchmen in South Africa, just as no force could make Englishmen in America drink tea which was taxed, so no number of army corps and no number of Maxim guns can make Dutchmen into Englishmen. Their blood is Dutch. What we can hope to have is that those of French blood in Canada and those of Dutch blood in South Africa should be loyal to the institutions of the Empire, should, though proud of their Dutch or of their French ancestry, be proud also to belong to an Empire so great, so mighty, and so generous that a man of Dutch or of French blood finds it to be no aspersion on his loyalty that he is not descended from English forefathers.

This is the kind of loyalty we have had already, and can have permanently if we pursue a wise, liberal, and generous policy. Only under such a system can English and Dutch, or English and French, or any other nationality become bound together in our various colonies; proud of their various descent, yet uniting in the common advancement and development of their new home. There is the other policy advocated by men who have only just gone into the country, a policy of subjection of other races. One of the most serious features of Sir Alfred Milner's despatches and blue books is the constant reference to and quotations of the views and opinions of a press edited by men who have only recently arrived in the

country, whose leading exponent has admitted that they have long since abandoned all moderation, and who have not hesitated to clamour for the blood of their fellow subjects. These are not the men who can give us valuable advice as to the government of a country; rather it is the men who have been born there, or who have lived there nearly the whole of their lives, and who thoroughly know the inhabitants of the country, who have the determination to make it their home, who have a local patriotism in addition to the larger one of an Imperial citizenship. These are the real rulers, and their opinions and their advice are the opinions and advice which must in the end determine the policy of any country. Their ranks are always being added to by men who, when first coming into a country, have proposed to return and have looked upon it as no permanent home, but whom circumstances eventually retain in the country longer than they expected. Their children are born there, and they become thus imbued with that local patriotism without which no country can possibly do any good for itself. The counsels of force to be used in South Africa have come from men whose experience of the country is too recent to be of permanent value.

The policy of force, as I have shown elsewhere, is no new one. It was urged upon Lord Rosmead by Mr. Chamberlain at the time of the Raid (see p. 38, C. 7933; also pp 40, 41, C. 8063 of 1896). It was again urged upon Lord Rosmead at a later date, but his experience could give no support to such a policy. To the writer, in discussing this question, he expressed the view that, "the British Government might send large forces to South Africa, it might spend £20,000,000 upon an expedition, it might conquer the country, it might largely increase the income-tax to do so, but that when it had done all that it would have achieved the result of having created an Ireland in South Africa." We are now witnessing the results of the very policy condemned by Lord Rosmead, and his forebodings are being only too faithfully fulfilled. We have seen above that South Africa unanimously supported Lord Rosmead's policy, it was acquiesced in by Mr Chamberlain while Lord Rosmead remained in Africa, and apparently until March of this year when it was suddenly abandoned for the new policy of the new man.

No doubt an attempt will be made to show that it was the recent action of the Transvaal itself which has led to the employment of force to-day. But the final result of hostilities is one that has been aimed at and contemplated by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner (see p. 51 of C. 9521), and the question who fired the first shot has really been one of detail. What was the alternative to the policy of force? It was admirably summed up by Mr. Chamberlain himself when, under the inspiration of Lord Rosmead, he spoke, on April 23, 1896, at the Constitutional Club. He said: "As a Dutch Govern-

ment, as well as an English Government, it ought to be one object in endeavouring to secure the redress of these grievances, to carry with us our own Dutch fellow subjects. Up to a recent date the sympathy of the Dutch population at the Cape, and in the Orange Free State, and even of the Progressive Dutchmen in the South African Republic itself, was with the Imperial Government and the Uitlanders in endeavouring to secure the redress of grievances. There has since been a revulsion of feeling from causes well known to you, but I don't despair. In fact, I have a confident hope that we shall be able in the course of time once more to restore the situation as it was before the invasion of the Transvaal, and to have at our backs the sympathy and support of the majority of the Dutch population in Africa, and if we have that, the opinion—the united opinion—that that will constitute will be the opinion that no power in Africa can resist." He added: "Now, gentlemen, that is the policy—the South African policy of her Majesty's Government."

So late as March 20, 1899, Mr. Chamberlain appeared to be ready to adhere to this policy. He stated on that day in the House of Commons, in reply to Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett: "Does he wish the Government to send an ultimatum to the Transvaal Government on these matters? Does he wish us to insist on reforms, and, failing satisfaction, does he expect us to go to war with the Transvaal? I think he does." And he went on to repudiate such a policy. This was just seven months ago. Why, then, this abandonment of the peace policy and the adoption of a war policy? That was the true solution of our difficulties, to carry with us the whole of South Africa, to appeal to the sense of fairness and justice of our own subjects, Dutch as well as English, to support the representations to the Transvaal, and Mr. Chamberlain points out that this would have been an irresistible way of doing it. The change brought about by the discovery of gold in the Transvaal and the influx of new inhabitants would in time bring about the inevitable result of a redistribution of the governing and political power in the South African Republic. It should have been our policy to allow the inevitable character of this change to force itself upon the minds of the older and more Conservative population, who would gradually find themselves compelled to abandon the exclusive attitude which they had hitherto maintained. The more irreconcilable amongst them would have trekked to other parts of Africa, as they were doing as fast as it was possible to move. Our negotiations have been so conducted, and, it is to be feared, purposely so conducted, as to make the factor of change to be the wish of the Imperial Secretary of State, and not the inevitable result of great economic causes. The difference between the two policies involves the differences between peace and war, between a loyal and united Africa and a sullen and

revengeful spirit which must in the end work irremediable mischief to our interests in South Africa. The way was open for mediation had the Government desired it. Mr. Schreiner and his Government and Mr Hofmeyr had allowed their willingness to be known to do all in their power to effect a peaceful arrangement. This service is still open, notwithstanding the fatal steps already taken. It should be our object to minimise and bring to a conclusion, with as little delay as possible, a war which should not have been begun. Let us reflect that the question fifteen or twenty years hence will not be, whether we had the power to invade and conquer independent Dutch South Africa, but whether we were doing right when we did so. This will be the governing factor in the attitude of South Africa towards England and to those of us who have lived on the outskirts of the Empire there are no truer or more significant words than those of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when he said: "There was one thing more important than men, more important than money, more important than ships when they dealt with the affairs of such an Empire as ours. It was that honour and good faith and the word of Englishmen should be maintained. . . . They might depend upon it that, however great our power and our influence, our Empire was maintained more surely than by anything else by the honour and good faith of England." If we are to substitute the repudiation of Conventions because we have the power to do so, if we are to substitute as a basis for England's empire the power of the sword, then its decline will have already begun.

PERCY A. MOLTENO.

THE LAMBETH "OPINION" AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE "opinion" on the liturgical use of incense has given rise to a considerable and interesting controversy. There is no want of respect to the distinguished authors of that "opinion" in so designating it, for the Archbishops themselves pointed out that their "Hearing" was not an Ecclesiastical Court. It could not, therefore, claim canonical obedience. Reasons were assigned for the decisions arrived at; those decisions, therefore, as they appeal to the minds of readers, may be discussed by any faithful Churchman without fear of disrespect.

The history of the decision is itself remarkable. A certain agitation had been excited against some clergy of the Catholic party in the Church of England (who may or may not have acted unwisely), by various persons (of no weight ecclesiastical or spiritual), and apparently from different motives. The agitation was, in many respects, not very creditable, and can hardly be described as deeply religious. It seemed, however, to alarm the right reverend Bench. The Archbishop of Canterbury, consequently, made an offer some months ago to hear cases where there had been doubts and disagreements, and seemed to base that offer upon a direction in the Preface to the Prayer-book, which, however, can scarcely be supposed to apply to the cases in point. The offer, however, was made, and some, naturally longing for a *spiritual* treatment of the whole matter, seem to have more or less approved of it. It was well understood (though possibly without sufficient ground) that the decision was to be given without reference to secular rulings, such as decisions of the Judicial Committee or Acts of Parliament. When, therefore, the "opinion" was given it had all the interest of the *imprévu*. It certainly was a great surprise. It was found that it

rested not at all upon such pleadings as were made before the Archbishops, but upon a strict interpretation—and that in one particular—of what was felt to be an obsolete and unworkable Act of Parliament, passed some three hundred years ago.

The "opinion," in fact, was unquestionably—not from the substance of the decision, but from its grounds—one calculated to cause startled astonishment. In considering some points in relation to it, certain matters may at once be swept away :

(1) It is not necessary to subscribe to any sinister suggestions of the whole thing being a laboured effort to register a foregone conclusion, whatever force such suggestions may seem to gain from the appearance of things.

(2) It is equally desirable, on the other hand, to put aside the suggestions of heated advocates that those who criticise the "opinion" are guilty of some wrong-doing in dissenting vigorously from the conclusions of the Archbishops of the two English provinces, as though their utterances had a *quasi* infallible force for the clergy of these provinces, and indeed for the whole Anglican Church.

(3) It is equally desirable to ignore the unreasonable assertions that the "Ritualists" will obey no one but themselves because they venture to dissent from the grounds of an "opinion" which seems to them, and by this time to most reasonable men, untenable. It is possible indeed that men, called upon by many voices to "obey" that to which they feel obedience would be difficult, without sacrificing their sense of historical truth and their duty to the Church, may sometimes speak with undesirable heat—it is equally possible to notice that, with the same undesirable heat, laboured arguments on the other side are advanced to support the indefensible.

All these things may be well swept away, so to speak, into a dust-heap ; and yet certain points may be dwelt upon, which ordinary Churchmen may perhaps calmly consider as illustrating the unfortunate and even dangerous tendency of this truly amazing Lambeth "opinion." Every Churchman who is interested in the subject may read many learned and able letters on certain details of the "opinion" in the correspondence columns of the *Guardian* and other Church newspapers. Especially such letters as those of Father Pullar, an able letter from "Observer," together with a laboured answer from Dr Bright (scarcely likely, one would think, to carry conviction, however its ingenuity may be admired), together with those of Mr Denny, may be read with profit, and still more, the exhaustive and temperate article by Canon MacColl in the *Fortnightly Review*. The latter is especially noteworthy for those who really wish to study the question at the moment ; to say nothing of such a contribution to the controversy as the article, written in a lighter vein but with great ability, and containing many wholesome truths, by Mr. George

Russell in the *Nineteenth Century*. Looking through the criticisms elicited, and going back to the authorities cited, it is difficult to doubt that, however excellent the intentions of the authors of the "opinion" doubtless were, that "opinion" cannot be sustained to the minds of reasonable men.

On one point Professor Sanday, an unimpeachable authority for every reason, has completely shattered it. Apart from these learned arguments as to details there still remain, however, certain matters with regard to it which, one would imagine, should have weight with thoughtful Churchmen, and, indeed, with all fair-minded men.

I.

The Archbishops' argument seems to turn entirely upon the hypothesis that the Act of Uniformity of 1559 was accepted by the Church, and that therefore it rules the whole question. That it was accepted by the Church in *any sense* in 1559 is by no means certain, although there is considerable evidence that it may have been. On this point opinions appear to differ. That it was accepted by the Church in 1662 in *some sense* is in the highest degree probable, if not certain. The terms in which the statement preceding the signatures is couched, and the mention of the number of the pages (which include the Act as well as the Books), furnish strong evidence for this view, although some take a different view. In any case, however, it would appear quite impossible that it was accepted as a sort of large rubric, or standard, or directory of the ceremonial of the Church of England; but rather (partly, it may be feared, from excessive opposition to the Nonconformists) as a penal statute to enforce the use of the Book.

For it is surely the part of Convocation, when empowered for that purpose by "Letters of Business" from the Crown, to proceed to alterations of, or amendments, or additions to, our Service Books, and nothing more. It is surely the part of the Civil Legislature, if it see fit, to enforce such Act of Convocation by penal statute. The Crown, in issuing the then "Letters of Business," gave Convocation authority to make such "additions or alterations" as it saw fit in the case of two Books—viz, the Book of Common Prayer and "The Book of the Form and Manner of Making and Consecrating Bishops, Priests, and Deacons"—i. e., it gave power to make such changes in the Prayer-book, in its rubrics, and its forms of service, as Convocation might see to be desirable. It would seem to be a violation of ordinary common sense to speak of an Act of Parliament as coming under any such heads. It *cannot* possibly be a Prayer-book, or form of service, or rubric. Moreover, the King could not have given Convocation power to alter, revise, or add to an Act of Parliament, or to treat it in any way as part of the Books with which Convocation had to deal. To give such power is beyond the prerogative of an English Sovereign;

and to exercise such power, if so given, is beyond the competence of Convocation. An Act of the British Parliament can only be dealt with in this way by an Act of that Parliament itself. Had Convocation attempted to treat an Act of Parliament in the way in which it had a right to treat the two Books, it would, we submit, have acted *ultra vires*, and such an Act would be null and void. It might, we may well believe, in exceptional and solemn circumstances, signify, by the signatures of its members, its assent to that Act as a penal statute enforcing the Books it had reviewed and altered, but nothing more. This may be a probable account of the signatures, but to suppose that they implied that an Act of Parliament could be a sort of governing rubric, overriding the rubrics of the Book itself and contradicting one of the Articles of Religion, is surely a supposition wholly inconsistent with the claims of the Church of England and totally inadmissible. Were this Act of Uniformity *so* to be accepted, it would give some apparent force to the idea that the Church of England had divested herself of her divine functions, and some colour to the charge brought against her by her enemies that she is "an Act of Parliament Church."

The "opinion" also seems to give some encouragement to this mistaken notion by calling attention to the fact that this Act of Uniformity "allows the Crown, with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to order new ceremonies," and "does not forbid the inclusion of the use of incense in such new ceremonies if such are ordered." It is to be noted with regard to this (1) that the statement in the Article, by which archbishops, bishops, and clergy are alike bound, is that "the *Church* hath power to decree rites and ceremonies" This power, therefore, cannot rest with the Crown, even with the "consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury," for, however high be the office of the Archbishop, his "consent" does not make such an act the Act of the Church. And (2) whether or not Queen Elizabeth acted in an arbitrary manner, and whether or not the Convocations were unduly yielding, still, even then, the reference on this point in the Act of 1559 is *only* to "the Queen's Majesty," and not, as on some other points, to her "heirs and successors"; so that even supposing the validity of such a decree then, it can have no validity now.

The Archbishops have, however, laid the real stress of their argument upon the "none other or otherwise" of the Act. I must refer my readers to Canon MacColl's article,* that they may fully appreciate into what a *cul-de-sac*, to what a *reductio ad absurdum* this would lead the Church of England. Suffice it to say that the more the argument from these words is considereċ, the less it can possibly bear the weight it would have to sustain.

* "The Lambeth Decision," *Fortnightly Review*, October 1899

II

There is another point in the "opinion" which must strike plain men, without going into intricate arguments. If such an "opinion" (as the recent acts of some of the bishops would appear to indicate) is to be pressed upon the clergy, it is impossible not to describe it as distinctly *unfair*. We are told in the "opinion" that "no authority has been found for" various usages of the Church; that a number of practices which are customary are "probably, in strictness, all illegal;" but that "no bishop would be wise" if he interfered with these. Surely it is only reasonable to argue that if the letter of a half obsolete Act of Parliament is supposed to stand in the way of a "laudable practice of . . . the whole Catholick Church of Christ," it would scarcely be fair for any bishop to press it to the grief of good people, to the disturbance of devout and united congregations, and so to cause offence to many religious members of the Church—while *not* pressing it in other cases. If this Act have the importance and almost sacredness implied by the "opinion," then *every* enactment of it would have to be enforced, or otherwise the unfairness would be palpable and, indeed, extreme. Allusion is made in the "opinion" to certain characteristics of the English people. Hitherto it has been supposed that there has been no characteristic more marked than the love of fair play. This would scarcely be fair play; and, if the "opinion" were pressed, many faithful people would seem to have good reason to complain of a lack of that justice which they have a right to expect at the hands of the authorities of the Church. After all, if, as it has been (mistakenly) argued, according to this Act "prohibition is prohibition," men cannot fail to feel also that "fairness is fairness."

III.

We need not dwell upon the way in which the earlier years of the Church—to which the Church of England appeals—have been limited in the "opinion" to three hundred after Christ. The Church would seem to reckon them at five hundred or six hundred—in fact, the ages of the great Councils; and Professor Sanday—no mean authority—has shown reason for placing them within two hundred Anno Domini.* From all which it appears unquestionable that the use of incense in divine worship is primitive, and to primitive usage the Church of England appeals.

IV.

Various reasons are suggested in the "opinion" for the omission of

* If so much stress is to be laid upon an Act of Parliament as the "opinion" would seem to imply, it may be well to remember that in the Act of 1547 which ordered Communion in both kinds (1 Ed VI c. 8) primitive usage is settled to be "by the space of five hundred yeres," not three hundred

incense and other ceremonies of the Church, as tending to bring our usages more into conformity with Scriptural teachings and arrangements. It is difficult to subscribe to these reasons. Indeed, they cannot but cause astonishment. Scarcely any part, for instance, of the ceremonies of the original institution of Holy Communion seems to remain in any part of the Church except the words and acts of consecration. But besides that, it is assigned as a reason that there was a desire to "put prominently forward the supremacy of the Bible." Now few things seem to be more prominent in the Bible than the use of incense in divine worship. Almighty God has deigned to give very careful directions on the subject, and many Christian teachers believe that, by the last of the prophets (Malachi i. 11), God Himself has commanded its use in connection with the Eucharistic sacrifice. There would appear, then, to be a danger that to follow this "opinion," far from putting "prominently forward the supremacy of the Bible," might be to lead men to disregard plain Bible teaching.

v

But to go back to the alleged basis of the whole transaction, we have been reminded of the passage in the preface to the Prayer-book touching the resort to the Bishop of "parties" who "doubt or diversely take" anything in the Prayer-book, and as to the Bishop, when consulted, if himself in doubt, referring to the Archbishop. Very strained indeed must be the interpretation put upon this direction in order to bring the present cases within its meaning. (1) Nothing of the kind has happened now. The passage in the preface is not *ad rem* at all. It alludes plainly enough to conscientious difficulties which a clergyman may refer to his Bishop, who again, if *he* be in doubt, may refer his perplexities to the metropolitan. In the present case, neither clergy nor congregations have had any doubts at all, nor any difficulties. Nothing has been referred to the Bishop by them. Questions, indeed, have arisen from the riotous conduct of profane and blasphemous persons—often not even professing Churchmen—or from the truculent abuse of the faith and the Church by political partisans. Such cases as these are not the cases referred to in the Prayer-book. (2) But even if they were, it has to be remembered—which the "opinion" does not refer to—that in all decisions Bishops must give their order "so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this book." The Prayer-book plainly intimates that, in the view of the Church of England, it would not be right to strike at any "laudable practice of . . . the whole Catholic Church of Christ." According to the Archbishops' "opinion" the use of incense is a "laudable" practice; it is confessedly Catholic. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that it is a "laudable practice of . . . the whole Catholic Church

of Christ." An ingenious effort has been made to put a gloss on the passage so as to evade the difficulty. We are forced, however, by common fairness, to take its obvious meaning and intention. For our Bishops to strike at the use of incense (as some, though happily not all, seem inclined to do), by adopting the "opinion" as a sort of *ulcuse* to be pressed upon all, would appear to be something very like giving an "order contrary" to what is "contained" in the Prayer-book. It would certainly be an "order contrary" to the ornaments rubric.

And this brings us to the whole question of "obedience" about which much seems to have been said in perhaps an ill-considered way; and, indeed, one of the unfortunate consequences of this "opinion" is that it drives men jealously to guard the limits of due "obedience." "Obedience" is sometimes spoken of as if it were in itself a virtue. It may, in fact, be a vice. It may be the expression of an easy good-nature not possessed of high principle, or of popularity hunting, or of a dislike to taking trouble, or a self-pleasing desire for a quiet life, or at best of a humble tone of mind, but one insufficiently imbued with a sense of responsibility. All depends upon a just answer to the question, By whom is obedience demanded, and under what conditions? The English clergy are not merely drilled officials expected to march at the word of command, but free and thoughtful Englishmen with minds and consciences of their own, subject to the same laws of the Church by which also archbishops and bishops are bound. Resistance to ecclesiastical authority wrongly exercised may be, at times, a positive duty. But for such resistance the English Reformation could never have taken place, but for such resistance the advances in life and energy and usefulness which have marked the Church of England during the last fifty years could not have been. The question of "obedience" is therefore not so simple as some would seem to imagine. Every right-minded priest must feel real pain in even seeming to disobey his bishop. He must be ready with a glad and willing mind to follow godly admonitions. That, however, cannot mean readiness to obey anything contrary to the faith and practice of the Catholic Church as received by the Church of England. "Canonical obedience" does not come in at all in the present case. It was well said ever by a Privy Council judgment (*Lang v. Bishop of Capetown*), "the oath of canonical obedience does not mean that the clergyman will obey all the commands of the bishop against which there is no law, but that he will obey all such commands as the bishop, by law, is authorised to impose." If a bishop command a priest to abandon a "laudable practice of . . . the whole Catholic Church of Christ," or the authority of a one-sided application of an obsolete Act of Parliament, put forth in an uncanonical "opinion," then he is commanding what he has no authority to command. His command being unlawful, it is not accurate to speak of priests who may

feel resistance to be a duty as "wilful" and "lawless." One of the saddest consequences of this unhappy "opinion" is that it has seemed to place some bishops in an awkward position, and priests in a more awkward position still. It has tended to disturb the right relation between bishop and priest, and to bring confusion rather than peace.

Finally, it is to be hoped that the Archbishops will see the mistake they have made, and that no further attempt will be made to enforce a decision which has been shown by many experts, and they, too, with wide knowledge of the question, to be so mistaken. The attempt to narrow the borders of the English Church is disastrous. The archbishops and bishops and all Churchmen will do well to consider the following wise words. They occur in an address to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the "Church Troubles" in 1881, and apply with still greater aptness to the present time:

"First of all, and especially, we would respectfully express our desire for a distinctly avowed policy of toleration and forbearance, on the part of our ecclesiastical superiors, in dealing with questions of ritual. Such a policy appears to us to be demanded alike by justice and by the best interests of religion. For justice would seem to require that, unless a rigid observance of the Rubrical Law of the Church, or of recent interpretations of it, be equally exacted from all the parties within her pale, it should no longer be exacted from one party alone, and under circumstances which often increase the difficulty of complying with the demand. And, having regard to the uncertainties which have been wisely thought to surround some recent interpretations of ecclesiastical law, as well as to the equitable claims of congregations placed in the most dissimilar religious circumstances, we cannot but think that the recognised toleration of even wide diversities of ceremonial is alone consistent with the interests of true religion, and with the well-being of the English Church at the present time."

This was a wise address, and, as we have said, it applies with even greater fitness now, and for this reason. There *may* be some doubt as to the eastward position; some of the statements in regard to it are perplexing; that was the question then. There can be no doubt as to the lawfulness of incense, if we hold to the Church's appeal to primitive and Catholic usage—this has been clearly demonstrated by many writers—and if we attend to the ornaments rubric—this has been shown by Professor Sanday* and Canon MacColl†

To this address we find appended such honoured names as the late Dean Church, the late Dr. Liddon, Dr. Stubbs (now Bishop of Oxford), and the present Dean of St Paul's

But further, it can be shown by the published opinions of the present Archbishop of Canterbury that wide toleration, not narrow interpretation, ought certainly to be accorded to the Catholic party, and that the creators of what was called somewhat bombastically "The Crisis in the Church" are not the persons who should be allowed to guide the actions of ecclesiastical authority. It will be

* "The Catholic Movement and the Archbishop's Decision," pp 9, 10.

† "The Lambeth Decision," *Fortnightly Review* Oct., pp 655, &c

remembered that some years ago the book entitled "Essays and Reviews" (of which the present Archbishop was one of the joint authors) was "synodically condemned by a large majority in both houses of Convocation" as "containing teaching contrary to the doctrine received by the United Church of England and Ireland in common with the whole Catholic Church of Christ." * Convocation is not infallible. It may possibly not have acted with prudence, but act it did. Somewhere about that time the present Archbishop, then Headmaster of Rugby, had a correspondence on the subject with one of his predecessors in the See of Canterbury—Archbishop Tait, then Bishop of London. Dr. Temple, then a priest, felt it his duty to use some very severe expressions to Bishop Tait, which, out of respect for his office, need not be quoted, but it is important to remember that he then pleaded—and in regard to matters far more doubtful and far more serious than the use of incense—for "the widest possible toleration," and pointed out the danger of "driving," as he called them, "the extreme men out of the ministry," and he objected in a trenchant manner to ecclesiastical authorities being moved, as he said, by "popular clamour" or by "the voice of a mob." It is curious but instructive to remember this now, and to see how strangely, *mutatis mutandis*, history repeats itself.

The "opinion," indeed, cannot stand. Its inaccuracies and mistakes are being every day more and more exposed, but it has had and has unhappy consequences. Some of the bishops, indeed, have had a due sense of the dignity and duty of their office, and have acted with restraint and justice. Others have seemed to rush headlong to "register the decree" with a haste which can only be compared to the hurry of some members of the Roman Episcopate after the Vatican Council. But, unfortunately, again there has been sown a feeling of distrust between priests and bishops which had been gradually passing away. In the minds of large numbers of the laity as well as of the clergy has been awakened a sore sense of injustice, a sense of having been entrapped and betrayed. They see that within the limits of the Church of England carelessness and idleness go unrebuked, that Socinianism is openly preached, and this goes unreprieved, and is even condoned; that under the cover of episcopal licences, some priests — unpunished, unforbidden—go through the profane farce of using the Marriage Service in the case of persons who cannot possibly be married according to the law of Christ and of His Church, or clearly, at least, according to the law of the Church of England; and that only those who try to be faithful to Catholic faith and worship are molested; and that when they hoped for *spiritual* judgments from Fathers in God, they were met with an interpretation (which appears now to be a misinterpretation) of an obsolete Act of Parliament which becomes no more spiritual

* "Life of Archbishop Tait," by the present Bishop of Winchester, vol 1 p 298

from the lips of Archbishops than from the lips of lawyers, an interpretation which, moreover, is only applied so as to hit one school of thought, and which, therefore, creates a very real grievance instead of making for peace.

The great body who are affected are loyal and hard-working priests of the Church of England. Some of them who have used incense have been so anxious, and naturally and rightly, to acquiesce in the wishes of their bishops that they have tried to modify or abandon the use for the present, to the annoyance, and very natural annoyance, of their congregations, and to their own perplexity in appearing to be unfaithful to principle; others have found themselves unable to acquiesce, feeling that they cannot set the wishes of the Bishop, now any more than in the past, above the authority of Catholic and primitive usage, by which bishops as well as priests are bound.

A very large number have not been in a position to use incense, yet *they* are affected. Like all faithful Churchmen, it is not for incense in itself (beautiful, Scriptural, excellent as it is) that they care, but for principle. It is impossible for them tamely to be, in any way, sharers in such an interpretation of the Church's rules—which seems at best to ignore Catholic and primitive customs; which appears to contradict the XXth Article; which looks as though it struck at the root of our unalterable contention that the continuity of the Church of England from the earliest ages to the present time remains unimpaired, which lays us open to the attacks of members of the Roman Church, which shakes the faith and disturbs the worship of many devout souls; which shocks and distresses a large body of faithful laity; which tends to encourage the lawless and profane; and finally, which inclines men to believe that the Church in this realm is not the Church of Christ at all, but rather an institution only some three hundred years old, guided in worship (and therefore in faith) by the varying tenour of Acts of Parliament.

The English priests are anxious, indeed, to be with their bishops; one cannot but hope that their bishops will stand by them on Catholic principles. There can be but one way of escape from what might prove disastrous consequences of this unhappy "opinion," viz., to use Dr. Temple's words, by "the widest possible toleration," or—to employ the language of the address quoted above—by "a distinctly avowed policy of toleration and forbearance on the part of our ecclesiastical superiors in dealing with questions of ritual," as "demanded alike by justice and by the best interests of religion."

W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

AFTER THE DREYFUS CASE.

SPEAKING before the court-martial at Rennes, I explained why I believed Captain Dreyfus to be the victim of a judicial error. Not only has no proof whatever of his guilt been brought forward, but he has had the rare fortune, a fortune not easily come by, of being able to furnish such proofs of his innocence that no doubt can any longer be entertained.

Two decisive facts bring us, in this respect, to plain daylight, and I will recall them in one word.

The first is that one of the statements in the *Bordereau*, the authorship of which they wished to attribute to Dreyfus, could not, either morally or materially, have come from his pen. In this document it is stated that he who had put those lines together was at the moment of writing, in the end of August 1894, on the eve of departure for the manœuvres; and it was just the licentiates of the Military Staff of the second class, of whom Dreyfus was one, who were not allowed to go to the manœuvres in 1894; they had been informed by an official circular, on May 17 preceding, that they were not to attend? True, it has been alleged that, in spite of the circular, Dreyfus might have nourished a hope that he would be made an exception; but, if this had been the case, he would at least have had to secure for himself a special authorisation transforming the hope into a certainty, in order to have written those precise words: "I am starting for the manœuvres." Now, there is nothing to show that he ever even made the request.

The second proof of innocence is in my own evidence. The whole truth about the communication of the *Bordereau* was explained to me by Count Tornielh, the Italian Ambassador, and I have made it public. The German and Italian military attachés in residence in Paris were

never in contact with Dreyfus, and, in order to assist the unfortunate man to rebut an unjust accusation, they pointed out the guilty person, who is Esterhazy. The preciseness of this information, coming from persons who are direct witnesses of the truth, leaves no room whatever for objection from any one who has not determined to listen to nothing, and shut his eyes to all evidence.

How did the court-martial at Rennes manage to pass over this double demonstration? The extenuating circumstances which accompanied the condemnation are a sufficiently eloquent explanation. Prepossessed by a mistaken idea of solidarity, which warned them not to contradict General Mercier too violently, and at the same time troubled with conscientious scruples which made them hesitate to prolong the torture of an innocent man, they knew not which course to follow, and took refuge in a miserable compromise which is neither altogether an act of submission nor a sincere act of justice.

Only those who have not closely observed the pressure exerted on the Army through its chiefs, in order to induce it to show a united front in their support, can wonder at this capitulation of the idea of duty to the plea of discipline. For my own part, I was hardly surprised to find only two voices out of seven sufficiently independent to set free and maintain the truth against all that had been done to keep it prisoner. The semi-servility of the five others is simply a proof of the radical incompatibility between *esprit de corps* and judicial duty. Courts-martial have been on their trial and have come out badly; we have indeed come to the point that they are irretrievably discredited.

I have no doubt, myself, that what has taken place at Rennes would, under the sway of the same influences, have happened in the same way in any other country. It is, therefore, for not discerning the psychological cause of a decision, of which the iniquity alone was apparent, that so much severity has been shown, outside France, for what has been treated as a general shipwreck of law and justice.

It is a delicate matter, in the conflict which has arisen on this subject between France and foreign nations, to apportion justly the exaggerations which on both sides have warped judgment and led to erroneous prejudices. Nevertheless, I think I have sufficient freedom of mind to point them out to all such as in all things seek only the truth.

In France there was a very notable manifestation of public feeling against the interference of foreigners in the Dreyfus case; we refused to see in the judgments which came to us from beyond our frontiers sentiments of anything but ill. Why was this? We allowed ourselves to be blinded by self-love; we would not see that there are cases which cannot be limited by time and space, which interest all people, and in which the whole of humanity has the right to be con-

cerned; we attributed to systematic hostility what were only the legitimate warnings of critics whom we should have done better to take into account, we mistook for patriotism our national pride which looks upon the confession of error as a humiliation.

Well, I think I see an analogous sentiment in the pitiless reprobation which foreigners evinced towards France on the day after the sentence at Rennes. It seemed, for a moment, to judge by what was written, that the failure of a court-martial was a sign of the moral death of the French nation. Henceforth it was not possible for civilised Europe to continue the old relations with her. It was even proposed to turn sulky about the approaching exhibition and put it in quarantine. But what was at the bottom of these violent diatribes? Was it simply the idea of justice which inspired them? If we look closely at them we must admit that there also clearly appeared that fatal facility men have for sending their neighbours to the devil for faults which they themselves might have committed.

What nation, in France's place, could have guaranteed that, under the impulse of the same military passions, she would not have seen the pure idea of justice succumb to a mad prejudice in favour of corporate solidarity? There is not one who could feel assured that, within her own borders the same causes would not produce the same effects.

Must we beg them to examine their consciences and search whether in other domains they also do not exhibit what will produce national egoism? Have those in England who oppose the idea of war with the Transvaal found an absolute tolerance among the patriots, who are carried away by the thought of increasing the colonial possessions of their great country?

Has permission been given in Russia to the poor pathetic Finlanders to approach the feet of their sovereign with their protest against the Panslavist proposals which threaten them?

Did Germany listen to the cry of horror roused among some of her thinkers by the Armenian massacres, when, consulting only her interest in an alliance, she held out her hand to the Sultan instead of giving him a *qucs ego?*

Finally, has not America, in the intoxication of military glory, and pushed on by the spirit of conquest, neglected to show in the Philippines that respect for the rights of nations which one would have thought was her gospel?

Humanity is everywhere the same. No one has the right to say: "Fountain, I will not drink of thy waters."

But, to return to France and the Dreyfus case, perhaps all that has taken place should have prompted quite different reflections. France is above all things to be pitied, and in the trial which she has gone through, she has a fair right too, on certain points, to some measure

of admiration. Has she deserved the moral check she has experienced, after the heroic efforts made to avert from her the responsibility of an aberration which must be attributed to her military tribunals? No doubt it may be said that the bulk of her people were very sympathetic spectators of the comedy which was being played, but it must not be forgotten that she was deceived and misled, and that her fault was due mainly to her listening with too much credulity to the lies and false news by means of which she was turned from the right way. The good faith of the greater number of her citizens is not to be doubted. She has allowed herself to be carried away by the incitements of a fanatical and shameless Press, that is her whole crime, but left to herself she would never knowingly have tolerated all the things that a handful of intriguers have dared to do in her name.

Her true spirit must be sought in the courageous initiative taken by a section of her children in order to save at least her honour, and that is what will remain to her in history—alongside of the error of a moment—a lasting claim to glory

Is it certain that any other country would have been able to exhibit the superb spectacle of a handful of courageous citizens constituting themselves for two years the champions of right and law against all the combined forces of Government? Is there a finer example of citizenship known than this epic resistance to insult, intimidation, and menace, solely by the use of those legal weapons which enabled these volunteer soldiers of duty to make their voices heard? Should we not also pay homage to the institutions which have allowed such a conflict? And if the attempt has not been crowned with full success, has it done nothing towards the triumph of truth? Picquart, Scheurer-Kestner, Zola, finally, tower above the illusory trials and false sentences; they have been the true interpreters of that national spirit which has always shown itself alive to questions of justice and generosity. And their work has been by no means unproductive. Dreyfus is free, his rehabilitation has, in fact, been achieved in the eyes of three-quarters of the world, and to accomplish the reparation which is due to him is but a question of patience and time. These are the results obtained so far, and truly they deserve better things, imperfect as they may be, than a threat of boycotting

What we may be reproached with without mercy is the fact that we are now going to sleep over a task which is but half done; but there is no fear that the sacred fire which had to be kindled for the undertaking will be speedily extinguished. The forgiveness obtained for the unfortunate victim of Devil's Island is only the first stage passed. For his defenders nothing is complete until the sentences of the courts-martial of 1894 and of 1899 shall have lost their judicial validity. There may be weary or timid spirits who are troubled and anxious at this perseverance in the claim for justice, but once

Truth is on the march there are always men of good-will to be found who will prepare her paths, and she carries within herself an expansive force which cannot be stifled unless by violence.

Besides this, it is no longer simply a question of justice for Dreyfus ; France will have to stand up and exert herself against the oppressive influences which have too long enslaved her. The struggles of the past tend to change in character. To-day the conflict in which she is engaged is for the fundamental principles of Republican government. Parties are falling into their places and learning to know one another. We are gradually emerging from the equivocations which have given rise to so much misunderstanding and confusion. Minds are becoming clearer, and from henceforth the greater number will belong to the light.

Let foreign nations be reassured and retract their too severe judgment. France is gathering up her forces to achieve the final step which will extricate her from a fatal error. She has not forfeited the historic memories which made her a hundred years ago the herald of liberty and justice to all mankind.

L. TRARIEUX.

COMMERCIAL CORRUPTION :

LEGISLATIVE AND NON-LEGISLATIVE REMEDIES.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England introduced into the House of Lords last session a Bill intituled 'An Act to Check Corruption.' It was read twice, but in consequence of Lord Russell's absence from England on the Venezuela Arbitration it proceeded no farther.

It is, however, the intention of the Lord Chief Justice to present it again to Parliament during next session, and it is probable that he will introduce it in nearly the same form as that in which it appeared after it had been amended on report.

The subject is confessedly one which presents considerable difficulties to the legislator, and, in consequence, the Bill as it now stands is not one of the simplest. I propose in this paper to offer some explanation of the scheme and object of some of the principal provisions of the Bill, in the hope of rendering them more easily intelligible; and in doing so, it would not be candid to pose as an entirely independent writer, or to conceal from the readers of this paper that I have been taken into counsel by Lord Russell, and have had a share in the production of the Bill as it now stands.

The explanatory memorandum prefixed to the Bill states its object shortly

"as an effort to check, by making them criminal, a large number of inequitable and illegal secret payments, all of which are dishonest, and tend to shake confidence between man and man and to discourage honest trade and enterprise."

The memorandum next goes on to refer

"to the report of a Special Committee appointed by the London Chamber of Commerce, which was passed by a Committee of the Chamber, on which no less than twenty of the trade sections of the Chamber were represented by either their chairmen or deputy chairmen, and which was adopted by the Council of the Chamber in July 1898."

It is no part of my object in the present paper to discuss the evidence which has induced the presentation of this Bill, but I venture to commend the attention of any who may be in doubt upon this point to the report in question and to the appendix setting out statements which have been made to the Committee of the Chamber.

The first two sections of the Bill would create four new offences at law, viz. .

- (1) the corruptly giving to an agent any valuable consideration ;
- (2) the corruptly offering the same to an agent ;
- (3) the corruptly receiving of the same by an agent ;
- (4) the corruptly soliciting the same by an agent.

Now, it will be asked, what is corruption within the meaning of these clauses ? The Bill gives, strictly speaking, no answer to this question, but it does go on, in a way I will hereafter advert to, to declare certain transactions to be corrupt. The reason of this reticence on the part of the draftsman of the Bill is not far to seek.

Corruption, like other kinds of fraud, is so protean that it is almost impossible to define it, and to define it is only to help the knave to try to do something which is wicked, and yet for some reason or the other does not clearly fall within the definition. There has been going on for centuries a game of hide-and-seek between the law and the knaves ; Justice, with her lame foot and clumsy ways, toiling on after the deft scoundrels who seek to elude her, sometimes by swiftness of physical foot, sometimes by the keenness of their intellects, or sometimes by the narrowness of the legal mind. But the most ingenious of scoundrels have never persuaded the Courts to give a definition of fraud : the Courts have been always ready to declare a particular transaction to be or not to be fraudulent ; but what constitutes fraud, or what is its precise definition, is a thing which the Courts never have disclosed, and I hope never will. No practical harm has followed or can follow from this want of precise definition, no man acting with real honesty has ever, I believe, been held responsible for fraud, and the Courts have been free to meet each varying change of human business or of human knavery as it arises.

So in the same way I do not believe that any harm will follow from allowing the word "corrupt" to go without more precise definition. It is not a new word in the law ; it has been used with reference to offences against the purity of elections, and the Bill itself, by declaring certain transactions to be corrupt, gives light and guidance as to the meaning of the word.

Clause 3 of the Bill introduces the first declaration as to what is a corrupt transaction, and so far as relates to the first offence is in these words .

‘ Every valuable consideration given to any agent by or on behalf of any person having business relations with the principal of such agent, not being *bonâ fide* given to the agent for and on behalf of his principal, but under such circumstances as that the same could be recovered by the principal from the agent on the ground of the fiduciary character of the agent, shall be deemed to have been corruptly given.”

“What a jargon of words!” I think I hear my reader exclaim. “I am sure that I could have described the kind of payment aimed at in a few simple words.” Well, gentle reader, try, and if you succeed to your own satisfaction, pray give the public the benefit of your success

Now let me say a few words in defence of this declaration. It is intended to describe a particular class of payments, and to be successful I need hardly observe that it must embrace every possible instance of the payments aimed at, and must exclude every possible instance of the payments which are not aimed at

In the next place, I desire to observe that it is a great gain in new legislation when it can take hold of some already well-known system of machinery, or some well-known or familiar branch of law—your new law then dovetails into your pre-existing law and gets the benefit of the exactitude and certainty which usage has produced in the case of the old law. You are then dealing with a known legal concept: you are not introducing a new concept, the exact force and meaning of which it will take years to ascertain. Now it happens that in reference to the relation of principal and agent there has grown up a well-known branch of law, based upon the confidence reposed by the principal in the agent, which confidence renders it unrighteous and illegal for the agent to take and keep for himself benefits which ought to be made over by him to his principal: and in such cases the law enables the principal to recover from the agent the money or benefit received by him. But, of course, if it be part of the bargain between them that the agent shall receive and keep these good things, or if upon full disclosure of the matter the principal assents to his agent receiving or keeping them, then the principal cannot recover them. The position of the agent is said in law to be “fiduciary,” because a liability arises from the confidence placed in him by his principal. The receipt and retention of moneys of this kind and in this way by the agent is just the thing that we want to check—these moneys include secret commissions and cognate payments and bribes under whatever name they may exist—they are payments which ought never to be made, or, if made, ought to be disclosed by the agent to the principal. Will it not do, then, if we declare all payments to the agent without the knowledge of his principal to be corrupt?

No; if we look a little farther we shall see that this will never answer the purpose; for an agent is often employed to collect money;

it is in thousands of cases his duty to do so; and most often his principal has no knowledge of the precise sums which it may be his duty to collect. These sums are honestly received by the agent, even if not honestly accounted for; and it would never do to declare these payments corrupt.

With this explanation the clause is, I hope, clear, the corrupt payments are not those made to the agent on behalf of his principal, but those made to the agent under such circumstances that, by reason of the confidence reposed in him, he ought to make over to his principal. The offence is defined not in new words, each of which may involve a dispute as to its meaning, but by reference to a well-known and well-established principle of law, about which there can be little dispute or difficulty by reason of the great body of decisions illustrating it.

The offences of offering, receiving, and soliciting corrupt payments are in like manner dealt with, by reference to the same existing law.

The fifth clause of the Bill deals with a new offence. Even now it is by no means uncommon for the bribe to be given, not to the agent, but to the agent's wife, and under the existing law, which gives married women a right to all the personal property that is given to them, this never comes to the husband, and could not be reached through him by his principal. This, I have said, is no imaginary case: and it is evident that if the Bill dealt only with gifts to the agent, the bribers would at once have resorted to gifts to the wife or children, or, perhaps, to the old father or mother of the agent, and the law would have been defied in substance. But in defining this offence we cannot have recourse to the doctrine of fiduciary relation—for the wife and children of an agent are in no such position towards the principal of the husband or father; the clause, therefore, makes a payment by a person having business relations with the principal to the parent, husband, wife, or issue of an agent corrupt unless one or other of two things be proved—viz., either the consent of the principal or the absence of intent to corrupt the agent, and the presence of some reasonable and honest cause and its independence of all business relations with the principal.

In the same or the like manner the Bill deals with the offer, receipt or solicitation to or by a relative of the agent from any person having business relations with the principal of the agent and declares it to be corrupt unless one or other of three things be shown, viz., (1) The consent of the principal, or (2) the absence of consent or knowledge of the agent, or (3) that the gift had no tendency to corrupt the agent.

We come now to another class of unjust and inequitable dealings: let us suppose a case. Mr. Jones has great influence with Mr. Robinson; Mr. Smith has entered upon a treaty with Robinson to

buy his house from him and finds Robinson rather stiff as to price, and so he goes to Jones and says, "If you will advise Robinson to let me have the house at my price I will give you a cheque for a hundred guineas." Perhaps the advice is very good; perhaps the house will never fetch more than Robinson has bid for it, but the advice is not independent, and Robinson, in receiving the advice, has a right to suppose the advice to be independent, unless, indeed, Jones tells him the whole truth, and says that he will get a cheque for the advice. Let me take another case. A. is building a factory, and he employs B., an engineer, to advise him as to the machinery, and B. advises A. to get it from C., not disclosing the fact that he is to have a percentage on the order; here again the advice may be good or bad, but it is not independent. Or again, suppose a stockbroker has stipulated to receive a percentage on all shares subscribed for on his recommendation, and then in glowing terms advises all his customers to take shares in the new *El Dorado*; his advice is not independent, and he does not act straightforwardly unless he tells his friends that he is paid to give this advice. These payments are aimed at in the 7th and 8th sections of the Bill.

The 9th section deals with even a more flagrant kind of inequitable and dishonest transaction. A merchant in London sells goods to the English agent of a foreign firm for export, and in the export trade there has arisen what has been correctly described as "the pernicious practice of allowing a so-called trade discount." This custom is simply a practice for enabling the agent to cheat his foreign principal by keeping the discount and charging the principal with the full amount. This conspiracy is carried into effect in different ways; one is for the vendor of the goods to give two documents, one with and the other without the deduction, the one without the deduction being intended for the eye of the foreign principal; a second method is to invoice the goods at a false price and accept short payment; a third is to send in one invoice showing the whole transaction, and to send with it a blank form of the vendor's invoice, which the agent can then fill up as falsely as he pleases, and transmit to his correspondent abroad as if it came from the seller whose superscription it bears. I have spoken of this practice as existing in the export trade, and that is the fact; but the practice exists also in home transactions, and sometimes even in very humble transactions. I heard of a case lately in which a workman got his pickings on accounts which he was sent to pay by a slight overcharge on the account. Such practices are manifestly very disgraceful, and the 9th section is an attempt to check them.

There is another class of secret payments, which is almost the only one for which a shadow of an apology can be made—I mean cases in which the recipient does some service for his principal and in consideration of the commission makes no charge for so doing. Thus bankers are

in the habit of writing to stockbrokers on behalf of the bank's customers, and giving directions as to the investment of their moneys through the stockbrokers, and for so doing the stockbrokers are in the habit of allowing to the banker a part, generally half, the charge made by the stockbroker. In like manner solicitors will correspond with stockbrokers, receive half the charges, and make no claim on the client: and they do the same in reference both to fire and life insurances, receiving often large sums, I believe sometimes as much as 17 per cent on the premiums paid, in the case of life insurances.

It is sometimes said that these practices are notorious and known to every one. This is a mistake. I never knew of them till lately, and I know that the same has been the case with some better informed men than myself. I knew that bankers did act for their customers in purchases on the Stock Exchange, and without specific charge for so doing, but I thought that they did so as part of that accommodation which they afford their customers as a reward for having the care of their money.

With regard to solicitors, I feel sure that the practices to which I refer are not known to many of their clients, still less are their clients aware that they have any right to recover these receipts from their family solicitor: and when we remember the duty which every solicitor owes to his client to assist the client in every way, and to take no advantage of his position as confidential adviser, it will, I think, appear that more information should be given in these cases to the client than has usually been the case.

It is sometimes suggested that the client is not injured, because no charge is made on him by the solicitor for the service rendered. This may be true whenever the amount retained is less than or equal to the amount which the solicitor is entitled to be paid; but is manifestly not true when the amount retained is the larger of the two sums; and, in the case of insurances, I believe that this is often the case to a very large extent. In fact, the procuration fees paid to solicitors are, I am informed, a very serious item in what is, I believe, called the "loading" on the premium—*i.e.*, the amount by which, in consequence of the expenses of the office, the premium is raised above the amount which would be chargeable if the expectation of life and death and the rate of interest on investment were the sole ingredients in the premium. These excessive payments for procuration thus tend to discourage the invaluable habit of life insurance, and are a public as well as a private evil.

Where these payments are known and assented to by the client there is no secrecy, and the transaction will not fall within the scope of the Bill. But it is evident that before the client—we will suppose an old widow lady or a country clergyman—can be held to have assented, she or he must know that the commission has been

received by the solicitor, the amount so received, the amount which the solicitor was entitled to charge, and the liability of the solicitor to repay the difference, and she or he must voluntarily have consented that the solicitor shall keep more than he was entitled to. Mere general notoriety of excessive charging will neither in morals nor in law be a defence from the claim of the client. But if any one feels inclined to rely on the notoriety of the practice as a reason for feeling aggrieved by the enactments proposed by this Bill, let him remember that if the notoriety really amounts to consent, the transaction is not within the Bill if it does not, it is obvious that the transaction is one which is indefensible in morals as in law.

This leads me to the observation that, when the present system of business which would come within the scope of this Bill, is really reasonable and fair, the legislation would create no difficulty in the continuance of that course of business, it would only require that disclosure of the real facts of the law to the principal to which he is evidently entitled. Let me illustrate this. Suppose that in the case of bankers receiving a half of the stockbroker's charges, that payment is a reasonable remuneration to the banker for the trouble taken, he has nothing to do but to send a circular to his customers stating the terms on which he transacts this business, and the transaction will then be as valid in law as it is in morals. Customers, as a rule, are not likely to object to continue the existing system.

The class of cases which I have been last describing is the one intended to be dealt with by sections 10 and 11 of the Bill they provide in effect that the rendering of services and the omission to make a claim for these services shall not prevent the payment when secretly received from being corrupt; but the amount of the just claim of the agent may go to lessen the sum which the Court may direct the agent to pay to the principal.

Now that we have considered the nature of the offences dealt with by the Bill, it may be asked what punishments are proposed? The penalties proposed are threefold—first, imprisonment; secondly, fine; and thirdly, the payment to the person aggrieved of the amount or value of the sum or property unlawfully received. Some persons will perhaps say: "Surely fine is enough without imprisonment." I beg to differ. Fines are often a most inadequate punishment—one which is negligible in comparison with the moneys wrongly acquired, as is said to be the case with regard to violations of the Maine liquor law in America, and as we saw lately in the case of the French *Figaro* subjecting itself daily to a fine for the publication of a State paper. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the practice of forming clubs to pay fines is known in some cases where fines are the only punishment, as in the case of day poaching, and they would almost certainly arise in this case also, especially as in some trades, combinations appear

to be more or less definitely existing with the object of enforcing blackmail

There are two objections to, or difficulties in, the way of legislation of the kind proposed which deserve consideration, and which are dealt with by the Bill itself.

The first objection is this: that the definition of criminal acts under the Bill, from the necessity of the case, includes acts of so trivial a description as to be almost innocent, and to render it unreasonable that a person should be sentenced for the commission of them. I do not believe that this view of its provisions would be taken by any sensitive conscience; for, in the first place, let me observe that the definition clause withdraws from the operation of the Bill some things which it might be thought would be affected by its earlier language, and which no reasonable person would wish to make criminal. This clause takes out of the definition of valuable consideration within the scope of the Bill—

“(a) A vale or gratuity *bonâ fide* given as such by a guest to the servant of his host,

“(b) A gratuity *bonâ fide* given as such to a menial or domestic servant or a porter for a legitimate service rendered or to be rendered to the donor in conformity with the scope of the servant's or porter's employment by his master;

“(c) Meat or drink or accommodation reasonably and *bonâ fide* given by way of hospitality only.”

But, over and above this clause, the Bill contains provisions addressed to remove any remaining difficulty—viz., section 22, which requires as a condition of a prosecution the previous leave in England of a Judge of the High Court, or of the Attorney-General, or of a County Court Judge, and in Scotland of similar authorities; and section 17, which gives the magistrates or court before whom a conviction takes place the power in certain cases to suspend the passing of any judgment—a provision borrowed from the First Offenders Act, which has proved very useful in practice. For my own part, I should greatly prefer to rely on the latter provision alone, which would, I believe, be found adequate, and I should gladly see any requirement of leave to bring a prosecution eliminated from the Bill. There will be too little rather than too much zeal to put its provisions in force, and the necessity of a preliminary application to a legal authority before beginning the prosecution will often, I fear, entirely choke off any desire to take trouble and be disagreeable, for the sake of the public good. It is true that in the existing statute, which makes the bribery of Government or other public officials a crime, the leave of the Attorney-General is required, but the two cases are essentially different: as the memorandum prefixed to Lord Russell's Bill suggests “in the case of public bodies, the representative of the Crown—i.e., the representative

of the public—is the proper person to intervene ; whereas, under the present Bill, private as well as public wrongs are dealt with ”

The other difficulty to which I propose to advert is with regard to evidence. It is sometimes suggested that the Bill must fail if it were passed, because transactions of the kind aimed at take place for the most part between two men only—the one who gives, or offers, and the one who receives, or solicits, the bribe, that it will therefore be difficult to obtain confirmatory evidence, and always unsafe to convict without it. That these difficulties will often arise cannot be doubted, but they will not always prevail. At the present time it is by no means uncommon to offer bribes in writing or by circular, and even when that is not the case, sometimes there will be available the evidence of a messenger or a bystander, sometimes the accused will not add perjury to bribery, sometimes the course of business will furnish cogent confirmation. But there remains yet a better answer, because derived not from anticipation but from experience, and that is that, although the Act of 1889, which relates to corruption of public officers, is open to the same objection, it has not been found inoperative, but, on the contrary, convictions, and in some cases convictions of a very important kind, have taken place under it, and the statute is believed by some who are capable of expressing weighty opinion on the point to have wrought much good.

But the Bill before us may be said to recognise the difficulty which we are now discussing, and seeks to overcome or lessen it ; and it does so by following the precedent furnished by an Act dealing with electoral corruption (46 & 47 Vict. c. 51, s. 49), and by enacting that a witness in a prosecution under this law is not to be excused from answering on the ground of the answer tending to criminate himself, but that if he answers truly he is to receive a certificate which will exempt him from proceedings in respect of the offence in question in the prosecution in which he was a witness, except, of course, proceedings on the ground of his perjury in respect of his evidence.

Is it expedient that such a Bill as I have endeavoured to expound should pass into law ? I have sought not to hide the difficulties which accompany such legislation, but I believe that it would do much good to pass Lord Russell's Bill. It would, as I have said elsewhere, be a solemn utterance of the national conscience against an evil practice ; and though it be true that you cannot make men good by Act of Parliament, it is true also that the laws of a country do much to quicken and enlighten the conscience. Above all, I am sure that it would be a strength and support to many who now call for such help. Few things are more pathetic than the position of those who, coming perhaps from an honest home, find themselves exposed to the temptation to take secret moneys, and find in the atmosphere by which they are surrounded nothing but scorn for their

scruples; or, again, of those who in the stern conflict of competition find that they have to choose between corruption or starvation;—and these positions are no imagination of the brain, but sad realities in commercial life. Many will feel strength to say, “I cannot commit a crime” who are afraid to say that “I will not cheat my master.” The familiar argument, *cessi fan tutti*, would meet with stern rebuke from a penal Act of Parliament.

In this connection I may be permitted once more to refer to the Act of 1889, but only to observe that its success appears to me to speak loudly in favour of the legislation which I have been discussing.

I have no desire to overestimate the probable effects of legislation in this matter; it must be supported by the feeling and the conscience of the nation, or it will not avail much for good; but I have an increasing hope that it would be so supported.

But without or before legislation much may yet be done towards honesty. Let me state what has been suggested on this head with what brevity I can:

(1) The more frequent enforcement of the civil rights of the principal.

(2) Agreements between traders that they will not give any bribe or secret commission. Such an agreement has been entered into by the members of the Calico Printers' Association, and agreements partly to the same effect by an association of millers and by another of bakers.

(3) Stipulations to be expressly introduced by word of mouth, or, better still, in writing, when engaging servants or agents, requiring them not only not to accept, but to report to the master or principal any offer of any bribe or secret commission.

(4) Increased care on the part of principals in looking after their agents, and especially in investigating the truth of reports made by agents derogatory to the character of goods supplied or work done.

(5) And this is by no means of the least importance: the payment of adequate salaries or wages to those who are placed in positions of trust and temptation.

There are two heads of criminal law with which this generation is familiar, but which would have been scouted by our ancestors as instances of grandmotherly legislation—I mean cruelty to animals and cruelty to children. The success of these measures in practice has been, I believe, largely due to the activity of the two societies which have been formed for the purpose of enforcing these laws, and I cannot help thinking that the formation of such a society in relation to commercial corruption would be followed by the like beneficial results.

EDW. FRY.

THE HISTORICAL CONGRESS AT CIVIDALE.

TWO years ago I was honoured by the Universities of Oxford and London with a commission to represent them at the "Congresso Storico," which was to be held at Cividale in September 1899. But if I happened to mention this fact to my friends, three out of four were sure to continue the conversation thus: "And where is Cividale, and why should a historical congress be held there in 1899?" If I answered the last question first, and said, "In order to celebrate the eleventh centenary of the death of Paulus Diaconus," most of them, while expressing their readiness to condole with me on the loss of a dear friend, followed up the first inquiry by a second, "And pray who was Paulus Diaconus?"

Though probably the majority of my present readers are well informed on both subjects, yet, for the sake of those who may have forgotten some facts which they once knew, I will begin by answering these two questions as briefly as I can.

1 Cividale is the true historic heart and centre of the small but interesting district of Friuli, that district which is the furthestmost possession of the Kingdom of Italy on her north-eastern frontier, that district which many English travellers to Venice, from Byron onwards, have had some longing to explore when they have seen, across the long lagoon, the fantastic shapes of its mountains rising above the morning vapours or kindled by the glow of the setting sun. Cividale, though now only known by the name of "The City," is itself the true and rightful Friuli, occupying the site of the Roman city of Forum Julii, where the mighty Julius established a market and where his nephew Augustus planted a colony. Almost the last city in the great Venetian plain, it profited, no doubt, in times of peace by the commerce with Germanic tribes, which was carried backwards and forwards

over the comparatively easy pass of the Pontebba; but, on the other hand, it suffered grievously from the invasion of Huns, Avars, Sclovenes, Turks, to which its position as a border town made it liable. It is to me a matter of some surprise that it does not in our own age undergo a larger peaceful invasion of tourists, and especially of artists, for, even among the lovely old cities of Italy, few are more picturesquely placed than Cividale, with its old churches crowning the steep banks between which flows the turquoise-blue river Natisone, spanned by the graceful Ponte del Diavolo (here, as in so many other places, the devil seems to have been looked upon as the earliest engineer), while the noble forms of the Julian Alps—another memory of the great Dictator—make the beautiful shadowy background of the picture. The architect and the antiquary will also find much to interest them at Forum Julii. If there are any genuine remains of the true Lombard period—that is, of the period between 568 and 774—they are to be found here in the Cathedral and the Church of St. Martin, and in the mysterious little church called the Tempietto, where we may see six stately figures of maidens in bas-relief and a beautiful arch of entwined vine-leaves, dating, according to some, from the time of Justinian, certainly from a period not later than the tenth century.

2. But, after all, the chief historic interest of Cividale lies in the fact that it was probably the birthplace and the early home of the great Lombard historian, Paulus Diaconus. This man, sometimes called Paul Warnefried, the contemporary and the friend of Charlemagne, tells us in his history something about the fortunes of his ancestors, but much less than we would gladly have heard as to the vicissitudes of his own career. His forefathers, apparently Lombard nobles, settled in or near Forum Julii at the time of the great invasion under Alboin (568). Some fifty years later the Avars, a fierce Turanian tribe allied to the Huns, poured down from the Julian Alps, ravaged the fertile plains of Friuli with fire and sword, and carried the family of Paulus' ancestor away into captivity beyond the mountains. At last one of five brothers, named Lopichis, escaped, and after incredible hardships, guided (said the legend) by a heaven-sent wolf, and sheltered from his pursuers by a kindly Slavonian woman, regained his home, but found it all one vast tangle of thorns and briars, and an elm-tree rooted in the chief room of the house. However, having hung up his quiver on the tree as a sign of taking possession, he began to rebuild the old home; the kindly neighbours helped him with presents, and finally he married a wife, who bore him a son, the grandfather, or more probably the great-grandfather, of our historian.

Paulus, the future deacon, was born apparently between 720 and 730, when the life of our own Baeda, the great historian of the Anglo-Saxons, was drawing to a close. As a young man he certainly

visited the Court of the Lombard Kings at Pavia, and there are some indications that he was first a pupil and afterwards a teacher in the school which, according to a growing fashion of the times, was attached to that royal palace for the benefit of the young nobility of the Lombards. We next meet with him in Southern Italy at Benevento, where Adelperga, wife of the reigning duke and daughter of the Lombard King, was seeking to promote the study of arts and letters among the subjects of her husband. As she desired to know the story of that wonderful Roman people in whose land she dwelt, Paulus presented her with a manuscript of Eutropius—that terrible Eutropius who was our boyhood's bane. She complained, however, that this heathen historian told her nothing about the events in ecclesiastical history which were to her of the highest interest : and he therefore wrote for her the *Historia Miscella*, intertwining the Bible narrative and extracts from the Church historians with the heathen author's work and bringing it down to the death of Justinian.

Somewhere about this time, perhaps between the fortieth and fiftieth year of his life, he seems to have taken deacon's orders and to have entered the world-renowned Convent of St. Benedict in Monte Cassino, which was thenceforward the home of his heart. Not always, however, could it be his bodily resting-place. The catastrophe of 774, the utter fall of the Lombard monarchy before the sword of Charles the Great, came to change the whole after-course of Lombard lives. We have no clear proof of its immediate effect on Paulus himself, but it is certain that his brother Arichis, either as having taken part in the war, or more probably as having abetted the subsequent rebellion of Hrodgaud, Duke of Friuli, fell under the severe displeasure of Charles. He was carried away into the land of the Franks, where he remained in captivity for at least seven years. His wife and children were reduced to beggary ; his sister, a nun in her convent, well-nigh lost her eye-sight with continued weeping. Paulus, already a man of wide renown for his erudition, seems to have addressed a petition to Charles, that well-known lover of learning, on behalf of his brother, and as that was not successful he followed it up at last by a personal visit to the Frankish Court. This visit seems to have taken place about 783, and to have lasted till 786. There can be little doubt that his chief object, the liberation of Arichis, was attained almost immediately ; but Charles, who delighted in the converse of learned men, and who had at that time special reasons for retaining the services of those who were acquainted with the Greek language, contrived to keep Paulus attached to his Court for three full years. Several poems and letters are preserved which passed between the King and the deacon, and these, though not of high literary excellence, exhibit the relation

between them in a very agreeable light. At dawn of day Paulus finds a splendid young guardsman, with flaxen beard, standing before his door, bearing a letter from the King. The letter contains a sort of enigma or charade which Paulus is summoned to interpret, under jocular threats of the tremendous punishment which awaits him if he fails. The deacon unties the knot with little difficulty and sends a similar puzzle in reply: and so the game goes on. The champagne of the royal and diaconal banter is all flat now, and scholars have disquieted themselves in vain, endeavouring to find out the secret meaning of all these jocular allusions, but there is no doubt that Lombard and Frank laughed heartily over them eleven centuries ago, and we may be sure that before this encounter of wits took place the wretched Arichis had attained his freedom.

About the year 786 Paulus returned to Italy, and after a short sojourn in Rome sought the shelter of his beloved Monte Cassino, where he passed the remainder of his life. Armies passed and repassed in the valley below, but he, on the summit of that high Campanian hill, possessed his soul in patience, meddling no more now with the strife of races or the splendour of courts, but probably engaged in the educational work of the monastery, and certainly devoting his leisure to the composition of the book which has made his name famous, the "History of the Lombards." In this treatise he reproduces with admirable freshness and *navet  * the old traditions and sagas of his people. It must, I think, be admitted that neither as to our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors, nor as to the ancestors of the Franks, have we any corresponding picture which paints as vividly as Paulus paints them, their mode of life and their national character before they settled in Roman lands and their history fell into the hands of ecclesiastics. Having brought his ancestors from the shores of the Baltic into the mid-Danubian lands, and then over the Julian Alps into Italy, Paulus describes with some detail, but with little chronological exactness, the history of the Lombard dominion in the peninsula for more than 170 years. Most unfortunately, however, his history ends with the death of the great Liutprand, who left his nation at the very pinnacle of their fortunes. Thus the guidance of the historian fails us at the very time when, from a world-historical point of view, it would have been most valuable, during those conflicts between Pavia and Rome which brought the Franks across the Alps, and which practically decided that for a thousand weary years Italy was to be a prey to the sword of the stranger.

It is evident that Paulus did not intentionally end his work with the year 744, and there can be little doubt therefore that it was cut short by his death. The date of this last event is altogether uncertain. That assigned by Mabillon, 799, which has been generally accepted by scholars, can neither be proved nor disproved, but it was

in conformity with this calculation that we found ourselves invited to celebrate in this year of our Lord 1899 the eleventh centenary of the death of the Lombard historian. To this date I now return from my wanderings into the age of Charlemagne.

The Congresso Storico was to commence at Cividale on Sunday, September 3. Travelling as fast as we could, our little party (I was accompanied by my son and daughter) was only able to reach Villach in Carinthia on the evening of Saturday. Next morning we made an early start, crossed a spur of the Julian Alps, and came down by the steep gradient of the Pontebba railway to Udine. This town in the ancient days of Venetian domination was the residence of a Venetian *luogotenente* and virtual capital of the district, taking the place of the poor dethroned Cividale. I fear there is still a little jealousy between the two towns, Udine considering Cividale as a stranded piece of antiquity, and Cividale looking upon Udine as *parvenu* and self-assertive. A stranger may be permitted impartially to admire both the sister towns, and while, perhaps, keeping the warmest corner of his heart for the Market-place of Julius, to gaze with interest on the Piazza and the Palazzo Comunale of Udine, so manifestly modelled after those of Venice; on the two bronze giants, which, like their brethren in the Square of St Mark's, strike the hour with clangorous strokes on the great bell which hangs between them; above all, to look with wonder at the great square mound, dominating all the plain, and crowned with a mediæval fortress. For that mound, according to the legend, was raised by the forced labour of miserable captives in the year 452, that upon it might stand Attila the Hun to feast his eyes with the sight of the far-off flames of Aquileia.

At Udine station our ears were greeted by the cry of "Paolo Diacono: Numero Unico: Vito di Paolo Diacono." It came from the lips of the Italian newsvendor, who succeeded in selling us an *Indicatore delle Strade Ferrate*, and along with it his precious broadsheet containing a fairly accurate life of the Lombard Deacon. So might the representative of W. H. Smith & Son sell one Bede and Bradshaw at the railway-station of Jarrow; but I have my doubts whether the Life of the Venerable one is contained in his repertoire.

A short railway ride of some ten miles eastward brought us to Cividale, which we reached a little before noon. We were met at the station by two members of the committee, most cordially greeted, and driven to the Collegio Nazionale Paolo Diacono, where the proceedings were already begun. Certainly the Italian even of this generation has an instinct for large and stately architecture. I doubt whether any of the provincial colleges which have been founded in our own country during the last forty years could show as noble a hall as that

in which the congress was assembled, though I must admit that its lofty vault and ample dimensions were not altogether the best adapted for the calm deliberations of a scientific congress.

The President of the Congress for that sitting was the Sindaco (Mayor) of Cividale, a gentleman rejoicing in the romantic name of Ruggero Morganto. Some of the newspaper wits christened him Morgante Maggiore, and certainly his tall figure and dignified bearing fitted him admirably for the part which he had to play. He had no gown or chain of office, and none of the various doctors or professors wore anything but the ordinary garb of the nineteenth century, and thus an element of colour and picturesqueness which we are accustomed to at similar academic functions was lacking to the assembly.

The Sindaco had uttered his few words of welcome to the representatives who had come from so many distant regions to do honour to a son of Cividale, Signor Morpurgo, a member of the Italian Parliament, in the name of the Government, had expressed its interest in the work of the Congress; and the Prefect of the province had delivered a short, highly-polished Latin address before we arrived. At the time of our entrance Professor Tomassia, of the University of Padua, was uttering with much oratorical energy a discourse on the life and works of "il nostro" Paulus Diaconus. Having now had an opportunity of reading at my leisure this discourse, I can honestly express my admiration for the soundness of its criticism, the wealth of its erudition, and the elegance of its style; and I can only marvel that so much matter can have been crowded into the space of one hour's oration. At the time of its delivery I must confess that I, like "panting Time, toiled after him in vain." It is, I believe, a well-known fact that the orators of the Latin races utter many more words in a minute than we tardier people of the north. At any rate, I, with my imperfect knowledge of Italian, found it impossible to keep my feet in that headlong torrent of words. But the speech was listened to attentively by the audience, and the orator received an enthusiastic welcome from his neighbours on the platform when he resumed his seat.

Soon after the close of Professor Tomassia's oration a grave figure in Benedictine habit and cowl advanced to the front of the platform and began to speak. This was Abbate Amelli, prior of the convent of Monte Cassino, who, with a deputation of his brethren, had come to Cividale to join in the honours paid to the great Benedictine. It was a striking moment when this tall and dignified monk, clad in the very same robes which Benedict prescribed and Paulus wore, coming straight from the Deacon's grave, began to address this brightly clad assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, children of the nineteenth century. He read his discourse, but read it slowly and emphatically, with a preacher's knowledge of the right way to carry home his conclusions

to the minds of his hearers. There was, of course, much about "il nostro Paolo," and "Monte Cassino" (always uttered with a prolonged emphasis on the *si*); but the most dramatic part of the discourse consisted in the presentation to the assembly of two gifts—an olive-branch and a book. The olive-branch was cut from the very tree, fourteen centuries old, which tradition asserts to have been planted by the hands of St. Benedict himself, and it was brought as a token of peace to the men of science assembled at that congress. "*Pax*," said the orator: "as the soldier feels his heart bound within him at sight of the emblems on his country's flag, so my heart and that of every one of my dear brethren of St. Benedict rejoices at the thought of serving under this sacred ensign. But then, moreover, I bring you a book, written by Paulus himself at the request of Charles the Great [a hitherto inedited commentary on the grammarian Donatus], a book which contributed to the intellectual culture of a foreign people, and which bears on its front the genuine seal of Monte Cassino, of that venerable institution whose rule of life is monastic labour sanctified by prayer, as expressed in the great words *Ora et labora*."

With the speech of the Prior the inaugural proceedings ended. In the afternoon the members of the congress were hospitably entertained by the Sindaco at a banquet, at which the usual *brindisi* (toasts) were given and heartily received. Though an invited guest, I can say nothing about this part of the proceedings, as I was occupied with my party in settling into the quarters which had been assigned us in a large, only partially occupied house with a cool and pleasant garden.

Next morning the congress proceeded to work, its first business being the election of a President. For this office the Prior of Monte Cassino was chosen—a fitting compliment to the great convent in which the Lombard historian ended his days. When Amelli appeared to hesitate about accepting the honour and hinted his inability to discharge the duties of chairman, Tomassia called out, in a loud clear voice, *Ora et labora*. The audience laughed, and, with a smile and a shrug, the Benedictine Prior took his place at the head of the assembly. The congress then proceeded to nominate Honorary Presidents, of whom I was one, from each of the five nations represented there—Austria, England, Germany, Hungary, Russia. Our duties were of course purely nominal, but the office conferred upon us the right to a seat upon the platform beside the President.

Then came the question of the publication of a new and critical edition of the writings of Paulus Diaconus. It was decided to undertake this work, and to entrust it to a committee, as to the precise constitution of which there was a long and somewhat desultory discussion. There was a curious little bit of by-play in connection with this proposal. It appeared that King Humbert had announced

his willingness to assist the undertaking, which no doubt will require a good list of subscribers. A telegram of thanks was to be dispatched to his Majesty; but then the question arose who should sign it. "Not I," pleaded the monastic chairman (notwithstanding his eloquent appeal of the day before on behalf of *pax*), fearing the censure of his ecclesiastical brethren. However, he yielded at last to the obvious necessity of the case, and the telegram addressed to the son of Victor Emmanuel went, bearing the signature of the Prior of Monte Cassino—I suppose an almost unexampled act of friendliness in the present relations between Church and State in Italy.

I will not weary my readers by detailing at length the proceedings of the Congress, which sat for two days. A number of valuable papers were read, and I feel sure that the published "Atti" will be a quarry of useful material for future writers on early Italian history. From the Congress point of view I could not but regret that there was so much reading of papers and so little discussion, or rather no discussion at all. Here were gathered together a number of men, such as Tamassia, Hartmann, Cipolla, Bertolini, Benussi, Leicht, Hortis, Grion, and many more, probably, of whose names I am ignorant—all of whom were more or less of specialists in the study of this branch of history. If the papers, valuable as they were, could have been "taken as read," after their purport had been shortly explained by the writers, and if we could have had brief and animated discussions on some of the many disputed points in connection with the life of Paulus and the history of the Lombard rulers of Italy, I think the proceedings would have been more interesting to the outside public, and we should really have gathered more fruit from our labours. But then for this purpose there would have been required the "ten-minute rule" and the gentle reminder of the President's bell, neither of which is apparently yet naturalised in Italy.

Meantime the general public and the good people of Cividale were being entertained in divers ways, involving a less severe strain on the intellect than listening to monographs concerning "il Nostro." An oratorio by Tomadini, a native of Cividale, on the Resurrection of Christ, was performed on three successive afternoons in the Cathedral. I was not present myself at the performance, being busily engaged in turning my own paper (on the Ethnographical Relation of Lombards and Angles) into Italian, but it was the general opinion that the music was very fine and well rendered, that the choruses were successful, but that the building was not well adapted to the delivery of solos.

Then at night the Congressisti, who in the heat of the day had been sipping ices in the Café San Marco, joined the stream of sight-seers which poured forth over the Ponte del Diavolo to see the fireworks and the illuminations. The fireworks on the first evening were a fiasco.

For some reason or other the contractor from Venice never turned up, and one of the local newspapers emitted an angry growl, "We told you how it would be. What could you expect if you insisted on employing a contractor from Venice instead of encouraging local talent?" Next night, however, I suppose he had made his appearance; at any rate, for some hours the bang of rockets was ever in one's ears, and their quickly scattered brilliancy mocked the silent stars. But much more grateful to my sense of sight than these commonplace signs of rejoicing were the long lines of lamps which bordered the banks of the Natisone. If one could only have had the moon's rays to bring out the lights and shadows of the beautiful pictures seen from the Devil's Bridge, and to show us the snow on the far distant mountains of Julius, the effect would have been perfect.

Of course, the whole population of Cividale and the region round was abroad in the streets and squares gazing at the show. Though the disappointment on the first night over the undisplayed fireworks was keen, the crowd bore it in good temper. There were no police that I could see, but perfect order was observed, and there was no unseemly pushing or crowding. The people of Cividale are in truth famous for their civility to strangers, the result, perhaps, in part, of their own deeply rooted Roman civilisation, the heritage of two thousand years; but partly also the fruit of the teaching of one of their own poets, who has written:

"If thou meet a stranger be courteous to him,
If he be unworthy thou hast done honour to thyself.
If he be worthy thou hast honoured two persons at once"

In this connection I feel that I must allude to the gracious hospitality which we received from the members of two of the leading families in Cividale. We came amongst them as absolute strangers, with no introduction except my ticket of membership at the Congress, yet we were received as if we had been old friends, and we had the great privilege of seeing a little of that life of high-bred, unostentatious refinement which exists in so many of the old cities of Italy, but with which we English tourists, journeying from one hotel to another, so seldom come in contact. On the whole, notwithstanding one or two slight drawbacks, I felt that this Historical Congress was a great success and well worth the labour which the Committee had evidently bestowed on the preliminary preparations. Even more than the proceedings of the Congress itself, the sight of the little city all *en fête*, to do honour to its student son who died eleven centuries ago, the happy crowds that filled the streets, the illumined reaches of the river, the news-boys calling out "*Vita di Paolo Diacono*," made one feel how deep in the heart of the ordinary Italian is the love of his own special corner of his great country, his consciousness of a noble

“THE SILENCE OF GOD.”

THERE was a double purpose in the remarkable treatise entitled “But is God Silent?” which appeared in these pages in September. The writer’s aim was, first, to give proof from the history of Christendom that the divine government of the world is a reality ; and, secondly, to criticise and censure the book which appeared two years ago under the title of the present article. Of his main thesis it may be said at once that no one but an infidel disputes it ; and a bolder and plainer statement of it will be found in the volume he condemns than he himself has furnished. Here, for example, is one of several kindred passages . “Not that the moral government of the world is in abeyance. Even here and now men reap what they sow. Righteousness prospers and iniquity brings its own penalty. Not always indeed, nor openly ; but generally and with sufficient definiteness to make it clear that this is the rule” (p. 142) Were it not that Mr. Heath quotes from the very chapter from which the above sentence is taken, one might suppose he had only read the first eighteen pages of the book. But the very quotation to which I allude is a signal proof of his strange incapacity to understand my meaning. Here are his words : “God, Dr. Anderson actually says, wants neither our morality nor our religion.” And he proceeds to deplore the benighted condition of the “Evangelicals” because “a book in which such statements occur” has been received by them “with marked approval.” The passage thus misused is as follows : “God claims our homage, and we offer Him our patronage. He claims the undivided devotion of our life, and we offer Him religion and morality. But God does not want our patronage ; neither does He want our morality or our religion. ‘Monstrous !’ the reader will exclaim . . .” (p. 133). And I go on to explain and enforce my

words. The opening sentences of his article afford a strange and significant instance of a fatal habit of inaccuracy. On the first page he states in my own language the difficulty which my book is designed to answer. It is this: "The divine history of the favoured race for thousands of years teems with miracles by which God gave proof of His power with men, and yet we are confronted by the astounding fact that from the days of the Apostles to the present hour the history of Christendom will be searched in vain for the record of a single public event to compel belief that there is a God at all." This surely is plain enough. And yet a few lines further on he re-quotes my words, again in "inverted commas," but substituting the word *produce* for the word "compel"; and on this basis he proceeds to criticise and refute my thesis!

But these personal issues are of trifling and transient interest. Not so, however, the great question raised once again by the article I comment on. It is not the statement of an opinion, but the assertion of a fact, that the history of Christendom does not record "a single public event to compel belief that there is a God." Were it otherwise atheism would be impossible, whereas in fact atheism is the product of the history of Christendom. It is the product, it will be answered, of a morbid view, a perverted reading of it. Yes, undoubtedly; but the deplorable fact remains. Are there no atheists in England to-day? I do not allude to persons like the baser sort of anarchists—men of filthy minds and foul tongues, who, to the discredit of English law, are allowed to outrage decency by their coarse and profane harangues in our public streets and parks—but to men of character and culture, men who hold high rank as thinkers and teachers. Many honoured names at once suggest themselves, but there is no need to set them out upon the page. I shall be told, perhaps, that men such as I allude to are not atheists, but only agnostics. The distinction is just, but so far as the present argument is concerned it is a distinction without a difference. These men are deeply read in philosophy and history, they are versed in science in all its branches; they are "men of affairs," some of them; and yet they deliberately reject belief in a personal God. It is no answer to say that such men are a comparatively small minority, or to urge what is possibly quite as true, that the next generation will refuse to give them the eminent position which their contemporaries have accorded them. Their presence among us is a fact which undermines the whole fabric of my critic's argument. Can he compel belief in these men by his narrative of the Nemesis which overtook French nobles or Plantagenet kings? Most of us would think that for the purpose in hand his use of the story of "Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt" is far-fetched and inconclusive as compared with an appeal to the retribution accomplished at Whitehall on January 30, 1649. Let him, then, try the effect

of "pointing his moral" by reference to *that* event! Or let him ask those whom he wants to convince to regard the horrors of the French Revolution as proof that a righteous and loving God is not silent in Christendom. And while he is on the subject of massacres in France, will he explain for us the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the same principle? The plain fact is that his argument is made plausible only by his skilfully getting away from the real question at issue, and then appealing to events so remote that they excite a purely academic interest. The victories of Edward III. in France, we are told, were marked by events which compel belief in God! I make bold to assert that every man of clear and unprejudiced mind, whether he be Christian or Turk or infidel, will reject such a statement as the merest trifling, giving proof that the writer who makes it has utterly failed to grasp the problem he pretends to solve.

Perhaps I ought to pause here to explain once again that I do not question the fact that there is a moral government of the world. But the Christian's intercourse with heaven, which enables him to triumph over difficulties and doubts that overwhelm other men, is not designed to constitute him the interpreter of the judgments and ways of God; for those judgments are unsearchable, and those ways past finding out. But what Boswell was to Johnson some men affect to be to the Supreme, ever ready at a moment's notice to describe and forecast His ways, and to unfold the secrets of His judgments. If the event be a great national disaster, they can label it at once with the precise "vial" or "trumpet" to which it pertains. And as for the sorrows and trials by which humble lives are so often made desolate, they can speak with a freedom and certainty that are quite amazing. There is, indeed, a moral government of the world, but even in "the short and simple annals of the poor" its manifestations are full of mystery. One element of the mystery depends on the startling but certain fact that, in this world, folly is punished with more definiteness and regularity than sin. Two young men return from the city to their lodging. One goes out to revel in a pre-arranged debauch, the other spends the evening writing to his old home in the country. Through stupid carelessness he scalds his hand by upsetting the tea-kettle and has to go to the neighbouring hospital for treatment. But this is not all. For a week he cannot hold a pen, and he loses his employment in consequence; while his companion goes back to his work next day in the ordinary course. In a "goody" book, no doubt, the story would go on to tell how "the sinner" was exposed and ruined, and "the fool" was taken back and ultimately became a partner in the house. But no one knows better than the Christian that "goody" books are not always to be trusted. Neither are they always wholesome reading. Let a man do right, not because it is right, but on commercial principles, with a view to his own profit, and

he will probably succeed—a fact, moreover, which only deepens the mystery which besets us as we seek to understand the ways of God; but his course may end in disaster, and possibly make an atheist of him. Even the Christian knows what it is to suffer, not only in spite of well-doing, but because of it. There is such a thing as being “persecuted for righteousness sake.” All which gives incidental proof of the most striking kind that there is a world to come, and a judgment to come, where these anomalies and wrongs shall be redressed and set right. God has two worlds in which to work out His will; man is taken up altogether with but one. And where the believer differs from the unbeliever is precisely in this, that he takes sides with God and is willing to trust the issue to His infinite goodness and wisdom. It is not that he believes because he sees. His is the blessedness of those “who have not seen, and yet have believed” For faith is “the proving of things not seen”; it flourishes beneath a silent heaven.

I wish to turn from these side issues to the great truth of transcendent interest which Mr. Heath has challenged and denied. But there is one passage in his article which I cannot leave unnoticed. And lest I should seem to misrepresent him I quote the whole verbatim. It is the following.

“In the next family group passing before us it is made very clear that it is fratricide the Avenger is pursuing Edward III and the people who lived in England, Philip IV and the people who lived in France, were all baptized into Christ For baptized men to fight and kill each other is the most heinous form of fratricide Edward III lived in an age when this truth was very clear, much clearer than it is to-day, for five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity have not been without blinding and stupefying effects Edward’s light being greater than ours, his punishment was more rapid and distinct”

This is really astounding. It is not strange, perhaps, Christendom being what it is, that the pagan figment of baptismal regeneration should be referred to thus as “fundamental” to Christianity, for in fact it is fundamental to the apostasy which seeks to supplant Christianity.* But what shall be thought of a writer who, in this year of grace, and here in England, too, has the effrontery to speak in terms like these of the era which included the dawn and triumph of the Reformation, and the regeneration of society that has resulted from that glorious emancipation of the human mind from the degrading bondage of superstition and priestcraft! “Five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity,” which “have not been without blinding and stupefying effects.” It is not easy to find fitting language in which to describe such monstrous words. I content my-

* The pagan origin of baptismal regeneration is proved with remorseless clearness in Dr Hatch’s “Hibbert Lectures,” 1888 (No X) I have dealt fully with the same subject in “The Buddha of Christendom,” ch ix, to which I take the liberty of referring

self by thus placing them and their author in the pillory, and turning away to the main question at issue. I will make no further reference to Mr. Heath, save to quote his own statement of that which he seeks to establish in refutation of my argument. As regards the action and attitude of God towards men, he declares “there can be no real difference between the times covered by the Bible and those in which we live.” Is this dictum true?

The silence of God is no new experience peculiar to the Christian age. The Psalms are full of it; and the combined literature of the world will be searched in vain for any record of the struggles and yearnings and triumphs of spiritual men that can compare for a moment with those Hebrew Psalms. “The Former Prophets,” as the earlier historical books were designated, abound in references to experiences of a kindred type. But in every instance the record expresses, or clearly implies, the fact that the silence was deemed abnormal. With them there was nothing incredible or even strange in the announcement that a prophet had appeared in Israel, or that some public miracle had proclaimed the power of God as again in operation for their deliverance. The event but served to remind them of what their fathers had told them. And so was it also in Messianic times. Men looked for miracles to accredit the Messiah. And the repeated warnings against *false* prophets recognised the fact that there were true prophets to whom they should give heed. According to the New Testament, moreover, the miracles abounded, and the prophets were not few.

The question arises then, How is it that in the Christian dispensation we have neither miracle nor prophet? Or, to put it still more tersely, Why is God silent? To this question three replies are offered, all independent and mutually antagonistic. They emanate from separate and hostile camps. Writing for these pages, brevity is essential; and it is only for the sake of brevity, and with no wish to give offence, that I designate each of these camps by a single word. They are the sceptical, the superstitious, and the Christian. The two former give answers which meet the difficulty by disposing of it. The one denies the reality of miracles and prophecy altogether; the other denies that they have ceased. Until our own times the sceptical position was maintained only by avowed infidels; but in these days open infidelity is silent, because so-called Christian pulpits are disseminating its principles. The majority, perhaps, of our theological colleges are mere nurseries either of pagan superstition or of systematised unbelief; and the ordained ministry of our various Churches is being largely recruited by men whose effort is either to drag the people of this country back into the darkness from which the Reformation delivered our forefathers, or else to lead them away into the dreary swamp of German rationalism. With Eichhorn, the

poetic warmth of Oriental thought and language afforded an adequate explanation of the Bible record of miracles. The writers wrote as they were accustomed to think, leaving out of view all second causes, and attributing results immediately to God. This theory was received with enthusiasm. But there is no permanence in error; like artificial light, it needs constant readjustment and renewal. So the popularity of Eichhorn's theories was shortlived, and in time they were rejected in favour of the system of which De Wette was the foremost exponent. According to him the errors of the sacred writers—and their belief in the miracles was of the number—were due to the extreme literalness with which they accepted the legends of earlier days.

But an hypothesis of this kind was plausible only because, at that time, criticism had run riot in Germany. Every book of Scripture had been relegated to a later age than that to which it claimed to belong. Says Professor Harnack of Berlin, himself a foremost champion of unorthodoxy and free thought :

“There was a time—the general public, indeed, has not got beyond it—in which the oldest Christian literature, including the New Testament, was looked upon as a tissue of deceptions and forgeries. That time is past. For science it was an episode in which it learned much, and after which it has much to forget. . . . The oldest literature of the Church in all main points and in most details, from the point of view of literary criticism, is genuine and trustworthy. In the whole New Testament there is in all probability only a single writing which can be looked upon as pseudonymous in the strictest sense of the word—the second Epistle of Peter.”

The very highest (unorthodox) scholarship of to-day thus explodes the theories of De Wette and his tribe. The successors of the men who sought to discredit these sacred books now assure us that they are the “genuine and trustworthy” writings of those who were eye-witnesses of the events they record—themselves the earliest accredited exponents of Christianity, and practically the founders of the Christian system. It is impossible, therefore, any longer to reject the miracles, save by taking sides with Hume in his blind and stupid scepticism. It is the scepticism of the pig-headed “boot-eater” in the jury room, who sets his back against the wall, and declares that, no matter what the evidence may be, he won't agree to a verdict.

But the scepticism of Hume was at least consistent with itself; not so, however, the scepticism of those who pose as ministers of a religion of which faith is the essential characteristic. The great aim and effort of these men is to account for the Bible on natural principles. Inspiration they will not hear of, for every element of the miraculous they utterly reject. And yet they profess to believe that the Nazarene was the divinely begotten son of a virgin, and that having been crucified on Calvary, He was raised from the dead, and ascended

to heaven. And when challenged to justify their faith they appeal to the Apostles and Evangelists of the New Testament. In a word, they believe in the most transcendent and incredible of all the miracles, upon the authority of men whose testimony to the common miracles of the Gospel narrative they reject! Here is a dilemma from which there is no escape. If the New Testament be in any sense inspired, the truth of the miracles is assured; if not, the only rational basis for our faith in Christianity is destroyed. The fact is that these end-of-the-century exponents of what they imagine to be a loftier and more intellectual faith are, after all, like their prototypes, the Sadducees of old, the unintelligent advocates of an impossible compromise. Every free and fearless thinker here finds himself compelled to make choice "between a deeper faith and a bolder unbelief"

The sceptical answer to our problem may therefore be dismissed. What I have called the superstitious answer next claims consideration. God is not silent, we are told. The Church is His oracle; and by the Church He speaks to men as really, as definitely, as He "spoke in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." The voice of the Church is the voice of God.

The epithet by which I have characterised this position of course declares my attitude towards it. And whether we speak as Christians or as Englishmen, we are justified in branding it as superstition. As Christians we know that the New Testament will be appealed to in vain to support it. And as Englishmen we know that this was precisely the battle ground of the Reformation—that "great rebellion of the laity against the priesthood" to which, as Macaulay, who thus describes it, so justly declares, we are chiefly indebted "for political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom brought in their train."

It seems but yesterday that here in England men spoke of the Reformation as they spoke of the other great triumphs by which our liberties as a nation have been secured: it was regarded as a national decision which was irreversible and final. But all this is changed. With Wycliff and Tyndale and the pioneers of the Reformation, with the martyrs who fell in that glorious struggle, and with the men who achieved that glorious victory, the great question at issue was the claim of "the Church" to speak in the name of God. They denied the Church's authority and defied its power, refusing to recognise any divine oracle save the Bible. But the question which our fathers supposed the Reformation had settled for ever in England is the pivot upon which the whole Ritualistic controversy turns. The majority of the English bishops, and a large and ever growing body of the English clergy, have abandoned the principles of the Reformation, and fallen back upon the errors and superstitions of the apostasy.

According to the formularies of the Church of England—the Church of the Reformation—"the Church" is defined as "a (that is *any*) congregation of faithful men," &c. Its functions are (not to be an oracle, but) "a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ."* And the "Holy Catholic Church" is expressly described as "the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world."† But with the Ritualists "the Church" is the apostate system which rests upon Apostolic Succession, and which claims inherent authority to speak in the name of God. As the public prayers are offered weekly "for the good estate of the Catholic Church," the Christians in one pew—loyal members of the Church of England—are invoking blessings upon their fellow Christians "dispersed throughout the whole world," while the Neo-Romanists in the adjoining pew are insulting the Almighty by fathering upon Him that evil system which has trampled upon His word and shed the blood of His faithful martyrs.

This is not an explosion of Protestant rhetoric, but a sober statement of plain facts. The Church of England so defines "the Church" as to include all Christian communities in which "the pure word of God is preached and the Sacraments be duly administered," whereas the Ritualists ostentatiously pervert it to mean those communities which stand upon Apostolic Succession in an Episcopacy, giving prominence to the Church of Rome; albeit the Church of which they are the paid servants expressly repudiates Rome, denouncing its most characteristic ordinances as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."‡ Here in England thought is free, and every man is entitled to his own opinion. But what shall be our judgment of men who accept a public position and public funds, expressly provided for the dissemination and support of certain definite principles, and then pervert the position and means thus obtained to the advancement of principles wholly antagonistic?

The alarming growth of the Ritualistic movement is due to many causes. Among them may be enumerated the prevailing ignorance of Church history, and the lack of any fair effort to enlighten public opinion on the subject. Nonconformity seems so incapable of freeing itself from the strife of party politics that it tends rather to aggravate than to check the evil. And the Evangelicals are no longer a party, and therefore no longer a power in England. Compromise is inscribed upon their banner. Their persistent efforts to reconcile the principles of the Reformation with the practices of the Ritualists, have only resulted, as might have been anticipated, in the loss of their principles and, as a further consequence, the loss of their influence.

* Articles XIX. and XX.

† The 55th Canon of the Convocation of 1603

‡ Articles XIX. and XXXI.

The prevailing ignorance of Church history is, in fact, amazing. Ninety-nine people in a hundred believe that the Church—the primitive Church of the Fathers—entered "the dark ages" united and pure, and was afterwards corrupted by the growing power of Rome. This is a sheer delusion. Kingsley's "Hypatia," though avowedly a romance, gives a truthful picture of the state of the African Church in the days of Cyril of Alexandria, that turbulent ruffian who figures as a "Saint" in the ecclesiastical calendar. Salvian's famous treatise on "Providence" discloses the appalling corruptions of the Church in Europe at that same epoch. And Salvian of Marseilles was a man of mark, who enjoyed the respect of his contemporaries; not an ascetic trained in a monastery, and ready to look with jaundiced eyes upon all legitimate enjoyments and recreations, but a man of the world, who had seen much of life, first in heathen and then in Christian society, before, at middle age, he was ordained a presbyter. No fairer or more competent witness could be found, and his testimony is explicit and emphatic, that in that much vaunted age, when persecution had long ceased, and the writings of the great Fathers were freely circulating, the professing Church of Christendom was "a sink of vices," and the Christians were steeped in flagrant immorality that shocked even the heathen by whom they were surrounded *

Men imagine that the dark ages quenched the light of Christianity; as a matter of fact it was the Church in its apostasy which stamped its own character upon those evil days. And any one who holds a brief for the defence of the Church of Rome will not fail to find material to sustain the plea that at that time the influence of that Church was largely on the side of morality and truth. But the entire mass was so hopelessly corrupt that recovery was impossible, until in later times the reformers rescued the Bible from the polluted hands of the Historic Church, and distributed it broadcast among the people. The Bible was the power behind the Reformation, and the Reformation has made this nation of England what it is. The Anglo-Saxon race has of late become a fetich. The Norman Conquest is forgotten. As a matter of fact tens of thousands of typical Englishmen, holding positions of influence in this country, are of French descent. The English character does not depend upon race, but upon our national traditions and environment. And the Reformation has done more than all other causes combined to create what I may term the habit of liberty, which is our most distinctive national characteristic. And, it may be added, it is to the Reformation that even "the Historic Church" owes its present influence for evil. If the Reformation had not compelled

* The space at my disposal precludes my setting out the evidence on which this terrible indictment rests. But I have done so in the pages of "The Buddha of Christendom"

it to set its house in order—if immoral ecclesiastics were not as few to-day as were moral ecclesiastics in pre-Reformation times—the religion of Christendom would long since have ceased to be a power in the world. To represent the Church as the divine oracle is to presume upon the ignorance and credulity of men, and upon the forbearance of God.

I accept it, then, as a fact that, in the earlier dispensations, God spoke by His prophets and by public displays of His power, but that in this Christian dispensation there is neither oracle nor miracle, except of course in the pages of the Bible and the hidden experiences of spiritual men. And the question still remains unanswered, How can this most strange and significant fact be accounted for? The inference is irresistible that some great crisis has been reached. But what is the nature of it? Christianity vetoes the suggestion that divine mercy has been exhausted and the race cast off to await its doom. And yet there is but one other alternative suggestion possible; and this it is that I so confidently urge as the true solution of the mystery. It is that in the Christian gospel divine revelation has reached its climax. In the open page of nature the “eternal power and Godhead” of the Supreme are “clearly seen.” But as a testimony to His infinite benevolence that page is sadly blurred by the effects of sin. There is not a single line of Scripture that points to nature as the manifestation of His *love*. Nor is there a single line of the Old Testament that speaks of His love to outcast and sinful men. “Surely God is good to Israel, even to such as are pure in heart”—such was the burden of its testimony. It was the advent and death of the Only-begotten Son that revealed His love to a lost and evil world. His love has thus been “manifested”—openly exhibited. It is no mere theory of doctrine, but a public fact. And for those who recognise that fact, a silent heaven has neither mystery nor terror. To say that for such “ills have no weight” is one of those sentimental exaggerations in which our popular hymns abound; but the words which follow in the well-known line—“And tears no bitterness”—are absolutely true.

To enlarge on this world involve a digression unsuited to the pages of a secular review. An appeal to the deeper currents of Scripture-truth, and the deeper experiences of spiritual men, affords a complete refutation of some of the most popular and mischievous attacks upon Christianity. But such attacks are delivered from the standpoint of human thought, and therefore our secular literature takes cognisance of them; whereas the essentially spiritual element both of Scripture and of life is unnoticed save by the strictly religious press. And as a consequence the vast majority of those who imbibe the poison never even hear of the antidote. I cannot attempt therefore to repeat in these pages what I have urged elsewhere on this subject. I cannot,

for example, turn aside to emphasise how entirely the distinctive tone and character of the life of faith in this Christian dispensation depend upon the fact that heaven is silent. I must content myself by suggesting that even in the human sphere we understand the principles I am contending for. Men send their sons to public schools just because experience proves that the absence of the parental care that is ever ready to shield them from hardships and to guide them in difficulties serves to develop their character and to make stronger men of them. And as for the divine silence in its aspect towards the world, I would urge that there is no greater proof of weakness in a man than incapacity to keep silence when all that is adequate and necessary has been already spoken. Heaven is silent because Christianity affords the full and final revelation of the divine character and the divine will. And the fact that men pervert or ignore that revelation gives them no valid claim to further light. The “Pharisee,” rightly insisting upon the fact of human depravity, misrepresents the deity as alienated and hostile, and sets up “the Church” to mediate between Him and sinful men. The “Sadducee,” on the other hand, denies the depravity, and therefore the need of mediation. But the Christian, recognising both, rejoices in a God of love who, in and by the divine and only Mediator, is reconciling fallen and guilty men to Himself.

R. ANDERSON.

THE PRIMÆVAL LANGUAGE.

IN days gone by there was a great dispute as to whether Hebrew or Welsh was the veritable idiom of Eden ; much, full of boundless fancy and wonderfully subtle, was written on both sides, and each marvelled how the others could be so hard of heart as not to believe.

We who live in an age of enlightenment can smile at that ; we can wonder how men could be so fond, and pity their lack of our riper knowledge. Yet a little while and a new generation will be smiling at us. For I may as well be unkind at the outset, and say that the ways whereby we now seek for the primæval tongue are just as wrong, only their vagaries are smothered up in an atmosphere of greater learning.

This is how our day and generation seek the origin of language : English, we know, is akin to Lowland Scotch, and this again to Dutch and Frisian and Flemish ; through Low German we are led to the other German dialects ; through the speech of Holstein to the Scandinavian tongues : all this is more or less evidently akin—it all runs back to something like the idiom of Bishop Wulfila's old Mæso-Gothic Bible. What, then, more natural than to suppose an original Teutonic mother-tongue from which all these have come in the last 2000 years ? Then, again, the Gaelic of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught is close enough to the speech of the Western Isles and the Highlands, not so close to Welsh and Armorican, yet their kinship is clear ; so we may go back to an old Celtic mother-tongue of them all. With the Romance languages, too, French and Italian are near enough to Spanish and Portuguese ; stragglers like Friolan and Roumanian come in easily enough, and all are derived from Latin—yet another mother-tongue, about as old as old-Teutonic and Celtic. So we have

old Greek standing as mother to Attic, Ionic, Æolic, and Doric; old Slavonic behind Russian, Ruthenian, Polish, Bohemian, Slovenic, Slavonic, and Serbian; and Lithuanian behind Lettish and its kin. Thus for about threescore modern tongues of Europe we have six mothers.

In Persia the Zend of the Zoroastrian Scriptures holds the same rank. In India there is Sanskrit, with its younger children like Bengali, Ooriya, Hindi, Mahrati, Gujarati, and Punjabi, and their elder kin, Pali and the Prakrits. Let us say eight mother-tongues for eighty daughters, covering the whole range of Indo-European speech.

When we add America we shall have over 700,000,000 speaking these tongues, at least half of the human race. And now the most interesting part of the story comes: all these mother-tongues are as evidently related to each other as are the daughters of each among themselves. And there have been many men, esteemed learned and wise, who, from the features of these eight matrons, have sought to limn the portrait of the grandmother, the once resonant proto-Aryan, whose syllables have long since died away from the lips of men. Had we that venerable old lady's counterfeit presentment, we should have a single grandmother-tongue for the speech of the largest and most boastful division of the whole human race.

There is another family of tongues almost equally near to our hearts, because of the Hebrew Scriptures and the Arabic science of the Middle Ages, with its algebra, chemistry, and so much more. In this family we have three mothers—Arabic, Hebrew, and Assyrian—not inferior in worth to the eight Indo-European dames. What more alluring than to try to restore the face of another ancestress, proto-Semitic, whose dear progeny these are?

A generation ago, from reverence to the children of Noah, it was the fashion to speak of a single Turanian family compassing all the other languages of the world. the North-Asian tongues, like Turkish, Tartar, Mongolian, Chinese, Japanese; the Dravidian South-Indian, like Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam, the speech of Australia and Polynesia, of Africa, of the aboriginal Americas; all alike being tacit offspring of Ham. There should probably be five or six proto-Turanian ladies instead of one, but, for the general argument, it does not matter.

If behind eighty daughters we can find eight Aryan mothers, with a single proto-Aryan grandmother looming in the background; if we have good cause to see a like venerable dame, proto-Semitic, behind the other family; if we have one, or even half a dozen, Turanian grandmothers—who can fail to be beguiled by the thought that there was one splendid great-grandmother behind these three, the lady proto-Aryan-Semitic-Turanian, who would thus represent primæval speech?

That is the modern method, which smiles so indulgently at Hebrew and Welsh as rivals for Eden. And the kind of language it arrives at is easy to see. It must be rich in all kinds of sounds, vowels and consonants alike, contacts of the lips, the teeth, the throat, the palate; surds, sonants, aspirates, nasals—more abundant in all, very likely, than our modern speech, for we see how sounds wear away when comparing Sanskrit with Hindi, or Latin with French, where the recent tongues have paid the tax of time. It would have had a great battery of cases, let us say a dozen, as English has three, German four, Russian five, Latin six, and Sanskrit eight. It would have three numbers and three genders, and a formidable array of moods and tenses of nouns and adverbs and adjectives, and all the other parts of speech. And if we count some 2000 years as a generation in speech, this venerable tongue, the mother of all living, would take us back some 8000 or 10,000 years. Some such result as this we should come at for our primæval language, and we should be about as far wrong as it is possible to be. Let me first point out three fallacies that underlie all this, and then show where we really ought to look for light.

The first weak point is that we are here dealing with literary languages only, and few of us realise what artificial and abnormal things literary languages are. They do not exactly represent the speech of any one, and the speech of the many they ignore altogether. A language, in the literary sense, has no real existence; it is a mere political expression. In every country there are, and always were, unnumbered dialects, one almost for every hill and every dale. In mountain districts the people of two valleys often cannot understand each other. So there is infinite diversity everywhere hidden under the names of the few literary tongues. And these owe their position to politics. One district and its dialect getting the upper hand, the bards flocked round its chief, bartering empty praise against solid pudding; and so, if the bards could write, a literary tongue sprang into being. The "*Mahabharata*," Homer, the Sagas, the "*Nibelungen-Lied*," the old Russian and Celtic cycles, all tell the same tale. In each case the Court dialect of a tribe became the literary idiom of a land. Our phrase of the Queen's English recalls the same truth, and the Court speech of Paris, of Castile, of old Rome, of Athens, were all alike exalted for political causes. But behind the few written tongues there were numberless spoken dialects, all merging and mingling together, with no very definite boundaries and subject to constant change. And these are the real speech of men. We count the written idioms, the sails on the sea, and forget the limitless ocean, with wave upon wave to the horizon and no two waves alike. Or, to use another symbol, we count only the few mountain-tops above the clouds, and forget the endless hills and valleys and plains that are

hidden; and, as the hills seem fewer towards the horizon, we think they are really fewer, but we are only victims of mirage, of perspective, a mere trick of vanishing space.

The second weak point is that we are not dealing with the whole of even a few dialects, but only with the symbols that imperfectly record them. For besides vocabulary and grammar, speech has sound, and sound has range and tone, stress and time, timbre and song, all of which have their tales to tell, if we could listen. Take an instance. The speech of Kerry and Yorkshire are much alike to the eye, both mere modified Queen's English; to the ear, they are wholly different. For in Kerry we have the range of sound, the timbre, the ring, the sing-song of the vanishing Gaelic—Gaelic, indeed, in all but the vocables, the whole natural substance of Gaelic speech. And in Yorkshire we have, if we put aside the vocables, the whole substance of Scandinavian speech, almost unchanged from the days of the conquering Danes, with its characteristic ring, its range of sounds, its own quite different sing-song, all these things being capable of most exact estimation and expression. For the so-called Anglo-Irish dialects are really nothing but this old Gaelic dialects surviving, with their own range and ring of sounds, their own stress and sing-song, often even their own idiom. They are Gaelic sounds, used with English vocables. And the sounds tell of race, while the vocables only tell of politics. And so it is, not in these two cases only, but the world over; and all this is lost sight of by a science that deals only with written speech.

The third sin is also one of omission. In comparing two tongues, our grammarians take the points of likeness, and leave the points of difference out of sight; and this runs through all their classifications. Take English and German, for example: they are said to be akin. But English is really half Romance, and so might as well go with French; and, in fact, we learn French much easier than German for that very reason. Or take French and Spanish: one has a Frankish streak, the other an Arabic tinge. And, when we call them both Romance, we lose sight of this altogether. Or take modern Persian and Bengali: they are evidently first cousins, if we conveniently neglect the Arabic element in the one and the Dravidian in the other. And so all through. To return to our metaphor, in our too great gallantry, while counting the mother-tongues, we have let the fathers slip out of sight; and you cannot safely do that in genealogies. These neglected residual elements have often a far more interesting tale to tell than the more obvious part of the language; but the tale is a far harder one to unravel, so we let it go.

And these three fallacies are always with us, in almost every page of every work on language. So that the further we go in search of primæval speech along this line, the further wrong we are likely to be.

Let me apply the clue that we have, in the phrase, the natural substance of speech, the idea that language is really made of sounds, and not of written signs. And instead of following out the analysis in detail, I shall give instead the main conclusions, for then every detail of proof will instantly fall into place.

The original speech, the true primæval tongue of man, was quite unlike any language we have ever heard; yet we have all talked it, and all its elements are present in the tongues of to-day. The primæval language was a vowel language altogether; it had no consonants, or contacts, as we ought to call them, at all. Its words consisted of vowel sounds following each other, repeated or varied—of words like *aeææ*, *aoao*, *ara*, *auau*, *ææææ*, *iaua*, *oioi*, *ouou*, *uaua*, *ueue*, all of which, I may say in passing, are taken from a language in use to-day. The sentences were intermittent streams of vowels, each stream held on so long as the speaker's breath allowed or whim dictated. When all literature was recited, the same consideration, the capacity of the lungs, determined the length of the bardic line; so we have our shlokas, our hexameters, our Alexandrines, and so forth, each a lung-full of verse; in the primæval tongue it was likewise, but the sentences were vowels only.

There are about ten or a dozen pure vowels to go upon, and vowel words may run up to five syllables, so we have a very considerable fund to draw on for our vowel streams. And these streams of vowel speech corresponded to, and expressed, streams of emotion or feeling rather than descriptions of concrete objects. For we hardly realise how terribly overlaid with material trifles our life is to-day, and therefore what great demands we make on language for concrete words. But our exclamations, each of which indicates a single emotion, tend to remain pure vowel sounds even at the present day.

The first range of feelings hardly went further than the great elemental emotions; these, rather than descriptions, were what men sought to express in speech. Thus one vowel sound might stand for light, another for darkness; one for wind, another for water; and the firmament of the heart, with its own storms and sunshine, might speak its language in the same simple tones. I think, indeed, that the heart came first.

To show what might be done in this way, let me translate the vowel words I have just given—they are all Polynesian. Taken in their order, they mean: rising to the surface, supreme, country, life, but, stop, shudder, thin, sinew, stimulate—a sufficient variety, and showing that vowel language could really express almost any variety of thought.

But besides the mere variation and repetition of simple sounds, in itself a very rich resource, the primæval tongue was rich in many other resources. It had a very wide range of tone. The men of old sang

up and down the scale, instead of merely dragging their words evenly across it as we do. And one must go to a land where the tone element still survives to realise what a very rich resource this would be. Take the Siamese, for instance, who have a rich diapason of tones, and listen to them singing to each other rather than speaking, and one realises how much music can be in speech. Gaelic, to come nearer home, has much the same element, and that musical element has come clear through into the modern dialects, in which English vocables are overlaid on Gaelic sounds. Thus Cork and Kerry at the one end, and Fifeshire and Edinburgh at the other, have a definite melody in every phrase. And so it was in the primæval tongue. to the almost infinite expressiveness of speech itself was added the quite infinite expressiveness of music.

And all our music is a development of this early power in speech, which has been gradually dying out of our speaking as it has grown into song. Many old tongues kept it, but for holy uses or magical ends only. It appears as *swara* in the Vedic hymns. Read them and you are inclined to scoff at their claims to magic; but hear them chanted by a full choir till the air rings and the very walls seem to vibrate, and you will be ready to profess as thorough a belief in incantations as any magician or astrologer of them all. Within a month I have heard the very same chant in a fire-temple of the Parsees in Bombay and in the Cathedral of the Saviour at Moscow: how much of our Church music has the same origin would be a matter of uncommon interest to know. Much of it may carry us back to the Chaldeans of the days of Daniel: even then it was but a survival of primæval speech.

Then again, besides the tone of single vowels there is the sing-song or *cantilena* of whole sentences corresponding to musical melody; and here, too, the primæval tongue was rich. And another musical quality—stress—ranged from *pranissimo* to *fortissimo*, and added a new richness to expression.

If music be magical, touching the emotions directly, then the oldest speech was full of magic; and we may well describe it by saying that it consisted of streams of vowels set to music, with all the qualities of tone, melody, stress, and time which music possesses.

This was the true primæval speech; something very different from the proto-Aryan and proto-Semitic of old, and something, I think, for which very much more may be said. Let me add to this a remark which I have already sketched, but which will none the less cause surprise. Even at this late day a very large and important section of the human race—and that an international section, destined soon to inherit the earth; a section which has its numberless members in every land under heaven, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, and the islands of the sea—still talks this primæval vowel

language in its purest form; vowel streams, with elements of tone, stress, and all the rest of it. And yet no speaker of it ever recognises another. These unnumbered speakers of primæval speech are the babies of a few months old before they have compassed their first consonant. How many people have realised, as they listened to a baby crooning to itself, in perfect serenity and oblivion of the world, one of those endless songs of the sunlight, that this was a survival, or a revival, of the oldest language in the world? Yet this is as certain as that a few months before its appearance on the earthly stage the baby ran through the whole scale of organic evolution, even at one time wearing a tail—a weird relic of the days ere man was truly man. So, in its first weeks and months of life, the baby goes back to the early races; and thus it comes that each one of us has talked the vowel language, as a quite undreamed-of survival of a day that is dead. When Sir Isaac Newton asked what was the use of a baby he never dreamed that it could be put to such a use as this.

The principle of growth in language, as in all else, is variation. And when the early races felt that variation had been carried far enough within the limits of the vowel language, rich as it was in tone and melody, a new direction for growth was unconsciously sought. It was found by adding semi-vowels to the already existing vowels—that is, by partially closing the lips, or bringing the tongue near the teeth, or palate, or throat, while the vowels were being spoken. This would give words like *wawawa* or *yayaya*, and the like, and so with other vowels. Let me give a few words which still survive from this epoch, in Polynesian, which we found so rich in pure vowel words: *ah*, *aho*, *hau*, *hah*, *ha*, *hæ*, *wa*, *wai*, which mean fire, light, wind, ray, breath, envy, expanse, water—all elements or elemental emotions, and so strengthening what has been said about the theme of early speech.

The semi-vowels were an entire new fund to draw on, and there must have been a whole long epoch of vowel and semi-vowel speech, after the days of the pure vowel language were done. That vast epoch is gone over by primitive man's representative, the baby, in a few weeks, and then come the first contacts or consonants. It seems most probable that the first consonant in language, as it is with the baby, was the contact of the lips, already developed in many ways, which will readily suggest themselves to primitive man's descendant. But the contacts of the tongue with the teeth, and of the root of the tongue with the throat, were not long in following; and so there were three new ways of varying the old semi-vowel speech—a practically infinite source of possible new expression. And if I were inclined to be speculative and psychological, I should like to suggest that the period of growing consonants coincided with a period of growing materiality; of growing interest in material nature and increased

command over it ; while the old vowel period was a more emotional and less concrete epoch of life.

To meet the perpetual demand for new expression, variation, new objects, new feelings, the next experiment was to pronounce these three contacts through the nose, or, in other words, to add the nasals. Thus there were the two forms, *pa* and *ma* ; the two forms, *ta* and *na* ; the two forms, *ka* and *nga*—for the three contacts. All these are still to be found as words in baby-talk, with its sentences like *papapapa* and *mamamama*, which, for the baby, have nothing to do with the ideas of parentage.

And here comes a point of the greatest interest: a whole family of languages stopped at this point and never advanced any further. The Polynesian tongues, of which Maori is the best example, are at this very stage: they have the vowels, the semi-vowels, and the three contacts only, with three nasals. Thus the Maori alphabet is: *a, e, i, o, u, k, ng, t, n, p, m, h, r, w*, and that is all. And when the Maoris wish to express the more complex words of other languages, they have to remould them in their own limited range of sound ; so that, for Joshua, Samuel, Isaiah, and Daniel, they write, *Ilohua, Hamuera, Ihara, and Raniera*, pruning the rich consonant range of these Hebrew names down to the narrow limits of their own speech.

And now, having seen the primæval language safely supplied with vowels, semi-vowels, and three contacts or consonants, with their nasals—or, in other words, having brought it down to the point where still living languages begin—we may rest content. It remains only to point to a few landmarks to show the advance of the tide among the later forms of speech.

One landmark is the differentiation of the original contacts into surds and sonants, so that with the lips we get both *pa* and *ba*, with the teeth, both *tu* and *du*, and so on. And another whole family of languages is still at this dividing of the ways. The Dravidian tongues of Southern India find it impossible to make up their minds in this matter ; according to certain necessities of euphony, *ta* becomes *da*, or the reverse, and so with the other consonants ; and those who make dictionaries in these languages are driven almost distracted by this painful vacillation. They should be consoled, for it is really a survival of a whole epoch, a period of variation, when the early races were experimenting with a new form of expression, a new addition to their phonetic riches. And it is very amusing to find a recrudescence of the very same thing in Europe, over a tract stretching from Saxony to Bavaria, then up the Rhine, and under the sea to Wales and the Scotch Highlands, where people say “*effe* since *her* will *pe* *porn*,” and much more of the same sort. Parson Evans and Hans Breitmann are in the same box ; but the theme is too tempting, and I must lay it by for future use.

Another landmark is the use of compound consonants—of two or more consonants together. The Polynesians simply cannot pronounce two consonants together, nor can they pronounce a final consonant, in this resembling the Italians. The Chinese are also weak, thus, for “Ora pro nobis,” they say “Ola pe-lo no-bi.” In this matter of conjunct consonants the Italians are much weaker than the Latins, and the speakers of Hindi than those of Sanskrit, and this in each case points to adoption of language by a more primitive race.

The Chinese suggest another landmark, the letter *r*. Every baby has struggled with it; sometimes the struggle lasts for years, sometimes the victory is doubtful to the end. And this is also a survival. And there is a general weakness in this respect all across the Central European plain, from Poland, through Prussia, to Paris. The Poles turn the pure Slavonic *r* into *śh*, the Prussians and Parisians pronounce it as *gh*, saying *bghert* for *breit* and *amougheuse* for *amoureuse*, and so on. Thus fate reconciles the victors and vanquished at Sedan. Across the Channel the same consonant gives trouble. We have all heard of a class of people who are supposed to say “Weally, deah boy,” and so on, and all the Saxon area in England has this disability. It comes across the Atlantic, and New York and Brooklyn have invented a new evasion of *r*, worse than anything Chinaman, Pole, Prussian, Parisian, or Cockney have ever attained: they say “foyst, thoyd,” for “first, third,” and “boyd, skoyt, noyse, oyth, doyt, boyth,” for “bird, skirt, nurse, earth, dirt, birth,” in all of which a Scotchman, for instance, would pronounce a pure *r*. In their case, I think this is the influence of the Dutch *uy* of New Amsterdam breaking through; but, whatever it is, it is horrible, and should be stopped by legislative intervention.

So we have a natural classification of all tongues, and of their order and age, according to the real substance of speech-sound, with its world of varying range and tone, and ring and stress. And this natural classification follows the boundaries of race, while the old artificial classification is really a part of politics. Should opportunity offer, it will not be a very difficult thing to make a complete analysis of all the tongues of the world according to this natural method, and thus get them into something of their real order in point of antiquity. We have four broad degrees already—Polynesian, Dravidian, Chinese, Sanskrit—and all the others must fit in somewhere within the same ethnical frame, according as they are richer or poorer in range of sounds. Two long-vanished degrees, the vowel language and the semi-vowel language, are now heard only as survivals in baby-talk, but they are uniform the world over in all races, and this would lead us to believe that the old musical vowel language had an inherent and necessary meaning, and was in no sense arbitrary or a result of convention.

As the sun follows his everlasting pathways round the earth, carrying day with him and with night treading in his footsteps, some lands wake while others sleep. And the men in those that wake come forth in the sunlight and delight in speech. So a daily wave of articulate sound follows the pathway of the sun, and, like the sun, has been from the beginning and will endure to the end.

Thus have men's voices been heard in joy and sorrow, in pain and pleasure, in hope and fear, never a moment ceasing since man was man. And thus the Word, which was in the beginning, is eternal. The Word has risen in resonant waves since those long-forgotten days when speech was music, when music was speech, hymning the great epic of the life of man. It has never ceased nor faltered. It shall endure to the end as it was from the beginning, if there was a beginning, if there is an end.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

OLD CRIMEAN DAYS.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING tells us that an admiral knows a midshipman very much as the Almighty knows a blackbeetle, and it was from the blackbeetle's point of view that I beheld the Crimean War. Although I knew very little indeed of what was going on under my nose, still I couldn't help knowing something, and two recently published books bring back vividly my early recollections: these are the "Life of Lord Lyons," by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., and the "Life of Sir W. R. Mends," who was Lord Lyons's flag-captain, by his son, Dr Mends. Although the one book is the complement of the other, they differ widely, there is a dignified reticence in the "Life of Lord Lyons," which is absent from the other volume; yet the Memoir of Admiral Mends throws a light on the inner history of those times which is of value to the historian. In the flag-captain we see a first-rate seaman, an eager and capable organiser, and a man who loved his profession; in the chief we are impressed by the greatness and modesty of the man, who, above all things, loved his country.

It was a long time before the English people could bring themselves to believe there would ever be serious war again. The Exhibition of 1851 had proved to most people that the days of great European wars were over, just as M Bloch has conclusively proved it now. So we reduced all our fighting forces, and interested ourselves in the conditions of trade, and the practical application of scientific discoveries.

What the Russian War was about, nobody knows to this day, but we all felt very much outraged at the time; the Tsar Nicholas was held up as an untruthful man, he was supposed to be a kind of Struwwelpeter among sovereigns, and I am not sure that even now truth

is a cherished Russian virtue There were lines put in his mouth by
Punch that ran something like this .

“ In all the world I’ve not a friend,
I’ve not a blessed pal
I’ve no allies, and must depend
On hes without the ‘al’ ”

So to war we went

After remaining for some months in Besika Bay, at the mouth of the Dardanelles, the combined English and French fleets passed the Castles of Europe and Asia on November 9, 1853, and proceeded to Beicos Bay in the Bosphorus, near the entrance to the Black Sea. There was great excitement when the auxiliary screw two-decker, H.M.S. *Sanspareil* (seventy guns) steamed into Besika Bay, for we had never seen a screw line-of-battleship before, but the *Sanspareil* was fairly eclipsed when the French two-decker *Napoleon* arrived, she was a ship of great power. It was a grand sight to see her tow the French three-decker flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, at full speed up the Dardanelles, but it was an exhibition that cost her dear; her stern was so severely strained as to be shaken all to pieces, and she had to return forthwith to Toulon for repairs

When I served in the *Britannia*, lying in the Bosphorus, I was the jolly-boat midshipman, and my duty it was to go on shore every morning to bring off the beef for the ship’s company; this is not an altogether acceptable duty; it involves turning out very early in all weathers, and notwithstanding precautions with tarpaulins and mats the beef is apt to make the boat dirty. Besides, there is, I am sorry to say, a disposition to hold rather cheap a jolly-boat midshipman (who is really a deserving and indispensable officer), and to depreciate him and his boat in favour of the more aristocratic cutter midshipman. But there is one consolation not to be despised, the beef-contractor is always expected to give him a perquisite consisting, it may be, of a heart, a tongue, kidneys, or liver, when this is brought down to the mess for breakfast, hot and well cooked from the galley, the jolly-boat midshipman is for the moment highly respected, and has many friends. This is one of those blessed “commissions” which will now be slain by the Bill of Lord Russell of Killowen, a name to be henceforth of jolly-boat midshipmen held in disfavour.

There was a genial old Turk usually to be seen sitting at an open window while we were waiting for the beef, and it one day occurred to me to throw a pebble which smote him in the paunch, he responded with an orange; after a short bombardment a truce was declared, I consented to make peace if he would allow me to visit his harem. So in the afternoon, arrayed in a white waistcoat, and wearing my best jacket, I paid my visit. He and his ladies accorded me a hospitable reception; after coffee, sweets, and narghilehs, they

took me all over the premises; each lady showed me her special treasures, generally poor foolish trifles. Then some children appeared, and soon we were all romping and rolling over one another, laughing in fits, but unable to understand each other much further than the established salutation of those days—"Bono Johnny," believed by the seaman to be purest Arabic, and by the Turk to be Society English. We parted excellent friends, but the invitation was not repeated, and when we went for beef in the mornings Mr Turk was never again visible, having always a pressing engagement in another part of the building.

The condition of the *Britannia* before the war was the culmination of the navy being used for private convenience. All kinds of irregularities were practised, which would not now be permitted, men were borne on the ship's books for one duty, while they were really on board for some wholly different duty. When the fleet went to sea there was always a great fuss to get on board the Admiral's servants, quantities of luggage, Admiral Dundas' cow, and Lady Emily Dundas' maid. Admiral Dundas was a fine tall man, somewhat lame, and with a kindly face; the Commander, J. B. Dickson, was a burly red-faced man, who really was of the old school, but affected to be of a still older school. He was a skilful seaman, and loved salt-water; he had a powerful voice, which he used freely, with what is now called "language." Every day, from 12 to 1 30, wherever he was anchored, whatever the weather, old J. B. (as we midshipmen called him) used to go out alone in a private three-quarter decked boat of his own, with two sails that he could himself handle as he sat at the tiller; if it was blowing *very* hard he would send two or three black-list men, marines by preference, to huddle down in the bottom of the boat under the deck, as ballast. This dinner-hour pastime seemed to infuse new life into him, and he often returned dripping like Neptune. Between the tall Admiral and the burly Commander came the Flag-captain, Thomas Wren Carter; his middle name exactly described him, small in stature, retiring in manner, he was, at any rate so far as we midshipmen were concerned, an absolute cypher; so to speak, he didn't count, when anxious parents wrote to him about us, he handed the letters to the Commander, who always replied to some purpose. I dare say little Tommy Carter was a valuable and efficient officer in some directions, but we never knew whether he was or was not, in any direction. On the poop, between the tall Admiral and burly old J. B., the Flag-captain was hardly observable. I dare say it was just as well, for I don't think J. B. could have served under a captain who asserted himself in the least; even the Admiral had to recognise his powerful personality. After the war he married, and settled down as a genial country squire; his son has inherited the family baronetcy, but he himself was saved from this curiously

anomalous rank, and ended his days with the honourable name of Admiral.

One day I arranged an expedition with a French midshipman, but when the time came I had got into some scrape; my leave was stopped, and I was unable to keep my appointment. The next time I met him I thought well to put a bold face on the matter. "Hallo," I said, "how was it you didn't meet me the other day as we had arranged?" He looked a bit confused and replied: "I was put in the sand-tank for punishment." "Never mind," I replied, "I did not come myself, as my leave was stopped." "Ah," he answered, "a midshipman a poor ting in any contree"

The Earl of Carlisle, late Viceroy of Ireland, was among the Admiral's guests; he struck us midshipmen as a little wrong in his head, but I never heard whether this really was so or not. Late one evening, after a big dinner in the Admiral's cabin, he came and joined three or four of us huddled away between two guns on the quarter-deck. We were just going to have a joint supper, and he said he would like some too, each of us produced a contribution from his warm pocket: all had some ship's biscuit, one had a shapeless piece of cheese, another a few sardines rolled up in greasy paper, another a cold cutlet the Admiral's steward had given him. These dainties we spread out on the deck, and in the middle arose a bottle of Cross and Blackwell's piccalilli. Then we discussed how to get the piccalilli out of the bottle: we finally borrowed the quartermaster's knife, where-with he had just been cutting up his baccy, and then each in turn fished out some delicious morsel, usually a gherkin, sometimes a piece of cauliflower, and by rare luck an onion. We were dismayed to see Lord Carlisle, who had just risen from the Admiral's table, devouring his full share, but we were really disgusted when it fell to him to bring out an onion. We never had him to supper again.

I was one of many supernumerary midshipmen whom Admiral Dundas carried in his flag-ship, the *Britannia*, mostly sons of his own private friends. In the prospect of war, he was directed by the Admiralty to discharge these youngsters, to fill up vacancies in his own fleet, and to send the remainder home for service in the Baltic; and so, to my disgust, in March 1854 I was discharged to the *Terrible*, Captain McCleverty, the finest paddle-wheel steam-frigate that ever floated, before or since. This was a sad mortification. We despised steamer-midshipmen, whom we contemptuously called "smoke-jacks," and it was a day of bitter humiliation to me when my chest was hoisted out from the smart flag-ship and I found myself a steamer-midshipman. But it proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the *Terrible* made herself a reputation in the Black Sea second to none; we heard afterwards that the Russians nick-named her "the black cat with the white paws," in allusion to her black hull and two

large white funnels. As I passed out of the entry-port of the *Britannia* to join the *Terrible* the nine men who formed my jolly-boat's crew were standing in a line waiting to shake hands with me, and I am afraid there sprang to my eyes tears which are not expected from the jolly-boat midshipman.

The imperious character of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe comes out strongly in his letter of January 24, finding fault with Admiral Dundas (whom he was not very fond of) for returning from the Black Sea to the Bosphorus, quoted at length in the "Life of Lord Lyons" Whether or not his strength of will led him sometimes into error, he was at Constantinople a noble and striking figure Blackbeetle though I was, he one day in December 1853 invited me to dinner. Noticing my devotion to a glorious plum-pudding, the like whereof was not to be seen in a gunroom, he assured me that for his part he preferred the plainer "plum-duff" of the ship's galley, he volunteered to make a bargain with me, that if I would send him a sailor's plum-duff he would send me the best pudding his cook could make So when I returned on board the plum-duff was carefully made according to regulation, and I myself carried it to the Embassy and left it for his Excellency, but I never got my plum-pudding, or any acknowledgment whatever, whether the lacqueys ate it, or whether it was given to his Excellency's pigs (if he had any), I know not; this comes of being a blackbeetle One can believe anything of an ambassador who could so ruthlessly break a solemn treaty. Years and years afterwards I met Lord Stratford in the Lobby of the House of Commons and reminded him that I had never had my pudding, I regret to say that he affected to have forgotten the incident

If this should meet the eye of his heirs, administrators, or assigns, I hope they will recognise their duty to vindicate his memory, and that even yet I may get my pudding

On March 24, 1854, the combined fleets left the Bosphorus and proceeded to Kavarna Bay, a little to the north of Varna, and this anchorage was our headquarters until we sailed for the Crimea with the invading army On April 9 the Admiral signalled that war was declared, whereupon we manned the rigging and gave three cheers, which, looking back now, seems rather a curious proceeding; there was no cheering when peace was proclaimed in 1856 Oddly enough, the declaration of war led to nothing whatever, we midshipmen could not understand why we did not at once go to work to kill some one, as we had heard was usually the custom in war, or at least to batter something down I am not sure that we understand now We had heard of blockades and prize-money, but none of these things came in our way. At last, on April 19 the combined fleets steered for Odessa, and we made sure we were going to have some real fun at last Odessa was bombarded on the 22nd, I was in the fore-castle quarters, where we had two 68-pounder five-ton pivot-guns, considered big chaps in those

days; the first shot fired by the Russians plunged into the water just under the fore-foot of the *Terrible*, and deluged the fore-castle quarters with spray, then, at length, I began to think life really was worth living.

The *Terrible* took a prominent part in the bombardment of Odessa, being the only ship that fired red-hot shot, one of which from my quarters blew up a Russian magazine. One Russian shot had a curious career: entering a port on the starboard side, it took the chace of the gun in that port which deflected it, the shot then struck the iron coaming of the fore-hatchway, and, rebounding, passed out of the ship on the same side as it had entered, one port further forward. In its short visit it killed one man and wounded others. We witnessed the brilliant manoeuvres of the *Arethusa*, bombarding the forts under sail, the last occasion in history of a sailing-ship engaging land defences, when the seamanship of Captain Mends and the gunnery of Lieutenant Hood, now Lord Hood of Avalon, excited the admiration of the combined fleets. We had altogether two men killed and five wounded, and were selected by Admiral Dundas to carry to Constantinople the despatches detailing the engagement. Our second-lieutenant, Mr. S., was not a temperate man; before the bombardment began he sought for Dutch courage in a square-faced bottle, and when the drum beat to quarters he was in his cabin in a drunken sleep from which he could not be awakened; as I was midshipman of his quarters, I had to fight his guns. In the evening, when he came to himself, he was put under arrest, and we midshipmen speculated whether he would be shot, or hung at the yard-arm, either would have been a thrilling episode, but I am not sure that his fate was not even more tragic. As soon as the anchor was dropped in the Golden Horn off Stamboul, the Captain ordered "man the second gig;" we all wondered. Then he said: "Tell Mr. S. I want him," poor S. came up at once, greatly astonished at the summons. "The second gig is manned, Mr. S.," said the skipper sternly, and turned away; S. took the hint, stepped at once into the boat, and was landed at the nearest shore; from that day no soul ever heard what became of him; whether he committed suicide; whether he got other employment, not a difficult matter in those busy times; whether, under another name, he won for himself the respect of his fellow men has never been known. He was marked "Run" on the ship's books, and his effects were sold by auction.

The *Terrible* was privileged to take part in the only sea-fight of the Russian War. With the *Furious* and the French paddle-wheel steamer, *Descartes*, we found the Russian fleet at sea, when we went to reconnoitre off Sebastopol on June 15, 1854. There were several line-of-battleships, and frigates under sail, and six steamers, presently the steamers were detached from the fleet, and advanced to attack us; it would have been most unwise to have engaged them in the immediate vicinity of their own fleet, a shot in the engine-room might

have disabled one of us, and led to her capture, so we steamed slowly away to windward, followed by the six Russians; we maintained a steady fire with our stern guns, while they blazed away at us with their bow guns. Having got a good offing, we turned round to engage them at close quarters, and then they turned round also and fled back to the protection of their line-of-battleships. This was a bitter disappointment to the midshipmen, who were always being cheated of some real fun just when it seemed about to begin. Very little damage was done to our side, but we heard that our shell had done good execution among the Russians; that the Captain of the *Vladimir*, their largest steamer, had been killed, and the ship herself seriously injured. We remained for four days off Sebastopol, but they would not come out and fight us.

This was probably the first sea-fight that ever took place between steamers, and the last occasion of a fleet of sailing-ships being attacked at sea. Viewed as a spectacle, it was a beautiful and interesting day, but it led to no result, and has been little noticed either at the time or since.

A month later we went with the *Furious* and *Vesuvius* to Odessa on a somewhat dismal errand. In a thick fog the paddle-wheel frigate *Tiger* had run on shore outside the Port; all efforts to float her had failed; the Russians opened fire upon her, she suffered heavily, the Captain was mortally wounded, and she was forced to surrender. The Russians immediately busied themselves in saving what they could of her engines and boilers, guns and ammunition. They got two lighters with sheers and derricks to lift the heavy weights; we were sent to interfere with these operations, and we opened fire on the lighters and on the poor old *Tiger*. A field-battery of five guns came to the edge of the cliff, and returned our fire, but although their shot fell around us, and a few struck us, no great harm was done, we sunk one lighter and riddled the other. When the field artillery withdrew, the cliff was soon crowded with ladies and gentlemen; some forty or fifty carriages full of people, and children of all ages came out from Odessa, at least about a thousand people assembled. The ladies showed the utmost sangfroid, putting up their parasols, walking arm-in-arm in the line of fire, as the shot came bounding up the hill close to them. One shot which went rather wide of the mark buried itself in the earth close to a group of little boys, who immediately rushed forward struggling who could obtain possession of it.

The officers of the *Tiger* were most kindly treated while they were prisoners; I had the opportunity of conversing with some; from many houses they had general invitations of hospitality. Every day they went for a drive in a carriage, or to a picnic, to the opera, or to an evening party. All the *Tiger's* guns had been recovered and mounted on the Russian fortifications.

Towards the end of July 1854, a squadron, including the *Terrible*, under Sir Edmund Lyons, was sent to reconnoitre the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, and to decide on a suitable spot for the landing; on the morning of the 26th, as we coasted along the shore to the north of Sebastopol, Sir Edmund signalled to the *Terrible*, "Send an officer aloft to look out for water." I had an exceedingly good telescope, by Dollond, given me by the late Lord Cottesloe when I went to sea, and which has never left me to this day, so Captain McCleverty sent me and my glass to the topmast-head to look out. We were so close in that the North Forts opened fire on us. With my glass I could from the masthead distinguish the men fighting the guns, and see the captain of the gun fire it. One of our main shrouds was shot away, but no one was hurt. Soon we were abreast of the river Katscha, which I reported from aloft, and McCleverty signalled to Sir Edmund, "We see a river."

On August 23, in the early morning, we were reconnoitring off Sebastopol when we saw a boat with five men pulling hard in for the shore, so we steered in to cut her off; our great engines were put to their utmost speed, and we stood in for the land. My telescope and I were, as usual, at the masthead; presently we struck hard on a shoal, the ship passing apparently over two knolls of shingle, with four fathoms of water alongside, and ten fathoms all round, the force with which the ship was driven on to and through these banks produced a shock severe enough on deck, but at the masthead the violence of the impact sent the mast quivering over as if it must snap short off; fortunately I had a secure hold of the rigging, or I must have been sent flying overboard. I heard McCleverty's voice call out to the engine-room in quite a matter-of-fact way—"Stop her;" another moment, and the great ship slid off again on the other side of the shoal, her way not having been wholly stopped, and the same calm voice called out, "Go on ahead, full speed." I have seen many men in circumstances of difficulty and of danger, some are unnaturally calm, some are excited; others fussy, but McCleverty is the one and only man I have ever seen absolutely unaffected in voice or manner by the surrounding conditions. When Russian shot were really giving us a lively time in the attack on Odessa and at the bombardment of Sebastopol, his face was a picture of content, worthy of a City Alderman, his manner calm as a S-rene Highness. After the proclamation of peace he caught a fever at Florence, where an Italian doctor thought it a good plan to bleed him to death. A monument in the Florentine Cemetery marks the resting-place of this brave seaman.

The summer of 1854 saw our fleets again in Kavarna Bay, or anchored off Varna making preparations for the invasion of the Crimea. Day after day the troops were pouring in. Majestic steamers brought whole regiments from England, while numberless

small sailing-ships transported the French army. Every one was working at high-pressure with imperfect organisation. Immense flat-bottomed rafts and pontoons were constructed for landing men and horses, and secured to the broadsides of the ships. The task of merely feeding so vast a concourse severely taxed the abilities of the superior officers, some of whom still regarded the expedition rather as a military promenade than as an act of warfare. Captain Mends was now flag-captain to Sir Edmund Lyons, he undertook the gigantic task of organising the whole expedition, a work for which he was peculiarly fitted, and which he executed with exceptional ability. On him devolved the duty of working out all the details of embarking, of transporting, and of disembarking the entire army, a duty never undertaken by a naval officer before or since. Its entire success was due to its all having been left in the hands of one man, and he a capable man.

On the morning of September 7 the great fleet of transports sailed for the Crimea. "All describe it as a magnificent spectacle; over 100 vessels moving out simultaneously to sea in compact order on a beautiful day, the sun shining, and reflecting the blueness of the sky on the sea in a way that belied its name." I have still a plan I made at the time, showing the station of every ship, and the order of sailing, all carefully thought out and provided for by Captain Mends, who writes, when the fleet was fairly under weigh, "The Admiral (Lyons) happy as a boy." Including French and Turkish ships the fleet consisted of 412 vessels.

It was often the duty of the *Terrible* to reconnoitre, and we soon knew the coast near Sebastopol by heart, and in a moment recognised any newly constructed earthworks or batteries; the Russians got to know us pretty well too; sometimes they would bring down masked guns, and allow us to approach well within range before opening fire; then the shot would suddenly begin dropping round us, while we slowly steamed out of range, not even beating to quarters or disturbing the watch below. The direction of the Russian shot was admirable, but they had always a difficulty of judging the distance. One night we went in and bombarded Sebastopol with the watch on deck only, and not beating to quarters at all; I was on the bridge with Captain McCleverty; the Russians were all asleep at first, but we soon woke them up, and then they sent their shot dropping round us and their shells bursting overhead. I never heard of any other instance of a captain taking his ship into action without disturbing the watch below.

The boundless enthusiasm and high spirits of the seamen in the landing at Old Fort were most exhilarating; about a thousand were engaged in clearing the boats, rafts, flats, and pontoons, as fast as they could be brought to shore. For a mile or so the beach was lined

with men, often up to their shoulders in water, laughing and cheering in the brilliant sunshine. We midshipmen were at it all day, and most of the night too, in our boats, towing the pontoons to and fro. Very little chance had we to revisit our ships, or to get any but the most necessary food.

From the *Terrible* we witnessed the battle of the Alma on the 20th. Then our great paddle-box boats were in demand for the embarkation of the wounded after the battle, and a terrible and appalling duty it was, on a night of unusual darkness. The hospital carts on the field of battle drove over both the living and the dead, hardly able to see where they were going.

It would appear that no preparations worthy of the name were made for the care of the wounded when we invaded the Crimea. It was horrible to see the shattered frames of what were lately stalwart soldiers lying on the decks or in swinging cots, it was dreadful to hear the shrieks, the cries, the groans, as shock after shock was inflicted by the rolling of the ship on the sensitive bodies of poor creatures already in frightful agony. Since those days I have myself suffered amputation, and I know now the awful tortures those brave men must have endured. Then, when at last they did reach Constantinople, "the arrangements were so bad in the hospitals that some of the wounded were not attended to for three days together, England's best blood lying about without even a mattress under them"

For a day or so in October 1854 we had as passengers in the *Terrible* the former Russian Governor of Balaclava, with his wife, his daughter, and a little serf maid. Now the Governor and the ladies were dark and ill-favoured, and spoke only Russian, but the little maid was fair and knew some French. So it naturally came to pass that she was in frequent request, necessarily and unnecessarily, as interpreter, for matters important and unimportant. So far as I now recollect, I believe Captain McCleverty and I were the only two on board whose French the little serf girl understood; moreover, being myself of a ruddy habit, she may have felt more sympathy for me than even for our swarthy Skipper. However, we certainly became very great friends during our few hours' acquaintance, and at last she confessed to me that she knew three English sentences, taught her by an English officer, but she had not the remotest idea what they meant: would I tell her? Here they are: "Pretty Mees," "I loaf you varer mosh;" "Keef me a kees," needless to say, I did my midshipman's best to satisfy her, as was my duty.

At the bombardment of Sebastopol, on October 17, 1854, the *Terrible* took up the most northerly position in the fleet; we fired the first shot and were one of the closest in of the inshore squadron. We had but one man killed and eight wounded. Our immunity was chiefly owing to the fact that we did not anchor; McCleverty kept

his ship constantly manœuvring, and so the Russians never got our exact range. Admiral Mends says "The plan of attack was as ill-contrived as could be. Sir Edmund Lyons remonstrated on the position the ships were ordered to take up. His remonstrances had a certain effect." It was singular that Admiral Dundas should have selected for his flagship a station so remote from the Russian forts, and it was always a sore point afterwards with the officers and ship's company of the *Britannia*. Indeed, Admiral Mends says he was averse to the bombardment altogether, and had at one time decided "not to risk his ship against stone walls." When boats from other ships visit a flagship, and are waiting for the officer who has gone on board, they are not, unless in exceptional cases, allowed to hold on to the ship—they are expected to lay off on their oars abreast of the gangway, ready to be summoned when their officer is ready; if there is a breeze of wind, this involves keeping the boat's crew at their oars, pulling ahead to retain the boat's position; if he can do so without being noticed, the coxswain will steer where the bowmen can hold on with their boat-hooks, to save the exertions of the crew, and one of the principal duties of the flagship's sentry is to see that this is not done. After the bombardment, a cheeky coxswain would reply to the sentry's shout, "Lay off in that boat" "Aye, aye; 'ow far shall I lay off? Two thousand five 'undred yards?" this being the range at which the *Britannia* was popularly supposed to have engaged the batteries. And this retort, delivered in meaning accents, always had the desired effect of making the sentry nearly wild.

Our forecastle quarters, deserted by Lieutenant S at the bombardment of Odessa, were at this time commanded by Lieutenant E. He was universally popular; he was very fat, and had the usual characteristics of fat men. He had often told me in conversation of his great desire to distinguish himself, and particularly that he would like to belong to a Highland regiment. But as soon as the Russian shot came flying about the forecastle he entirely lost his nerve, he became physically incapable, the perspiration streamed down his terrified face, and he became actually ill; some of the men even ventured to chaff him, advising him to put his head into a newly made shot-hole, as he might be certain no second shot would strike exactly the same spot. So it devolved wholly on me at Sebastopol, as at Odessa, to fight the forecastle quarters. Now, I have always thought he was the bravest man I have ever seen in action, incontestably ill, paralysed with terror, wholly incapable, nothing would induce him to leave his quarters, by a stupendous and amazing moral effort he stuck to his post, and remained on the forecastle until the fight was over. Not many men would have had this courage. A few days afterwards he was invalided home; a snug berth, which he well deserved, was found for him in the Custom-house, where he wore his Crimean medal and Sebastopol clasp for the remainder of his honoured days.

Our starboard chain-cable was shot in two ; but another incident on board the *Terrible* that day is worthy of special mention. A shell burst on the quarter-deck ; a piece of the shell passed down through the deck and took off the fingers of the captain of the main-deck gun underneath, who had hold of the trigger-line and was at that moment about to fire ; with a perfect coolness, worthy of McCleverty himself, the man gave the usual order, as if at drill : " Two take one ; rearmen carry the wounded to the rear "

In the furious storm of November 14, 1854, the *Terrible* was at anchor off the river Katcha, and, one after another, we saw the ships wrecked on that coast , they were mostly small French or Greek vessels. As they swept past us to their doom we saw some trying to spread a breadth or two of canvas, hoping to get control over the ship and perhaps stand out to sea ; in others men were gesticulating wildly, or on their knees at prayer, or getting a boat ready for lowering. We could do nothing to help them , we had two anchors out ahead and steam up for full speed. The line-of-battle ships were further out than ourselves, curvetting to every sea and straining their four cables, chain and hemp. Near us was the *Sampson*, a fine paddle-wheel steamer, with steam up, her decks crowded with men, the captain, L. T. Jones, on the bridge, with the superior officers. A French barque was drifting down upon her, and fell right athwart-hawse , a heavy sea was running, and the hull of the barque got under the *Sampson's* bowsprit, tore away the gammoning, and lifted it erect in the air ; the fury of the wind blew it back on the foremast, the forestay parted, and the bowsprit and foremast fell, between the two funnels, on the mainmast, the mainmast on the mizzen-mast, and in a few seconds we saw the *Sampson* wholly dismasted ; and, marvellous to relate, although all hands were on deck, not one was even injured. The barque drifted clear of the *Sampson* and was presently shivered to pieces on the rocks. The *Sampson* held on and rode out the gale in safety.

And now one of our bower cables parted, so McCleverty determined to put to sea , the other cable was buoyed and slipped, and our grand ship steamed out in the teeth of the gale, a feat that probably no other steamer in the fleet could have accomplished. We shipped tons and tons of water, some of which found its way into the stokehold and put out several of the fires, placing the ship for a time in considerable danger. The next day, when the storm had somewhat abated, we returned to our anchorage and picked up our anchors. Dressed in a heavy monkey-jacket and a pair of sea-boots, I was watching the shore with my telescope, when I lost my balance and fell overboard , first I swam after my beloved glass, which I regained ; then I took off my boots and monkey-jacket, which I kept hold of till a boat came and picked me up, for in those days I was a fair swimmer, and often dived under the *Terrible*, drawing eighteen feet of water. This adventure afforded my sympathising messmates an

opportunity of assuring me that I was evidently born for a fate which guaranteed me against all danger of drowning.

On the afternoon of December 6, while we were at anchor off Sebastopol and unsuspectingly coaling, the Russian steamer *Vladimir* and another came out of the harbour steering straight for us. The *Valorous* and *Terrible* immediately slipped their cables, beat to quarters, cleared for action, and tried to close with them; but as soon as the enemy saw us coming they turned round and steamed back into Sebastopol, and again we midshipmen were disappointed.

It was on December 21, 1854, that Admiral Dundas, with his flag flying on board the *Furious*, parted from the fleet before Sebastopol, and sailed away for England, leaving Sir Edmund Lyons in command. As he passed through the fleet his farewell signal was flying from the masthead "Success to you all", we eagerly watched to see what reply the *Agamemnon* would make, because, whatever it might be, each ship would repeat it; signal midshipmen learn to be pretty sharp; signal-flags are kept in a locker, where there is a pigeon-hole for each flag; sometimes you can tell what a signal is going to be by closely watching the signalman on the flagship's poop, and seeing which holes he goes to. The flags are hoisted rolled up, so that they go clear of all the ropes, as so many little bundles, and they are secured by a slip-knot which allows the signalman to "break" the signal after it is at the masthead, so that the flags fly out clear of masts and ropes, by practice and experience it is possible to tell which flags they are, even when they are on their way to the masthead as tightly rolled up little packages. When a signal is to be repeated by the whole fleet it becomes a matter of keen rivalry to see who can have it flying first; so we in the *Terrible* were much too busy in getting our flags aloft quickly to have time to refer to the signal-book to see what they meant, and when at length we did look, what was our amazement to see Sir Edmund Lyons's reply flying from all mastheads, "Hanging attend you"; of course it was a mistake in one of the flags which was quickly hauled down and corrected to "Happiness attend you." In view of the rather strained relations known to exist between the admirals, the incident was a real plum to the midshipmen.

One bitterly cold dark night in the beginning of 1855, when we were at anchor off Sebastopol, and the decks and rigging were covered with snow, the officer of the watch, a lieutenant we all disliked, told us midshipmen to warm ourselves by sweeping a gangway along the quarter-deck, where he could walk up and down, while we were doing this he went below to have a hot cup of cocoa, so we arranged a ridge of hard snow two or three feet away from the top of the hatchway, calculating that when he came up and put his foot on the firm hard deck, he would take the next step with confidence, this was exactly what happened, coming up from the bright light of the

cabin, he took his second step gaily in the darkness, tripped over the snow-ridge, and fell on his nose, to our great joy ; whether or not he suspected that the trap had been set on purpose for him, we never knew ; he directed one of the men to remove the snow-ridge ; perhaps he thought it as well to say nothing to us, because he had no right to order us to sweep away snow ; and he had no business to go below and drink coffee when officer of the watch.

A letter is quoted by Captain Eardley-Wilmot from the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, referring to the blue-jackets of the Naval Brigade "there was not a man among them who did not think that the Naval Brigade would have taken the town with ease." I can answer for it that this was the opinion of the midshipmen. We never could make out what all the delay was about, and I'm sure I don't know now.

We midshipmen were very much disturbed that nobody was hung ; it seemed a great pity ; we knew as well then as we know now that things were being frightfully mismanaged, and that it must be somebody's fault, with our own eyes we saw the miseries, the starvation, the hardships in camp and trenches, and then we came down to Balaclava, and saw the urgently needed stores rotting in the mud ; now exactly how these stores were to be conveyed to the front we did not know, but we were quite sure that if a Commissary General could have been strung up to the yard-arm of the *Agamemnon* in Balaclava Harbour, the stores would somehow have found their way forward ; and I believe we were right. Since General Picton's celebrated threat to shoot a Commissariat Officer in the Peninsular War, that effectual method of land-transport has, I am afraid, been abandoned in the British Army. After peace was declared more than one inquiry was held, still no one was hung ; and so, much the same blunders were perpetuated in Egypt thirty years later.

Certainly scientific professional knowledge was held very cheap ; we were wont to admire such brilliant sailors as Symonds, of the *Arethusa*, or Elliot, of the *Phæton*, or Lord Edward Russell, of the *Vengeance*, men who loved their ships, and could knock them about like jolly-boats, who knew exactly how they would behave under all conditions, and precisely the trim that would show them off to the best advantage. But when the war broke out, the value of the less showy scientific branches of the navy became at once apparent, and the services of such painstaking and accurate men as Captain T. A. B. Spratt, of the surveying vessel *Sputfire*, and those whom he had trained were instantly appreciated. I spent a week in the *Sputfire* in April 1853 before the war, sounding for a rock ninety miles east of Malta, whereon a Maltese pilot maintained he had actually stood ; we established with certainty that his legs must have been at least a thousand fathoms long. During these few days Captain Spratt

devoted himself to teaching me what little could be learnt in so short a time, and in my after-service I often felt the benefit of his kindness. The immunity from loss which attended our Black Sea service was largely owing to the skill and ability with which our surveying officers did their work. They were in constant request, and enjoyed the entire confidence of the higher ranks. Captain Spratt subsequently devised and successfully carried out in the *Wrangler* a plan for bombarding Sebastopol in a fog so thick that it was impossible for the Russians to return her fire; he laid down buoys that accurately determined his own position, and the range and direction of the enemy's batteries; then when he began to blaze away there was nothing to be seen from the shore to enable the Russians to fire back; nor could they tell what was the force attacking.

The failure of the assault on June 13, 1855, was keenly felt in the fleet; Captain Peel was wounded when leading a storming party; we had all looked to him to maintain the honour of the navy, and we midshipmen felt very much for his ADC — Wood, who was wounded, then a midshipman, now Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., Adjutant-General of the Army. But the hearts of all went out in sympathy to Sir Edmund Lyons, when a few days later we heard of the death of his son, Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, who died from a wound inflicted by a piece of a Russian shell. He took his ship in to a night attack, and was the only man wounded. His last message to his father was — “Tell him there never was a son who was fonder or prouder of a father than I was.” On the 28th, Lord Raglan passed away. These were gloomy days, when we needed all our youth and pluck and cheery hope to fortify us.

On October 17, 1855, was the bombardment and capture of Kinburn, wherein the *Terrible* handled the Spit Fort. It was a wholly successful expedition; but the combined force was so overwhelming that the Russians earned all the credit for their brave defence, here, for the first time, we saw ironclads opposed to batteries; the English ironclads had not yet arrived; but there were three French floating-batteries, and we were amazed to see the shot rebound from their sides like cricket-balls. I was fortunate in securing a small fragment (for the veneration of my children's children) of the Russian flag that floated over Fort Kinburn.

Sir Charles Fremantle, of a family that has given the navy a succession of distinguished admirals, commanded in Balaklava Harbour. He had me to spend a week with him on board the *Leander*, where the whole of the stern of his cabin was lined with the yellow-backed shilling novels of those days, whose backs always came off at once. It was a most kind thought, he had them entirely for the use of the sick and wounded; he always had one or two poor fellows as his guests, to whom he showed unbounded hospitality. He used to take

me out riding with him, when he would introduce me to the superior officers of both armies, who seemed to think it good fun to chaff a midshipman; as I had some knowledge of French I was able to poke fun at the French generals, one, whose name I think was General la Motte Rouge, had me before him as a spy some time before, when I conducted an exploring expedition on my own account in the French trenches, and had dismissed me with deserved ignominy as a mischievous youngster, so I was not sorry to meet him again as A D C to Sir Charles Fremantle.

Midshipmen's visits were always welcomed in the trenches before Sebastopol, but I had two special friends whom I visited from time to time, first, Charles Daniell, captain in the 38th, who was either engaged, or wished to be, to my cousin Mary, daughter of Abel Smith, the Lombard Street banker. I used to take my home letters and read them to him, either in his tent or in the trenches, and while the bullets were buzzing in the air and an occasional shell would burst overhead, his face would be transformed as his thoughts dwelt on his gentle lady in a far-off peaceful land. When he was fairly absorbed, I would mount my uniform cap on the point of my sword and slowly raise it above the level of the earthworks to draw the Russian fire, until the vicious ping of the bullets drew attention to my little game and I was promptly suppressed. Daniell married his lady after all; he commanded as general at York, and both he and his wife have left their mark on the social life of the soldier.

My other friend was the Vicomte Antonin de Grancey, brother of the well-known writer, Baron Edmond de Mandat-Grancey, and of Baron Charles de Grancey, sometime military attaché in London. I knew him first as a midshipman of the French flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, and he was landed with the French Naval Brigade. In the early days of the first Crimean winter, for which the French were no better prepared than ourselves, I sent de Grancey a thick monkey-jacket from our ship's stores; he always declared I saved his life. I paid him many visits in the trenches, and we became fast friends. When the war was over I went to see him at his father's Château de Grancey, near Langres. There was no railway anywhere near Grancey in those days, and I had a long journey by diligence to get there; but within ten miles of their house I found their own carriage sent to meet me. When I arrived at the château, a noble square pile standing on an isolated rock and dominating a wide and fertile valley, I found the whole family waiting on the steps of the terrace to receive me—the old Count and Countess, the sons and daughters, the curé, and every manservant, maidservant, groom, or gardener, to welcome the English midshipman who was credited with having saved the son's life. Never can I forget the delicate courtesy, the affectionate regard bestowed upon me, in after years extended to my wife—the foundation

of a warm mutual regard between all members of both families which we hope will be perpetuated in succeeding generations. Antonin de Grancey fought in the Franco-German war, and died nobly at the head of his men in the famous sortie from Paris in the Prussian siege.

Going on board the *Agamemnon* one morning to answer signal, it was blowing too hard to go alongside, so I had to go under the stern and clamber up the Jacob's ladder. Here I suddenly found myself face to face with Sir Edmund Lyons in his stern walk, and he recognised me and asked me to breakfast. We two were *tête-à-tête*, he was perfectly charming, telling me all kinds of nursery tales and intimate details of his home life, and especially of his daughter, who became afterwards Duchess of Norfolk. It seemed that he felt free for the moment to cast off official reserve, and that it was a real pleasure to him to chat away to a red-headed brat of a midshipman about his private home life. He showed himself a man of tenderly affectionate nature, and I felt I could have done anything for him. He had in his nature that vein of deep sympathy with others which wins hearts. No wonder he was unboundedly popular. Captain Eardley-Wilmot says: "What seems to me one of the principal traits in Sir Edmund's character was this kindness to young officers." Admiral Mends says: "Sir Edmund's manner to subordinate officers is perfect; he makes them all like him. Anything like gallantry never escapes him, he sets his eye upon the man of energy and dash at once, and will push him on."

On December 16, 1855, to me the duty was committed of taking the *Danube* from Sebastopol to Constantinople with fifteen men as my crew, and convoyed by the *Terrible*. Now the *Danube* might be described as a penny (not to say half-penny) steam-boat that had been bought for the exigencies of war, one or two little pop-guns had been put on board, and she had been employed through the war on every kind of odd job for which so simple a craft could be used. But she was my first command, to be captain of a school foot-ball eleven is a grand position; I suppose there is some feeling of elation in being Prime Minister, but nothing can possibly equal the thrill with which a midshipman stands for the first time on his own deck, while over his head floats his own pennant. During the five days my command lasted excitement would not allow me to sleep, and I was confident that if we had met the whole Russian fleet at sea it would have gone hard with them. If you want a really enthusiastic sailor, burning to realise the dreams of boyhood and to emulate the deeds of Raleigh and Blake, go to an obscure Buckinghamshire village, and capture a sturdy lad who has never seen salt-water. Was not Nelson himself a country parson's boy?

On May 27, 1856, we embarked at Malta Field-Marshal Lord Gough, for conveyance to the Crimea to hold an investiture of the

Order of the Bath. A more suitable representative of the Queen could not have been found. His remarkable Indian services had won for him the highest distinctions in the Army; as Colonel of the Life Guards he wore a magnificent uniform; and his tall, handsome, commanding appearance made him a fit representative of England's chivalry. He was upwards of a week on board, and made himself most popular amongst the midshipmen by his simple kindly manner and Irish sense of fun. The second Viscount, staying with me in later years, told me how as a boy he had been celebrated for his violin-playing; he was in request not only in his father's house, but at the Viceregal Lodge, and at all the aristocratic houses in Dublin. At length came a day when he had to choose between his fiddle and his military studies, and the father decreed that the precious old violin must be locked away for a few years; so it was carefully secured in its case; a strong outer box was made; it was securely screwed down, and the valuable package always accompanied Lord Gough in India as part of his personal baggage. Then in due time came the day when the son had passed his examinations and the choice instrument was to be restored to him, the outer box was unscrewed, but when the case was unlocked and opened, it was found to be empty; the beautiful old violin had been stolen, and Lord Gough had for years been carrying about the empty case. The son told me he had never played a violin again.

Lord Gough made a great impression on the French generals in the Crimea, and we heard how picturesquely he had played his part in the stately ceremonial.

As I write down the recollections of nigh half a century ago, and the pictures of my midshipman's days rise vividly before my eyes, the midshipman's spirit still lives, unchanged by time. My friends mostly find their interest and excitement in the pursuit of something; there are those who chase the fox and the deer, who shoot small birds and beasts, more or less wild, or pursue balls of various sizes and materials under varying conditions. Some pursue votes; some coin; and many aspire to honours of one kind or another. Captains and Admirals are all very well in their way, and I suppose they are necessary, but they are after crosses and decorations, and titles, and desirable appointments. Even Captain Mends writes: "What I want more than anything just now is to be a Companion of the Bath." The midshipman pursues none of these, he seeks no gain of any kind; he is ripe for any service, any adventure, and any fun; and in old age he can recall no happier days than when he wore his short jacket, with the white patch on the collar which has ever been the proud badge of the British midshipman.

EDMUND VERNEY.

CHRISTIAN DOGMA AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHAT benefit can the Christian Life obtain from that renewal of dogmatic conceptions which modern theology necessitates and brings with it? What should be our attitude towards the traditional formulæ and symbols which are still in use in most of the Churches?

I

We are right in placing the interest of the Christian life, that is the supreme form of the spiritual life, in the first rank of our interests. In saying this I am not speaking in the name of a mere vulgar and short-sighted utilitarianism. In the deepest and most complete sense the spiritual life includes and harmonises all our moral and intellectual powers. Yet we may ask, Does this beneficent action and reaction of the Christian life on scientific activity, and of this latter on the Christian life, exist? Do piety, or religion, and science conspire together mutually to strengthen one another?

When we look on the condition of the Christian world in the last days of this century, now so near its close, are we not struck by a disquieting contrast?

In the practical condition of Christian work we see an incomparable development of beneficent energy. Never has a more numerous army of Christian workmen laboured in the factories of God.

Let us beware, however, of all illusion, of all self-complacency. If we look at Christian *thought* we perceive a different spectacle and we find symptoms which are of a nature to diminish our confidence; for here reign the greatest uncertainty and deep confusion. It is not that theological activity is not intense, but it does not produce

harmony, and instead of helping practical piety it seems to disquiet and paralyse it, sowing trouble, doubt and confusion.

The labours and progress of scientific theology, in our time, are neither less rich nor less worthy of admiration than those accomplished, in our day, by all the other sciences; but, whilst the development of these last has served marvellously the general prosperity by applying to art and industry their methods which are so pure and their discoveries which are so fruitful, one cannot help asking what advantages religious life and morality have reaped from the scientific labour of theologians? Has it had any other effect than that of troubling the security of the old faith, of shaking the simple confidence of Christians in the solidity and durability of beliefs on which they were accustomed to make their spiritual life itself depend? Hence the discredit thrown on the researches and the results of modern theology. Unfortunately for those who give themselves up to foregone conclusions, who ignore what they might learn, or condemn what they do not understand, such feelings or ideas are useless. They can define for us a certain external attitude, a certain ecclesiastical policy, but they cannot bring back into the conscience the security of faith or the joy of life.

But why lay the blame only on theology and theologians? This state of trouble and perplexity in Christian thought comes from more distant and general causes. What has happened in theology is only the result and effect of a mental revolution making itself felt everywhere else. The conflict which we speak of has arisen between the new culture, the scientific philosophy of our time, and the traditional forms of Christian beliefs which have been imprudently declared to be unchangeable and immovable. We live in a very different world from that of our ancestors. Their representation of the universe makes us smile. The world which modern astronomy, geology, chemistry, biology, reveal to us offers no point of convergence or of coincidence with the cosmological notions of the biblical writers or of the Fathers of the Church, which serve for the framework of their religious ideas. These latter, therefore, float in air without any ties or relation to the realities around us. I do not say that this changed point of view of the universe touches the foundation or essence of religion, but it certainly affects the form of our beliefs. The Christian who seeks to preserve these latter intact is obliged to live a kind of double life. As a modern man he lives in the world of Newton, Laplace, and Darwin; as a traditional believer, not doubting the full verbal inspiration of his Bible, he must, when reading it, forget what he has learned and live again unconsciously in the world as it was before the discoveries of Copernicus. Or if he suspects the opposition, he feels divided in himself, and is forced

either to renounce his faith in the infallibility of Holy Scripture, or to sacrifice his modern culture to the cosmology of the old Hebrews. The first Christians had, for example, no difficulty in representing to themselves a bodily ascension of Jesus into heaven, because heaven was to them a real geographical region absolutely settled and determined in their minds. For the Christians of our time heaven is a spiritual idea. Hence those who are convinced of the bodily ascension of the Saviour and hold to it tenaciously cannot possibly represent it to themselves as an objective fact.

Many other examples are offered to us in the case of certain miracles of the Old and New Testaments, such as the creation of the rainbow after the Deluge, the standing still of the sun and moon at the command of Joshua, the going back of Ahaz's dial, the descent of Jesus into hell, the rising up of Paul into the third heaven, the creation of the world in six days, the situation of the Garden of Eden, and other like matters. No one has studied the history of dogmas without noticing how much there is in the most important of them of old worn-out matter, of dried-up forms, which the most conservative of Christians complacently attenuate, neglect, and eliminate tacitly in their own minds, because such things find no place there. But the least instructed or the most tenacious have a vague consciousness that the position thus created is difficult and dangerous. Unable to give up their culture, unwilling to give up their faith, they endure a perpetual struggle which troubles them and prevents them from enjoying any freedom in their inner life. That is the cause of the great spiritual weakness of which one is conscious under the ardour and fever of an overflowing activity. One is carried along with a sort of violence to the performance of outward works as an escape from the uneasiness for which one knows no remedy.

I see no exception to this universal phenomenon. If any one points to the apparent unity which a powerful discipline maintains in the Roman Catholic Church, one must examine more closely what is hidden under these official appearances, and what troubles and interior discords that silence conceals. How many souls, while inwardly revolting, are silent in France, in Germany, in America! What things does one not hear in confidence when, now and then, some of these men allow one to read what passes within them! Who can tell the tearings asunder, the despair, the moral agony, which are hidden under the roof of a presbytery! Again let me say, we are not speaking here of the unity of government, but of the unity and of the interior peace of the conscience. Well! I fear not to affirm that this spiritual unity is less in Roman Catholicism than elsewhere, or, if you prefer to state it so, that under this system of compression the trouble of souls only diminishes in proportion as the life of the spirit itself diminishes.

It is in thus studying the common evil from which all the modern religious world suffers that one discovers the depth of that evil. What does it matter that our Christian works are numerous if the source from which they proceed is about to dry up? What is the good of converting the negroes of Africa if in our European civilisation Christianity cannot be loyally confessed by the choicest spirits? In vain has the tree appeared in the late autumn once again laden with fruit. Do we not know the fate which awaits it if the roots are drying up and dying?

The profound evil, the modern evil which is attacking the Christian life, is the menace of a divorce between science and conscience, the intestine strife between our chief faculties, the intelligence and the will. One asks oneself if that which is good is true, and if that which is true is good? The Christian conscience seems to have lost its principle of unity; piety feels the ancient foundations which supported it giving way beneath it. In this formidable crisis can there be a better or more needful service rendered to it than to reassure it against its own fears, to dissipate its doubts, and to give it back its organic unity reconstituted, and therewith its liberty, its peace, its confidence?

II.

Given the nature of the evil, it seems clear that the cause which has produced it, and which is entirely intellectual, alone can cure it. However, before coming to the true remedy, it is necessary to examine the external remedy that empirical doctors advise, and that reactionary minds undertake to apply. This remedy consists in clinging blindly to established tradition, in ignoring the evolution of religious thought, and in maintaining order and unity in the churches by repressive measures. It is, strictly speaking, the Romish method. Without asking ourselves how far it is applicable elsewhere, let us see what it is worth in itself.

I should go against all my convictions if I disputed the legitimate authority of tradition and the indispensable part which it has in the propagation and maintenance of religious life. We all believe in the communion of saints. The collective Christian soul is always richer than the individual soul. We all begin Christian life by being catechumens, and in some respects we are such all our lives. We are not willing to uproot ourselves, or to let others uproot us from the soil in which we have been planted; we know too well that organisms which are uprooted, if they are not without virtue at least are without offspring.

But if the authority of tradition is proved to be necessary and legitimate, it must certainly be allowed that it cannot be absolute. All tradition is human and subject to historical conditions. Not one

is absolutely pure. From the past we receive all the evil as well as all the good, the truth and also the error. Tradition, while it is the teacher of the human race, necessarily participates both in the grandeur and in the wretchedness of humanity. Besides, all teaching has its limit in its very existence. The only mission to which it can lay claim is to make of the child a man, to conduct the minor to his intellectual and moral majority. What is the majority of a mind unless it be the character of a moral being in whom is formed little by little an interior principle of reason, the right to judge things by himself, a rule of life ever more and more identified with his own conscience? Having within himself an active individual energy, no man can stop exactly at the point where what is called the chance of birth has placed him. It is clear that he must always criticise the inheritance he has received from his forefathers, and add something to it by his own individual labour.

It is not otherwise with Christian tradition. Its action as a teacher has no other object but to conduct the Christian from infancy to his majority. This view was dear to the Apostle Paul; he declares to the Corinthian Christians that they are still infants and exhorts them to become men, elsewhere he urges his readers to attain to the perfect stature of Christ Himself by developing in themselves through the Holy Spirit the living consciousness that they are also "the sons of God," and as such are free from all anterior yokes and authority. Active, personal, inspired piety thus becomes to the Christian not only the principle of spiritual liberty, but also the principle of criticism touching the tradition he has inherited. It teaches him both to venerate and love this inheritance, and at the same time conscientiously to examine its contents. He then understands that tradition belongs to him, and that he ought to profit by it, but that it does not belong to the tradition to make him a blind and docile slave.

The salvation of the modern Christian conscience cannot be found in the policy of ecclesiastical repression. In fact the theologians of tradition do not count very seriously on the effectiveness of such a remedy. They will doubtless protest and will reply that their tenacious attachment to traditional formulæ proceeds from a strong internal conviction, and that they have weighed and examined everything and have found the truth in them alone. Very good! But does not that mean that they are attached to these formulæ not so much because they are ancient but because they are true? Thus these men recognise and practise for themselves that right to examine which is the very right which we claim. But they must know well that in thus acting and speaking they have already abandoned the ground of authority pure and simple. They no longer make truth depend on tradition, but the authority of tradition on truth. When this is admitted, discussion becomes possible and fruitful both for them

to explain the origin and the evolution. From the action of this new spirit and of this method two branches of theological study have latterly taken an extraordinary step in advance and have exercised over traditional dogmatism a decisive influence. I refer to the historical criticism of the Bible and of its strictly historical interpretation on one side, and on the other to the historical criticism of dogmas. The first has had the inevitable effect of modifying the dogmatic idea which our fathers had of the Bible and of its authority, that is, the very dogma which in the old theology served as the foundation and guarantee of all the others. The second has modified the notion of dogma in general, by showing us its historic contingency, and its constant and inevitable transformation.

Thus the entire edifice of traditional dogmatic conceptions, if it is not to perish, seems condemned to be transformed from its foundation to its summit. I desire to show that this necessary transformation is not only possible, but is also very advantageous to piety.

Let us begin with that which concerns the Bible. First comes the question of the canon of the Bible. You are aware that it has never been solved by the ancient theology in a satisfactory manner. When the Bible was represented as an inspired book of which God was the first and principal author, as a book really divine both in form and substance, it seemed that there could be no difficulty or doubt in delimiting the frontiers of such a collection of books, and so separating the books dictated miraculously by the Spirit of God from those naturally issuing forth from human thought. The contrary is the fact. A flagrant incompatibility, an impossible contradiction, exists between the ancient theory of inspiration which was so immovable, and the definition of the biblical collection which was so uncertain and insecure. The question of the canonicity or the non-canonicity of the so-called Apocryphal writings of the Old Testament has never been dogmatically decided. Whilst they are admitted into certain Bibles, they are rigorously excluded from others. The first edition of Luther's Bible represented as extra-canonical in the New Testament the Epistle of James, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of Jude, and the Apocalypse of St John. Since that time this distinction has disappeared. Why? No one has ever been able to say why. If we consult history, this question of the biblical canon—a real cross for the piety of our fathers—has only for us a relative importance and has made itself clear in a very simple way. The miracle of a library made by God Himself having vanished, the collection of the books of the Old Testament has been revealed in its true character as the work of the Rabbis or of the Synagogue, and that of the New Testament as the work of the Church of the first centuries. Rabbis and fathers of the Church thus employed themselves for centuries with the resources at their command, but also with their prejudices, ignorance and credulity. The collections

and for us. We can all then place ourselves loyally and fraternally in the same school with the firm resolution to let ourselves be taught by the truth. That there is truth, a profound moral and religious truth, in the tradition of past centuries we admit without difficulty, since it is Christian tradition, but that *all* in it is not truth they on their part must acknowledge because it is a human tradition—that is to say, mixed, varying and incomplete. Hence criticism is both necessary and legitimate and also is capable of being eminently beneficial. That is what we shall seek to prove in the remainder of this essay.

III

When our descendants seek to characterise this nineteenth century in the last years of which we are living, and seek to express in a single word its special spirit, they will call it "the century of history." Its first years were illuminated by awakening in the human soul a new sense, I mean the gift not only of seeing but of resuscitating in imagination the mental (or spiritual) life of bygone ages. That which was begun by Walter Scott in England, by Herder in Germany, by Chateaubriand in France, as a kind of brilliant poetry, transformed itself finally into a scientific mode of thought which forced itself upon all branches of human culture under the title of the historic method, and to-day triumphs universally under the name of the philosophy of evolution.

That may have its excesses; there may be some narrowness or even some idleness of spirit in the habit we have formed of looking at things only in the transient stage of growth. Our children will bring back metaphysics, whose eternal questions are not suppressed because they are set aside. But, whatever correction the coming century may bring to the philosophical inheritance that our own leaves to it, it will none the less reap as a definite acquisition as an incomparable means of investigation and study, the historical method and its rigorous application to all the problems of human life and of the universe. All the sciences have been transformed during the century by adopting more and more the historic form. Astronomy recounts the history of the heavens, geology that of our planet; chemistry and physical science tell of matter and its transformations, biology writes the history of life in all its degrees and forms. Thus is made, from the historical standpoint, a new synthesis of all knowledge. Our different sciences have become the chapters of an immense history of which human genius is the author and of which the universe is the hero.

Theology cannot escape from this movement; it has drifted little by little into the form of a history of religion. It looks upon Christianity as a great historical phenomenon of which it is constrained

were made by degrees, by successive groupings of the books, with hesitations, with endless controversies; and, if they do not seem defined to-day, it is because they never really were nor could be. To be convinced how much hesitation and uncertainty existed, at any rate on the surface, it suffices to have read the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome. Doctors dispute, hesitate, make cleverly graduated classifications; councils contradict each other; manuscripts differ; the greatest diversity reigns in the old Bibles. It was a scandal to the theory of the plenary verbal inspiration of Scripture; but is not this an intolerable yoke, an obstacle to piety? and would not the modern Christian be more happy if he found himself in the presence of historical documents faithfully collected and preserved, which should bring him the lofty and fresh religious inspirations of the first generation of Christians, and give him at the same time a sure means, an incontestable standard by which to separate the essence of the Gospel from all later traditions or additions, and also from all alterations which may yet supervene? After all, is it not thus, from the historical point of view, that each one of us resolves the question of the canon and upholds the normal authority of the Bible in matters of faith?

If from the exterior and the form of Holy Scripture we pass to its contents and to the actual books of which it is composed, the revolution which has come over our conceptions will appear still more serious. I do not speak here of the special results of criticism or exegesis; I speak generally of the new light in which history exhibits those books in their relation one to another, and their strict dependence upon the changing circumstances, and the special causes which gave them birth. We have no longer before us a collection of divine oracles, a supernatural code of doctrines, but a series of historical documents serving as landmarks of a religious evolution of which they are both the product and the witness. The sacred germ which had been united by the Church in an artificial tie, has released itself, and has sown itself all along a real history, and each one of its golden ears appears, like the remains of an ancient harvest, witnessing by its very nature to the soil which bore it and the moral climate which matured it.

Who can ignore to-day the change which has taken place in our way of considering and reading the Old Testament? Can any one reason about Moses and the Pentateuch as was done in the seventeenth century, before the secret of the composition and real date of those books were revealed to us? Can the traditions of Genesis have the same dogmatic weight which they had before, when we know that the earliest written edition was not anterior to the establishment of the kingdom in Israel? Hence how can one see more in

them than the work of poetry, epic or idyll, a cosmogony or a national legend which the imaginations of infantine nations weave ever like a golden veil around the cradle of their race? Must not one say the same of the books of Joshua, Judges and Samuel? Are we not obliged to distinguish in all the others between the substance and the form, between what is temporary and what is eternal, between what is too human and often too coarse, and the prophetic inspiration which is found throughout though with more or less of imperfection? And when all the literary problems have been solved, when the age and the social environment of each document has been determined, if the poetic and legendary history which is called sacred history disperses itself in floating clouds, does not one see appear another more real and not less sacred or progressive revelation from God to the conscience of Israel, a divine education taking this people in its idolatrous and barbarous infancy, and elevating it by degrees from a national monolatry to the universal monotheism of the Prophets, and from this to the Fatherly Theism of Jesus of Nazareth?

Now, is this history, this revelation which consists henceforth, not in supernatural notions, but in the creation and progressive purification of the idea of God in Israel and in due course in all humanity, less fertile in lessons, in themes for religious meditation, or of less value for edification than the old dogmatic conception of a sacred history whose framework has become too confined and has burst into fragments in every part? You consider with terror, perhaps with grief, what criticism makes you lose, the anthropomorphic illusions which it disperses, the miracles which it deprives you of—in a word, the ruins which it accumulates! Why should you regret all that, if that only represents in the edifice of divine revelation the stubble and hay left there by childish imagination or inexperienced thought? Rather consider with me what the Bible gains in this new method of considering it.

Is there not in the first place a sweet and invigorating thought in being convinced and in admitting that the revelation of God in the heart of humanity never ceases; that the Father is labouring ceaselessly at His work of redemption and salvation; that He has ever had His witnesses, His interpreters, His workers, who form throughout the ages a shining and sacred band? Is it not delightful to think that God, to make Himself understood, always employs the same means, that our religious progenitors understood His voice not otherwise than ourselves, although representing it to themselves in a different way, and that we can hear Him speaking in our consciences as truly as they could; finally, that we have ever in Him our life, our movement, and our being; it is in faith, not in light, that we are wanting, since His Spirit is rousing us and showing us the way in which we ought to go, the goal we ought to reach, and above all the

sacrifice we are called upon to make? And, to go back to the history of Israel, will not this nation still remain the elect people, the prophets the very *élite* of their religion, and the Christ the supreme and unique flower of their divine tradition?

Permit me to insist yet more on a subject which causes so much difficulty to so many Christian consciences. You cannot, it is true, accord to all the pages of the Bible the same degree of inspiration. You cannot fully identify the Father whom Christ reveals to us with the national Jehovah of Israel who orders such horrible exterminations and vengeance. The Jehovah anterior to the times of the prophets is not essentially different from the god Chemosh of Moab, whose commands (as they are revealed in the recently discovered inscription of King Mesa) are no less murderous and his jealousy no less implacable. But do you really regret him? Was not your conscience uneasy, were you not perplexed and scandalised in your old faith when you read in Genesis and Numbers, in the book of Joshua, in the biography of David, such violence and trickery attributed to the God whom you adored? You could not but ask yourself with pain if indeed it were necessary to attribute to God all for which the old historians of Israel make Him directly responsible? And you hazarded timid explanations, subtle allegorical contrivances, to lighten if not to get rid of this biblical nightmare. Well! rejoice and be thrilled with joy. This nightmare is dissipated, like all the spectres of the night, by the light of the dawning day. History wisely interrogated puts everything in its proper place. It teaches you to see in these books the documents of an ancient phase of the divine education of a people which cannot remain as they were, and which have no more direct authority over the disciples of Christ than the customs of the Stone Age over the legislators of to-day. We are no longer the slaves of the letter, but the children of the spirit. Does not a more enlightened theology render us a signal service by obliging us to remember it? Yes! the Bible ever remains the house of God in which we and our fathers have been brought up; but as sons and heirs of the Father through Jesus Christ our Lord we feel the right and freedom to move within it without fear, to walk up and down it (so to speak), to examine every part of it, and even to smile without irreverence if in some corners of its cellars we catch sight of the severe rods or childish rudimentary means which were formerly used for the education of our grandparents, if not for our own. I would recall the words of the Apostle Paul which should be written on the title page of our Bibles: "All things are yours, whether Peter, Paul or Apollos (and I would add, or Moses, Abraham, David or the prophets), and you are Christ's and Christ is God's." The Bible is a great and a priceless heritage; it belongs to us, we do not belong to the Bible.

Mutatis mutandis, and whilst taking full account of the progress of religious inspiration, we look in the same way on the books of the New Testament, and the same historical method will produce the same liberating spiritual effect, the same positive edification. Just as the collection of writings of the Old Testament sums up for us the religious evolution of the people of Israel from its origin to the time of Christ, so the collection of the books of the New Testament reflects and recounts the evolution of primitive Christianity to its transformation into the Catholic Church towards the end of the second century. The most ancient documents of the collection are the Epistles of Paul to the Thessalonians, which date from A.D. 54, 55; the most recent is the Second Epistle of Peter, which is not anterior to the reign of Marcus Aurelius; the others are scattered through the intervening time.

This historical conception of the New Testament alters the kind of its authority but does not weaken it. From being legal and external, as it was when viewed as a code or manual of divine doctrines, this authority becomes spiritual and moral. The editing and collecting of these books was the human work of the writers of the apostolic age. Through the contemporary form of their ideas or their language we are not the less under the action of the Spirit which animates them and which speaks also in us, if we are Christians, sealing or confirming within our hearts their witness. Once again we entreat you to weigh and compare what we lose against what we gain by this change. We have lost the intellectual security which gave to former theologians their legal method of establishing the divinity of a dogma by means of a series of classic texts called the *dicta probantia* of Holy Scripture. But what moral edification, what really beneficent emotion was there in an operation of that kind, which was purely formal and in which the intuitions of conscience had no part? On the other hand, these same writings, looked at from the historical standpoint, become at once living books, individual, witnessing with absolute sincerity to the very souls of their writers, to their struggles, to their victories, to their sufferings, to their consolation, to their fears, to their hopes, and so on to the source which nourishes their faith. Under the weak or rude letter, under old reasonings, beneath old explanations, we feel the mighty throbs of a new life, ardent and rich; we take note of decisive experiences which we can feel over again in ourselves through the enduring action of the same faith and of the same spirit. I will give a striking example of it. Who has not remarked the intense life which the authentic epistles of Paul, which remain to us, have gained in consequence of the labours of modern criticism and interpretation? Placed anew in the midst of the painful struggles which were their cause, read by the light of contemporary facts, the letters to the Galatians, Corinthians, Romans,

Philippians, and Colossians not only stand out in extraordinarily strong relief, but they come to us with a pathetic stirring accent, with a power of emotion, with an internal eloquence to which not even a sleepy soul can remain insensible. It is a bursting forth of soul, and what a soul! You regret your manual of religion, so abstract and cold? You ask where is God's part in these letters which are the immortal monument of the work of His grace in the conscience of a Pharisee? Believe me, this divine work does not lie in moral or theological aphorisms, nor in the halting of a belated foreign style, nor in a rabbinical kind of logic and exegesis, for all that comes from the education and mental constitution of the man. God's part, His work, His witness, is something far rarer, far more extraordinary; it is the veritable creation of this great Christian soul, of this life of faith, of hope, of love. This divine letter, written not with ink on a dried papyrus, but by the Holy Spirit in letters of fire, in the heart and in the conscience of the Apostle, in his flesh quivering with daily stripes—is that less worthy of God, less powerful over us than the doctrinal code which you regret? Do you think that this inspiration which creates life is less than that which suggests or dictates words?

The same Apostle in his second letter to the Christians of Corinth cries: "We carry this treasure in earthen vessels." We shall be faithful to the spirit of his thought in applying this comparison to his own epistles and to all the other writings of the New Testament.

We must reconsider our traditional idea of inspiration as well as other matters. To define divine inspiration is dangerous. To assert what it ought to be, instead of faithfully stating what it is, is rash. The presence of God, the mysterious action of His Spirit, makes itself felt; it does not prove itself by an *a priori* method. We have no right to impose our conditions on God. If history, scrupulously attentive, states that instead of suppressing the normal psychological process in the sacred writers and reducing them to the passive condition of mere penmen, God respects their individuality because He has created and regenerated it, and makes use even of their infirmities to manifest thereby more clearly the riches and force of His grace, have we the right to call it in question? If we find in writings in which we feel the divine inspiration ideas now proved to be too narrow, errors in reasoning, legends and other unworthy matter, we must allow that that inspiration has nothing in common with the scientific infallibility that we have attributed to it. God's ways are not our ways, it is more truly religious and safer to observe and follow them than to misunderstand and blame them, at the risk of finding ourselves, by our own fault, and on account of a theory which it has pleased us to make, obliged either to deny the action of the Holy Spirit in the Bible, or to play false with the clearest historical facts.

IV.

Let us consider the ecclesiastical dogmas, the second prop of our piety. Applied to this new object the historical method has had similar effects. No doubt it leads to a radical transformation of the very idea of dogma; it obliges it to descend from the domain of the absolute to that of the relative; instead of an eternal metaphysical truth guaranteed to Roman Catholics by the authority of the Church, and to Protestants by that of the Scriptures, we have only a theological phenomenon, that is, an effort of the collective Christian conscience to represent to itself, in the intellectual forms of a given epoch the foundation of its experience and the object of its faith; we lose the illusion which made us believe in the immutability of dogmas; we see them henceforth in an evolution which nothing can arrest. What matters the loss of an illusion if at the same time we enter better into the spirit of the dogmas, if we distinguish in them the religious kernel from the intellectual husk, and if we are thus led to be nourished by the one without being in bondage to the other. To render our piety more profound and purer and our liberty more complete, that is the double benefit which we may receive from this new study or method.

The history of dogmas teaches us three things—their birth, their constituent elements, and the cause of their decay.

Christianity did not begin by formulæ or theological definitions. The faith of the Apostles was a heartfelt trust, a conscientious and willing devotion to the teaching of the Master, much more than a matter of intelligence or theoretical reflection. It was a germ whose life was as it were, wrapt up in itself. The germ naturally grows and unfolds, produces a new social organism, an activity of action and thought equally intense and fruitful. But who does not see that these developments, whether the forms of ecclesiastical organisation, or the course which Christian preaching and apologetics would take, or the rules of faith fixed by competent authorities, would necessarily be settled and arranged according to the environment and the circumstances of the times? We cannot conceive of the episcopal constitution of the Church in the time of Cyprian, with Rome as capital and centre of unity, if we do not connect that Church with the Roman Empire, according to whose constitution it framed its own. In the same way, as regards the thought of the times, it is impossible to understand the doctrinal theology of Justin Martyr, of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen, and of Augustin, if you leave out of consideration the culture of Greece, and the Neo-Platonic philosophy, or the Stoicism, of which these great men were the disciples before becoming disciples of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Side by side with this inevitable influence of their surroundings

there is that also of historical events; I refer to the disputes, divisions, and differences in the Church itself. The dogmas are the offspring of the theological controversies. The faith, at first undefined, tends to become precise. Different interpretations arise. Diversities of opinion beget conflicts. Thus burst forth, on the morrow of Christ's death, the great controversies between Paul and the Judaizing Christians. Then followed the long controversies with Gnosticism and with Montanism. In order to defend itself the Church drew up the Rule of Faith, whose kernel it found in the baptismal formula. This kernel when developed became, after three or four centuries, the creed called apostolic, to which a legend of later date gave a legal and finally a sacred authority over all Western Christendom. In the same way the Nicene Creed sprang out of the Arian controversy; then that of Constantinople; and that which falsely bears the name of Athanasius, came from the interminable disputes concerning the two natures of Christ and of the Trinity. I do not now discuss the value of these dogmas and creeds; what I wish simply to set forth is the accidental character of their birth, and their indissoluble relation to the practical needs of the times to which it was necessary to respond. These dogmas did not come down from heaven; they are the result of centuries of thought and controversy, and it is very difficult to judge them otherwise than by those controversies themselves, and by the theological knowledge of those who carried them on.

No doubt those dogmas contain in substance the essence of Christianity, and it is that which makes them venerable in our eyes. But evidently this essence of Christianity is not there alone; indeed in the concrete and in history it never exists alone and in a perfectly pure condition. It is a spirit which has need of a body to make itself manifest, of an organ by which to act and to propagate itself. What is, then, the body in this case?

The reply to this question has now become hackneyed. It is so evident and simple that in making it one seems to utter a mere truism. Those who conceived and drew up these first definitions of Christian faith thought in Greek and spoke Greek. To begin with, the mere fact of turning into Greek the Gospel of Christ, first preached in Aramaic or in Hebrew, implies a profound revolution of ideas. A language—all philologists admit it—is not a mode of expression of an indifferent or neutral character. Not only are hereditary ideas always inherent in the words of its vocabulary, but there is a special kind of philosophy in its grammar and in its syntax, that is to say, in that internal logic by which words are united the one to the other and ideas are associated together. The Greek language, in the first century, was a very old language, whose terms had for a long time meanings which nothing could make them alter. It was a

foreign mould into which the Christian inspiration was run in a liquid state, but in which it cooled and solidified, and out of which it came in new forms, which a Galilean who had listened to Jesus would have recognised with difficulty.

Besides the language there was a scholastic philosophy which had become well known, from which the apostolic Fathers, the apologists, the theologians of Alexandria borrowed necessarily, together with their terminology, forms of thought, logical categories, general notions, which had no equivalent in the language and the religion of the Hebrews; categories concerning the substance and the accident, the essence and the hypostasis, of nature and of its attributes, of the "to be" and the "not to be," of the perfect and the incomprehensible God, and of the revelation of His Logos. Take away these notions from the orthodox system of theology elaborated by the great councils, and is it not evident that you take away its cement, that you destroy its unity, and that all falls into confusion? Look once again at this edifice as it is presented to us in the classical treatise of John of Damascus concerning the orthodox faith; will you not admit that it is Greek not only in language but also in construction, and in the very nature of its materials? It is Greek architects who have constructed it, and it is from the marble quarries of Greece that the rough stone is taken. One is sometimes amazed to see, in the Middle Ages, the authority of Aristotle and of Plato placed on an equal footing with that of the Fathers of the Church, of the Prophets and the Apostles. Nothing is more logical, if the orthodoxy of the great councils is the work of the Holy Spirit.

From the moment one has recognised the share which human and historic philosophy have had in the constitution of ancient dogmas, one recognises that they are exposed to the process of growing antiquated. To declare them unchangeable is not only, as is supposed, to proclaim the unchangeableness of Christianity, it is to proclaim eternal and divine, as they did in the Middle Ages, the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, of the Stoics and of the Neo-Platonists of the decadence. That in all that there exists what should be collected together and preserved, no one doubts; that all should be eternally maintained in its original and primitive sense, no one can admit without deluding himself. The Greek language is dead, and our modern languages are as far removed from it as it was itself far removed from the impoverished Hebrew idiom. Three or four revolutions have renewed philosophy, a new civilisation has been born, the whole perspective of the universe has been changed, our mental constitution itself has been modified, and it is as difficult for us to-day to think in Greek as to speak it *

* Consider the history of these three words which are supposed to be the translation of one another—*ὑπόστασις*, *persona*, *person*

Hence it becomes an incontestable truth that no theologian of our day repeats and professes the dogmas of the great councils in the same sense they had for those who saw their birth or origin. Every one accommodates them, more or less consciously, to his own use, translates them into his language, takes or leaves portions as it pleases him; in a word, *re-thinks* them in his mind, and in *re-thinking* them, interprets and transforms them! Well, modern theology invites us simply to do with reflection and truthfulness that which we all do more or less and which we cannot help doing. And do we not see that far from being the death of dogma, this faculty of transformation by a new exegesis is the only way by which dogma can be rejuvenated and revived, the only way for us to reap its internal or spiritual substance, the Christian reality by which our religious life can and ought to be nourished? Shall we hesitate resolutely to enter on this path? The Fathers of the Church had the right, and were right, to translate into Greek the Gospel of the Apostles, have we not, too, the right and the duty to translate in our turn their Greek theology into the language of our day? In accomplishing their mission in their own time and place they brought home to the Greek conscience the message of salvation destined for it by God. Is it not our mission to follow in their steps, and in our turn to repeat, by means of our new resources, thoughts, and language, this same message, in order that it may be brought home to the consciences of our contemporaries? We should be faithless or useless workers if we did otherwise.

There is a positive blessing, a precious fruit, in this work of criticism and explanation, patiently pursued under the eye of God. In learning to separate, in the dogmatic work of past ages, the human and decayed element from the permanent and divine, we are led to get ever nearer to the Gospel itself, to lay hold on and to lay to heart more completely that which constitutes its truth and its power, and thereby to strengthen in ourselves, and to propagate amongst all with whom we are in contact, true religion and piety. I should like, did space admit, to show this by sketching the history of the doctrine of the Atonement, by recalling the phases through which it has passed, the childish idea of the early centuries that it was a ransom paid to Satan; and the idea of Anselm that it was a payment or satisfaction like the fines by which in his day reparation could be made for a felony or murder, and to contrast with these our present perception that it is the supreme revelation of the Father's love, by which God reconciles the world to Himself, without afterthought and without condition. Is it not on the base of this redeeming virtue of love that a new theory of the Atonement can be built?

You ask whither leads this critical review of ancient dogmas and what service it can render. This example shows it plainly to us.

By following this historical path we are always going from the circumference and surface of Christianity to its living centre, from the bark to the sap, from human theories to primitive fact, to the creative force of the Gospel that these theories wish to translate, but in their weakness never translate without betraying or violating it more or less. There are tropical fruits whose fresh and savoury pulp is hidden beneath two or three hard and dry envelopes. We must first remove these in order to get at the nourishing kernel or the thirst-quenching juice.

But let us sum up the result of our study in the following propositions:

(1.) Our piety is disquieted and troubled by the antagonism obscurely felt between the new truths and ancient beliefs. Christian science can bring peace and dissipate our disquiet.

(2.) As regards Holy Scripture, the radical transformation of old dogmatic views as regards inspiration and the canon has the advantage of delivering our piety from the intolerable yoke of the letter, and rendering us more attentive and more strongly attached to the spirit. Instead of a code, we have a book of life and fire. The Bible is no longer itself the revelation of God, but it is, as it were, the muniment room where its documents are preserved.

(3.) So also Christian science renders traditional dogmas really useful by renewing their interpretation.

(4.) Called ceaselessly in this way to distinguish everywhere between changing forms and secure foundation, between that which is essential and that which is but accessory, our piety necessarily gains in spirituality and morality; it is obliged to fall back on its principles, on the personal experience of its truth, on the actual and interior witness of the Holy Spirit, the source of all certainty and peace to the Christian's soul.

(5.) Once having arrived at the conviction of the relative value of dogmatic forms as regards Christianity, which is "spirit and life," Christians of different denominations will no longer feel separated by insurmountable barriers. Their brotherly communion will become less restrained and sweeter, the feeling of their oneness deeper, the reality of the great family of God on earth more real than ever. Christian science is called to give peace to individual souls, and peace to the Churches.

V.

Now I come to the last question. What shall be our attitude as regards the formularies and the dogmatic symbols in use among different Churches? The reply comes from the principles developed in the foregoing discussion. Our theological method logically determines our conduct in practice.

Our attitude cannot be either a blind reaction or a violent rupture; it can neither be an adhesion without criticism, nor a revolt without piety. How can we, with a good conscience, break with the traditions of the first centuries, or with the Protestant tradition of modern centuries, when we have the conviction that we are their legitimate children, and the desire to reap and cultivate their inheritance?

The more I advance the more I feel attached to the tradition of my fathers by all the very roots of my life, and in thinking of my old reformed Church of France, of its liturgy, of the old confession of faith of La Rochelle, of its Psalms and canticles, I feel I can cry aloud with the old Hebrew poet, exiled on the banks of the Euphrates: "Jerusalem, if I forget thee, may my right hand forget itself." And this is no easy sceptical adaptation, a sort of disdainful or hypocritical diplomatic arrangement; it is rather the love and the gratitude of the child. In gathering with reverence all the moral riches of this family tradition, my most ardent desire would be to prolong it and to make it yet more fruitful.

To confirm us in this method, and in this course of conduct, we have the example even of Jesus Christ. We know what was His attitude in reference to the law of Moses and the tradition of His people. No Israelite was ever attached to them with a more sincere heart or with a deeper piety. Far from breaking with the past, He desired that His Gospel should be to all a continuation and a crowning work. No doubt the new matter which He brought disagreed with certain rabbinical traditions, or modified them by broadening out certain prescriptions of the law; but, on the other hand, His teaching set free the deeper spirit, the religious and moral ideal of the sacred code and of the old prophecies, and He could in all truth declare that He came not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets. Such is the way in which we, too, attach ourselves positively to the dogmatic traditions of the Christian Church.

But this method of Jesus implies also that this tradition of the past is neither completed nor perfect. To correct or to develop it, and consequently to remain relatively free in reference to it, now becomes our duty even more than our right. In our Protestant Churches, at any rate, none of which affirms or believes itself to be infallible, it seems to me impossible that any one can demand of a theologian, or of any one else, a literal adherence to ancient formularies. We evangelical Christians possess the inalienable right to interpret the text of Scripture, and to draw from this fountain on our own responsibility; must we not, therefore, have the right to interpret the text of our ecclesiastical creeds, whose authority must, as a principle, remain subordinate to that of Scripture? It is not the Church which is the direct object of our faith; it is not her guarantee which gives certainty to our salvation and to our life in

God. No; this certainty rests upon the twofold witness of the Holy Spirit, which we hear both in the Scriptures and in our own conscience.

Perhaps the question will be asked: Would it not be better to renounce wholly the ancient dogmas in order to formulate new ones on which a new Church should be built? This solution, which a simple and radical logic seems to recommend, and which would be pleasing to minds of an absolutist type, should, it seems to me, be put aside for several reasons. The first, which will dispense us from seeking others, is that such a solution is impossible of realisation. The Christianity of our day is not capable of effectually formulating and sanctioning new dogmas. Ecumenical Councils have had their day. To dream of calling one together, in the state of division which exists among Christians, is chimerical.

A dogma is not a mathematical truth, but a symbol. The merit of a symbol specially consists in the power it possesses of evoking the idea of the object it represents. Creeds are of value, not from what they say, but from what they make us feel. They are veils transparent to faith, which enable us to contemplate in our own conscience the God whom it is a necessity for us to worship. For this very reason the dogmas which we contemplate as symbols lend themselves without difficulty or violence to transformations, to indefinite interpretations; and as it is theology which prepares and brings in these new and rejuvenated interpretations, and causes them to be accepted, so it is that the mission of theologians increases in importance in a like degree.

The theological work is a necessary function in every Church. Side by side with apostles and prophets, and immediately after them, Paul names doctors or teachers (1 Cor. xii. 28). It is a *charisma* or spiritual gift, a ministry which God has given to His people from the beginning, and which they cannot dispense with without loss. Since ideas change from generation to generation, and intellectual needs change also, who can re-establish the broken concord between the formulæ of yesterday and the thought of to-day? Who will make the necessary translation of ancient ideas into new ones? Who will show the continuity of living Christian thought amidst the accidents, the contradictions and the revolutions of history? Jesus seems to have defined and consecrated this mission of the theologian when He said that the wise doctor or teacher is he who from the good treasure of his knowledge and piety continually brings forth things old and new.

It is true that, when new things appear, timid souls are at first startled and alarmed. But when, here below, has a serious mission, a fruitful work, ever been accomplished without a deprecatory cry from those who do not wish to be disturbed in their habits or

awakened from their slumbers? Are not all birth-throes painful? Has the Christian conscience ever risen from one step to another of the spiritual life without struggles and suffering?

The Apostolic Church was agitated by a terrible crisis when first Stephen and then Paul, in order to free and to gain the victory for the spiritual and moral principle of the Gospel, proclaimed the downfall of the Mosaic institutions, the nothingness of outward circumcision and legal practices, the independence of the new covenant upon the old. In the sixteenth century came the same crisis of conscience, the same tempest in the spiritual world. And now, for the third time, an analogous crisis is shaking Christendom. It is in reality the third phase of the same conflict; it is the continuation of the ceaseless struggle between the spirit and the letter, between morality and legality. More certainly and with more consciousness of its power, the Christian principle is seeking to free itself from the swaddling clothes of an intellectual formalism, which, having served its time, menaces a conflict between itself and the modern conscience; it seeks to strengthen itself in its pure spirituality and in its liberty as regards the historical formulæ in which it has been bound. Why should there again be alarm or doubts as to the victory? The destinies of the Gospel are not in the hands of man, but of God. Like all former crises, that which Christianity is traversing to-day is not a crisis of death but of growth. It depends only upon our faith to reap its benefits.

A. SABATIER.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LAW AT HARVARD.

CAN English law be taught at the Universities?

This question was, some sixteen years ago, raised in my inaugural lecture at Oxford. The answer then given, on theoretical grounds, was that English law could be effectively taught at the Universities by duly qualified teachers to duly intelligent students. It is now in my power to assert with confidence that my speculative conclusion is proved to be correct by the irrefutable results of American experience. Wherever the law of England prevails throughout the American continent the best instructed and the ablest lawyers have been grounded in its principles by professors. The schools of New York, of Chicago, of Ontario, of Nova Scotia, of Boston, and, above all, of Harvard, establish the fact, or (as our lawyers of the older school might put it) give plausibility to the paradox that English law can be taught at Universities, and be taught by University professors. On the other side the Atlantic, indeed, the truth of this conclusion is treated as established past dispute. It will further be admitted by every competent judge that nowhere throughout America is law taught so thoroughly as at the University of Harvard. The Harvard Law School has, compared with other institutions of the United States, an ancient history. It practically owes its existence to the labours of Story, and it is a matter of interest to any member of a college where lectures were delivered by Blackstone to learn that Mr. Viner's noble endowment, in its effect on the study of English law, has surpassed the hopes or the dreams of its founder. It led directly to the production of the famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England"; it led indirectly to the prosperity of the Harvard Law School, for, under the influence, as it may be supposed, of Viner's example, Dana, who curiously enough was, like Viner,

the author of an Abridgment of Law, founded the chair which was first occupied by Story. But though other eminent men aided and followed Story, the restorer, we may almost say the second founder, of legal education at Harvard is Professor Langdell. His labours have been nobly seconded by colleagues such as Thayer, Gray, Ames, and others, all of whom, by their names and by their writings, are known to every educated English lawyer, and have been crowned with complete success. The prosperity and the greatness of the Law School is almost visible. It has, through the fame which has brought to it lavish donations, acquired large pecuniary resources. The Law School forms a sort of University within the University. Its library constitutes the most perfect collection of the legal records of the English people to be found in any part of the English-speaking world. We possess nothing like it in England. In the library at Harvard you will find the works of every English and American writer on law; there stand not only all the American reports—and these include, as well as the reports of the Federal courts, reports from every one of the forty-five States of the Union—but also complete collections of our English reports, of our English statutes, and of the reports and statutes of England's colonies and possessions. Neither in London nor in Oxford, neither at the Privy Council nor at the Colonial Office, can one find a complete collection either of American or even, astounding as the fact sounds, of our Colonial reports. The library meets the wants (which, by the way, are very different) both of trained lawyers and of students. I have dwelt upon the library because it is an outward and visible sign of the spirit of study and enthusiasm which gives life to the Law School. But it is in its students and its professors, in its crowded lecture-rooms and its admirable teaching, that lies the true glory of Harvard. It is a great thing that teachers whose merit is the thoroughness of their instruction should, within the last fifteen years, have raised the number of the students from 150 to about 500, and should find that the one obstacle to further progress—and it is, under the Harvard system, a very real obstacle—lies in the number of their pupils. The crowd of learners for the moment almost exceeds the physical capacity of the teachers. But the final triumph of the Harvard professoriate is one of which no one but an Englishman well versed in the traditions of English law can appreciate the greatness. The professors of Harvard have, throughout America, finally dispelled the inveterate delusion that law is a handicraft to be practised by rule of thumb and learned only by apprenticeship in chambers or offices; they have convinced the leaders of the Bar that the Common Law of England is a science, that it rests on valid grounds of reason, which can be so explained by men who have mastered its principles as to be thoroughly understood by students whose aim is success in the practice of the law.

My aim is to expound the conditions and the character of the law teaching at Harvard, and thus explain the causes of its success, and then to consider what are the lessons, if any, which can be learned by our Law School at Oxford from the experience of Harvard.

The Harvard Law School is a professional school for the practical teaching of English law, and is conducted by professors

This statement embodies a fundamental fact, of which the critic of Harvard should never lose sight; it covers two different points, each of which needs separate attention.

The Harvard Law School is a professional school.

Its classes are attended by men who are B A s of Harvard or of some other University, where they have already received an adequate general training. They have not necessarily, nor, as I believe, generally, mastered even the elements of law. In this respect they stand in the position of undergraduates beginning to read for our Jurisprudence School at Oxford. But in other respects the student at the Harvard Law School differs from an Oxford undergraduate. He is a man of twenty-two or twenty-three, who, having passed through his University career, wishes to prepare himself for the Bar; he joins the school with the practical object of acquiring knowledge of law. He is to be compared with a student of an Inn of Court who is eating his terms and beginning to read in chambers, or with a young articled clerk who attends classes at the Incorporated Law Society in order to pass his final examination. At the school our student remains for at least three years, and goes through a carefully prepared three-yearly course. In order to obtain the law degree he must have attended at least eighteen sets of lectures. These sets are arranged so as to meet the requirements of men of each year, though in the latter two years a student is allowed free choice of subjects. At the end of each academical year he is examined in the topics of his lectures by the professor whose classes he has attended, and is not allowed to pass on to the studies of the next year unless he has satisfied the examiner. A degree is obtained by success in each of the yearly examinations, and students who pass with special success have their merits recognised in something like a class list. But, be it noted, the obtaining the degree, and a good degree, is not the student's primary object. What he wants to achieve is to learn English law and to acquire a high reputation for legal knowledge both amongst the professors and amongst his fellow-students.*

* The studies followed may be best understood by giving a brief synopsis of the curriculum pursued by a very distinguished student

Year I.

- (1) Contracts.
- (2) Torts
- (3) Property. (Real and Personal Estates, Landlord and Tenant, &c. .
- (4) Criminal Law
- (5) Civil Procedure at Common Law.

Any man who has mastered the principles which govern the large departments of law to which the attention of students at Harvard is directed, and many of such students achieve this arduous task, undoubtedly begins his professional life with an amount of knowledge rarely possessed by an able barrister on his call to the Bar, and never, as a rule, acquired by any young Englishman when he begins to read in chambers. Yet, though the advantage of such preliminary knowledge to a person who intends forthwith to begin the practice of the law is obvious, the experience of an English lawyer, imbued with the traditions and habits of the English Bar, inevitably suggests a curious question.

How is it that young Americans, who are keenly enough alive to the importance of actual success in the battle of life, are willing, or even eager, to spend three or four of the best years of their lives, say from twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six, in a course of preparatory professional study which no young man aspiring to eminence at the English Bar would dream of pursuing? How is it, to put the same problem in another form, that study at a law school is to a young American to a great extent the equivalent of what reading in chambers is to a young Englishman?

It is possible to offer a partial, though not a complete, explanation of what must always to an English critic seem a paradox.

A high law degree, or, indeed, any degree obtained at a University, may be in the United States, as it is in England, of little worth by way of an introduction to business. But a reputation gained at Harvard for extensive and accurate knowledge of law and for dexterity in legal argument may well in America promote a young man's success as a lawyer in a way in which no University reputation whatever can in England foster his success at the Bar. In the United States there exists no distinction between barristers and solicitors, and the combined business of a barrister and of a solicitor is carried on by firms. The number, further, of lawyers is immense. It were hardly an exaggeration to say that every man who is not in business or a minister of

Year II

- (1) Evidence.
- (2) Property (Conveyances, Wills, Exors, &c)
- (3) Bills and Notes
- (4) Trusts
- (5) Jurisdiction and Procedure in Equity (General principles of unreformed English Chancery Procedure, &c)

Year III.

- (1) Constitutional Law.
- (2) Corporations
- (3) Partnership
- (4) Property
- (5) Conditional limitations.
- (6) Perpetuities, &c
- (7) Equity, Jurisdiction, and Procedure.
- (8) Specific Performance, &c

religion is a lawyer. Hence, a student who at Harvard has acquired reputation for legal talent finds that in one way or another his fame among his University contemporaries is of actual value to him in his profession * And his name, spread far and wide by his fellow-students, who are many of them practically in the position of what we should call country solicitors, must, I conjecture, when he becomes an actual member of a firm, or, as is often the case, sets up in business for himself, tend to bring work to him. In any case, I am convinced that the fusion of the two branches of the legal profession, whatever its other good or bad results, facilitates the acquisition of business by young men of ability and of repute among their contemporaries to an extent which is not easily realised by the practising lawyers of England. If you think the matter out, the truth of this conclusion becomes pretty clear. Clients need in the lawyer whom they consult both experience and ability, and, of the two, experience is the more important. Now, on the system prevailing in England, a barrister beginning his career cannot, even should he possess the legal knowledge of Eldon or the rhetorical genius of Erskine, lay claim to experience. But, if the same young barrister could be taken into a firm of repute, the firm would supply experience in the persons of the elder and leading partners, whilst the young man of special talent would import his new or peculiar genius into the firm. This is in reality the state of things in the United States. The client who comes to a firm cannot be expected to entrust his business to young Mr. Jones, though he may know Mr. Jones to be one of the cleverest fellows of his year at Harvard; but he may well trust Mr. Jones when Jones's inexperience is corrected by the mature prudence of the senior partners, Brown and Robinson. To this it must be added that a firm has, from the nature of things, an interest in attaching to themselves a young man of ability, whether as a clerk or a partner. This rule works, though in a way which does not arouse attention, among English lawyers. A distinguished firm of solicitors will assuredly at times take as a partner a man recommended only by his talent and character, and the habit which, only within a very recent period, has become recognised among barristers of employing "devils," apparently marks the growth of a system of legal partnership. However this may be, it is certain that a University reputation tells professionally far more in America than in England. Those who have read the charming biography of Lord Bowen may have noted that his success at the Bar was for some years doubtful, and it seemed at one moment to be on

* A friend, who is thoroughly well-informed upon this matter, writes to me from Harvard as follows "Our young Honour Graduates are recognised as desirable men because of their ability to deal with legal problems and, as a rule, secure positions in offices where they receive a small salary from the first. I receive letters every year from lawyers in Boston, New York, Chicago and other cities asking me for the names of some men about to graduate *cum laude* whom I can recommend for a position in their offices. The *cum laude* men form from one-eighth to one-fifth of the class."

the cards that he might be drawn away from ill-remunerated labours as a counsel by the brilliancy of an assured success in literature. If a man gifted with such genius as Bowen were to appear in the Law School at Harvard, he would not, I am convinced, after a call to the Bar, be compelled to wait for some years before his legal talents became known and were acknowledged in the practical form of business. The value, then, of reputation gained in the Law School is one reason why young men are willing to devote to its courses three of the best years of their early manhood. A second reason, however, is that the teaching they receive exactly meets their intellectual needs.

The Harvard Law School is a professorial school.

This statement means much more than the enunciation of the truism that the teaching of Harvard is carried on by professors: it means that the aim of this teaching is to exhibit English law to students as a science, and to impress upon them the knowledge of its fundamental principles.

Professor Langdell has, in a well-known address, admirably defined the lines on which the Harvard system has, under his guidance, been built up.

"I have tried to do my part towards making the teaching and the study of law [at Harvard] worthy of a University, towards making the venerable institution of which we are celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary a true University, and the Law School not the least creditable of its departments, in short, towards placing the Law School, so far as differences of circumstances would permit, in the position occupied by the Law Faculties in the Universities of continental Europe . . .

'To accomplish these objects, it was indispensable to establish at least two things—first, that law is a science, secondly, that all the available materials of that science are contained in printed books. If law be not a science, a University will best consult its own dignity in declining to teach it. If it be not a science, it is a species of handicraft, and may best be learned by serving an apprenticeship to one who practises it. If it be a science, it will scarcely be disputed that it is one of the greatest and most difficult of sciences, and that it needs all the light that the most enlightened seat of learning can throw upon it. Again, law can only be learned and taught in a University by means of printed books. If, therefore, there are other and better means of teaching and learning law than printed books, or if printed books can only be used to the best advantage in connection with other means—for instance, the work of a lawyer's office, or attendance upon the proceedings of courts of justice—it must be confessed that such means cannot be provided by a University. But if printed books are the ultimate sources of all legal knowledge; if every student who would obtain any mastery of law as a science must resort to these ultimate sources, and if the only assistance which it is possible for the learner to receive is such as can be afforded by teachers who have travelled the same road before him—then a University, and a University alone, can furnish every possible facility for teaching and learning law. I wish to emphasise the fact that a teacher of law should be a person who accompanies his pupils on a road which is new to them, but with which he is well acquainted from having often travelled it before. What qualifies a person, therefore, to teach law is not experience in the work of a lawyer's office, not experience in dealing with

men, not experience in the trial or argument of causes—not experience, in short, in using law, but experience in learning law, not the experience of the Roman advocate or of the Roman prætor, still less of the Roman procurator, but the experience of the Roman juris-consult

“My associates and myself, therefore, have constantly acted upon the view that law is a science, and that it must be learned from books”

The essential doctrine, therefore, of the school may be summed up in two statements—first, that English law is no mere handicraft or art, but a science to be deduced from a limited number of principles; and, secondly, that the nature and the application of these principles are to be learned from books, or in effect, as this maxim is interpreted at Harvard, from law reports.

By the strictest adherence to this doctrine, Professor Langdell and his eminent colleagues have given to their teaching a character which is at once scientific (*à la* logical) and practical.

Their teaching is scientific because their whole aim is to elucidate the principles of English law.

They rate low—a lawyer brought up under our English system is inclined to say too low—the advantage to be gained from reading in chambers.† They appear slightly inclined to forget that law must always be partially a handicraft, and that even a scientific knowledge thereof is increased by the intimate acquaintance with the actual working of law which is gained from apprenticeship; if practice needs theory in order that it may be intelligent, scientific theory stands in need of practice in order that it may escape unreality. Still, in substance the masters of the Law School are right. The merely empirical acquisition of legal maxims and the practice of law by rule of thumb have been so much overrated that teachers do well to thrust into prominence the logical aspect of a great legal system

The teaching, moreover, of the Harvard professoriate, though scientific, is as far removed as possible from being abstract, and is, in the best sense of the word, practical.

The teachers at Harvard are saved from the unreality and vagueness which are apt to infect speculative jurists, not only by their knowledge that they are educating their students for a definite professional purpose—namely, success as lawyers—but also by their intense enthusiasm for the Common Law of England, or rather of the English people. They are apostles of English law. They possess, indeed, far too much liberality of spirit to underrate the instruction to be gained from the comparison of different legal systems. But topics such as

* “Harvard College: a Record of the Commemoration, November 5th to 8th, 1886, on the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding”—Professor Langdell’s Address, pp 84–86

† The conjecture may be hazarded that reading in a lawyer’s office, which resembles the office of a solicitor, is not the intellectual equivalent to reading in the chambers of a leading barrister or (what is now to the great loss of students impossible) to reading in the chambers of a Special Pleader.

Jurisprudence or Roman Law play after all a subordinate part in the Harvard curriculum. It is towards the elucidation of the principles of the law of England that the attention of the teachers of Harvard is directed; their constant effort is to impress upon the minds of their pupils the history and the full meaning of these principles, as developed in the United States. And this insistence upon the fundamental conceptions of English law has given a peculiar turn to the very mode of thought prevalent in the Law School. Holmes's "Common Law," Langdell's "Summary of the Law of Contracts," Gray's "Rule against Perpetuities," Thayer's "Preliminary Treatise on Evidence in the Common Law," Professor Ames's most interesting essays on various legal topics, as, for example, on "Consideration," prove (if proof were needed) that their authors are thinkers of no common power. But these works also prove that the theoretical speculations of the writers have grown out of their profound study of the law of England. In truth, the thinking no less than the teaching of the Law School has received an unmistakable impress from the genius of Professor Langdell. Turn to his book on the "Law of Contract." It is full of acute logical thought, which is often expressed in the clearest language, though sometimes with a terseness and concision which perplex trained lawyers who are less skilled than the professor in legal reasoning, and cannot pretend to his minute and unrivalled acquaintance with the history of English case law. It is emphatically the work of a thinker, but every line of the book shows that the study of the law of England has both stimulated and trained Professor Langdell's own immense analytical power, and that upon the study of the law of England by his pupils he relies, and not in vain, as the means for teaching them the most important of all lessons—to think for themselves.

Consider again carefully the latest and most perfect product of legal speculation sent us from Harvard by Professor Thayer. His "Preliminary Treatise on Evidence" is almost oppressive in the weight of its legal erudition, and a captious or indolent critic may regret that a writer who, on the topic he has made his own, can speak with decisive authority, should trouble himself with the explanation or reconciliation of dicta delivered by judges or text writers, many of whom possess not half Professor Thayer's intellectual power, and none of whom have explored the foundations of the law of evidence with half his thoroughness. His elaborate account of the development of the rules of evidence in connection with trial by jury shows his mastery of legal history; his logical exhibition of the principles of evidence exhibits a capacity for subtle analysis which is likely to be underrated because of the very clearness with which its results are expressed; but the point upon which for my present purpose it is most necessary to dwell is that Thayer, like Langdell, is immersed

in the Common Law, they are both of them such thorough lawyers that they have been compelled to work out for themselves a system of legal philosophy. Thus, while jurists—such, for example, as Sir Henry Maine—have been impelled by their interest in legal theory or the problems of history to study the principles of English law, the body of American teachers and thinkers, of whom Langdell and Thayer are typical examples, have been impelled by their passion for the law of England to become masters of the philosophy and history of law.

It is worth while insisting upon this special attachment exhibited by the leaders of the Harvard Law School to the concrete law of the English people, because it specially qualifies them to maintain that peculiar form of teaching which is at once scientific and professional. They train a student in the study of elementary principles and in the rigid application of logic to the solution of legal problems. But they keep him close to legal facts. They never forget, or suffer him to forget, the Reports; they have always before their minds the necessity for explaining and harmonising the recorded judgments of American tribunals. Hence their pupils are taught not only to think, but to think, if the expression may be used, legally; and gain an invaluable knowledge, not only of cases, but of the proper use of cases as the basis of argument.

Here we touch upon the most salient and original feature in the Harvard method of instruction. This characteristic or peculiarity is that tuition is in the Law School grounded upon the study of cases, and is in its form catechetical. The way in which this system works is curious. Suppose a student utterly unacquainted with law, as are most young men when they enter the Harvard Law School, to be an attendant, as the present writer had the happiness to be, at Professor Ames's lectures on the Law of Contract. From the first moment he joins the class he has placed in his hands the huge collection of contract cases edited by Langdell. The cases are placed under different heads, as, for example, under "Offer and Acceptance," and under each head are arranged in historical order. Our student is neither assisted nor confused by printed comments. He is left without the aid even of head-notes; he knows that he must prepare for the lecture, or, as it is sometimes aptly called, "exercise," say the first nine or ten cases in the book. He must, if he can, see their point. He reads, I presume, in some book on the Law of Contract the chapters bearing on the topic in hand. He then comes with from 100 to 200 companions to the lecture. Professor Ames has the names of the students before him. He calls now upon one, now upon another, to state the result of a definite case. He asks questions about it; he raises every point that the case contains, he suggests, in the way of question, variations on the case; he states, in the form of observation, its real

gist. This plan of plunging a pupil at once into a mass of cases seems, when one first hears of it, a hopeless one. As a matter of fact its success in the hands of a master such as Professor Ames is patent. It is the Socratic method applied to law and is infinitely stimulating. The whole class are kept alive. Foolish answers or impertinent answers—and of the latter I heard none whatever—are checked by the capacity of the teacher and the opinion of the class. No man willingly plays the fool before his class-mates. What to me was more surprising was the way in which skilful catechetics not only exhausted every case, but brought out the general principle which the cases, or set of cases, illustrate. If there be a case which every teacher of the Law of Contract thinks he knows thoroughly, it is *Williams v. Carwardine*, and over *Williams v. Carwardine* Professor Ames and his students were lingering lovingly when I first joined the class. The discussion is unforgettable. It was perfectly orderly; it was filled with animation. The principle involved was impressed upon me as it never had been before, and, well worn as is *Williams v. Carwardine*, it was shown to hold more of law than I had hitherto suspected that it contained.

Some branches of the law, such, for example, as the Law of Contract or the Law of Torts, lend themselves with special facility to the catechetical method, whilst others, such as the Law of Real Property, are less suited for it. The proportion, therefore, in which current dissertation ought to be mingled with questions must be regulated by the nature of the topic to be taught and in accordance with the judgment of the teacher. Still, though the degree to which the system of question and answer is relied upon varies considerably in different courses of lectures, the catechetical method based on the study of cases is applied at Harvard more or less to all branches of English law, and this system, as conducted by lawyers of eminence, has two special merits.

In the first place, it forces young men to rely on their own efforts to learn rather than let themselves be taught, and must be a great preservative against cramming. It gives the students at Harvard much the same kind of stimulus which is felt by a young man when he begins to read for the Bar, and, having entered chambers, is called upon for the first time to draft a claim or to write an opinion. The claim is drawn wrong and the opinion is worthless, but the student's effort to obtain knowledge by applying his mind to the solution of a given case is worth more than scores of lectures.

The Harvard system, in the next place, calls into play the disputatious instincts of the whole class. Great, indeed, is the value of the art of contradiction. Young men learn more from wrangling than from reading. The problems of the lecture-room turn into the disputes of the boarding-house, and points of law are discussed with the eagerness and with the ignorance with which in Oxford, some

forty years or more ago, young men used to discuss, as I trust they still do discuss, problems raised by the Ethics or the Politics of Aristotle. Even from an educational point of view the Harvard B.A. may gain as much from wrangling as does the Oxford undergraduate. It is intellectually as stimulating to determine whether an agreement falls within the fourth section of the Statute of Frauds, or whether the true basis of contractual obligation be actual agreement of minds or merely the expression thereof, as to decide whether the benefactor loves the object of his benevolence more than he is loved in return, or whether the good citizen must of necessity be the good man. From the professional point of view the B.A. of Harvard has certainly the best of it. The Aristotelian questions which vague memory still recalls to me have their interest, but the answers thereto have no importance in the conduct of life. To the practising lawyer the interpretation of the Statute of Frauds or thorough mastery of the essentials of a contract may turn out of great utility.

It is what a student thinks and talks about outside the class-room far more than what he hears in lecture which gives him his true education; and for the success of the Harvard method it is essential that students should be perpetually engaged in the examination and discussion of cases.

This end is achieved by the encouragement of two institutions, both characteristic of Harvard.

First—The Law Clubs and the Moot Courts

Take as the type of a Law Club the Pow Wow, which did me the honour to invite me to one of its sittings. It is a club formed and conducted by students, and is much such a body as might meet of an evening at Oxford to read essays on religion, morals, politics, or art. But it is a club which means business, and does it; it exists for the sake of holding legal arguments, carried on, as far as may be, subject to the formalities and to the conditions under which they would be carried on in a real court. It is, in fact, the elaborate imitation of a court, or rather of a body of courts. The intricate constitution of the Pow Wow is difficult to master, and its details, if accurately given, might not interest readers. Two or three facts are worth mentioning, as giving some idea of the nature of the society. The club elects three courts: eight members from the men of the first year form the superior court, eight from the men of the second year the supreme court, and eight from the men of the third year the court of appeals. Every arrangement about these courts is carried out with the utmost seriousness, and the object aimed at and attained is that argument should be carried on by members of the club before a court which, from the standing of the judges, should have greater knowledge than, and therefore carry authority with, the men arguing before it. Everything is done to give solidity and

seriousness to the argument. First, a case is made up with great care, which may take the form either of an agreed statement of facts or of a special verdict, or of a demurrer. It is "settled" by the person who is to preside over the court during the argument, and who in general would be a member of the tribunal immediately above the court in which the case is heard. Two members of the club are assigned to argue the case (which always raises some difficult point) as counsel. A week before the argument the counsel hand in to the court a list of all the authorities they are going to cite. Hence, before the court meets the whole bearing of the case is known to the presiding judge and his colleagues, and he is able to guide the argument with intelligence.* Before the day for argument the case is well known to most of the club. The members attend in a thoroughly critical spirit. The case is most carefully argued before the court; when it ends, each judge delivers a judgment or, as Americans would say, an opinion, and the chief is expected in the course of a week or so to hand in to the club a written judgment. All this may sound like child's play. It is nothing of the sort. American students, whether at Harvard or Princeton, take themselves very seriously. The counsel and the audience are all in earnest. The counsel wish to gain a reputation for legal knowledge and skill in argument; the hearers come to sharpen their power of legal criticism and discernment. The result is pre-eminently satisfactory. At the hearing at which it was my good fortune to be present everything went on with the utmost order. A stranger might have fancied he was listening to the proceedings of a court. Nothing, indeed, was said of any marked brilliancy, but the audience showed unmistakable interest, and the reasoning was sound and business-like. The arguments, indeed, were just of the kind to which an English judge would have given attention if presented by a youthful barrister. The full merit of the proceedings was appreciated by a critic only when he learned that the youths who argued were young men of the first year. It was astonishing to see how soon, under good training, young men could acquire the legal habit of mind.

Law Clubs are the creation of students though they are favoured by professors. The Moot Court is a University institution. It is a meeting at which the whole Law School is assembled, and whilst a Law Professor sits as judge, young men, generally in their third year, argue some difficult point of law in the manner which would be

* *Example of Club Court Case—Story v. Townsend.* Story was possessed of a piece of land, and Townsend, being desirous that his friend Eaton should get title to said land, agreed to pay Story \$1000 on Story's making a conveyance to Eaton of the land. Both parties to the contract promised to perform. After a reasonable time had elapsed, Story offered to execute and deliver a conveyance of the land, when Townsend discharged him from making any conveyance. Townsend refuses to pay the \$1000, and Story brings this action for damages from non-performance of the contract.

required of a barrister when appearing, for instance, before the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Law Schools throughout the Union these Moot Courts exist, and care is taken to train young men in every kind of argument in which, when they begin to practise, they may be called upon to take part. At the Boston Law School, for example—which, though its objects are more immediately practical than those aimed at by the School at Harvard, is an excellent institution—I heard two young gentlemen make an application for an amendment of pleadings. Nothing in its way could be better. The truth is that whether in the clubs or in the Moot Courts young men gain an amount of practical training which must be invaluable, and the want whereof hampers every English barrister, however able or learned, when, for the first time, he has to address a real jury or argue before a real judge. But the practical advantages obtained from the Law Clubs and Moot Courts sink into nothing compared with the benefit which these institutions confer upon students by kindling ardent interest in legal problems.

Secondly—The Harvard Law Review

If the Law Clubs stimulate debate the *Review* encourages learning. Its pages contain admirable work by the ornaments of the American Bar and the American Professoriate. But while the *Review* is known to all Englishmen interested in legal speculation, few of us are aware that this important periodical is managed by the students of the Law School. Admission to the editorial body, consisting of some sixteen or seventeen persons, is an object of natural ambition to the elder students. To take part in the work of editing is one of the best occupations of men in their third year who, having reached the age of about twenty-four or twenty-five, have advanced far on the road towards the acquisition of sound legal knowledge.

The constant and scientific study of cases under the guidance of eminent lawyers, practice in the Law Clubs or Moot Courts, assiduous labour in the editing of the *Law Review*—these are the means by which the teachers of Harvard keep alive the vivid interest of students in the problems presented by the living law of England and of America. Hence their splendid and undoubted success.

“Mr Brandeis describes ‘the ardour of the students’ Professor Ames, writing of the School ten years ago, said ‘Indeed, one speaks far within bounds in saying that the spirit of work and enthusiasm which now prevails is without parallel in the history of any department of the University’ What was true then is at least equally true now. The students live in an atmosphere of legal thought. Their interest is at fever heat. One of the professors informed me that nine out of ten of his pupils study hard. If they had had a period of idleness at the University it was in their Arts course. The entrance into the Law School they looked upon as the entrance into the real work of life.”

What, then, are the lessons to be learned by Oxford from the example of Harvard?

To some observers, and notably to my friend Dr Birkbeck Hill, who, in his "*Harvard College by an Oxonian*," has given the best description with which I am acquainted of an American University, and who, like myself, has been captivated by the charm and the life of the Law School, the one conclusion which appears to suggest itself is this: that the teachers of law at Oxford should note what has been achieved in the United States and go and do likewise, and, by changes which appear to him comparatively slight, raise up an institution which may rival the fame and share the prosperity of the Harvard Law School.* This view is one naturally taken by an outsider, and it is one, I may add, which the teachers at Oxford, who, whether they be termed professors, tutors, readers, or lecturers, are, I may venture to assure our critic, zealously devoted to their work, would be glad, were it possible, to accept. But Dr. Hill's doctrine, though natural, could not be accepted by any lawyer, either from the United States or from England, who had examined from the inside the working of the American and the English law schools. There exists, as has been pointed out in these pages, an essential difference in their position. The aim, indeed, of the Law School at Harvard is the promotion of scientific legal education, and such is also the aim of the Law School at Oxford. But the aim of the Law School at Harvard is professional; its pupils are men reading for the Bar. The aim of the Law School at Oxford is, and ought to be, to a great extent educational; most of the men who attend it are youths going through a course of University training. Hence the stimulus to work in the one case is, in the main, the desire to master the principles of law with a view to professional success, the stimulus to work in the other case is the desire, and the perfectly legitimate desire, to obtain a good place in the class list, and, let it be added, the desire to gain real knowledge with a view to professional eminence is, on the whole, a much stronger, as also a much wholesomer, kind of stimulus than an ardent wish for a First Class. These differences are essential; they cannot, whatever our wishes, be overlooked. They determine to a great extent the course of instruction; they explain, for instance, the far greater prominence given at Oxford than at Harvard to speculative subjects, such as Roman Law, Jurisprudence, International Law, which have a high educational value, but will in general not greatly aid a barrister in the discharge of his professional duties; he may assuredly be fortunate enough to acquire a large practice, and yet not once in the course of ten years come across a case requiring for its solution a knowledge either of Roman or of International Law. The differences pointed out further explain and amply justify the great stress laid at Oxford upon

* "*Harvard College by an Oxonian*," pp 264, 265

examinations and class lists, and the comparatively slight stress laid upon them in the United States. There is no need to compel or induce a youth to work by the hope of a First Class or the fear of being plucked when he is urged to labour by incipient and ardent professional ambition. Every teacher who keeps his eyes open must have been struck by the way in which not only the industry but the intellectual energy of many a young man is increased when he passes from the University to a barrister's chambers or a solicitor's office.

To say that an English University cannot, as regards the teaching of the law, copy Harvard is a very different thing from saying that the experience of the great American Law School does not contain valuable lessons for us at Oxford.

The experiment set on foot by Professor Langdell and carried out by himself and his colleagues, establishes the pre-eminent value of the catechetical system as applied to the study of cases. The most that can be said against the scheme of instruction pursued at Harvard is that its merits would be increased if it were supplemented to a greater extent than it is by the kind of lectures which are to be heard at English and at Continental Universities. The teachers of Harvard are admirable expositors of legal theories - there is no reason why they should confine themselves to the practice of catechetics, a friend may also be allowed to add that the teaching of law, as probably of other subjects, at Harvard might gain a good deal as an instrument of education if it were possible to introduce more than appears to exist of the personal relation between teacher and pupil; this intimate personal relation is the great merit of the tutorial system which itself may be looked upon as the fruit of life in college. Still, subject to these reservations, the Harvard method, where it can be applied, is in itself simply admirable. Where the pupils can be induced to perform their part by giving oral answers to questions asked in class, and by carefully getting up cases before attendance at lecture, no plan of legal teaching is so stimulating or so full of instruction. Nor ought it to be impossible, though the difficulties of achieving the end desired are considerable, for Oxford undergraduates to create for themselves societies for the formal conduct of legal argument. To extend the use of catechetics and to encourage the formation of law clubs are objects of which the zealous body of law-teachers existing at both our Universities should never lose sight.

American experience, in the second place, shows the expediency of creating, if possible, a course of post-graduate legal study, in which the teaching may be at once scientific and professional. The condition of things at Oxford suggests, at any rate, one of the means by which this end may be in part attained. The undergraduates who go into the jurisprudence school are many of them most promising pupils.

Still they are undergraduates going through a University curriculum, and not men who, having taken a degree, are about to enter upon the profession of law. The B A s who read for the B C.L. examination are men who have passed through the University course and for the most part, like the students at Harvard, are about to become lawyers. The B.C.L. examination, owing to the labours of my friends Mr. Bryce and Professor Holland, is an admirable one. The men who read for it pursue a course of study as well planned for laying the foundation of sound legal knowledge as can be recommended to a student earnestly bent on mastering the principles of law. The one defect, as far as the University is concerned, of the aspirants for a B C.L. degree is that from the necessity for reading in chambers they rarely stay in Oxford, and thus do not provide, as they would otherwise do, a class of men to whom could be given serious post-graduate instruction. Every teacher of law at the University should therefore carefully consider how best to induce men reading for the B.C.L. degree to continue their studies, at any rate for a year, at the University. We may, it is to be hoped, at any rate when a legal University is founded in London, make good the claim, to the recognition of which we have already a reasonable and a moral right, that the holder of a B C.L. degree should be exempted from the need of going through any examination as a condition for entering the profession of the law. This result we cannot, however, obtain by our own efforts: the more immediate question for the University is whether persons who have received a liberal education elsewhere, and many of whom would highly value the degree of B C.L. of Oxford, may not by slight alterations in our arrangements be induced to reside and study at Oxford. This, however, is not the occasion for discussing details. All that can certainly be asserted is that the University and its teachers ought to do everything possible to foster study for the B.C.L. degree, and thus create, if possible, the serious study of law at Oxford by persons who have passed through their University curriculum.

The best result, however, of the experience of Harvard is that, to every person engaged in the earnest teaching of the law in England, this experience gives immense encouragement. We learn from it that, under favourable circumstances, English law can be taught with unlimited success by the professors and teachers of a University. Nor, when the matter is fairly considered, is there any real ground for being disheartened by the fact that the numbers of our law students are fewer and the success of the Law School less than at Harvard. As I have insisted, the conditions under which law is taught in England and in the United States are different; and we are all of us too apt to forget how very recent has been the revival of the active study of law at our English seats of learning. By a curious paradox,

THE EMPLOYMENT OF VOLUNTEERS ABROAD.

(*To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*)

EVER since the offer of a complete company of selected men from the London Scottish Volunteers for service in South Africa was transmitted by me to the Secretary of State for War in July last, a flood of correspondence has filled the military, and even the daily papers on the subject. Most of this has been based on ignorance of fact, and much of it has been the expression of intemperate prejudice. Standing almost alone in an impartial attitude, the writer who signs himself "Miles" in the October number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW has presented both sides of the question to the public. May I venture shortly to supplement his remarks from my own point of view?

The object which the country has in paying for the Volunteer force is Home Defence. And it is a self-evident fact that the more efficient each unit is, the better value is the country receiving for its annual outlay. We frequently hear of the inequality in the efficiency of different units of Volunteers, as well as of the inequality in the efficiency of the individuals composing those units—inequalities very much greater than any which exist in the regular army. Inequality is, I fear, an evil inseparable from the volunteer system. At the same time it is fair to look upon it in another light. Under the constitution of the force all that the public pays for, and all that it therefore has a right to expect, is the Parliamentary standard of efficiency. In the majority of cases it gets more than this, in many cases a hundred-fold more. This is "Corban" by which the nation profits.

Now, the process by which a commanding officer attempts to raise the standard of efficiency in his corps is not merely to put pressure on the laggards, but to avail himself of every opportunity of satisfying the aspirations of the keenest members. It is the policy of "leavening the lump." It is astonishing how, even in ordinary times, the existence of such a leaven will raise the whole. And, if ever the Volunteers were called out for home defence, the presence of

a quite small proportion of men accustomed to the rigid routine of duty, accustomed to the systematic performance of work in the field, and with an actual experience of such duties, would, in the two months available for training under military law, go far to make each corps a reliable campaigning unit.

The military authorities have so far recognised this principle that they have encouraged small units of volunteers (companies and sections) to undergo training with regular battalions for weeks together. But how much greater would be the gain to the nation if these small units could receive experience of actual war! I do not, and never have, maintained that, even in such a corps as the London Scottish, with all its physical and intellectual advantages, a company would at first be nearly as valuable as a company of regulars. If their services were accepted, it would be with the object of benefiting them directly and their regiment indirectly. The country would be paying for the military education, just as it pays when they are attached to regulars in peace time. Selected men, as they would be, they would be trustworthy fighting men no doubt. But, unless the war were of such magnitude that the regulars and embodied militia were insufficient to wage it, it would be through benefiting the whole volunteer force that the country would gain directly by their employment abroad.

I fully understand and appreciate the feelings of those regular officers who saw in this offer of service a diminished chance of their own employment. They are to some extent justified in their assumption. I agree that it would be unfair on them if their success in their life's career were in any way imperilled. But if the country thought it worth while, for the sake of the volunteer force, to spend additional money to add to the fighting army a few hundred men and ten or twelve officers, no hardship would arise in the commissioned ranks. But if the country is not prepared for this additional expenditure, slight as it is, a way out of the difficulty might be found by accepting the specially enlisted services of non-commissioned officers and men only. As these would replace reservists no additional cost would be incurred. The result, however, would be not nearly so satisfactory, as the opportunity would be lost of improving the volunteer force when it most wants improvement, and no experience would be gained of company organisation.

Of the indirect advantages some have been clearly put forward by "Miles." To these I might add, the cementing of a closer union between regulars and volunteers; the breaking down of the prejudice against soldiering among the classes from which recruits should be drawn; the furtherance of the cause of imperial unity, and the destruction of the foreign view that we are merely a nation of shopkeepers.

EUSTACE BALFOUR,
Lt.-Col London Scottish V R C

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR.

BY the time these pages are in the hands of my readers, if not before, the war between the British and Dutch races for supremacy in South Africa will be entering on a new phase. For some time past the offensive movement of the Boers has become stationary; the large arrivals of troops at the Cape will now permit Sir Redvers Buller to assume the part of assailant in Natal, while at about the same time he will do so from the northern border of Cape Colony.

I propose in the following pages not merely to review the war from its military aspect, but also to criticise it in its bearings on our national military policy. After dealing briefly with the origin of the conflict, I intend to examine the strategical position which exists in South Africa, to discuss the military problems which have arisen therefrom, to consider the numbers engaged on either side, to explain what our plan of campaign originally was, and to show how, once operations have begun, every general is entirely dependent on their outcome in shaping the course he must pursue.

Although there is no such thing as a plan of campaign—*i.e.*, a plan followed without deviation from the beginning to the end of the operations—still, every commander before commencing the struggle with his opponent has certain general ideas on which he proposes to base his movements. He has in his mind's eye the direction in which he will take his troops, the objects against which he will march them, his first endeavour being always, or nearly always, to crush his adversary's main field army. Subsequently he will advance to occupy important points, the seizure of which will in all probability determine the issue of the war.

Under modern conditions international struggles break out so rapidly and the issues which hang on them are so momentous that wise nations prepare for them as much as possible beforehand.

Moltke's military correspondence has shown how complete were the preparations made by Northern Germany for the war which all saw was sure to come sooner or later, and which broke out in July 1870. If we could search the archives of the Prussian General Staff in Berlin we should find that equally complete schemes are in existence, not only for a war with France, but for all possible—not merely probable—wars in which Germany might be engaged. It is within my personal knowledge that a scheme exists which deals with England, and some years ago a Prussian officer known to me was investigating the roads, &c., in Yorkshire and the counties to the south which would have formed the theatre of operations in the event of a German invasion of this country from the Humber, as its immediate base.

This by no means indicates that Germany has any special animus against this country: so far as the Army is concerned, the contrary is the case, but it does show how complete the preparations for war are in the former kingdom. Plans for the mobilisation of the forces exist in Berlin for all possible requirements, and how accurate and well thought out these are the Franco-Prussian War proved. It is perhaps not generally known that up to 1878 no arrangement whatever of this description had been made in England, that the so-called Intelligence Branch of the War Office which deals with those matters was only then brought into being, that a special sub-department dealing with mobilisation is of quite recent creation, that even now neither of these important divisions is properly manned, and above all that the Intelligence Branch has no proper allowance for Secret Service—the euphemistic term for espionage—without which it is impossible to obtain the information needed as the foundation on which our plans of offence and defence must be based. Yet great strides have been made, and our recent mobilisation shows their effect. For the Army Order instructing it to be carried out stated that it was to be done in accordance with the Regulations for the Mobilisation of a Field Force for Service in South Africa, 1899.

The reasons why Great Britain has remained so far behind other nations are not far to seek. In the first place, we have never suffered disasters such as have befallen Austria and France in modern times, and in the second, it is an indisputable fact that our military advisers have not, till the last few years, been adequate to the situations they filled. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was the officer commanding-in-chief from 1856 to 1895; but while he possessed many excellent qualities for the post—among others, that of not being open to political influence—no one would accuse him of being a military reformer. The point of view from which he regarded his duties was totally different from that of a trained soldier, totally different from what the people would have required had they been in the least aware of the shortcomings of our military establishments. Nor were his

colleagues at the War Office any more advanced in military knowledge than himself. In one of the many inquiries into our system of educating officers, it is a little curious to find that, although the Adjutant- and Quartermaster-Generals differed between themselves as to what plan, if any, was required for educating officers for the Staff, they were quite convinced that, at any rate, to have gone through the Staff College curriculum was of no use whatever. It would be difficult nowadays to find any one holding a similar theory. Military ignorance reigned supreme in the highest positions in the service, and the heads of our army were as ignorant of the need for reform as they were incompetent to carry it out. But there have always been educated soldiers in our ranks, men who have studied and thought over military problems and have tried to do their best for the service they have devoted their lives to. Yet the nation listened not to their voices, and the Horse Guards regarded them as pestilent fellows to be sat upon whenever opportunity offered.

Thirty years ago the war broke out between France and Germany and showed that our Foreign Office officials were as ignorant of their duties as our military rulers were of their profession. But it woke up the nation to our shortcomings. The late Lord Cardwell, the then Secretary of State for War, appreciated the desirability of consulting the rising men of the service, he carried out his great reforms on their advice, and the British Army took to the path of progress which it has never since quitted. It is true that the progress has been slow; but that is due to two reasons—the one, the obstruction met with at first from the military heads of the Army; the other, the combined obstruction of the civilian heads of the War Office and the Treasury.

The remarkable system by which, so to speak, we put a butcher to manage a grocer's shop and subsequently a watchmaker's or a haberdasher's—a system which is the exclusive privilege of Great Britain—is doubtless highly proper from the standpoint of the party politician, who, from long practice in making speeches on different subjects, at last begins to believe he is equally proficient in all of them—a proposition, as a rule, quite true, but it is of doubtful utility from the point of view of good administration. Yet, as it is, it is likely to remain, and the only plan for obviating it would be the institution of at least ten portfolios, the holders of which should receive £10,000 a year apiece for doing nothing, while the heads of our great administrative departments might then receive half this amount for doing the real work, and might be chosen from men who had some knowledge of the work they had to superintend. The part played by the Treasury in obstruction is perfectly well known to those who have been concerned in the inner administration, but is not appreciated so well by the outside public.

The only man who has ever dared publicly to allude to it is Mr. St. John Brodrick, the late Under-Secretary of State for War, and he only did so with bated breath at the end of the report of the Committee on Army Administration, of which he was the chairman. Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to deal with it in detail, but it is very real and very harmful.

The share of obstruction due to the civil side of the War Office is a variable quantity. All Secretaries of State are ignorant, but their ignorance is not uniform. Some are willing to pay more or less attention to their military subordinates, others imagine that because they hold the supreme position they have the knowledge necessary for the proper filling of the office. The man who sets aside the advice of his expert advisers, who interferes in details of which he has no knowledge, and who will even go so far as to settle who shall be employed in the various Staff appointments, is one whose boldness we may admit, but whose lack of judgment we must condemn. The ideal Secretary of State was the late Mr. W. H. Smith, a man of sound business judgment, capable of selecting the best counsel from his military advisers, and wholly incapable of setting aside their judgment in favour of his own views. But servants of the State of his pure and lofty character are not common, and more often we find the head of the Army not merely deficient in knowledge but incapable of appreciating his deficiency. The consequence has been the perpetual struggle between the military and civil sides in the War Office, a struggle which is still going on, to the detriment of proper organisation and administration.

Of this, of course, the British public knows nothing. Soldiers in high places cannot air their grievances; and though their griefs may be known to a few, the world in general puts down our military shortcomings to the very men who try in vain to reform them.

The Army in the last few years has made great strides. Lord Wolseley when Adjutant-General did what he could to introduce improvements; Sir Redvers Buller followed on the same lines; and Lord Wolseley, since he has succeeded to the command-in-chief, has done all that has been possible, in the situation in which he found himself, to bring the Army up to date, and has been ably seconded by the men of modern ideas who form his Staff. The result has been a considerable progress, but not what there might have been had he been able to act as he would have liked, and as the public would have wished had they known what was wanted for our military requirements. Few appreciate the fact that the South African Expeditionary Force is double the strength of any army this country has ever put into the field before, fewer still appreciate the absolute regularity with which the military machinery has worked—except in one particular, the clothing of the men. The reservists.

have come in almost to a man, and practically none are absent who cannot be accounted for. Yet until they were called out nothing was more common than to hear, especially from the critic of the club smoking-room, the exclamation, "Reservists! Pooh, pooh! my dear sir, half of them have re-enlisted, and the rest are worth nothing as soldiers; they have forgotten all they ever learned, the workhouses are full of them," &c. &c. What are the facts? How many of the men had re-enlisted? What is the opinion of the officers of regiments to whom the reservists have come as to their military value? What proportion of them come from the workhouses? The *onus probandi* lies with the party making the assertion; and I call upon Mr. Arnold-Forster and his supporters to prove the truth of the statements on this head which they have so glibly uttered. They will find the task a difficult one.

The fact is that the system of reserves has on every occasion on which it has been put to the test come well out of the ordeal. It is, no doubt, unfortunate that we have had so often to call on it to supply our fighting needs; but that is the outcome of our world-wide Empire, which compels us so often to be at war. The absurdity of the position of those who advocate long service is proved by recent events, even putting aside the initial difficulty that men will not enlist for it. We are sending, in round numbers, 80,000 men to the Cape. Is there any one to be found outside Bedlam who would advocate the maintenance of an expeditionary army of that size always ready, *plus* the necessary troops to be left behind in the mother country? The modern system of a *cadre* Army, with reserves available to put it on a war footing, is as much a necessity of our modern requirements as the magazine rifle and breech-loading gun.

With regard to the origin of the war little need be said. Every reasonable being who knew South Africa was perfectly aware, after Majuba, that it was a question of time—the time required by the Boers to make their preparations. It was not till 1892 that the Transvaal income began to exceed its expenditure. In 1894 a sum of £620,000 was spent on Public Works, War Department, and special expenditure of which the greater part was devoted to the purposes of war. In 1895 the amount was about the same. In 1896 it was nearly £1,900,000, and in each succeeding year since it has always exceeded £1,000,000. This was the Boer reply to Mr Gladstone's policy of magnanimity—a magnanimity which Lord Kimberley, in his speech at Newcastle on November 14, admitted was due to fear lest the Free State and Cape Dutch should join their brethren of the Transvaal in their revolt against us. So much for Lord Rosebery's "sublime experiment." The sublimity of cowardice is always doubtful, the magnanimity of the sacrifice was more truly described by the late Lord Cairns as shameful. Yet such is the influence of party

spirit, such the fatal effect of platform oratory on our statesmen, which leads to fluent utterance built on a very small foundation, that, in spite of these facts as to Boer expenditure, we find Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, on November 15, putting forth the statement that it was the Jameson Raid which led to these armaments, on which, it will be observed, the Boers had spent a million and a quarter before the Raid had taken place.

For some time past—the period of enlightenment varying with the intelligence of the observer—every one has known that the Boers in South Africa had been arming. Those armaments could only be intended for aggressive purposes, as they were far too extensive for mere defence. Natal, at any rate, knew and appreciated the situation, but the representations of its Government were almost entirely ignored, and the reinforcements sent there, until the arrival of the Indian contingent, were quite inadequate to deal with the situation. Even when these arrived, they were not enough to allow anything more than a mere defence, and that not a strong one, against invasion. Now, the Government have been in possession for months past of information which showed without doubt that the Boers did not mean to yield, or which, at any rate, might have shown them that yielding was very improbable. If they had not got it, then the Foreign Office was again at fault, for it was known to the Natal Government, known to every soldier who had studied the question, known almost to every man in the street since the beginning of this year. Yet they did absolutely nothing, left Natal open to attack, and, in fact, created deliberately by their own act the present situation. From a military point of view there can be no doubt of their folly, and it is one for which our leading soldiers are in no way responsible. For it is an open secret that the military heads of the War Office wished to send out troops long before they were allowed to do so. Moreover, we know that the Boers were not ready quite so early as they had hoped to be, and that their ultimatum, originally intended to be delivered on September 30, was not sent in till ten days later. The early despatch of troops, say in August, would have stopped all danger to Natal, and very likely would have made the Boers think twice before declaring war against us. Why, then, was this not done? The answer is a very simple one. Political exigencies. Party government has doubtless many advantages—one of them being that any attempt at war is certain to be denounced at first by the Opposition. Had Lord Salisbury sent troops in sufficient numbers to South Africa, and had peace been maintained, few can doubt that it would have cost the Unionist party their places. It is not difficult to imagine the virtuous indignation of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, or the less ponderous but possibly more efficacious oratory of Sir Henry Fowler or Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. The oppor-

tunity would have been too favourable, too tempting, for the Opposition to lose. Peace had not been broken; the Boers had never intended to break it, the Government was a ridiculous compound of bluster and cowardice; Mr. Kruger was an angel from heaven, Mr. Chamberlain a ——— Well, I leave my readers to fill in the gap or to apply to Mr. Philip Stanhope for the necessary omission. Previous preparation, then, on an adequate scale was impossible, or at any rate too much to expect from the members of any human Government.

Moreover, they undoubtedly also hoped against hope—hoped Mr. Kruger would climb down, hoped it would not be necessary to spend the money required for warlike preparations. As to the latter point there is no doubt whatever. Three facts prove it. The first was the delay in mobilising; the second the fact that the civilian heads of the War Office declined to allow the khaki clothing to be prepared, whence arose the delay in supplying some units who were unable to fit it before embarking. The third was the delay in purchasing mules—*i.e.*, in organising the transport without which the army could not move. The War Office—I mean, of course, Lord Lansdowne—had certain sums allotted for this purpose in July. The officers charged with the duty left England at the beginning of August with instructions to wait for orders to purchase in the various localities to which they were sent. These orders they did not get till some time later. No one denies the utility of the Treasury. It never lavishes money except on itself. It is always paring the cheese down close to the rind. The sums which it “conveys” every year from the pockets of officers and rank and file of the Army would probably suffice to double the numbers of its own staff, even taking into consideration the very high rate at which its members calculate their pay and allowances. But “My Lords”—*i.e.*, the clerks of the Treasury—overstep their functions when they interfere in the conduct of war, or even in the preparations for it. They essayed to carry on war in the Crimea, and did many thousands of honest soldiers to death in their attempt. They seek habitually after the cheap, and their results are nasty both to the soldiers who have to fight our battles and to the nation at large which has to pay a larger bill. For nothing is so expensive in war as niggardliness at the outset, and from niggardliness in preparations we have undoubtedly suffered.

Fear of the Opposition, fear of the expense, prevented an earlier mobilisation. Fear of the expense prevented the procuring of transport mules in time, and lastly, worst of all, prevented the hiring of proper steamers for conveying troops to the Cape. There is no reason to suppose that the Transport Department of the Admiralty is absolutely inefficient, though Lord Wolseley's dictum, that he would have two army corps ready before it had the transport, is most certainly justified by the time it has taken the Admiralty to ship one

such body. It is idle to hope for a better state of things till it forms a branch of the War Office, or until the latter and the Admiralty have learned the wisdom of joining together for Intelligence purposes and for over-sea operations. But the fact that some of the transports hired have been notoriously inefficient requires explanation, and that explanation will probably be found in the foolish policy of the Treasury in declining to furnish the money necessary for the hire of efficient vessels. Why were the *Zibenghla* and the *Zayathla* taken up? The time they took to reach the Cape was an inordinately long one. The history of the *Zayathla's* voyage will serve to illustrate the class of boat the Admiralty thought fit to engage to take artillery to the Cape which was most urgently needed there. The ship started on Tuesday, September 28, at noon. At 5 P.M. the engines broke down. The next day she proceeded onward and reached Waterford on the 30th. The engines broke down again, and, to quote the words of an officer on board, "we managed to drift to all intents and purposes to Cork." Again they broke down in the Bay of Biscay. Eventually the Canaries were reached, where another delay of four days took place. On October 8 the hay was found to be on fire, probably because it was shipped damp. The fire was put out, and finally the Cape was reached on October 25—*i.e.*, twenty-eight days after sailing! The time taken by the mail-steamers is eighteen days. No comment is required; the facts speak for themselves; and yet, to judge from Mr. Goschen's defence, we might think that the engagement of these ships could be defended. But Mr. Goschen, when formerly at the Admiralty, defended the employment of the *Megara*. There have been at least two cases of bad food embarked, and rumour has it that the stalls for the horses have been in many cases badly constructed. As to whether slings should be used is a matter of opinion. It is certain, however, that a large number of horses have been lost from some cause or other. Why were not steamers of the *Majestic* class engaged? They would have done the voyage in thirteen or fourteen days to the Cape and fifteen or sixteen to Durban. Questions will probably be asked in the next Session of Parliament on these points. The answers will be of the usual stereotyped character furnished by the departmental chiefs whose conduct forms the subject of the question. Truly a marvellous system!

What was the military problem the Government had to solve in South Africa? A somewhat complicated one. For years our possessions there have been treated as if they were absolutely safe from attack—as if the Transvaal and the Free State were both our best friends as well as the Dutch of the old colony. The garrison of Natal early in the year consisted of three battalions of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and two cavalry regiments, besides about 1500 volunteers. The troops were gradually reinforced, until just before

hostilities broke out there were in Natal ten battalions of infantry, four cavalry regiments, seven batteries of artillery, two companies of Engineers, and a considerable body of volunteers—some 13,000 men in all.

What were the numbers the Boers could bring against us? In the Transvaal there were 29,000, in the Orange Free State 20,000.* If we allow for permanent forces and foreign volunteers 2000, which is certainly an outside figure, we find a total of 51,000 men, a rough-and-ready kind of mounted infantry capable of rapid motion for short periods, but incapable of lengthy sustained movements owing to the difficulty of their transport keeping up with them. Thus a thousand Boers could easily move fifty miles in a day, but three such marches would be the limit of what they could do, carrying their own food. In larger masses and with field artillery, judging from their rate of progress from Volksrust to Glencoe, they cannot do more than ten miles a day. But if the total fighting strength of the two Republics is to be taken at 51,000, it is perfectly certain that all these were not available for field operations. To begin with, these numbers include all males between sixteen and sixty years, and a certain percentage must be deducted for sick, absentees, &c.—probably 10 per cent. is not too much. This would give a fighting strength of 46,000 men, and it is generally believed that in the case of the Orange Free State the total available number did not by any means take the field, as arms were deficient. How are these troops now placed? The following appears to be a fairly probable distribution :

	Transvaal	Orange Free State
Mafeking	3,000	
Tuli	1,000	
Khama's Land	500	
Swaziland	600	
Koomati Poort	1,000	
Zululand	500	
On the Caledon River watching the Basutos		1,000
On the Northern frontier of the Cape Colony		4,000
Kimberley		4,000
Ladysmith	19,000	10,000
Police purposes, &c	1,400	
	27,000	19,000

Of course till hostilities commenced no one could certainly foretell the direction in which the Boers would employ their forces. But

* It has been openly stated that the Intelligence Department has been at fault, that it knew neither the number of men nor the number of guns the two Republics could put into the field. This is entirely wrong. The Department was perfectly well informed and so were the Government. If the latter did not act on the knowledge that is not the fault of the former.

two cases had to be considered: the Transvaal might act alone, or in conjunction with the Orange Free State. If the former happened, it was perfectly certain that the bulk of the Boer forces would act against Natal, a small force only watching Mafeking. Now, the Jameson Raid showed that the Boers could mobilise rapidly, and the Natal frontier is particularly open to attack. From Volksrust to Vryheid it can be easily crossed, and the enemy while covering his own communications can act at right angles to ours. Hence, considering the great disparity in numbers, it is plain that for the English to hold a series of posts near the frontier would be dangerous, as they would be liable to be cut off. The danger would be doubled if the Free State joined in the war. For the Free State burghers could cross by the passes at Bezuidenhouts and Van Reenen's, and moving on Ladysmith aid the Transvaal men in their cutting off movement. Plainly, then, to hold points beyond Ladysmith was a strategical mistake. No doubt, therefore, the detachment of General Symons' force to Dundee was due to political pressure. This is quite easy to understand. It is impossible to expect the average citizen calmly to abandon his home and all his belongings to the enemy for military reasons which he cannot appreciate. His view is that the soldiers should be wherever he is, to defend him. Hence, while the general always wishes to concentrate to deal decisive blows, the citizen desires dispersion of forces for personal defence. General Symons' position at Dundee made the battle of October 20 a necessity, as it was desirable not to retire without giving the Boers a taste of the quality of British soldiers when properly led in sufficient force. But while it was a tactical success, it was strategically useless. For the troops had to retreat after all, and it must always have been evident that, unless our troops there were strong enough to beat any Boer force brought against them, they would be obliged to do so. Moreover, the Orange Free State being hostile, it was necessary to watch the two passes over the Drakensberg we have mentioned above—*ie*, a covering force was needed strong enough to hold the Free State burghers and prevent their junction with the Transvaal men advancing from the north and east. As political reasons had deliberately placed our troops in Natal in great numerical inferiority, thereby giving to the enemy the initiative with all its advantages, it was obligatory to maintain a purely defensive attitude until the arrival of sufficient troops rendered a forward movement possible. What steps had the Government taken to meet the situation they had created? Absolutely none. The defences of Ladysmith were of the poorest character, and no heavy guns were sent there until the Navy were able to bring up some (probably two) 47 breech-loading guns, firing a 50-lb. Lyddite (*ie*, melinite) shell. Field-guns fire nothing but shrapnel, and are not of much utility except on an open

field of battle. Now, it was known that the Boers had a number of French howitzers firing 50-lb. and 90-lb. shells, and that they had some 12 and 13 c. m. guns firing 45-lb. and 55-lb. shells. If we intended to invade the Transvaal, siege and position guns would be needed to cope with the forts round Pretoria. Why were they not sent off before the war broke out? As a fact, they are only just leaving this country! Had they been present at Ladysmith, with the usual allowance of 500 rounds per gun, "Long Tom" and his friends would long ere this have been completely crushed.

The English campaign in Natal was, then, doomed to the defensive from the first, owing to the want of troops for the offensive. The same was true on the Cape Colony side. Here the troops available were still fewer. In the spring they numbered two and a half battalions, but had no field artillery—except what the volunteers could furnish—and no cavalry. When hostilities broke out the force was practically the same, as the volunteers were not embodied.* Now, it was certain, given the Orange Free State were hostile, that even if it helped the Transvaal to invade Natal, it would still have a sufficient force available to invade Cape Colony. Here too, then, we openly courted, if not exactly disaster, still a considerable rebuff. Fortunately for us, the Boer strategy was worse than ours. Instead of concentrating their strength on two objects alone—*i. e.*, being content with holding the southern boundary of the Free State while bringing the whole otherwise available force to bear on Natal, they frittered their men away in a series of minor expeditions. Kimberley had no strategical value to the Boers, yet 4000 at least have been occupied in its blockade. The same remark applies to Mafeking. If the railway to it were cut in several places it became a negligible quantity, as troops could not move up to it by rail, and a march on Pretoria from Mafeking, taking the distance into consideration from the Cape to the latter place, postulates the use of the railway for the purpose. But some 3000 men have been kept well employed by Baden-Powell here. Boers have been looting in Zululand and Swaziland, for what object Shm Piet may be able to tell us; but he is a very poor general who sacrifices what is the primary objective in every war—*viz.*, the enemy's main army—to minor objectives, as the Boers have done.

What was our plan of campaign? Evidently the Natal Field Force was intended to hold the enemy, while the Army Corps was to land a division at East London, another at Port Elizabeth, and the

* Cape Colony has a permanent force in the shape of the Cape Mounted Rifles and Field Artillery numbering 1000 officers and men. The Police are liable for active service and are some 1800 Europeans strong. The Volunteers have a nominal roll of about 7000. All burghers, too, can be commandeered, but Mr Schreiner has deliberately refused to call on them, and has, moreover, done his best to prevent the volunteers being utilised, stating that the Imperial troops are sufficient for the situation.

third, and probably the Corps troops, at Cape Town. The Army Corps then concentrating on the line De Aar-Burghersdorp would close together as it advanced on Bloemfontein. Any Boer force at Kimberley would have been dealt with by the left wing. Once Bloemfontein was passed the Boers in Natal would be compelled to retreat, and would be followed up by the Natal Field Force. If they divided into two parts, the Transvaal retreating by Helpmakaar on Vryheid, the Free State men going back through Van Reenen's and the other passes, the latter portion could be dealt with by the right wing of the Army Corps. Both British forces would, of course, try to bring their opponents to battle in the open, and, given a favourable opportunity, it would be very improbable that they would stand again. For undisciplined unregimented troops rarely hold together after a heavy defeat. They become demoralised and desert. Unfortunately, however, this pretty plan has been completely upset by the action of the Boers. Although they have not concentrated as much of their army as they might have done in Natal, they have got enough there to hem in Sir G. White, and render it necessary to send another division to relieve him. There is no better example of how the movements of a force are largely determined by those of the adversary, especially when the latter has the advantage of the initiative. The Government deliberately have given this to the Boers by declining to throw an adequate number of troops into South Africa months ago. Hence is it that the original plan of campaign has had to be modified. For Sir Redvers Buller has not been able hitherto to impose his will on the enemy; the enemy it is who has imposed his will on him.

The result of all the fighting in Natal has been absolutely valueless for the aim of the war, but it has shown that the British soldier is still the man he was, that he can storm the enemy's position by a front attack, and that the modern breech-loader can no more keep him back than the old Brown Bess could. Still our losses—some 2000 in number—have gained no object, unless it be that the Boers have suffered still more in inflicting them. It is not yet time to criticise the tactical handling of the men; details are not available of the fights fought after Elands Laagte. The net outcome of all our combats, however, has been that we are at present engaged in relief operations for Kimberley and Ladysmith. At the latter point the British troops are closing up, and soon the 10,000 advancing from Estcourt will join hands with the 10,000 at Ladysmith, and the result will inevitably be a crushing defeat for the Boers. At Kimberley, too, the day of retribution is at hand, and it will not be long before the invader will be defeated. Will these two defeats end the war? Time alone can tell; but that either of the two Republics is capable of a prolonged resistance is eminently improbable. Yet through the Free State and Transvaal our men must march, and the

British flag must fly once more above Pretoria. The time has passed for "magnanimity." The stern logic of events has taught us that there is no room for a second Power in British South Africa.

To the Empire at large the war has been productive of great good even if associated with the evils which necessarily follow in its train. It has stirred the heart of the nation in a way in which it has not been stirred for years. The enthusiasm at home has been remarkable. The great multitudes who have assembled to wish God-speed to our soldiers, the willingness with which employers of labour have, with few exceptions, met the universal desire that reservists should have their situations kept open for them, the enormous sums which have been collected for various purposes to aid our citizens fighting in the Army ranks, show how true our Empire is to the great traditions which have made it. Nothing has shown how united we are so much as the desire manifested by the inhabitants of Greater Britain to take part in the struggle. The poor-spirited man, afraid of the burden of Empire, may ask what has the war to do with Australasia or Canada; but the reply of our colonies has been embodied in deeds which will serve far better than words as an answer. They have given their sons to what they with far-seeing wisdom at once recognised to be the common cause of the whole Empire, and have taught the world at large the lesson that to touch one part of our possessions is to call forth the might of the whole to resist aggression.

May the lesson not be lost either to the world or to ourselves. Above all, let not the success in asserting our rights in South Africa be unappreciated by those who determine what our armaments are to be. At the present time, beyond our militia and volunteers, we could scarcely dispose of 30,000 men in Great Britain. For many years we have gone to sleep, believing that we had forces enough for our purposes. It is not long ago that we had a rude awakening as to our naval needs. It is now the turn of the Army, and no Government has ever had so great an opportunity as that which now presents itself to Lord Salisbury. The nation wants to know what our requirements are; these can only be obtained from our military leaders. Let them speak with no uncertain voice, and if our rulers will not listen to it, it will not be hard to find others who will do so.

AN OFFICER.

THE VOICE OF "THE HOOLIGAN."

AS the years advance which "bring the philosophic mind," or at least the mind which we fondly flatter ourselves is philosophic—in other words, as men of thought and feeling approach the latter end of their pilgrimage, there is a tendency among them to under-reckon the advance which the world has made in the course of their experience, and to discover in the far-off days of their youth a light which has almost ceased to shine on earthly things. *Laudatores temporis acti*, they look askance at all the results of Progress, and assert, more or less emphatically, that men were wiser and better when they themselves were young. They forget, of course, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the very splendour in which the world once appeared came rather from within than from without, and forgetting this, they do scant justice to the achievements of later generations. A little sober reflection, nevertheless, may convince them that the world *does* advance, though perhaps not so surely and satisfactorily as they would wish to believe; and that, even if there is some occasional retrogression, inevitable under the conditions of human development, it is only after all temporary and due to causes which are inherent in our imperfect human nature. From time to time, however, the momentum towards a higher and more spiritual Ideal seems suspended altogether, and we appear to be swept centuries back, by a great back-wave as it were, in the direction of absolute Barbarism.

Such a back-wave, it appears to me, has been at work during the last few decades, and the accompanying phenomena, in Public Life, in Religion, in Literature, have been extraordinary enough to fill even a fairly philosophical mind with something like despair. Closer contemplation and profounder meditation, however, may prove that in all

possibility the retrogression is less real than superficial, that the advance forward of our Civilisation has only been hampered, not absolutely and finally hindered, and that in due time we may become stronger and wiser through the very lessons hardly learned during the painful period of delay

It would be quite beyond the scope of the present article to point out in detail the divers ways in which modern Society, in England particularly, has drifted little by little, and day by day, away from those humanitarian traditions which appeared to open up to men, in the time of my own boyhood, the prospect of a new Heaven and a new Earth. At that time, the influence of the great Leaders of modern Thought was still felt, both in politics and in literature; the gospel of Humanity, as expressed in the language of poets like Wordsworth and Shelley, and in the deeds of men like Wilberforce and Mazzini, had purified the very air men breathed; and down lower, in the humbler spheres of duty and human endeavour, humanists like Dickens were translating the results of religious aspiration into such simple and happy speech as even the lowliest of students could understand. It was a time of immense activity in all departments, but its chief characteristic, perhaps, was the almost universal dominance, among educated men, of the sentiment of *Phalanthropy*, of belief in the inherent perfectibility of human nature, as well as of faith in ideals which bore at least the semblance of a celestial origin. Not quite in vain, it seemed, had Owen and Fourier laboured, and Hood sung, and John Leech wielded the pencil, and Dickens and Thackeray* used the pen. The name of Arnold was still a living force in our English schools, and the name of Mazzini was being whispered in every English home. The first noticeable change came, perhaps, with the criminal crusade of the Crimean War; and from that hour to this, owing in no little degree to the rough-and-ready generalisations of popular Science, and the consequent discrediting of all religious sanctions, the Enthusiasm of Humanity among the masses has gradually but surely died away. Sentiment has at last become thoroughly out of fashion, and Humanitarianism is left to the care of eccentric and unauthoritative teachers. Thus, while a few despairing thinkers and dreamers have been trying vainly to substitute a new Ethos for the old religious sanctions, the world at large, repudiating the Enthusiasm of Humanity altogether and exchanging it for the worship of physical force and commercial success in any and every form, has turned rapturously towards activities which need no sanction whatever, or which, at any rate, can be easily sanctified by the wanton will of the majority. Men no longer, in the great civic centres at least, ask themselves whether a particular course of conduct is right

* Curiously enough, the optimistic taste of the day regarded Thackeray, an essential sentimentalist, as an almost brutal cynic!

or wrong, but whether it is expedient, profitable, and certain of clamorous approval. Thanks to the Newspaper Press—that “mighty engine,” as Mr. Morley calls it, for “keeping the public intelligence on a low level”—they are fed from day to day with hasty news and gossip, and with bogus views of affairs, concocted in the interests of the wealthy classes. Ephemeral and empirical books of all sorts take the place of serious literature; so that while a great work like Mr. Spencer’s “Justice” falls still-born from the press, a sophistical defence of the *status quo* like Mr. Balfour’s “Foundations of Belief” is read by thousands. The Aristocracy, impoverished by its own idleness and luxury, rushes wildly to join the Middle-class in speculations which necessitate new conquests of territory and constant acts of aggression. The Mob, promised a merry time by the governing classes, just as the old Roman mob was deluded by bread and pageants—*panem et circenses*—dances merrily to patriotic War-tunes, while that modern monstrosity and anachronism, the Conservative Working Man, exchanges his birthright of freedom and free thought for a pat on the head from any little rump-fed lord that steps his way and spouts the platitudes of Cockney patriotism. The Established Church, deprived of the conscience which accompanied honest belief, supports nearly every infamy of the moment in the name of the Christianity which it has long ago shifted quietly overboard.* There is an universal scramble for plunder, for excitement, for amusement, for speculation, and above it all the flag of a Hooligan Imperialism is raised, with the proclamation that it is the sole mission of Anglo-Saxon England, forgetful of the task of keeping its own drains in order, to expand and extend its boundaries indefinitely, and, again in the name of the Christianity it has practically abandoned, to conquer and inherit the Earth

It may be replied that this is an exaggerated picture, and I will admit at once that there is justice in the reply, if it is granted at the same time that the picture is true so far as London itself and an enormous majority of Englishmen are concerned. Only if this is granted, can

* It is sad to read in this connection the poem contributed to the *Times*, at the outbreak of the South African struggle, by no less a person than the Ven Dr Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland

“They say that ‘War is Hell,’ the ‘great accursed,’
The sin impossible to be forgiven—
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,
And still find blue in heaven !”

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war’s red rain, I deem it true,
That He who made the earthquake and the storm,
Perchance made battles too !”

God help the Church, indeed, if this is the sort of oracle she delivers to those who rested their faith in God on the message of the Beatitudes

the present relapse back to Barbarism of our Public Life, our Society, our Literature be explained. Now that Mr Gladstone has departed, we possess no Politician, with the single exception of Mr. Morley (whose sanity and honesty are unquestionable, though he lacks, unfortunately, the dæmonic influence), who demands for the discussion of public affairs any conscientious and unselfish sanction whatever ; we possess instead a thousand pertinacious counsellors, cynics like Lord Salisbury or trimmers like Lord Rosebery, for whom no one in his heart of hearts feels the slightest respect. Our fashionable Society is admittedly so rotten, root and branch, that not even the Queen's commanding influence can impart to it the faintest suggestion of purity or even decency. As for our popular Literature, it has been in many of its manifestations long past praying for ; it has run to seed in fiction of the baser sort, seldom or never with all its cleverness touching the quick of human conscience ; but its most extraordinary feature at this moment is the exaltation to a position of almost unexampled popularity of a writer who in his single person adumbrates, I think, all that is most deplorable, all that is most retrograde and savage, in the restless and uninstructed Hooliganism of the time.

The English public's first knowledge of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was gathered from certain brief anecdotal stories and occasional verses which began to be quoted about a decade ago in England, and which were speedily followed by cheap reprints of the originals, sold on every bookstall. They possessed one not inconsiderable attraction, in so far as they dealt with a naturally romantic country, looming very far off to English readers, and doubly interesting as one of our own great national possessions. We had had many works about India—works of description and works of fiction ; and a passionate interest in them, and in all that pertained to things Anglo-Indian, had been awakened by the Mutiny ; but few writers had dealt with the ignobler details of military and civilian life, with the gossip of the mess-room and the scandal of the governmental departments. Mr. Kipling's little kodak-glimpses, therefore, seemed unusually fresh and new ; nor would it be just to deny them the merits of great liveliness, intimate personal knowledge, and a certain unmistakable, though obviously Cockney, humour. Although they dealt almost entirely with the baser aspects of our civilisation, being chiefly devoted to the affairs of idle military men, savage soldiers, frisky wives and widows, and flippant civilians, they were indubitably bright and clever, and in the background of them we perceived, faintly but distinctly, the Shadow of the great and wonderful national life of India. At any rate, whatever their merits were, and I hold their merits to be indisputable, they became rapidly popular, especially with the Newspaper Press, which hailed the writer as a new and quite amazing force in literature.

So far as the lazy public was concerned, they had the one delightful merit of extreme brevity, he that ran might read them, just as he read *Tit-bits* and the Society newspapers, and then treat them like the rose in Browning's poem—

“Smell, kiss, wear it,—at last throw away!”

Two factors contributed to their vogue: first, the utter apathy of general readers, too idle and uninstructed to study works of any length or demanding any contribution of serious thought on the reader's part, and eager for any amusement which did not remind them of the eternal problems which once beset Humanity, and second, the rapid growth in every direction of the military or militant spirit, of the Primrose League, of aggression abroad, and indifference at home to all religious ideals—in a word, of Greater Englandism, or Imperialism. For a considerable time Mr. Kipling poured out a rapid succession of these little tales and smoking-room anecdotes, to the great satisfaction of those who loved to listen to banalities about the English Flag, seasoned with strong suggestions of social impropriety, as revealed in camps and barracks and the boudoirs of officers' mistresses and wives. The things seemed harmless enough, if not very elevating or ennobling. Encouraged by his success, the author attempted longer flights, with very indifferent results; though in the “Jungle Books,” for example, he got near to a really imaginative presentment of fine material, and if he had continued his work in that direction criticism might have had little or nothing to say against him. But in an unfortunate moment, encouraged by the journalistic praise lavished on certain fragments of verse with which he had ornamented his prose effusions, he elected to challenge criticism as a Poet—as, indeed, the approved and authoritative Poet of the British Empire,—and the first result of this election, or, as I prefer to call it, this delusion and hallucination, was the publication of the volume of poems, partly new and partly reprinted, called “Barrack-room Ballads.”

I have said that Mr Kipling's estimate of himself as a Poet was a delusion, it was no delusion, however, so far as his faith in the public was concerned. The book was received with instantaneous and clamorous approval; and, once again, let me pause to admit that it contained, here and there, glimpses of a real verse-making faculty—a faculty which, had the writer been spiritually and intellectually equipped, might have led to the production of work entitled to be called “poetry.” On the very first page, however, the note of insincerity was struck, in a dedication addressed to Mr. Wolcott Balestier, but recognised at once as having done duty for quite a different purpose—resembling in this respect the famous acrostic of Mr. Slum, which, although written to fit the name of “Warren,” became at a

pinch "a positive inspiration for Jarley." This dedication, with its false feeling and utterly unsuitable imagery, suggests the remark *en passant* that Mr. Kipling's Muse alternates between two extremes—the lowest Cockney vulgarity and the very height of what Americans call "high-falutin'"—so that when it is not setting the teeth on edge with the vocabulary of the London Hooligan it is raving in capital letters about the Seraphim and the Pit and the Maidens Nine and the Planets.

The "Ballads" thus introduced are twenty-one in number, of which the majority are descriptive of whatever is basest and most brutal in the character of the British mercenary. One deals, naturally enough, with the want of sympathy shown in public-houses to Tommie Atkins in time of Peace, as contrasted with the enthusiasm for him in time of War; another, entitled "Cells," begins as follows:

"I've a head like a concertina I've a tongue like a button-stick -
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick
But I've had my fun with the Corp'ral's Guard. I've made the
 cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and blacking the
 Corp'ral's eye",

it is, in fact, the glorification of the familiar episode of "drunk and resisting the guard." In an equally sublime spirit is conceived the ballad called "Loot," beginning:

"If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin' from a line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song of mine",

and the verses are indeed, with their brutal violence and their hideous refrain, only too sadly understandable. Worse still, in its horrible savagery, is the piece called "Belts," which is the apotheosis of the soldier who uses his belt in drunken fury to assault civilians in the streets, and which has this agreeable refrain:

"But it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!'
An' it was 'Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!'
 O buckle an' tongue
 Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!"

If it is suggested that the poems I have quoted are only incidental bits of local colour, interspersed among verses of a very different character, the reply is that those pieces, although they are certainly the least defensible, are quite in keeping with the other ballads, scarcely one of which reaches to the intellectual level of the lowest music-hall effusions. The best of them is a ballad called "Mandalay," and describing the feelings of a soldier who regrets the heroine of a

little amour out in India, and it certainly possesses a real melody and a certain pathos. But in all the ballads, with scarcely an exception, the tone is one of absolute vulgarity and triviality, unredeemed by a touch of human tenderness and pity. Even the little piece called "Soldier, Soldier," which begins quite naturally and tenderly, ends with the cynical suggestion that the lady who mourns her old love had better take up at once with the party who brings the news of his death :

" True love ! new love !
 Best take 'im for a new love !
 The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,
 An' you'd best take 'im for your true love "

With such touching sweetness and tender verisimilitude are these ballads of the barrack filled from end to end. Seriously, the picture they present is one of unmitigated Barbarism. The Tommie Atkins they introduce is a drunken, swearing, coarse-minded Hooligan, for whom, nevertheless, our sympathy is eagerly entreated. Yet these pieces were accepted on their publication, not as a cruel libel on the British soldier, but as a perfect and splendid representation of the red-coated patriot on whom our national security chiefly depended, and who was spreading abroad in every country the glory of our Imperial Flag !

That we might be in no doubt about the sort of thinker who was claiming our suffrages, Mr. Kipling printed at the end of his book certain other lyrics not specially devoted to the military. The best of these, the "Ballad of the *Bolivar*," is put into the mouth of seven drunken sailors "rolling down the Ratchiffe Road drunk and raising Cain," and loudly proclaiming, with the true brag and bluster so characteristic of modern British heroism, how "they took the (water-logged) *Bolivar* across the Bay." It seems, by the way, a favourite condition with Mr. Kipling, when he celebrates acts of manly daring, that his subjects should be mad drunk, and, at any rate, as drunken in their language as possible. But this ballad may pass, that we may turn to the poem "Cleared," in which Mr. Kipling spits all the venom of Cockney ignorance on the Irish party, *à propos* of a certain Commission of which we have all heard, and while saying nothing on the subject of forged letters and cowardly accusations, affirms that Irish patriots are naturally and distinctively murderers, because in the name of patriotism murders have now and then been done. He who loves blood and gore so much, who cannot even follow the soldier home into our streets without celebrating his drunken assaults and savageries, has only hate and loathing for the unhappy Nation which has suffered untold wrong, and which, when all is said and done, has struck back so seldom. In the poem which follows, "An Imperial Rescript," he protests with all his might against any bond of brother-

hood among the Sons of Toil, pledging the Strong to work for and help the Weak Here, as elsewhere, he is on the side of all that is ignorant, selfish, base, and brutal in the instincts of Humanity.

Before proceeding further to estimate Mr. Kipling's contributions to literature, let me glance for a moment at his second book of verse, "The Seven Seas," published a year or two ago. It may be granted at once that it was a distinct advance on its predecessor, more restrained, less vulgar, and much more varied; here and there, indeed, as in the opening "Song of the English," it struck a note of distinct and absolute poetry. But in spite of its unquestionable picturesqueness, and of a certain swing and lilt in the go-as-you-please rhythms, it was still characterised by the same indefinable quality of brutality and latent baseness. Many of the poems, such as the "Song of the Banjo," were on the level of the cleverness to be found in the contributions of the "poet" of the *Sporting Times*, known to the occult as the *Pink 'Un*. The large majority, indeed, were Cockney in spirit, in language, and in inspiration, and one or two, such as "The Ladies" and "The Sergeant's Weddin'," with its refrain:

"Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—
Give 'em one cheer more!
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,
And a rogue is married to," &c

were frankly and brutally indecent. The Army appeared again, in the same ignoble light as before, with the same disregard of all literary luxuries, even of grammar and the aspirate. God, too, loomed largely in these productions, a Cockney "Gawd" again, chiefly requisitioned for purposes of blasphemy and furious emphasis. There was no glimpse anywhere of sober and self-respecting human beings—only a wild carnival of drunken, bragging, boasting Hooligans in red coats and seamen's jackets, shrieking to the sound of the banjo and applauding the English Flag.

Faint almost to inaudibility have been the protests awakened by these Cockney caricatures in the ranks of the Army itself. Here and there a mild voice has been heard, but no military man has declared authoritatively that effusions like those which I have quoted are a libel on the Service, if not on human nature. Are we to assume, then, that there are no refined gentlemen among our officers, and no honest, self-respecting human beings among their men? Is the life of a soldier, abroad as at home, a succession of savage escapades, bestial amusements, fuddlings, tipplings, and intrigues with other men's wives, redeemed from time to time by acts of brute courage and of *sang froid* in the presence of danger? Is the spirit of Gordon quite forgotten, in the service over which he shed the glory of his

illustrious name? If this is really the case, there is surely very little in the Anglo-Saxon military prestige which offers us any security for the stormy times to come. That Englishmen are brave and capable of brave deeds is a truism of which we need no longer to be assured, but bravery and brave deeds are not national possessions—they are the prerogative of the militant classes all over the earth. Englishmen in times past were not merely brave, they could be noble and magnanimous; their courage was not only that of the bulldog, but of the patriot, the hero, and even the philanthropist: they had not yet begun to mingle the idea of a national Imperialism with the political game of Brag. I am not contending for one moment that the spirit which inspired them then has altogether departed; I am sure, on the contrary, that it is living yet, and living most strongly and influentially in the heart of the Army itself; but if this is admitted and believed, it is certain that the Tommie Atkins of Mr. Rudyard Kipling deserves drumming out of all decent barracks as a monstrosity and a rogue.

The truth is, however, that these lamentable productions were concocted, not for sane men or self-respecting soldiers, not even for those who are merely ignorant and uninstructed, but for the "mean whites" of our eastern civilisation, the idle and loafing Men in the Street, and for such women, the well-drest Doll Tearsheets of our cities, as shriek at their heels. Mr. Kipling's very vocabulary is a purely Cockney vocabulary, even his Irishmen speaking a dialect which would cause amazement in the Emerald Isle but is familiar enough in Seven Dials. Turning over the leaves of his poems, one is transported at once to the region of low drinking-dens and gin-palaces, of dirty dissipation and drunken brawls; and the voice we hear is always the voice of the soldier whose God is a Cockney "Gawd," and who is ignorant of the aspirate in either Heaven or Hell. Are there no Scotchmen in the ranks, no Highlanders, no men from Dublin or Tipperary, no Lancashire or Yorkshire men, no Welshmen, and no men of any kind who speak the Queen's English? It would seem not, if the poet of "The Sergeant's Weddin'" is to be trusted. Nor have our mercenaries, from the ranks upwards, any one thing, except brute courage, to distinguish them from the beasts of the field. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Kipling's contention, and even in the Service itself it seems to be undisputed.

How, then, are we to account for the extraordinary popularity of works so contemptible in spirit and so barbarous in execution? In the first place, even fairly educated readers were sick to death of the insincerities and affectations of the professional "Poets," with one or two familiar exceptions, and failing the advent of a popular singer like Burns, capable of setting to brisk music the simple joys and sorrows of Humanity, they turned eagerly to any writer who wrote verse, doggerel even, which seemed thoroughly alive. They were amused,

therefore, by the free-and-easy rattles, the jog-trot tunes, which had hitherto been heard only in the Music-halls and read only in the sporting newspapers. In the second place, the spirit abroad to-day is the spirit of ephemeral Journalism, and whatever accords with that spirit—its vulgarity, its flippancy, and its radical unintelligence—is certain to attain tremendous vogue. Anything that demands a moment's thought or a moment's severe attention, anything that is not thoroughly noisy, blatant, cocksure, and self-assertive, is *caviare* to that Man in the Street on whom cheap Journalism depends, and who, it should be said *en passant*, is often a member of smart Society. In the third place, Mr. Kipling had the good, or bad, fortune to come at the very moment when the wave of false Imperialism was cresting most strongly upward, and when even the great organs of opinion, organs which, like the *Times*, subsist entirely on the good or bad passions of the hour, were in sore need of a writer who could express in fairly readable numbers the secret yearnings and sympathies of the baser military and commercial spirit. Mr. Kipling, in a word, although not a Poet at all in the true sense of the word, is as near an approach to a Poet as can be tolerated by the ephemeral and hasty judgment of the day. His very incapacity of serious thought or deep feeling is in his favour. He represents, with more or less accuracy, what the Mob is thinking, and for this very reason he is likely to be forgotten as swiftly and summarily as he has been applauded, nay, to be judged and condemned as mean and insignificant on grounds quite as hasty as those on which he has been hailed as important and high-minded. Savage animalism and ignorant vainglory being in the ascendant, he is hailed at every street-corner and crowned by every newspaper. To-morrow, when the wind changes, and the silly crowd is in another and possibly saner temper, he is certain to fare very differently. The misfortune is that his effusions have no real poetical quality to preserve them when their momentary purpose has been served. Of more than one poet of this generation it has been said that "he uttered nothing base." Of Mr. Kipling it may be said, so far at least as his verses are concerned, that he has scarcely on any single occasion uttered anything that does not suggest moral baseness, or hover dangerously near it.

However, that we might not entertain one lingering doubt as to the nature of the spirit which inspires his easy-going Muse, Mr. Kipling himself, with a candour for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, has recently laid bare, in a prose work, the inmost springs of his inspiration; in other words, he has described to us, with fearless and shameless accuracy, in a record of English boyhood, his ideal of the human character in adolescence. Now, there is nothing which so clearly and absolutely represents the nature of a grown man's intelligence as the manner in which he contemplates, looking backward,

the feelings and aspirations of youthful days. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the author of the immortal Ode, and Heaven is still with us very often as we more closely approach to manhood. In Goethe's reminiscences of his childhood, we discover, faintly developing, all that was wisest and most beautiful in a soul which was distinguished, despite many imperfections, by an inherent love of gentleness and wisdom; the eager intelligence, the vision, the curiosity, are all there, in every thought and act of an extraordinary child. When Dickens, in "David Copperfield," described under a thin veil of fiction the joys and sorrows of his own boyhood and youth, there welled up out of his great heart a love, a tenderness, a humour which filled the eyes of all Humanity with happy tears. When Thackeray touched the same chords, as he did more than once, he was no longer the glorified Jeames of latter-day fiction—he was as kindly, as tender, and as loving as even his great contemporary. Even George Eliot, with imaginative gifts so far inferior, reached the height of her artistic achievement when she went back to the emotions of her early days—when, for example, she described the personal relations of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, or when, in the one real poem she ever wrote, she told in sonnet-sequence of the little "Brother and Sister." It would be cruel, even brutal, to talk of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the same breath as fine artists like these; but all writers, great or little, must finally be judged by the same test—that of the truth and beauty, the sanity or the folly, of their representations of our manifold human nature. Mere truth is not sufficient for Art; the truth must be there, but it must be spiritualised and have become beautiful. In "Stalky & Co."* Mr. Kipling obviously aims at verisimilitude; the picture he draws is at any rate repulsive and disgusting enough to be true; yet I trust for England's sake that it is not—that it is, like nearly all his writings with which I am familiar, merely a savage caricature.

Only the spoilt child of an utterly brutalised public could possibly have written "Stalky and Co.," or, having written it, have dared to publish it. These are strong words, but they can be justified. The story ran originally through the pages of a cheap monthly magazine, and contained, I fancy, in its first form, certain passages which the writer himself was compelled in pure shame to suppress. Its purpose, almost openly avowed, is to furnish English readers with an antidote to what Mr. Kipling styles *Ericism*, by which label is meant the kind of "sentiment" which was once made familiar to schoolboys by Farrar's "Eric, or, Little by Little"; or, to put the matter in other words, the truly ideal schoolboy is not a little sentimentalist, he is simply a little beast. The heroes of this deplorable book are three youths, dwelling in a training school near Westward

* "Stalky & Co" By Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan)

Ho; one of them, the Beetle, reads poetry and wears spectacles, the two others, Stalky and M'Turk, are his bosom companions. This trio are leagued together for purposes of offence and defence against their comrades; they join in no honest play or manly sports, they lounge about, they drink, they smoke, they curse and swear, not like boys at all, but like hideous little men. Owing to their determination to obey their own instincts, and their diabolic ingenuity in revenging themselves on any one who meddles with them, they become a terror to the school. It is quietly suggested, however, that the head-master sympathises with them, especially in their power to inflict pain wantonly and to bear it stoically, which appears to him the noblest attribute of a human being. It is simply impossible to show by mere quotations the horrible vileness of the book describing the lives of these three small fiends in human likeness; only a perusal of the whole work would convey to the reader its truly repulsive character, and to read the pages through, I fear, would sorely test the stomach of any sensitive reader. The nature of one of the longest and most important episodes may be gathered from the statement that the episode turns on the way in which the three young Hooligans revenge themselves, on a number of their school-mates who have offended them, by means of a dead and putrefying cat. And here is a sample of the dialogue:

"In his absence not less than half the school invaded the infected dormitory to draw their own conclusions. The cat had gained in the last twelve hours, but a battlefield of the fifth day could not have been so flamboyant as the spies reported.

"My word, she *is* doin' herself proud," said Stalky. "Did you ever smell anything like it? Ah, and she isn't under White's dormitory at all yet."

"But she will be. Give her time," said Beetle. "She'll twine like a giddy honeysuckle. What howlin' Lazerites they are! No house is justified in makin' itself a stench in the nostrils of decent——"

"High-minded, pure-souled boys. *Do* you burn with remorse and regret?" said M'Turk, as they hastened to meet the house coming up from the sea."

Another equally charming episode is the one describing how a certain plebeian called "Rabbits-Eggs," through the machinations of the trio, wrecked the room of one of the masters, King:

"*Moi! Je! Ich! Ego!*" gasped Stalky, "I waited till I couldn't hear myself think, while you played the drum! Hid in the coal-locker—and tweaked Rabbits-Eggs—and Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Wasn't it beautiful? Did you hear the glass?"

"Why, he—he—he," shrieked M'Turk, one trembling finger pointed at Beetle

"Why, I—I—I was through it all," Beetle howled, "in his study, being jawed"

"'Oh my soul!' said Stalky with a yell, disappearing under water

"'The, the glass was nothing. Manders minor's head's cut open. La—la—lamp upset all over the rug. Blood on the books and papers The gum! The gum! The gum! The ink! The ink! Oh, Lord!'

"Then Stalky leaped out, all pink as he was, and shook Beetle into some sort of coherence, but his tale prostrated them afresh

"'I bunked for the boot-cupboard the second I heard King go down stairs Beetle tumbled in on top of me. The spare key's hid behind the loose board. There isn't a shadow of evidence,' said Stalky They were all chanting together,

"'And he turned us out himself—himself—himself!' This from M'Turk. 'He can't begin to suspect us Oh, Stalky, it's the loveliest thing we've ever done!'

"'Gum! Gum! Dollops of gum!' shouted Beetle, his spectacles gleaming through a sea of lather. 'Ink and blood all mixed I held the little beast's head all over the Latin proses for Monday Golly, how the oil stunk! And Rabbits-Eggs told King to poultice his nose! Did you hit Rabbits-Eggs, Stalky?'

"'Did I jolly well not? Tweaked him all over. Did you hear him curse? Oh, I shall be sick in a minute if I don't stop!'

As I have already said, however, the book cannot be represented by extracts. The vulgarity, the brutality, the savagery, reeks on every page. It may be noted as a minor peculiarity that everything, according to our young Hooligans, is "beastly," or "giddy," or "blooming"; adjectives of this sort cropping up everywhere in their conversation, as in that of the savages of the London slums. And the moral of the book, for, of course, like all such banalities, it professes to have a moral, is that out of materials like these is fashioned the Humanity which is to ennoble and preserve our Anglo-Saxon Empire! "India's full of Stalkies," says the Beetle, "Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and *the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on!*"

Perhaps, after all, I am unjust to Mr. Kipling in forgetting for the moment to credit him with a Poet's prophetic vision? For if "Stalky & Co." was written before and not after recent political developments, it certainly furnishes a foretaste of what has actually happened! The "surprises *have* begun," although the "rows" have not been very "big" ones, and the souls of Stalky and his companions *have* been looming large in our Empire. Studying certain latter-day records, indeed, listening to the voice of the Hooligan in Politics, in Literature, and Journalism, is really very like reading "Stalky & Co." Some of our battles, even, faithfully reproduce the "blooming" and "giddy" orgies of the schoolroom, and in not a few of our public affairs there is a "stench" like that of "the dead cat." Yes, there *must* be Stalkies and M'Turks and Beetles working busily, after all, and representing the new spirit which appears to have begun in the time of Mr. Kipling's boyhood. But whether they really represent the

true spirit of our civilisation, and make for its salvation, is a question which I will leave my readers to decide.

So much, however, for the voice of the Hooligan, as reverberating in current literature. It is needless to say that it would hardly have been necessary to seriously discuss such literature, if the object was merely to protest on intellectual grounds against its popularity; one might as well examine seriously the current contributions to *Answers* and the *Sporting Times*, or hold up to artistic execration the topical songs in a Drury Lane pantomime. But even a straw may indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing, and the vogue of Mr. Kipling, the cheerful acceptance of his banalities by even educated people, is so sure a sign of the times that it deserves and needs a passing consideration. Behind that vogue lies, first and foremost, the influence of the Newspaper Press, and I cannot do better than quote in this connection some pregnant words contained in a recent work by a writer of undoubted insight, Mr. George Gissing. "A wise autocrat might well prohibit newspapers altogether, don't you think?" says one of Mr. Gissing's characters. "They have done good, I suppose, but they are just as likely to do harm. When the next great War comes, newspapers will be the chief cause of it. And for mere profit, that's the worst! There are newspaper proprietors in every country who would slaughter half mankind for the pennies of the half who were left, without caring the fraction of a penny whether they had preached War for a truth or a lie." "But doesn't a newspaper," demands another character, "simply echo the opinions and feelings of the public?" "I'm afraid," is the reply, "it manufactures opinions and stirs up feeling. . . . The business of newspapers in general is to give a show of importance to what has no real importance at all, to prevent the world from living quietly, to arouse bitterness, when the natural man would be quite indifferent. . . . I suppose I quarrel with them because they have such gigantic power and don't make anything like the best use of it."* If this statement is accepted as true, and few readers who have studied the recent developments of Journalism will be inclined to doubt it, it will be understood at once how the popularity of Mr. Kipling has been accelerated by "that mighty engine," the Newspaper Press.

It is no purpose of mine, in the present paper, to touch on political questions, except so far as they illustrate the movements of that back-wave towards Barbarism on which, as I have suggested, we are now struggling. I write neither as a Banjo-Imperialist nor as a Little Englander, but simply as a citizen of a great Nation, who loves his country and would gladly see it honoured and respected wherever the English tongue is spoken. It will scarcely be denied, indeed it is frankly admitted by all parties, that the Hooligan spirit of Patriotism,

* "The Crown of Life" By George Gissing. (Methuen & Co)

the fierce and quasi-savage militant spirit as expressed in many London newspapers and in such literature as the writings of Mr. Kipling, has measurably lowered the affection and respect once felt for us among European nations. Nor will any honest thinker combat the assertion that we have exhibited lately, in our dealings with other nationalities, a greed of gain, a vain-glory, a cruelty, and a boastful indifference to the rights of others, of which in days when the old philanthropic spirit was abroad we should simply have been incapable. But it is not here, in the region of Politics and Militarism, that I wish to linger. My chief object in writing this paper has been to express my sorrow that Hooliganism, not satisfied with invading our Newspapers, should already threaten to corrupt the pure springs of our Literature. These noisy strains and coarse importations from the Music-hall should not be heard where the fountains of intellectual Light and Beauty once played, where Chaucer and Shakespere once drank inspiration, and where Wordsworth, Hood, and Shelley found messages for the yearning hearts of men. Anywhere but there; anywhere but in the speech of those who loved and blest their fellows. And let it be remembered that those fountains are not yet dry. Poets and dreamers are living yet, to resent the pollution. Only a little while ago the one living novelist who inherits the great human tradition tore out his very heart, figuratively speaking, in revolt against the spirit of savagery and cruelty which is abroad; though when Thomas Hardy wrote "*Jude the Obscure*," touching therein the very quick of divine Pity, only a coarse laugh from the professional critics greeted his protest. Elsewhere, too, there are voices, not to be silenced by the clamour of the crowd; as near as our own shores, where Herbert Spencer is still dwelling, as far away as South Africa, where Olive Schreiner has sought and found human love in the dominion of dreams; and there are others, shrinking away in shame from the brazen idols of the Mart, and praying that this great Empire may yet be warned and saved. To one and all of these has been brought home the lesson—"Woe to you when the world speaks well of you!" and they have elected to let the world speak ill of them, rather than bow down in homage to its Calves of Gold. For to speak the truth as we see it, to confront the evil and folly of the hour, is as dangerous to-day as when Socrates drank his hemlock-cup.

I have left myself no space, I find, to draw a final contrast between the coarse and soulless Patriotism of the hour and that nobler Imperialism in which all true Englishmen, to whatever political camp they may belong for the time being, must still believe. In the federation of Great Britain and her colonies, and in the slow and sure spread of what is best and purest in our Civilisation, there was indeed hope and inspiration for our race, and a message of Freedom for all the world. But true Imperialism has nothing in common with the mere

lust of conquest, with the vulgar idea of mere expansion, or with the increase of the spirit of mercenary militarism ; its object is to diffuse light, not to darken the sunshine ; to feed the toiling millions, not to immolate them ; to free Man, not to enslave him ; to consecrate and not to desecrate the great temple of Humanity. Some of its ways, like the ways of Nature herself, must inevitably be destructive ; the weaker and baser races must sooner or later dissolve away ; but the process of dissolution should be made as gentle and merciful as possible, not savage, pitiless, and cruel. True Imperialism should be strong, but the strength should be that of Justice, of Wisdom, of brotherly love and sympathy ; for the power which is bred of a mere multitude equipped with the engines of slaughter will in the long run avail nothing against the eternal Law which determines that the righteous only shall inherit the Earth. We are a People still, though we seem for the time being to be forgetting the conditions on which we received our charter, and deep in the heart of England survives the sentiment of a world-wide nationality, as expressed in the passionate lines of a modern poet :

" Hands across the Sea !
 Feet on British ground !
 The Motherhood means Brotherhood the whole world round !
 From the parent root,
 Sap, and stem, and fruit
 Grow the same, or soil or name,—
 Hands across the Sea ! "

There sounds the true Imperial feeling, which will survive, I think, long after the repulsive school of Patriotism which I have called (for want of a better name) the Hooligan school, is silent and forgotten. Let me at least hope that it may be so—that Englishmen, after their present wild orgy of militant savagery, may become clothed and in their right minds. There is time to pause yet, although they are already paying the penalty, in blood, in tears, in shame. Let them take warning by the fate of France, let them try to remember the old sanctions and the old enthusiasms ; for if they continue to forget them, they are in danger of being swept back into the vortex of Barbarism altogether.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BALMY NOVEMBER.

IN some years it is very easy to forget that November belongs to Autumn, for it assumes the attributes of Winter, and everybody thinks of it and speaks of it as "winter." But in a November with squalls of warm rain-carrying wind and sunny intervals, when the primulas begin re-budding, and the perennials, cut down in October, are shooting up afresh, one can feel that it is really "autumn." The first day of winter—albeit Greenwich says that winter begins in mid-December—may this year find the leaves still falling, the oaks in October foliage, and the birds, well content with natural fare, independent of eleemosynary crumbs.

Then comes the day when December, without fuss or flurry, asserts itself, laying a chill grasp upon the pulse of the land, and with its cold breath hypnotising nature. That first visitation of snow and frost numbs even the living things, and the birds, as if by the wave of a magic wand, are all enchanted out of sight and hearing, except our robin, whose song seems to ring all the truer and clearer against the freezing air and frozen ground. But November, damp and warm, with its misty mornings and misty evenings hyphenated with afternoons of sunshine, is a pleasant month enough for the creatures. Though the hedges have no other covering than red berries, fluff-tufted strands of hoary clematis—"old man's beard" the children call it—and painted bramble-leaves, they are haunted by lively birds that fly out as you pass, just as they did in summer. Their nests, that now show like black balls among the branches, were then secrets known only to the leaves and the flowering roses, but now they are common property and mice lunch in them.

Although the violets are still in autumn bloom, the ivy, humming with wasps and flies, is in flower, and, despite the Christmas—"roses"

being out, real roses may still be gathered. On the warm sides, next the sun, of the trees in the orchard, conventions of aged bluebottles, solemn as a Sanhedrim, sit in the enjoyment of the month's reprieve, and, sharing in the general amnesty, one old frayed and tattered butterfly. The life of the Year is ebbing fast, but it is pleasant that the evening of it should be lengthened and brightened with sunshine. The next year will be the first of a new Century—so at least we shall write it down—but the deaths and births of epochs do not disturb the routine of the countryside any more than the passing of the Leonids. So that the work of next year is already begun. I was standing the other day by a hedge when suddenly a young ash sapling sprang out from it. Such behaviour in a vegetable was rather startling. But there was the sapling, now quite motionless, leaning out from the hedge. What had happened was this. Early in Summer a spray of briony scrambling along the hedge had caught the plant in its tendrils and bound it tight into the hawthorn. The ash, though captive, had gone on growing, struggling all the time to get out into the sun, and now that the bonds of the briony had rotted it had its will. As it chanced, I had happened to be looking at it when the last tendril gave, and the sapling sprang away into freedom. Better for it to have kept inside the hedge, obscure but safe, for next year the hedger's billhook will smite off its aspiring head.

Strewn on the ground, testifying to the abundance of other food and the mildness of the season, lie uneaten acorns, chestnuts, and even beech-nuts, while in the lanes and copses the berries of the holly and privet, hawthorn and rose, are all still in reserve. I often wonder, though I suppose such wondering is not lawful, why the fruits of all our forest trees were not made eatable. The oak, the beech, and the Spanish chestnut are the exceptions; they are edible, and so, where it grows, are the seeds of a certain pine. But it would go hardly with the hermit who had to sustain life on the nuts and seeds of the elm, sycamore, or ash, horse-chestnut, birch, larch, or fir, the lime, plane, poplar, or hornbeam. He would have reason enough to envy even Daniel at his pulse and covet Nebuchadnezzar's grazing. It seems to our defective human reasoning a great opportunity lost. Why should not the plane, instead of its fuzzy balls—compared with which chenille would be nutritious and worsted delightful eating—have swung strings of cherries, or the ash in place of its bunches of idle "kays" have dangled pistachios? If our woods were all orchards as they are in Cuba, and the fruit of the undergrowth all eatable as in Jamaica, what a pleasure would be added to country rambles! But, *per contra*, what an intolerable lot of fencing-in and fruit-stealing there would be, and as for the schoolboy—well, it is doubtful whether any urchin would survive a boyhood of endless stomach-ache. The boy is too valuable a product

of the land to be unnecessarily wasted. So perhaps the wild crops are best as they are.

To the birds and the mice they seem certainly sufficiently luxurious. When "Æsop" wrote his fable of "The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse" he made an obvious point of contrasting the fare of the rural host with that of his urban visitor. But taking up the other day a very fine edition of the book, I found that the anonymous editor, in order "to suit modern tastes," as he says in his preface, had spoiled the fable by putting on the table of the country mouse "some fine peas, some choice bacon, and a bit of rare old Stilton." The introduction of Stilton cheese, and later on of a "Turkey carpet," into a parable first told some twenty centuries ago, is sufficiently grotesque, but to give the rustic rodent such dainty viands "in order to suit modern tastes" was altogether unintelligible. The fare which the countryman set before his city acquaintance was, of course, grains of barley, acorns, and perhaps a mouldy scrap of bacon-rind—probably found by the mouse in a hedge-bottom where some field labourer, having wearied his teeth upon it, had thrown it away. For Æsop's country mouse is not a common "house mouse" resident in the country, or else the whole fable falls to the ground, as the life of a mouse in a house in the country is quite as perilous as, if not more so than, that of a mouse in a house in a town. His was a field-mouse or wood-mouse, who knew nothing about rare cheese or choice bacon, and who set before his friend the fruitage of the hedge and copse, his gleanings in the cornfield and orchard. Such unfamiliar cates eaten in the darkness of a hole in the bank did not appeal to the *gournet* from town. He was ill-mannered enough to let his bucolic host perceive his daintiness, and—quite overlooking the fact that the repast, such as it was, had been consumed in comfortable leisure, and without any of the "excursions and alarms" that accompanied his own feasts on delicate scraps in the dining-room—he persuaded him to come back with him and, in his turn, be the guest. The country mouse goes, but soon comes scurrying home to his barleycorns and berries, with his appetite for his friend's sumptuous provisions completely destroyed by the sudden incursions of servants and members of the household, and the inquisitive attentions of the dogs and cats of the establishment. He comes home to his moss-lined hole in the bank for the sake of peace and quiet, and that contentment which Solomon tells us is a sovereign sauce for bitter herbs.

Yet, after all, the country mouse does not live poorly. Your vegetarian would say he fared sumptuously, and the list of dishes which certain field-mice, acquaintances of mine, can enjoy even now that winter is upon them would certainly not be despised by the submerged tenth of the domestic mice in blackest London, nor,

indeed, when accompanied by the tranquillity in which these small rustic people pass their happy lives, be scorned by mice that move in the upper circles of metropolitan society, nay, even under the side-boards at Marlborough House or in the larder of Windsor Castle.

In the orchard hard by, of which they are free, there are lying hidden and snug under the leaves many little old apples and pears, wrinkled and shrivelled it is true, but sound and sweet. Under the same leaves, too, are numbers of filberts for the seeking, plump large nuts, whose shells the rime and rain have softened, and whose kernels have caught a rare mushroom flavour from the earth, wholesome and of the soil. Then, too, among the roots of the hedges and in the mossy ditches where the rabbits used to sleep in summer, there are walnuts scattered up and down, plenty of them, and in the copse under the ivy are Spanish chestnuts. When they fell they looked like little green hedgehogs, but splitting, spilt their nuts where the squirrel, busy with other matters, could not be bothered to look for them, but where the little mice, slipping about under the sheltering roof of ivy, find them lying, damp-swollen but toothsome. Hard by, too, side by side, grow oak and beech tree; and though, in the sunny October afternoons, the wood-pigeon and pheasant used to spend much time among the fallen acorns and the mast, growing fat and lazy to their undoing thereupon, the field-mouse knows well enough where there is still goodly store of them, if need be, for Christmas cheer. Maybe it stored them there itself, for, after all, wood-pigeons and pheasants have to go to bed at sunset, while beech-nuts and acorns keep on pattering down all the night, and the crepuscular mouse then has its will of the scattered fruitage of the trees. The horse-chestnut, generous in vain, had strewn the turf with beautiful glistening nuts. Children carried them off to play with; but neither bird nor beastie relished their austere juice, nor was tempted by their ample and alluring bulk. But frost and the mellowing earth have tempered even the chestnuts' harshness, and the mouse now uncovers them, their glossy, ruddy shells changed to black, and the kernels, so bitter in their prime, sweetened by the adversities of winter. There is brave garnishing here for a mouse's table—fruit, filbert, walnut, sweet-chestnut and acorns, beech-nuts and horse-chestnuts; but there is much more besides, for the field-mouse goes a-gleaning in the cornfields, and takes toll, too, of the fallen beans and peas. Here alone is a perpetual feast of good cheer for the country housekeeper.

Yet even this is not all. For if you will look into any old thrush or blackbird's nest, conspicuous now in the leafless hedge, the chances are that you will find it heaped up full with little pips of hawthorn berries, and the seeds of rose "hips," and tiny scraps of husk and shell that had belonged to corn, and the seeds of grass or weeds. Some say that the mice use these nests as granaries or storehouses,

and that they fill them up with food against the days of the lean kine ; but if so, why do we never find them full of eatables ? They are always filled with husks and shells only, the remains of food already eaten. So that, I believe, the mice only use the old birds' nests as dining-rooms ; and it would, I think, make an excellent illustration to *Æsop*, quite in the spirit of the old fable, if the country mouse were depicted entertaining his delicate guest from town *al fresco*, shivering upon the rim of a mouldy nest. But this would be going, perhaps, to as false an extreme as our editor of *Æsop*, who makes the mice of Phrygia, 500 B.C. or thereabouts, regale upon "Stilton" cheese and dine off a "Turkey" carpet. For, as I have shown, the country mouse, innocent of men and their habitations, can set forth a gallant table without recourse to any of those dainties from human beings' larders which the townsman's appetite missed so keenly.

Of course, one ought not to speak of the "tastes" of wild creatures as if they bore any resemblance to our own. The squirrel relishes crude turpentine and likes nuts that are very "high." Birds make no difference between bitter and sweet, nor insects between fragrant and foetid. From the verandah some clematis hangs down in beautiful festoons, and in early Autumn it is a mass of bloom. But alas for the scent of it ! Yet it is the favourite rendezvous for all the butterflies, flies, and moths of the place. All day and half the night they besiege it. In their eagerness to reach the evil-smelling flowers they pass over jessamine and roses, heliotrope and lavender, musk and mignonette. But for its beauty to the eye the clematis would long ago have been destroyed. Yet if it were to go, the insects would consider that the chief glory of the gardens had gone with it. The other day I saw a scrap of grouse thrown to a pug. The dog caught it in its mouth, dropped it on the carpet, and rolled on it in an ecstasy ; lay on its back and slid up and down the thing. The morsel was at once taken away, but the pug, oblivious of the more substantial enjoyments which it usually associates with the dinner hour, kept faithful to the tainted spot on the carpet, turned somersaults on it and scraped itself along it, although there was nothing there but a smell. Can anything be imagined to set human and canine enjoyments farther apart than this, that the dainty which the *gourmet* eats the dog thinks too precious to swallow, and rolls on it, extending its delight in it over many days and returning every time with all its first enthusiasm ? So that the tastes of wild creatures are "not to be disputed of."

How queerly, too, they will pick and choose is set forth in the following incident of the fastidious fox. A lumpish country lad looks after my friend's fowls. They are lumpish-looking fowls like the boy, fat and of the barn-door kind. But our neighbour keeps fowls of a distinct and very aristocratic breed. However, the lad one

day saw a fox in the paddock, and, oddly enough, we heard from our neighbour that he had been losing one or two pullets a day. This put us on our guard, and we tended our chickens and their idiotic parents against all the ills that we could think of. Yet nothing that we could do would persuade that fox to eat them. We had six-foot netting with "fowl bottoms" of wood. We had a bull-terrier in the fowl-yard. We had village-made fowl-houses, very substantial, with runs. But do you suppose that that fox would touch those chickens? Not a bit of it. The six-foot netting was, no doubt, six-foot high; but every day the fowls all got out under it. The bull-terrier was "death on anything," but unfortunately it was always round the kitchen door, looking out for scraps in the waste-bucket, just at the time that foxes are about attending to business. And as for the village-made fowl-houses, the birds simply *spurned* them. They always roosted in the elm-trees. And yet, in spite of the fact that our fowls were never inside their proper places, but always wandering about in a homeless, police-forgotten way, in paddocks and spinneys, the foxes would not eat them. They went and ate our neighbour's pedigree hens instead, which were birds of exemplary manners and domestic, all most carefully garnered in at nightfall into patented hen-roosts, with a man to look after them. It is absurd, of course, to suppose that foxes have any fads as to particular breeds of fowls, but why did Reynard pass by our foolish chickens and carry off our neighbour's wise ones?

I am, too, on nodding terms with a donkey. She is an "education," I am told, and certainly her tastes are singular. For one thing, she will not look at a thistle, which would go to show that she is not quite such an ass as she appears, if it were not that she also refuses carrots, which proves that she is just what she looks. But softly. Now that I think of it, I myself detest carrots and have never eaten a thistle. So perhaps I ought to extend to the donkey the same latitude and longitude as to taste which I claim for myself.

One of the curiosities of New Zealand, it is well known, is the kea, the parrot that kills sheep for the sake of the fat on their kidneys. Though, eventually, it eats other parts of the flesh, the kidney-fat is the tit-bit for which it primarily attacks its prey. Now, about a hundred years ago some smugglers left behind them on the Northumberland coast a dog which ran wild and, taking to worrying sheep, became the terror of the mountain shepherds within a circuit of twenty miles. Bewick giving details of the occurrence says that this dog "when he caught a sheep, bit a hole in its right side and, *after eating the tallow above the kidneys*, left it." The coincidence is curious, and there it ends, a coincidence and nothing more. For all carnivorous animals in a state of nature have their particular tit-bit, and if the body of the victim is found soon enough, the hunter,

the gamekeeper, or the naturalist, can in most cases tell what animal it was that killed it, from the portion of the prey that is first eaten.

This holds good from tigers to tits. Among the other insects which the Great Tit considers game are the red-tailed humble-bees. These little creatures may often be noticed on the ground fumbling and tumbling about, and gesticulating in a helpless, clumsy way with their legs. In nearly every case the explanation is a very shocking one. The unfortunate bee is attacked by beaked mites which fasten upon it at the joints or under the armpits, so to speak, and eat their way into the body, reducing the bee to a mere husk. These bees, sprawling in misery, the tits catch sight of, and pecking them just above the red "tail," pull out and swallow the honey-bag. Now, how did the bird discover that the bees had honey-bags? or learn that it was expedient to pull the honey-bag out in the opposite direction to the action of the sting? It is quite as "wonderful" as the performance of the kea. Sometimes the tit finds a humble-bees' nest, and it then perches close by and as the bees come and go it flies at them and knocks them down. It is never so rash as to catch one. When the bee gets on the wing again it is again knocked down, and at length, unable to rise, is attacked and plundered. The triumphant "sweet" of the tit when it has swallowed the honey-bag reminds one of the light-hearted *root-too-toot* of the infamous Punch when he has thrown his baby out of the window or killed his wife.

An acquaintance of mine, when I told him how the tits came by their honey, amazed me by piously remarking upon the wonderful goodness of Providence in giving little birds such intelligence. He looked upon it, seriously, as quite a benevolent arrangement, and as an evidence that the work of Nature proceeds in every detail under direct Providential supervision.

Which reminded me of a certain child's essay on Seals. After giving the natural history of the animals she drew her moral. "It is very cruel," said she, "to kill seals just because we want to wear their skins ourselves, but it is rather fortunate for them, as it shows that they were created for some good purpose"! Taught to trace "good in everything," the puzzled child had done her best to explain the slaughter of vast colonies of harmless animals for the sake of the skins which had been given them by a loving Creator, and had come to the conclusion that it was for the seals' good that, instead of (as she said in her essay) "walloping about on the ice," they should be skinned for the benefit of man. On cross-examination it proved that she did not really believe that it did the seals any good and that all her sympathy was with them, but her education had already taught her to try and persuade herself that "everything is for the best," and to understand that if our reason cannot reconcile facts with theories, it is our reason that is at fault.

My grown-up acquaintance, who admired the working of nature because titmice can only enjoy honey by tearing live bees to pieces, was the same child, only grown up. His suggestion was that it was "rather fortunate for the bees that they had their honey-bags pulled out and eaten by birds, as it showed that they were created for some good purpose." But he differed from the child in being no "lover of nature," while the little one has an extraordinary passion for observing wild nature. The consequence is that she is perpetually being nonplussed. For instance, she collected and caged a wilderness of caterpillars, and her delight was infinite when the beautiful butterflies—tortoiseshell, peacock, or red admiral—hatched, and she could walk about in the garden with a score of them at a time sitting on her hair, her hat, or her shoulders, and a row of them perched all along the syrup-smeared wand she carried for them. For these dainty insects, for some hours after they come out of their chrysalids, are curiously, torpidly, tame, and though their wings are strong enough for flight, they prefer to remain quiet, moving here and there on their feet, and slowly opening and shutting their wings in the sunlight. They allow themselves to be handled and shifted from spot to spot; so that for a child who is fond of wild things these butterflies are ideal pets. Eventually she sent them all off, tossing them off her finger one by one, as children do soap-bubbles off a pipe, and just as, in Japanese tapestries, we see the fat little divinity who rides on a golden frog, blowing new butterflies off his fingers. And what happened to her butterflies? Hardly one of them survived its first wavering, flickering flight. Even the clumsy sparrows could catch them. And the child wonders, and wants to know what is the use of her "making" beautiful butterflies only to have them torn to pieces as soon as they fly into the sunshine. When she is old enough to answer her own questions she may perhaps have different ideas, but for the present she has announced her intention of not "making" any more butterflies for birds to eat.

Nor when Nature appears to be unfairly partial does such kindness secure my young friend's approval. The cabbage-butterflies, for instance, which do such immense harm in the kitchen-garden, are protected, perhaps by their scent, from the birds. The fly-catchers and others will come skimming along to the attack from all sides if a tortoiseshell ventures across the lawn, but the cabbage-butterflies, handfuls of them, wrangling confusedly in mid-air, can enjoy their squabble to the end without offence.

It is true that, later on, small insect foes, the ichneumon flies, devastate the cabbage-caterpillars. The hoax that Nature then plays off upon them is hideously grim in its humour, and one feels avenged upon the poor wretches who, thinking that they were comfortably

fattening and preparing for the repose of the chrysalis stage, suddenly discover that they are really only caterpillar-skins filled with ichneumon-fly grubs, and that it is their guests inside them, and not they themselves, that have been plumping out upon the food so laboriously consumed. And the grubs emerge and pitch their camps of little golden tents upon the empty husks of their deluded hosts. To those of us who do not like these butterflies, the locusts of their kind, that lay the eggs that turn to caterpillars that eat the cabbages that grow in the garden that Jack plants, this practical joke, tragical as it is, seems excellent enough; but those who have never been to the Other Side of Nowhere and come back again must needs be puzzled at it. "Why," asks the child, "are the cabbage-butterflies protected from the birds until they have done all the mischief and then punished?" It is all very bewildering, as the Water-Baby found, and very wonderful. And, after all, the study of Nature would be commonplace and dismally limited, if her doings and undings all lay within the circumference of human reason and common sense.

The patience of Nature is infinite and her indifference to mishaps invincible. She mends the rents, repairs the breakages, and fills up the gaps with beautiful fortitude and buoyant industry. So, too, her creatures, although so alert and resourceful in the preservation of their lives, are really all fatalists. For instance, in the grounds here there are stoats and weasels and, worst of all, poaching cats. Yet who ever saw a pessimist rabbit? He is perennially gay. "It is as Allah wills," he says, and skips forth. Is not the circus on?

If you wish to go to the Rabbits' Circus you had better first ask your way to the Robins' Village.

As you go by the path that leads you to the Spring bank—a sweet pretty spot, with snowdrops and bluebells and primroses set thickly among the ivy—you will pass on your right a deodar. You cannot mistake it, for the ground beneath it, if it be February, will be all a-twinkle with the stars of winter-aconite, and right over against it, on your other hand, you will have the Robins' Village. This is where the circus goes on.

Once upon a time, a hundred years or more ago, a tenant of the old place dug himself a mighty hole here. Most people are of Cheops' and Alexander's mind and erect things above the surface of the ground for their memory. They had rather be remembered by a pimple on the earth than by a dimple in it. But this good old Trojan had his own ideas, and instead of setting up a three-sided pyramid for all men to admire, he dug out a great triangular hole which might not be seen save of those who fell into it. And by this he arrived both at hole and heap, for the soil taken out of the ground-Peter he threw up on top of the ground-Paul, so that a rabbit passing along the edge of the excavation has on one side of him a precipice

that in some places rises sheer to the giddy height of seven or eight feet. When a bunny, suddenly pursued, tumbles over these beetling crags, there is nothing to break his fall except the dense ivy, with great tufts of ferns between, which clothes every inch of the face of the frowning cliffs. I was one of a party who, on a fine summer's evening, actually beheld such a catastrophe. A pug, rootling about at the top among the ivy, startled out a great fat rabbit, who straightway rolled over the edge, not all in one bump, but in a long scrambling furry-and-leafy confusion of rabbit and ivy, at the end of which, comfortably arrived at the bottom, he was so perplexed that he could not, if he had been offered all the carrots in the garden, have told you where he was. Then we all laughed, and he remembered and fled down a burrow.

Well, the hole being dug—when there is water in it, it is spoken of as “the pond”—and the earth thrown up on one side of it, the crowns of dead pollarded trees and their roots were studded about over it and ivy planted on it. So to-day there is a great mound with old ivy, a foot thick, all over it, and hummocked with half a hundred ivied knolls. Nothing else is allowed to grow there except wood-anemones and ferns. High overhead meet the boughs of some immense elms, and when these are in leaf, the beauty of the spot is bewitching. But now, November, it is quite beautiful enough. And it is called the Robins' Village.

Every old ivied stump and root has had a robin's nest, or several, in it, and the redbreasts, sometimes for bathing, sometimes for drinking—both of them functions which the feathered folk enjoy, apparently, best in company—are always brightly in evidence. Most of the birds come here, from the pompous wood-pigeon to the frivolous wren, for the sake of the water and the seclusion, so that the Robins' Village is the centre of the gossip of the garden. And the robins provide the music for their visitors, entertaining them with carols.

Now, at the foot of the steep side of the great mound, just above the high-water-mark of the pond, runs a little wooden causeway, and at each end of it you can ascend to the ordinary level of the garden by steps. These steps give at each end upon a gravel path which goes round the Village.

Now, about the time that our Trojan was digging, he, or somebody else, built a ten-foot wall along one side of the garden, and coming to the pond, he made the wall end there and curl round, so that the pond lies in the curl of the wall. And all round under the wall is, of course, the “bank” of the pond, and the top of the bank has been beaten smooth and flat by the pattering of rabbits' feet, for nobody knows how many years, into a surface like cement. At one end this much-frequented, semicircular highway ends in the gravel path above mentioned, and would also do so at the other if it were

not that the enormous roots of an aged elm block the way. But the rabbits have in a manner circumvented the old tree, for they have tunnelled under and between its roots, and by an ascending burrow have established communications on the plane of the outer world. So that a rabbit so disposed can run through a figure of eight by scampering along under the wall and up through the tree-roots on to the path, then down the steps, along the causeway, up the other steps, and round the Robins' Village to the steps again. And this is exactly what the rabbits are pleased to do, and whether they take only one loop of the 8 or both, the result to the onlooker is hugely diverting.

Not that the rabbits encourage onlookers. They run their circus for themselves, not for an audience. They are, perhaps, the only troupe that prefers to perform to empty houses, and to whom a beggarly array of empty benches is a perpetual joy. Your patronage is not solicited—indeed, you can get no information as to their performances from either advertisement or box-office. If they see you looking on, they stop a gallery would paralyse them; a crowd mad them. Not that they really ever act in solitude, for, if you can creep up unobserved, you will generally find a sort of audience. But they are all very inattentive to the performance. A squirrel goes jerking about among the ivy looking for beech-mast, or something else that it buried last year, the blackbirds bathe, the wrens wrangle, and the robins sing. Pied water-shrews slip in and out of the water beetle-hunting, and, superbly absorbed, sit solemn frogs, each like an idol for its own worshipping.

Meanwhile the circus proceeds, and, quite indifferent to the indifference of their friends, the rabbits are merry enough. Round they run and round and round again, skipping crazily or, like the ill-behaved prince in Herodotus, standing up on their heads and gesticulating with their legs. Except when being chased, rabbits are apparently unable to go straight. Something always makes them skip. Even when there is only one rabbit or hare it diverts itself with queer sidelong cavorts, piaffes, jinkings, and somersaults. Of course, when several are together, they all behave as if there was madness in the family—unless they are feeding, and even then there are the most unaccountable spurts and explosions of frivolity. And here in their own circus they let loose all their clowning and “ground and lofty tumbling.” The whole performance is an extravaganza of unrehearsed effects. You may see, perhaps, three rabbits, all going round the figure of eight at once, two one way and the third another. They go at different rates of speed, now dashing forward, now creeping, now stopping to prance. All of which leads to perpetual meetings and overtakings and mutual surprisals. They make believe that everything is unexpected, and pretend to be unprepared for such encounters,

sitting up in surprise after jumping over a friend who was travelling on slowly ahead, or scurrying round in an absurd circle as if astonished when they have been jumped over by one who was coming up fast from behind. Meeting face to face, they bounce up in the air as if such an apparition had been wholly unlooked for, and after jumping over each other scamper off as if for dear life.

And all this out of sheer gladness at being alive. There is no purpose in their gambols. I doubt if any animal is capable of the idea of amusing a companion or of exchanging a joke. They certainly comprehend the notion of "play," and will combine for a game. But it is absurd to imagine that a rabbit, for example, acts the mountebank in order to make other rabbits laugh. It is quite enough to give the performer itself the credit of enjoying its own capers, and the thought that each of these small folk finds fun in their circus is sufficiently pleasing without expecting them to do more than please themselves.

So round and round they go, kicking up their heels, down the steps and up the steps, round the village and round the pond. And the blackbirds go on bathing, the titmice searching for spiders, the squirrel bobbing up and down among the ivy, and the robin singing. They all take the circus as a matter of course. It is the rabbits' affair.

And one week the pond had become frozen, and the rabbits could run across it. Carrots and food for the birds were thrown upon the ice. Then came a sudden thaw. The top of the water looked as if it were still frozen; a carrot or two lay upon what seemed to be ice. And in the middle of the pond floated a dead bunny. A stake stands up out of the water there, and on the top of it sate a robin singing as if its heart were bursting with glee. And the circus was going on just as usual.

PHIL ROBINSON.

A NEW GOSPEL AND SOME NEW APOCALYPSES.

THE title of the present paper has something repellent about it, and predisposes the average reader to an attitude of hostility or to one of scepticism. The old maxim springs spontaneously to the lips, and we say, "If it is new, it is not true; and if it is true, it is not new." And such expressions are not confined to easy-going, comfortable persons who do not wish their faith to be disturbed or their reading extended; for some of the best and most scientific explorers into the matter of Gospels, known and unknown, have expressed themselves to the effect that there never were more than four Gospels current in the Church, and that these four are the four which we now possess; and their dictum has, naturally enough, been applauded by religious people. Persons of an evangelical spirit are the product of that Evangelium which is extant, with which they are in close spiritual correspondence, and not of any lost Evangelium, and if any extension or addition were made to their foundation, they would have fears for the whole fabric; their instinct (and it may be reason as well as instinct) is to say, "If we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel," &c., or to remark that it is "another Gospel, but not a different one."

Over against this band of conservative and, in the main, wisely conservative people, there is a counter band of persons who are desirous to impress upon us the fact that our existing Gospels are a selection and a survival out of a great mass of similar attempts at gospel-writing, and it is inferred that they owe their success, not simply and purely to their superior excellence and accuracy, but in part at least to the accidents which make some books popular and permanent and relegate others into obscurity. I say "in part at least," but I do not forget that Renan called the Gospel of Luke the most beautiful book ever written.

Thus the author of "Supernatural Religion" (Mr. W. R. Cassels)

never tires of reiterating the admission made in the prologue of St. Luke's Gospel, that many before himself had taken in hand to compose a record of things that had happened and of things that had been believed; and whenever a Gospel quotation turns up anywhere that varies sensibly from the accepted texts, it is readily assigned by Mr Cassels to some one of these lost documents, such as the Gospel according to the Hebrews or the Gospel according to Peter. The difficulty with this view does not lie in the assumption of lost Gospels, but in the hypothesis that they take literary rank along with the canonicals. So far as we have gone in the investigation, uncanonical Gospel matter shows signs either of dependence upon the canonical or of actual inferiority. The two extreme views are seen to be strongly divided from one another: the one school minimising or reducing actually to zero the Gospels which lie outside the canon, the other maximising them (if one may coin a new and necessary verb).

Between these extremes the reasonable critic ought to be found and does occasionally turn up. For it is clear that there is some evidence of extreme antiquity for the existence of uncanonical Gospels, and it would be absurd to suppose they were all of the fantastic type which is presented by those Apocryphal Gospels which deal with the Lord's birth and infancy. But then, on the other hand, it is equally impossible to take seriously all the cases in which we find references to non-extant Gospels in the early history of Christianity, and merely to pile up these references without discrimination is *ad captandum* work of the worst description. I am afraid my friend Dr. Dillon a little overrated this business of reference to lost Gospels when, in an article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June 1893, he spoke sympathetically of the lost Gospel according to Eve, and coupled with it a lost Gospel according to Judas Iscariot. Does any serious person think that these were serious documents?

Investigation is apt, as a rule, to play havoc with extreme positions (and remember, we have defined the average Evangelical position as an extreme position); as far as recent research goes, it has not altogether confirmed the belief that the Gospels are only four in number, nor, on the other hand, has it favoured the doctrine that they are more likely to be forty. The discovery of some fragments of the lost Gospel of Peter some years since has merely repeated the ancient positions of the contending scholars: for if some are quite certain that the Gospel in question is merely a pendant from and adaptation of the four canonical Gospels, others have been equally positive that a fresh line of tradition has been disclosed, and that we are face to face with a canonical fifth Gospel (or one that was something very like canonical in the second century).

Fragments have also been recovered of our Lord's teaching in the shape of detached sayings, in a form that seems to be earlier than the

existing Gospels ; but here again the evidence is wanting that these sayings were ever linked with doings or sufferings of His in such a manner as to constitute what is commonly understood by a Gospel. So that we have, by the recovery of the Logia fragments, added a document to the early Church library, but not necessarily a Gospel.

What we feel sure of, however, is this—that all the signs point to the recovery of much more lost Christian literature than we at one time ventured to hope for, and it will be strange, indeed, if amongst the divine *débris* there should be no evangelical matter. Extreme scepticism as to the existence of such matter is clearly out of place.

What happens with regard to the four canonical Gospels applies also to the canonical Apocalypse. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to the existence of uncanonical Gospels in the Christian literature and as to their value, St. John's Apocalypse, at all events, does not stand alone in the sense that it used to stand,* it is the representative of a class of literature of which many examples, both older and younger than itself, have come to light. One of these in particular, the Apocalypse of Peter, was almost canonised in the Roman Church, and exercised a profound influence on Western religious thought. But by the end of the second century it was probably decanonised, and what happened to it in the Western Church in the way of desuetude and loss of dignity happened also to the canonical Apocalypse in the Eastern Church. There does not seem much to choose between them in the matter of canonicity, which term, perhaps, does not mean much more than that some forcible people liked this book and disliked that. We cannot, then, say of Apocalypses that there is only one ; but, on the other hand, we need not suppose that every document which we are obliged to classify as an Apocalypse had a serious reception as such in the Christian Church.

It was my good fortune recently to find amongst a pile of Syriac leaves which had arrived from the East a document which contained in itself one Gospel and three Apocalypses woven together ; the Gospel being named after the twelve Apostles and the Apocalypses being assigned to Peter, James, and John respectively. I fastened my hungry eyes on this curious combination much in the same way as Peter fixed his on the sheet let down from heaven by four corners and filled with all kinds of four-footed beasts and creeping things innumerable. I, at all events, was prepared to kill and eat ! In such matters I have no Petrine scruples. The title was appetising enough, in view of the fact that the early Christian literature showed an acquaintance with a Gospel which was said to be the Gospel according to the Twelve, which Gospel was current at least as early as the

* It may be questioned whether it ever really stood alone, even in the New Testament, for the great eschatological chapters in Matthew are an Apocalypse of Jesus Christ to His servants, just as the canonical Apocalypse is affirmed to be

second century. Then there was similar evidence, both by patristic allusions and by the actual recovery of part of the document, as to the existence in the second century of an Apocalypse of Peter; and there was also extant an Apocalypse of John in Greek, which differed from the canonical Apocalypse. So it is not to be wondered at that I attacked the new document with great zeal and fervour.

It would be unfair and irrational to discuss the tract at length before we have read it; and so I propose to transcribe it, or at least so much of it as may be necessary to determine the time when it was written, and the country where it was composed and circulated. When we have done this, we shall be in a position to decide whether a companion has been found either for the canonical Gospels or for the canonical Apocalypse.

The actual MS. from which I have worked appears to be of the eighth century: it is, therefore, of an honourable age; and if one may reason from analogy, one would be inclined to predict that the matter contained will turn out to be a good deal earlier than the eighth century. But reasoning from analogy may be as fallacious in these matters as it is in philosophy, and the simplest way is to turn at once to the text.

THE GOSPEL OF THE TWELVE HOLY APOSTLES,

TOGETHER WITH THE REVELATIONS OF EACH OF THEM. DONE FROM
HEBREW INTO GREEK AND FROM GREEK INTO SYRIAC.

THE beginning of the Gospel of Jesus the Christ, the Son of the living God,
Mar 1. 1. according as it is said by the Holy Spirit, I send an angel
before his face, who shall prepare his way.

It came to pass in the 309th year of Alexander, the son of Philip the

Luke iii. 1. Macedonian, in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, in the govern-
ment of Herod, the ruler of the Jews, that the angel Gabriel,

Luke 1. the chief of the angels, by the command of God went
down to Nazareth, to a virgin called Mariam, of the tribe
of Judah the son of Israel (her who was betrothed to Joseph the Just),
and he appeared to her and said, Lo! there ariseth from thee the one that
spake with our fathers, and he shall be a Saviour to Israel; and they who
do not confess him shall perish, for his authority is in the lofty heights, and
his kingdom does not pass away.

Then Mariam was perturbed at this word, and was exceeding terrified,
and Mariam answered and said, And how is it possible that this thing
should be as thou hast said, since a man hath not known me, and thou
announcest a son to me?

And the angel said to her, Verily, for thus the God of greatness wills it,
there comes forthwith the Holy Ghost, and the Lord dwells in thee.

And Mariam knelt and worshipped God and said, My Lord, may it be
unto me according to thy word

And Mariam bore a son in Bethlehem of Judah, and his name was called

Matt. ii. 1. Jesus the Saviour, and the Ruler, and the God who is over
all. according as the Holy Spirit spake by the mouth of

Heb. 1. 8. David the prophet, and he hath put all things under
his feet, all sheep and oxen, also the beast of the field, and
the fowls that are in heaven and the fish of the sea, which pass through

the paths of the seas and there hath been made subject to him, to this Jesus, all that is in heaven and all that is in the earth

Matt. ii. And after a short time, viz eight months, he fled from Herod into Egypt, in order that all things that are written might be fulfilled, and after the death of Herod there appeared an angel to Joseph, and he brought the boy back to the land of Israel, and he grew and attained to full stature, according as it is written by the four truthful Evangelists (and this is the preaching of the Holy Gospel)

And he wrought in the world great works of power, and plenteous marvels without number a multitude of which the scribes of the holy Gospel have left on record He healed the sick he cleansed the lepers he raised the dead, he opened [the eyes of] the blind, he strengthened the paralytics, he satisfied the hungry, and he wrought miracles. And he chose him true disciples, and twelve apostles that they might be with him, whose names are as follows

Simeon, who is called Kepha, he is from the tribe of Reuben
Mark iii. 17. James and John, the sons of Zabdai, they are from the tribe of Issachar

And Andrew from the tribe of Zebulon
and Philip from the tribe of Joseph
and Bar Tholmai from the tribe of Simeon:
and Matthew from the tribe of Naphtali,
and Thomas from the tribe of Benjamin
and James the son of Alphaeus from the tribe of Levi:
and Thaddaeus from the tribe of Judah
and Simeon the Cananaean from the tribe of Asher,
and Judas (he that betrayed him) from the tribe of Gad.

These twelve are his disciples, to whom he promised twelve
Luke xxii. 30. thrones that they might judge Israel.

And it came to pass, that when our Lord did all these wonders, and taught the word of God in the synagogues, and in the cities and in the streets, it was evil in the eyes of the elders and the scribes of the people, and they stured up against him the judges and those that were possessed of authority, until they brought against him accusations, and attestations through their envy, in order that they might destroy him according as all his life is written in the Holy Gospel of the four truthful Evangelists.

Mark xvi. 15. And our Lord commanded them and said to them that they should go out and evangelize in the four quarters of the world, and we carried out the preaching, lo! from the ends of the earth to the ends of the same

But after this the Jews made a plot against him, the chief priests and the elders and the scribes of the people, with one of his disciples, him that is called Scariota, and he took money for his price, and delivered him up to them, and they delivered him to the judges, and they judged him and crucified him, and he died and was buried, and the third day he rose, according as it is written, and as he said to his disciples when he was with them, before he was betrayed

But Judas, after the death of the Righteous One, was separated [?] and inherited bitter death by miserable strangling, according to the mystery which our Lord revealed to Simeon Kepha. and those holy women who were ministering to him before his death, even they, when he rose, announced it to the apostles, and the disciples went, according to the message which they had received from our Lord, when he was with them, and there they saw him.
Luke viii. 3.
Matt. xxviii. 7.
and Mark xvi. 7.

Matt.
xxviii. 17.
and
John xx.
Acts i.

And there was amongst them one who doubted concerning the resurrection And the eleven apostles brought in Matthias instead of Judas, and he stands in his place, and he was with them, and like unto them, an apostle.

Mark xvi. 14. And he appeared unto the eleven when they were reclining at meat, while full of anxieties about stumbling and he reproached them for their unbelief, and reproved them for their hardness of heart, and he straightway commanded the preachers of the truth and the proclaimers of the verity, that they should go out into the four quarters [of the world] and preach the Gospel and baptize and say, "The kingdom of heaven is come nigh unto you!" and whosoever believeth and heareth shall live for ever" And he said to them, "In my

Mark xvi. 17. name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, which they have not known, nor understood, and in my name if they shall drink any deadly poison, it shall not hurt them"

But Jesus, after these words which his disciples heard from him—they say to him, "Lo! thou goest away from us, and ascendest to Him that sent thee, and there is given to thee all power, both in heaven and on earth, and thou hast commanded us that we should preach with new tongues,"

and after this { they prayed } the following prayer :
{ and they said }

We beseech thee, our Lord and God, not to deprive us of thy grace, but establish us in thy grace, and enrich us in knowledge that comes from thee. and cause thy Holy Spirit to dwell in us, and give us the mercies and compassion that come from thyself, and perfect with us the gift that is from thyself and with those that call truly upon thy name, let no error come nigh us, and let not the devil smite us with his destroying arrows; and let us not taste of the poison of the cruel serpent, for this was the cause of the fall of our father Adam But be thou to us the head and the overseer, and the lord and the director, and the liberator and the saviour, and by all that is given to us from thee, let our people be made perfect in gratitude to thee until the end of the world. Yea! our Lord, enrich us according to thy promises, that we may speak with new tongues, by the Spirit that is from thee, and let us know what is the end of the world because we stand in the midst of offences and scandals of the world reveal and interpret to us, our Lord, what is the manner of thy coming, and what is the end, and what offences exist in the world, for, lo! thou art taken up from us, and what we shall say we know not.

And Jesus rebuked them and said, Why is all this little-faith of yours? Lo! I have given you my promises, and have fulfilled to you your petitions and ye shall speak with various tongues, and nothing shall be hidden from you and I have put the Holy Spirit in you, and my truth have I fixed in your hearts, for profit and for salvation, and for the invitation to the kingdom of heaven of such as read and hear and do your words. It is not as with other Evangelists who talk of what they have seen and repeat what they have heard, but you shall speak, by the Spirit of my Father, of those things that are and of those things that are to come And those who believe and do shall see new life in the kingdom of my Father in heaven

And forthwith our Lord was taken up from his twelve [apostles], and their minds were fervent [and were inflamed] like a fire that burns and there was given to each one of them a tongue and grace, and Simeon spake with them in Hebrew, and James in Latin, and John in Greek, and Andrew in Palestinian, and Philip in Egyptian, and Bar Tholmai in Elamite [?], and Matthew in Parthian, and Thomas in Indian, and James the son of

Alphæus in the tongue of Mesopotamia, which is beyond the river, and Thaddæus in African [2], and Simeon the Cananaean in Median, and Matthias in the Persian tongue

And they understood what they were saying, each man [understanding] the tongue of his fellow

And all those that heard them were astonished and perturbed, and they said, How have these barbarous and contemptible people suddenly become wise, and speakers of intricate things and revealers of secrets? Who hath given them this, and how have they been instructed? For lo! we hear

Acts 11. 8. them speaking with new tongues in which they were not born, and preaching repentance and inviting men to the kingdom of God! Were they not born among us and did they not grow up with us? And they were feeble of understanding, and now we hear from them secret things and revelations such as the tongues of men cannot tell. This cannot be without the finger of God, which has enriched them

And after that they had taught and admonished the people according as they were commanded by our Lord, [they gathered] in the upper room where they had been with Jesus, and they bowed down and worshipped God and they all of them besought as with one soul that they might be made perfect each one in the tongue of his fellow and of his discourse, and after this with one accord and agreement they might ask from God this gift which was promised to them, and that there might be a revelation to them concerning the end, and Simeon Képha and the eleven disciples bowed down before God in the same upper room, and they prayed and besought from God and said the following prayer

Lord God the Mighty, the Father and Sender of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou didst send, thine only Son, to set us free from evil and from error and to instruct us in the way of life: we call upon thee, Lord, and we seek of thee that we may be found worthy of the gifts which the holy mouth of our Lord promised to us, and let us not be deprived of the grace and the mercies which by his promise have lighted upon us, but grant us, Lord, and count us worthy that all of us with one soul and with one mind may see thy revelation, that great and marvellous revelation, by which thou art to reveal to us concerning things created, and let us understand the times before thy coming again, and how they pass away and are no more, and who are the rulers of those times and what their lives; and what men are to see the end, and who is he that is to come as thy adversary, and to contend with the truth and whether all men err from thee and cleave [2] to error, yea! our God, we beseech, reveal to us in mercies and grace and show us our Lord, give us our requests, for the knowledge and the advantage of those who read and understand for lo! according to thy word we have hated the world, and all that is therein, and we have left fathers and race and have cleaved to thee, who art the Saviour of our race, and the beginning and the end and the guide and the governor of our life, thy mercies are over the good and over the evil, and thou livest and makest to live, and thou hast authority over the exit of all of us. Reveal grace to us, show us good, be propitious to thy servants, O merciful one; and give us in thy holy name to trample on the head of the bitter serpent, thy enemy

And when they had finished their prayer, forthwith suddenly [the Lord] flashed lightning upon them from heaven; and [the earth] was filled with a great light, such as men had never seen before, and like it can never be again, except that light in which our Lord is to be revealed, and the light tarried over them for three hours, that day being the Friday, and a mighty voice was heard from within the light which said,

Blessed and blessing is He that came and that comes in the name of the Lord ;

blessed is the mystery of the Saviour

Thus they heard until that light faded from the upper room and suddenly a voice sounded out to them, and they heard it say, "Go forth to the mountain to the place in which Moses and Elias appeared to you ; and there it shall be spoken to you in spirit, concerning the world and the end, and concerning the kingdom of God, and all of you shall speak of it in the tongues of the holy fathers "

And when the voice was silent, they fell upon their faces, through the fear of the great and huge mountain, and with the tears from their eyes all the upper room was full of water ; and Simeon Kepha and his eleven companions rose up, being bound and called by the Holy Spirit, and they went whither Jesus had directed them, and they were there fasting and praying seven days [and they did eat nothing] and suddenly there were set before ^{2 Matt. iv. 11.} them [tables] full of all good things, things excellent, (whence they came our Lord only knows), things from which He Himself was nourished

And on the morrow, like as on the first day, he flashed light over them and made them fervent in spirit and in truth, and a voice came to them and said, Speak out, speak out ! And they began to glorify God and to laud and praise and exalt our Lord, asking from him that the gift might be completed which [he had promised].

And here the writer of the Gospel becomes definitely and openly an Apocalyptic writer, and narrates how the disciples fall successively into ecstasy and obtain the vision of things to come. We have a series of Apocalypses inscribed with the names of the Apostles, in which we are able to see historical characters and situations portrayed with a good degree of fidelity, so as to enable us to fix the time and place of production of the work upon which we have lighted.

But before we go farther, we must make the observation that this Gospel of the twelve Apostles is really only an Apocalyptic prologue. The writer is merely making a situation for the tracts on the last things which he proposes to write. He has used the Gospel as a peg upon which to hang these Apocalypses ; that is, the term Gospel is a misnomer ; it is only a preface, disguising thinly the intention of the writer, whose real object is to moralise on the evils of his time and to point out the signs of the approaching end of the world.

Second, we may remark that it is already pretty clear that the writer is dependent upon the four canonical Gospels, to which it is difficult to maintain that he has added anything. His references to them are both direct and oblique : direct, where he tells us that it is written thus in the four truthful Evangelists ; oblique, where he is detected in making adaptations of the canonical accounts.

Instances of this are (a) from Mark, as in the case of the prologue, where he alludes to the promised messenger sent before the Christ, but contents himself with the prophecy and never tells how it is fulfilled. From the same Gospel he appears to quote large extracts from the closing section, and very nearly in the text of the Peshito version.

(b) Matthew is imitated in the allusions to the descent into Egypt and the prophecy connected therewith; we must refer to him also for the death of Judas, &c. &c.

(c) Luke is responsible for the false reference to Tiberius as the Emperor when Christ was born, which is a misunderstanding of Luke c. 3, and for the account of the Annunciation, for the reference to sitting on thrones and judging Israel, &c. &c

(d) John's Gospel is perhaps involved in the statement that *one* of the eleven doubted of the Resurrection.

It is quite clear, then, that the writer has used the four canonical Gospels. He says so, and we could have said it for him, if he had been silent on the matter. The only way to escape from this conclusion would be to maintain that he had quoted, not from the canonical Gospels, but from an early lost Gospel which overlapped the canonical Gospels at certain points. Such a Gospel is, indeed, suggested by his title, for there is no doubt that a Gospel did exist in the second century which was called after the twelve apostles, and was in use amongst certain early Gnostics or Ebionites. Suppose we leave a loophole for further criticism in this direction, and content ourselves for the present with saying that the newly-found Gospel is either a patchwork and paraphrase of the existing Gospels, or that it is an adaptation of some early lost Gospel, known as the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles.

Observe, it cannot actually be this Gospel, for the opening sentences of that lost book have been preserved, and they run as follows :

"It came to pass in the days of Herod the King of Judæa, in the high priesthood of Caiaphas, that a certain man named John came, who was said to be of the race of Aaron," &c.

This does not at all agree with our tract, which has an opening dependent upon the Gospel of Mark. It is, then, only a remote possibility that the tract has anything, beyond the name, in common with the lost Gnostic Gospel.

We must now turn to the Apocalyptic matter to which the supposed Gospel is prologue and background, and see whether it betrays its origin, either as regards the time of the composition, or the place where its author resided.

When we turn to the examination of the three Apocalypses which are attached to the Gospel of the twelve Apostles in our tract, we shall do well to remind ourselves of the method by which the date of such Apocalypses is critically determined; and in doing this we will leave on one side such cases as are intra-canonical, like the apocalyptic parts of Daniel, or the discourses in the closing chapters of Matthew, where the question is complicated by the assumption that false prophecy or erroneous prognostication is excluded.

An Apocalypse of the extra-canonical kind is an attempt to paint the future on the background of the past, and this usually involves the writer in a transition from fairly correct history to universally incorrect prophecy, and by watching where the transition from history to prophecy takes place, one can find the chronological standpoint of the writer. If, however, the near prophecies of the writer are such as have been (wholly or in part) verified by events, it follows almost to a certainty that the writer himself will be dated too late by the critic, because his prophecy will be assumed to be history, and the event prophesied taken to be behind the composition of the Apocalypse. It is, however, very rarely that this has to be allowed for. Almost always, historical facts are earlier than he that records them. Cowper might put into the mouth of the Druid addressing Boadicea the words:

"Rome shall perish, write that word
In the blood that she has spilt",

but it is extremely unlikely that any Druid would have expected such a consummation or seen the signs of it in the sky. The real Druid is Cowper, living after the fall of Rome. Excluding, then, the question of inspired prophecy, or reducing the prophetic element to mere occasional successful prognostication from the political barometer, it is sufficient to observe when historical landmarks disappear in the story, and that point is the chronological landmark of the writer of the book.

This applies not only to prose Apocalypses, but to those that are written in verse, and are commonly called "Sibylline Oracles." For example, a favourite device on the part of a Sibyllist is to review all the kings of the period just before his own time, either by taking the first letters of their names, or by writing them in equivalent numerical figures, or by making some word-play upon them such as a comparison of the Emperor Adrian to the Adriatic Sea, and when one has found the key it is easy to find where the series stops short, which generally means the ruling emperor at the time of the writer. And there are so many cases in prose and in verse that betray their chronology in this way to the investigator, that we are often able to date an Apocalypse or a Sibylline Oracle with greater accuracy than an epistle of the New Testament; moreover, the writings thus dated very often become historical documents of the first importance, because the secrecy which characterises them preserves them from being tampered with, just as truly as if they had been written on tablets and buried in Assyria or Egypt.

There is, however, one caution that has to be remembered. Sibylline Oracles and Apocalypses are like sermons preached in country churches; they are often adaptations of earlier efforts, because it was thought better to rewrite or modify a good composition by some one else than to be proudly original and make a bad one of one's own. And I

suspect that this difficulty has often led the investigator astray; for a little reflection would show that an Apocalypse rehandled has usually two date-marks, and may be referred to one or the other date, accordingly as we catch the older or the newer transition in the story. It is, for instance, quite conceivable that the canonical Apocalypse of John may be rightly dated by Irenæus in the reign of Domitian, and by Renan in the reign of Nero; if, that is, it should be an earlier Apocalypse, rewritten to meet a later situation. As, however, I said just now that we would reserve the question of canonical matter, let it suffice to say that what is suggested in this case certainly happens in many other cases, and that the critic is likely to be, at first, perplexed by the apparent duality of the date.

In most cases an Apocalypse is evoked by an apocalyptic situation. There must be on earth distress of nations with perplexity, and the sea and its waves must be roaring. Times of peace do not produce them. But let famine, sword, and fire be unleashed, pestilence be walking abroad, or assassination at work to extirpate a tribe or secure the removal of awkward claimants to power, then it is the most natural thing in the world for an oppressed and afflicted people to write new Apocalypses or furbish up old ones. The measure of the horrors of the siege and ruin of Jerusalem may thus be estimated by the number of Apocalypses to which it gave rise. Something like this might have been observed in Armenia after the great massacres. It was not merely the Bible that became the object of renewed and devout study; it was the apocalyptic parts, and especially the book of Daniel. What happens in the end of the nineteenth century with readers of Scripture is the mark of writers of Scripture in the first and second centuries; they have become apocalypticist.

And now let us turn to our little group of Apocalypses, and, in particular, to that one which has attached to it the name of the Apostle John. It is headed—

REVELATION OF JOHN THE LITTLE

THE BROTHER OF JAMES, AND THEY TWAIN
ARE THE SONS OF ZABDAI.

And there was a great earthquake, and suddenly John the brother of James and the initiate of our Lord, fell on his face on the earth, and with a great trembling he worshipped God the Lord of all, and our Lord sent to him a man in white raiment, and mounted on a horse of fire, and his appearance was like the flashing of fire, and he touched him, and set him up and said to him, "John, behold! thou hast been set by our Lord to preach the Gospel of the Saviour, along with the three that perform the truth, but ye also shall not be deprived of this gift, for there hath been given unto thee the spirit, that thou shouldest receive it in double measure: because more than thy first companions thou hast known the mysteries of our Saviour." And John was moved by the Holy Spirit and was made fervent and said, Lo! I see heaven opened and holy ones who are in the

lofty heights in appearance like lightning, and glorifying God the maker of all. And I beheld and an angel approached me, one of those that are near to him, and he brought me wax-tablets written with the finger of truth, and inscribed with those times and generations, and with the iniquities and sins of men, and with the miseries that are to come on the earth, and I arose as it were stupefied. And there was a voice exceeding dread, which said, "Let the mysteries be revealed that are hidden from the beginning, in soul and in spirit." And the angel of God who was sent to me touched me and said to me, "Open thy mouth and receive" and I opened my mouth and I beheld and he put therein something like beryls and white like snow, and its taste was very sweet, and I ate it. And he said to me, "Behold, it is the day of salvation, and the hour of deliverance! Speak, for the Lord hath pleasure in thee! Speak, O man, to whom hath been given power over the mysteries of God! Speak without fear, for it is the will of God that the secret things should be expounded to thee."

And I beheld that there was written on the wax-tablets, what men are to suffer in the last times and when I saw all these things that are past, I was not willing to speak concerning them, but only that I should expound those things that are to come, and there was a voice which spake in me, "Woe! woe to the sons of men who are left to the generations and to the times that are to come! For there shall rise up the kings of the north and they shall become strong and they shall shake the whole world, and there shall be amongst them a man who subdues all the peoples by a marvellous sign which appeared to him in heaven, and he shall be prosperous and it shall go well with him, and after him shall rise up kings of the Romans, insolent, evil, idol-worshippers, godless accusers and plotters and accepters of persons, and all the people of the Romans shall fall into fornication and adultery, and they shall love bribery and lasciviousness through the abundance of wine that they drink, and while their power is over all the world, because of their evil sins and blasphemies against God, the Lord shall send wrath upon them from heaven, and Persia shall become strong against them and shall drive away and expel this kingdom from the world, because it hath done evil exceedingly, and kings shall rise up among them, great and renowned, and lovers of money, and they shall take away government from the earth, and there shall be one of them who, because of his love of money, shall destroy many men, until commerce and trade perish from off the whole earth, and he shall die by the son of his own body, and all the silver and gold that he has collected shall not save him, and after this Persia shall rule for a little time, and it also shall be delivered over to tribute (?) because of their evil sins the God of heaven shall abolish their rule, and shall destroy their kingdom, and they shall perish and cease to be

But there will be deniers of the truth, and men that know not God, and that do corruptly in their lasciviousness, those who provoke God. And then suddenly shall be fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel, the pure and the desired, the prophecy which he spake, that God shall send forth a mighty wind from the South, and there shall come forth thence a people of deformed aspect, with appearance and aspect like those of women, and there shall rise up from amongst them a warrior, and one whom they call a prophet, and they shall be brought into his hands. . . those like to whom there has not been such in the world, neither after them shall there be their like.

And every one that hears shall shake his head and shall deride him and say, "Why doth he speak thus? And God seeth and regardeth it not!"

And the South shall do prosperously, and by the hoofs of the horses of his armies they shall trample down Persia and shall subdue and

devastate Rome, and there shall not be found any that stands before them, because so it has been ordained for them by the Holy One of heaven; and it shall come to pass that every kingdom or people or place that hears the report of them shall be afraid and shall tremble and shall be terrified at the report of this people, until it shall subdue and bring under its hands the whole earth, and twelve renowned kings shall rise up from that people according as it is written in the law when God talked with Abraham and said to him, "Lo! concerning Ishmael thy son I have heard thee, and twelve princes shall he beget along with many other princesses", and he, even he, is the people of the land of the South. He shall lead captive a great captivity among all the peoples of the earth and they shall spoil a great spoil, and all the ends of the earth shall do him service, and there shall be made subject to him many lordships, and his hand shall be over all, and also those that are under his hand he shall oppress with much tribute, and he shall oppress and kill and destroy the rulers of the ends of the earth. And he shall impose a tribute on the earth, such as was never heard of, until a man who goes forth from his house shall find four collectors who collect tribute, and men shall sell their sons and their daughters because of their need, and they shall hate their lives and shall wail and weep, and there is no voice nor discourse except Woe, woe! And they shall be covetous with a hateful cupidity.

And they will be converted (?) like bridegrooms and brides, but all of these will demand some requital from them, because he that has shall be reckoned in their days as though he had not, and he that builds and he that sells as one that gets no gain. And those who take refuge with them shall prosper amongst them, and they shall enslave to them men renowned in race. And there shall be among them hypocrites and men that know not God; and none of men shall be held in regard except prodigals, and fornicators, and men wicked and revengeful.

But woe! woe! to the children of men in that time

And they shall rule over the world for one great week and the half of a great week, and every king who shall arise from amongst them shall strengthen and be made strong, and shall be more vigorous than his fellow and they shall gather together the gold of the earth and they shall descend and lay them up in the earth treasures that came forth therefrom; because their kingdom and authority is from God and it shall come to pass after the week and the half of a week, the earth shall be moved concerning them, and God shall require the sins of creation at their hands and the south wind shall subside, and God shall bring to nought the status of their people, and they shall tremble and be affrighted at every report that is brought to them, and the hands of all flesh shall be upon them, according as it was said by the hand of Moses the servant of the Lord and in the end of their times they shall do evil to all flesh that is under their power, and they shall oppress and enslave and ravage, and men shall see necessity and great affliction, and three and four of them shall be associated in pollution. And there is none that speaks and none that hears, except only one that says, Woe! woe! what is come to pass in our generation!

And they shall felicitate the dead of ancient time, and shall ask for death for themselves, and there is none that redeems and none that replies but so much the more will they afflict all of those who confess our Lord Christ, because they shall hate to the very end the name of the Lord, and shall bring to nought his covenant; and truth shall not be found amongst them, but only villany shall they love and sin shall they have an affection for. And whatever is hateful in the eyes of the Lord that will they do and they shall be called a corrupt people.

And after this shall the Lord be angered against them, as he was against Rome, and against Media and Persia, and straightway there will come upon

them the end, and suddenly the time comes, and at last in the completion of the week and a half God shall stir up against them desolation, and an angel of wrath shall descend, and shall kindle evil amongst them . . . , and they shall be lifted up one against the other, and they shall make and become two parties, and each party shall seek to call himself king, and there shall be war between them, and there shall be many murders by them and among them, and much blood shall be shed among them at the fountain of waters which is in the place that was spoken of aforetime in the book of the Sibyl

And when the man of the North shall hear this report, he shall not be affrighted, and he shall say, By my might and by my arm have I overcome. And then shall he associate with him all the peoples of the earth and will go forth against him, and they shall destroy and devastate his armies and lead captive their sons and their daughters and their wives, and there shall fall upon them a bitter wedlock and misery

And the Lord shall cause the spirit of the South to return to his place from whence he came forth, and shall bring to nought his name and his fame, and it shall come to pass that when they shall enter again the place from whence they came out, the enemy shall not pursue them thither, and they shall not fear hunger, and they shall not tremble, and it shall come to pass in that day that their reliance shall be upon silver which they have gotten by wrong and by plunder which they have hidden in the place named Diglath, and they shall return and settle in the land from whence they came out and God shall stir up for them evil times and times of plagues, and without war shall they be laid waste, and until all generations of the world there shall not be among them any that holds a weapon and stands up in battle

And when he had spoken these words and visions and revelations in truth, the angel departed from him . . . and a voice said, Suffer thy companions . . . to talk with thee.

Having now read the pseudo-Johannine Apocalypse, we must ask whether any of the figures that move across the stage can be recognised as historical. And I suppose every one who reads the tract, even in a cursory manner, will find his suspicions provoked, and will be able to point to one or another of the moving figures on the apocalyptic stage and say, I suspect that here we have allusion to this one or to that one on the page of history. He will be more certain, for example, that he sees Constantine the Great than the ordinary reader of the canonical Apocalypse is that he sees Nero disguised as the Beast. For nothing could more accurately express Constantine than the statement of our author as to a king who overcomes by means of a sign that he has seen in heaven. He has simply turned the "*In hoc signo vinces*" back from one place in prophecy into an assumed earlier stage. Then he makes a line of kings of the Romans follow Constantine in quick succession, until he comes to his own time, which is, as might have been expected, a time of general decay in faith and morals; otherwise what need was there to write an Apocalypse? Having now found a point of departure, we recognise a rapid sketch of the conflict between East and West, the empire of

the Persians and the empire of the Romans. Persia grows strong against Rome; that is history. A line of tyrants rules over them, a line apparently closed by one great oppressor who dies by the hand of his own son. It is Chosroes the Great, who was put to death by his own son Siroes. The story is told by Gibbon as follows

"Siroes, who gloried in the rank and merit of his mother Sira, had conspired with the malcontents to assert and anticipate the rights of primogeniture. Twenty-two satraps, they styled themselves patriots, were tempted by the wealth and honours of a new reign to the soldiers, the heir of Chosroes promised an increase of pay, to the Christians, the free exercise of their religion, to the captives, liberty and rewards; and to the nation, instant peace and the reduction of taxes. It was determined by the conspirators that Siroes, with the ensigns of royalty, should appear in the camp; and if the enterprise should fail, his escape was contrived to the imperial court. But the new monarch was saluted with unanimous acclamations the flight of Chosroes (yet where could he have fled?) was rudely arrested (A.D. 628, Feb. 23), eighteen sons were massacred before his face, and he was thrown into a dungeon, where he expired on the fifth day. The Greeks and modern Persians minutely describe how Chosroes was insulted, and famished and tortured, by the command of an inhuman son, who, so far, surpassed the example of his father. but at the time of his death what tongue could relate the story of the parricide? what eye could penetrate into the *tower of darkness*? According to the faith and mercy of his Christian enemies, he sunk without hope into a still deeper abyss, and it will not be denied, that tyrants of every age and sect are the best entitled to such infernal abodes. The glory of the house of Sassan ended with the life of Chosroes, his unnatural son enjoyed only eight months the fruit of his crimes, and in the space of four years the regal title was assumed by nine candidates, who disputed with sword and dagger the fragments of an exhausted monarchy. Every province and each city of Persia was the scene of independence, of discord and of blood, and the state of anarchy prevailed about eight years longer, till the factions were silenced and united under the common yoke of the Arabian Caliphs."

The last sentence agrees closely with what is said in our Apocalypse.

"After this Persia shall rule for a little time, and then it also shall be delivered over to tribute (?), the God of heaven shall abolish their rule and destroy their kingdom, and they shall perish and cease to be"

We have thus identified two of the apocalyptic figures, one obviously, to wit, Constantine the Great; the other, by looking at the history of Persia, viz., Chosroes. Observe, we are already at a later date by some years than A.D. 628.

The third figure is, perhaps, the easiest of all to recognise; he is introduced, dramatically enough, by a reference to the prophet Daniel. A glance at the sky shows that the wind is blowing from the south. There is a portentous figure arriving from Arabia, whose black shadow extends all the way from that day to our own; the one of whom Wesley made the savage description.

"That Arab thief, like Satan bold,
Who quite destroyed thine Asian fold."

Our document calls him "a warrior, and one whom they call a prophet," which is carefully worded, and would be accepted as defining Mohammed by every one except the Englishman who defended Mohammed at the Chicago Parliament of Religion as being "almost a typical Quaker"

Mohammed is to trample on Persia and subdue Rome. His followers must have already done this in measure when our author was writing, or the thing would scarcely have been predicted so precisely. But how far the Moslem rule had spread is not definitely stated. What seems quite clear is that the writer knows a line of kings succeeding Mohammed, growing in power and increasing in wealth, each king being stronger and more vigorous than his predecessor. The situation, however, becomes more and more coloured with apocalyptic touches it is evident that the writer is following Daniel's account of the strife between the king of the South and the King of Persia, from which he borrows freely. In other words, he is gradually leaving historical ground and drawing towards prophecy. He begins to calculate weeks in the Daniel manner.

Twelve renowned kings are predicted to rise from the Arab invaders, in accordance with the prophecy concerning Ishmael. They are probably meant for the Ommiad dynasty: and this is confirmed by the statement of the approaching decline of the Moslem movement, in consequence of a division of the true believers into two parties, who must be the Abbassid and Ommiad calphs respectively, the black and white factions of Islam, who contend for supremacy during the years 746-750 A.D. And this seems to be the last historical point reached by the writer. He could not possibly have been many years later, for the MS. in which the Apocalypse is found is an eighth-century MS.; we may say, then, that we have a contemporary account of the state of the Moslem empire, at least so far as concerns the East, in the middle of the eighth century. And as late as this date the Christian Church in Syria was capable of manufacturing a new Gospel and as many new Apocalypses as might be desired. Indeed, the manufacture of Apocalypses continues right down through the Middle Ages. Apocalypses were the religious novels of early Christianity; and if Charles Sheldon or Olive Schreiner had been living in those days they would undoubtedly have composed apocalyptic literature. The advantage derived from the study of such a case as is furnished by the Apocalypse before us by those who wish to interpret early Apocalypses is too obvious to need more than a casual statement.

But what does the writer offer us when he has ceased to be historian and turned prophet? In one sentence, it is the assurance that "the south wind shall subside." The Moslems are to retire into

the deserts from which they had emerged. Enriched by buried treasures which they had secreted,* they are to become a peaceful and apparently a pastoral people. Their hand is no longer against any man, nor any man's hand against them. They are to become the children of peace, and they will learn war no more. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished! Thus the Apocalypse ends with a dream of good which, if it does not rival the prospect of the New Jerusalem, is not alien to it nor unworthy of being associated therewith.

And without giving our apocalyptic writer the honour of a place amongst the prophets, we who love the East and labour for its future prosperity, may look upon the shrinking map of the Moslem tyranny and say to one another, "Be of good cheer, the south wind is beginning to subside."

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

* The wealth gathered by the Moslems at the fall of the Persian Empire was phenomenal. For example, Gibbon, in describing the entrance of the Arabs into the palace of Chosroes, remarks that "the naked robbers of the desert were suddenly enriched beyond the measure of their hope or knowledge. Each chamber revealed a new treasure secreted with art, or ostentatiously displayed, the gold and silver, the various wardrobes and precious furniture surpassed (says Abulfeda) the estimate of fancy or numbers, and another historian defines the untold and almost infinite mass, by the fabulous computation of three thousand of thousands of thousands of pieces of gold."

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN ITALY.

I.

THE character of the Italian woman, her indolence, her want of education, her prejudices, her domestic and religious habits, and her instinctive sense of proportion, combine to prevent her from taking a forward place among the pioneers of the woman movement, or joining the advance guard of the emancipators. She appeared tardily in the arena where the champions of the rights of woman put forward their various claims, social, economic, and political; but at last she has been forced to go to a certain extent with the stream. Feminist associations have been formed in some of the towns of Italy. These gatherings have their women lecturers and their women delegates, who go from one congress to another, and whose sincere and earnest words are listened to and passed from mouth to mouth.

Unhappily for the associates and their programme, the easy, miling, good-natured scepticism which is ingrained in the Italian nature is not favourable to initiative and reform. Spanish traditions still reign in several of the southern provinces. There are many little towns in the Neapolitan district, for instance, where the women of the upper and middle classes cannot go out on foot by themselves, no matter what their age may be. Failing a male escort—husband, brother, or friend—they are followed by a *duenna*! These Castilian customs are dying out; but even in the great centres of the south, where the habits and manners of modern life seem well established, they have left their traces; and where even a small modicum of liberty for women is still in dispute, how is the public mind to be persuaded to consider seriously a social transformation having for its object the equality of the sexes? The young woman of to-day considers herself already fairly well off when she remembers that her mother dared not walk alone in the streets of Naples. Enjoying her

new independence, she never thinks of aspiring to the dignity of a vote; and her dreams are not troubled by any desire to see herself clad in the cap and gown of Portia.

The Italians of the north and of the centre, long as they have been accustomed to the same personal liberty as the other women of civilised Europe, are still only feebly alive to the moral and economic disabilities of their sex. This indifference is traceable to several causes—social, sentimental, and intellectual. Let us try to determine what they are.

First and foremost comes the all-powerful influence still exerted by man in Italy over the mind and heart of woman. As the male population of the Peninsula is superior in number to the female, the percentage of Italian women who do not marry is relatively insignificant. Of these the convents receive the greater number, and the few who remain in the world are for the most part absorbed in the still potent bondage of home life, a few belonging to the richer classes taking their place in society like married women. As celibacy has not been forced upon her by the scarcity of men, the Italian old maid is usually neither soured nor in revolt. If she has not married, the cause, except in cases of ill health or deformity, will be her own choice, determined by an unhappy love affair, fidelity to a dead lover, devotion to old or infirm parents, the desire for a free and peaceful life, or disappointed ambition. She serenely accepts existence as she finds it, without troubling herself about the reformation of her sex or of society. Consequently, the redoubtable regiment of militant Anglo-Saxon spinsters is wanting in Italy. The innumerable old maids in England—the “third sex,” as an Italian sociologist has called them*—have gradually invaded commerce, the professions, art and science, and have even gained a foothold in politics; for the Primrose League and the Women’s Liberal Federation exert considerable influence in England, especially during elections. Married women belong to these associations; but the bulk of the army is composed of spinsters,† its most active members. One meets these enterprising celibate ladies again at the head of all charitable and moral reform work. The result is a sort of free and unconstrained monasticism, which assures to this “third sex” a place in the heart and mind of the community from which no masculine authority is able to dislodge it.

The English old maid, successful almost wherever she has been permitted to gain foothold, has ceased to be a woman for the sake of becoming a working bee. Her capital of energy is dissipated neither in love nor in maternity: the activities of her brain are doubled; and

* “*L’Europa Giovane*” By Giuglielmo Ferrers

† Their number is considerable there is one million more women than men in England, without counting the large number the colonies annually draw from the mother country.

chastity has so profoundly modified her psychologically that the aforementioned Italian sociologist foresees a grave danger for the family of the future. Her example, he says, has already been followed; and the day will come when "Adam will implore from the frozen heart of Eve a love she is no longer capable of feeling. . . . If, in Italy, woman still allows herself to fall under the empire of man, it is because no other prospect is open to her. But give her a choice, and she will become like her Anglo-Saxon sisters." The affirmation seems venturesome and the fear superfluous. whatever may be the surprises held in reserve for future generations, the Italian will be the last to divorce herself from love and from the family, so strong are the ties which still bind her to these two forces, in celibacy as well as in marriage.

The influence of religion has also tended to keep the Italian woman in check in the competition of the sexes. The spirit of Protestantism is much more favourable than that of Catholicism to every progressive claim. The habit of free discussion must inevitably bring women to consider their position, and to wish to modify and better it; and, in fact, Protestant countries are at the head of the emancipation movement. In nations of mixed religion—Germany, for example—it is the Protestant party only which is in sympathy with it; and in France those who take the woman question most seriously are in general Protestants or Freethinkers. Now, in Italy there is no national Protestant element, or such a small one that it fails to exercise any influence upon the general movement of ideas; while, as to Freethought under its differing forms, spiritualist or positivist, it has as yet taken hold of only a very limited number of women. In spite of the period of "indifferentism" in religious matters which Italy has passed through, and by which the men of the governing classes are still strongly influenced, the Italian woman has remained, almost universally, a devout Churchwoman. A female atheist or positivist is disapproved of, even by men who avowedly have no beliefs of their own; and the most pronounced sceptics will send their wives and daughters to Mass. It is true that these women are not all fervent Christians: some of them profess materialistic doctrines, and among teachers and those engaged in literary and scientific pursuits Freethought is common; but these independent spirits are not yet organised, and have no influence whatever upon public opinion.

The rather low standard of her culture tends also to keep the Italian woman behindhand in the march of emancipation, though one comes across remarkable exceptions among those occupied with education or literature, and even in society. The Italian has a very acute intelligence, which takes in with extraordinary promptitude anything presented to her mind; but she does not cultivate it: once her studies

ended she closes her books · “*adieu papiers, vendanges sont faites !*” That most useful help to feminine intellectual development, reading, has not yet become a habit with her. There are countries where books are more used by women than by men : rich, they buy them : poor, they have the lending library : in their yearly expenditure, no matter how small it be, literature has its place. There is nothing like this in Italy. With the exception of a small minority, the women do not read, and have no wish to read. Their celebrated ancestresses of the sixteenth century must look at them with reproachful eyes. If the shade of the President des Brosses recrossed the Alps he would find no Maria Gaetana Agnesi, called the oracle of seven languages and the servant of the poor, and declared by him to be more marvellous than Milan Cathedral. Benedict XIV. granted permission to this learned Milanese lady to take her father's place as Professor of Mathematics at the University of Bologna during an illness of the latter. As just a hundred years have elapsed since her death, her first centenary might be celebrated in 1899 ; but no one will think of it. The tradition of feminine learning is lost in Italy : indeed, it was lost long before the time of Maria Gaetana Agnesi. The Italian of to-day may yet prove herself capable of emulating her great forerunners ; but in the meantime it is certain that modern ideas have made so much less way with her than with the women of other European countries, that she offers a more formidable resistance than even the men of her own land to any effort at reform in favour of her sex. This inferiority of culture has the double effect of greatly limiting the number of women capable of taking any part whatever in public affairs, and of creating an utter want of sympathy with the emancipation movement in general.

The contempt in which woman's life is held in Italy is also an obstacle to the development of feminism. Among the people the man considers himself to have the right of life and death over her, not only as husband and lover, but also as father and brother. In the south especially, a woman may suffer death at the hands of the males of her family and public opinion be not in the least moved to reprobation thereby. The Italian is not cruel : on the contrary, he is kindly and tender-hearted to those dependent upon him ; but he is violent in temper and implacable in hate. The number of women murdered annually for love, jealousy, or vengeance is grimly significant. When a peasant cuts the throat of his faithless sweetheart, the words “Well done” come instinctively from every mouth : later, reason may correct them ; but the first movement is always one of approval. Almost the same thing is true of the middle classes ; and even amongst the cultivated there is manifest a curious indulgence towards the murderers of women. Recent scandalous acquittals prove the truth of this assertion.

The different causes enumerated above: the numeric superiority of the masculine population, the fact that love still exercises so large an empire over the heart of woman, the strong organisation of family life, the conservative force of religion, a lower level of culture, the ingrained conviction in the Italian mind that woman is the property of man and that he has every right over her, even that of the *stiletto*, are so many barriers opposed to the current of feminine advancement, which essays feebly to force itself a passage through them in a moral atmosphere as little favourable to self-assertion as it is to reaction.

Twenty-five years ago a brilliant and cultivated American, whose husband was the representative in Italy of a great State, said, in speaking of the formation of a committee to manage a charitable undertaking, "Put men upon it. If you don't, the women won't come." Since then the Italians have, perhaps, liberated themselves a little from masculine patronage; but nevertheless the assertion remains true to this day. In the land of the sun the psychology of woman is still dependent upon that of man.

II.

The organisation of the feminist movement in Italy is of recent origin. From time to time attempts have been made to form feminist societies; but they have perished amidst general ridicule and hostility. In 1890, thanks to the initiative of Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, an exhibition of women's work was held at Florence, called after Dante's Beatrice; and exhibits were invited from women writers, painters, sculptors, musicians, lacemakers, embroideresses, and others. Those who had espoused the cause of emancipation met there and numbered themselves. Up to that time the principal advocate of these ideas in Italy had been Gualberta Alaide Beccari, editress of the journal *La Donna*. For a period of about fifteen years she had kept her compatriots *au courant* of the reforms set on foot in Europe to ameliorate the social and economic condition of women. This valiant and active apostle, doomed to immobility by a nervous disease, and losing, sometimes for weeks together, both her sight and hearing, had gathered round her some kindred spirits: Anna Maria Mozzoni, who represented Italy at the Women's Rights Congress held in Paris in 1878; Giannina Milli, the celebrated improvisatrice; Paolina Schiff, one of the most active members of the existing feminist societies, and several others equally energetic in their efforts at propaganda. But for a long time, in spite of these zealous supporters, all attempts at organisation failed. Those Italian women whose influence and personal weight contributed most to the procuring of legislative reforms in favour of their sex and to the development of the education of

girls worked indirectly, and were careful not to hoist the flag of feminism. They held to the motto of Erminia Fua Fusinato, a poetess and the foundress of several educational institutions. "In my opinion the emancipation of woman means emancipation from want and ignorance."

In 1891 only, after the Beatrice Exhibition, a committee succeeded in getting itself together, having for its programme civil and political rights and higher education for women. The diffusion of these ideas was to be brought about by lectures and publications. But the work, after some fruitless efforts, came to a standstill. Yet the seed was sown; and, in 1894, Signorina Paolina Schiff inaugurated at Milan an important association for the defence of women's interests, and succeeded in organising a sort of federation of the societies which were extending themselves gradually in the principal towns of Italy: Bologna, Milan, Turin, Venice, Florence, and Rome. Two of these societies have gone to pieces since then; but the others are prospering. They have an organ, *La Vita Femmine*, which gives an account of the work of the different associations. This publication, directed by women—Signorine Mariani, Malnati, and Amadori—has succeeded to the journal *La Donna*, which came to an end in 1894, when the increasing ill-health of its foundress, Gualberta Alaide Beccari, prevented her from continuing her propaganda.

In the north of Italy the environment is far more favourable to the propagation of new ideas than in the south and centre; consequently we find the most active societies are those of Turin and Milan: they are directed by two intelligent women, both thoroughly in earnest,—Emilia Mariani* and Paolina Schiff. These associations, with articles differing on certain points, agree in demanding, at any rate as far as their programme is concerned, full political rights for women. But the question has not yet been threshed out: the ground is not prepared; and the fear of stirring up latent hostilities holds back even the most ardent. The political shrewdness inherent in the Italian nature shows itself even in the Women's Rights Movement, a movement not, as a rule, distinguished for its prudence. Up to the present time the societies have occupied themselves with philanthropic and educative work rather than with politics or sociology: maternity insurance societies, societies for the protection of teachers, reforms in asylums and institutions for poor women, the foundation of technical schools for girls of the working class, the admission of women to the administrative bodies of charitable undertakings, lectures on hygiene for working women, the protection of female telegraphists and telephonists, and suchlike.

The work of the associates takes different forms. Paolina Schiff

* The author owes to the kindness of Signorina Mariani much information about the beginnings of feminism in Italy.

has distinguished herself as a lecturer and organiser; Emilia Mariani is the ardent apostle; Linda Malnati, prudent and practical, occupies herself chiefly with questions concerning those small economic changes which may improve the lot of women without interfering with their social functions. They are all earnest and sincere, and ready to brave ridicule and hostility in defence of a cause they consider sacred. But the number of associates is very small. In a population of 15,000,000 of women they only number 150. They belong chiefly to the teaching class: daughters of professors, schoolmistresses, governesses. Some are journalists and novelists from the literary world. But their ideas have not yet penetrated to the brain of the nation; and in spite of their bold motto, "*Labor omnia vincit*," these zealous propagandists must lose heart now and then when taking stock of their numbers.

The movement in favour of international peace also owes its origin to feminine initiative. After the African war peace societies were formed in several Italian towns. They gained more ground in the country in one year than the women's cause had in twenty. The Italian societies, of course, took part in the Peace Congress at Budapesth.

The federated women's societies were also represented at the feminist congresses in Paris, London, and Berlin. At Berlin the Italian delegate, Signorina Montessori, a doctor of medicine, declared, amidst great applause, that no distinction exists in Italy between the women of different classes.

The assertion of the young doctor is exaggerated, but it has some truth in it. Whether through instinctive good-nature or habitual kindness, the fact is that the Italian great lady treats her dependants—the dressmaker who comes to try on her gown, the daily governess who teaches her children to read—with a familiarity unknown in other countries of Europe. This means many bitter and discontented women the less; and as those in revolt against social ill-usage form the principal recruiting-ground of the feminist army, their comparative absence is one of the indirect reasons for the scarcity of champions in the cause of emancipation in Italy.

As a matter of fact the real conditions of life of the Italian woman are very little known, even to those who have made a special study of the question. The federation of feminist societies, conscious of its ignorance, started an inquiry which should bring to light the true state of affairs. This inquiry is in the form of a set of questions, and includes schools, manual labour in factories and small workshops, both public and private, agricultural employments, education in all its branches, the professions, commerce and industry, art and literature, charitable institutions, women's societies in general, associations for the assistance of ex-prisoners and prostitutes, the physical disabilities

of women, women's societies for the promotion of peace, committees of charitable undertakings, and the like. The form of questions addressed to each province is very comprehensive, and goes largely into details. The paragraph concerning the professions commences thus: "Are there any women doctors? Are they employed in the communal, provincial, and governmental sanitary institutions? Are they attached to the schools as hygienists? Do midwives and nurses receive a pension?"

The question put to artists and writers are equally detailed: "Are there any women painters and sculptors in the province of —? Are women pupils admitted to the academies on the same terms as men? In what schools are actresses and singers formed? Are there provident societies for poor artists? What is the attitude of the woman journalist and authoress in Italy towards the feminist movement now in progress? Are they favourably disposed towards it or the reverse? Do the women of the upper classes take to literature and science? Do they try to spread education?"

Numerous questions are also put to other women's associations: "Are there co-operative benefit societies for women in the province of —? Are there defensive associations and unions of working women? How many women are registered at the Labour Bureau? Are there any women's co-operative industrial societies? Are there any technical newspapers for women? Associations for general culture, literary, philosophic, scientific, feminist societies, societies for promoting women's suffrage in commercial, administrative, and political matters?"

This inquiry (of which I have indicated only the salient points) at an end, the federated societies will possess an exact geographical chart of the development of feminist activity and of the forms it takes in different parts of Italy. Some of the questions will be answered in the negative; the replies to some, on the contrary, will show that a certain amount of progress has been made, and that the number of remunerative employments open to women has been largely augmented. Many women are now employed in the postal, telephone, and telegraph services; a few have subordinate places in connection with railways, banks, or business; and Government libraries account for six. But teaching is the occupation which presents the largest scope to the energies of educated women. There are more than 44,000 schoolmistresses, divided as follows: Asylums for children, 6512; elementary schools for girls and boys, 37,065; secondary and superior schools, 847. In the secondary and superior schools the mistresses draw the same salary as the masters: this is also true of the mixed elementary schools. In the elementary schools for girls only, the salaries are a third less.

If the feminist societies could enrol as members the whole body

of teachers, they would greatly augment their numbers; but even here, amongst a people specially favourable to the doctrines of emancipation, they meet with strong resistance, due to the sentimental, traditional, and intellectual causes enumerated above. The Italian universities have been open to women for twenty-two years. This liberal measure is due to Ruggero Bonghi. After a period of enthusiasm, during which a certain number of women obtained degrees in law, medicine, philosophy, and the fine arts, a pause took place. These studies led to no practical results for those who had given up their youth to them. At Turin, Signorina Ladia Poet had the same experience as Mademoiselle Jeanne Chauvin in Paris: after a brilliant university course she was not allowed to practise her profession. The conditions of the women doctors are much more favourable: they have the same rights as men, can compete for the same situations, and obtain the same positions in hospitals and sanitary institutions. Signorina Montessori, the Italian delegate to the Berlin Congress, belongs to the Roman hospitals, where she occupies a position identical with that of her male *confrères*. The name of Anna Kuliscioff, who practises medicine at Milan,* is well known in the scientific world. A few others also courageously follow the *ardua via*, but they are few in number. The Italian is indolent: hard study soon tires her, and those who persevere have a terrible struggle to go through. Theoretically there is no obstacle in their way, but practically they are ceaselessly in conflict with the jealousy and ill-will of the male professors and doctors, who dread this new rivalry. Even this would be nothing—since, if some masculine competitors oppose, others support them—if they had not to reckon with the hostility of their own sex. Who would naturally be a female doctor's patients? Women and children. Now, Italian women have no confidence either in the skill or the good faith of their own sex. They would prefer for themselves and their families the medical attendance of any chemist from round the corner to that of the most brilliant woman graduate of the University of Rome or of Turin.

The medical degrees are, consequently, less in request than they were some years ago. The study of law, with a few rare exceptions, has been given up by women. Yet Moscow boasts 554 "doctoresses"! And in the United States 275 women lawyers practise their profession without let or hindrance! At the present moment in Italy there are barely 140 female students on the lists of the different universities. As there are more than twenty universities in the Peninsula, this gives a total to each of less than seven women occupied with advanced study or meaning so to occupy themselves; for many make a beginning and do not persevere.

Another advance accomplished in Italy in the interest of women

* Imprisoned for having taken part in the riots at Milan last year.

is the opening for them of large technical and commercial schools at Turin, Rome, Milan, Florence, and Naples. In some of the other towns also, former convents, transformed by Government into "Opere pie," have become technical schools. But the list of female occupations has not been much enlarged in these institutions: sewing, embroidery, painting on silk, lacemaking, tapestry, and so forth, are still looked upon as woman's only fitting employments. At Turin an attempt is made to teach wood-engraving; and at Rome plain cooking has been added to the course by royal desire. Feminism, which works so actively to augment the number of female technical schools and to facilitate access to them, unfortunately cannot point to their successes on these lines as widening the possibilities of remunerative work for women. The commercial schools, which prepare their pupils to become book-keepers, have, by opening up new means of livelihood, contributed more to ameliorate the economic condition of women.

III.

Though public opinion in Italy is still either indifferent or hostile to the question of women's rights, legislation is specially favourable to them. Under Article 1427 of the 1865 Civil Code, a woman can herself, subject to a few restrictions under a preceding Article, manage any property not included in her marriage settlement: she can engage in business, and is absolute owner of her salary or earnings. This last question, still disputed even in the most advanced countries of Europe, has long been decided in Italy entirely in favour of business women, factory girls, and salaried workwomen of all kinds.

A new step in favour of women was taken in 1877, when they were admitted as witnesses of public deeds and in civil lawsuits. Later, in 1890, according to the law on the "Opere pie," they were allowed to become members of the administrative councils of those charitable boards. Up to the present time, it is true, this enactment has remained a dead letter; but still the right is acquired, and the day will come when women will be called upon to fill the offices which the law pronounces them capable of undertaking.

Indications of the same favourable tendency are to be found in almost all recent Italian legislation. The law of June 15, 1893, for the institution of "*Colleges of Probi Viri*," states in the 13th Article that women are included in the list of electors. Working women have exercised this right already in several parts of Italy with dignity and a sense of responsibility, thus finding themselves in possession of an advantage over their more cultivated fellow-countrywomen in that they have a voice in the nomination of the arbiters appointed to settle questions concerning their work, their salaries, and their conditions of existence. The commercial suffrage accorded by a recent law to

French women will soon, no doubt, be granted to Italian women, thus completing the first grade of the latter in electoral qualification.

Italy was one of the first countries in Europe in which the question of woman's suffrage was presented to Parliament. The measure dates from 1876. Feminism, still completely unorganised, had then an ardent advocate in the Chamber in the person of the Deputy Salvatore Morelli, a follower of John Stuart Mill, a strong anti-Proudhonian and the author of a book entitled "*Scienza e la Donna*," which had a momentary notoriety. This generous and fiery advocate, regardless of ridicule, brought in several Bills in favour of women, whose champion he had made himself. One of them was an affiliation Bill, which was not carried. After his death, Bills for granting the suffrage to women were three times brought before the Italian Chamber, in 1880, 1883, and 1888. On the last occasion the committee charged with the examination of the measure approved of it; but Crispi's Ministry prevented its being voted.

The Italian Government has always been favourable to the amelioration of the condition of women, particularly with regard to education. The Minister of Public Instruction sent women delegates to the two International Exhibitions at Paris in 1867 and 1889 to study scholastic questions there, especially those affecting technical schools. Signora Fanny Zampini Salazaar was charged with the same mission at the Chicago Exhibition.

The question of women's work in factories has also occupied the Government; and several Bills have been introduced with the object of regulating their labour according to the principles of justice and hygiene. But so far the reports of the examining committees have accumulated, one upon another, without coming before Parliament. The present Ministry, not to be behind its predecessors, has brought in a Bill which provides that women under age, before they can be admitted into factories, must obtain a medical certificate declaring them to be healthy and fit for the work they propose to do. They are forbidden to engage in night-work or dangerous trades.

This question of a law to protect working women has brought discord into the feminist camp. One of the heads of the movement, Anna Maria Mozzoni, is strongly opposed to it. "The Socialists," she says, "animated by a too chivalrous solicitude for the workwoman, and in a spirit of doctrinaire prohibitiveness, will end by confining her again to the domestic hearth, thus letting her perish of hunger hygienically." "In England," she continues, "when, in 1850, the law protecting the textile industries came into force, limiting the hours of work, thousands and thousands of women were turned out of the factories." Another celebrated feminist, Dr. Anna Kuliscioff, took up the gage of battle and contradicted this inexact statement, declaring, statistics in hand, that in England after the Factory Act

of 1850, and between that year and 1875, the number of women weavers increased from 204,466 to 506,949. As to the wages, not only were they not lowered, but they were raised. In 1859 they had risen 40 per cent., whilst the hours were reduced from ninety to fifty-six per week. Besides, the strongest female organisation in the world is that of the English women weavers, who are now able to obtain wages equal to those of the men. In Germany, too, after the introduction of the legal eleven hours day, the number of women employed in the factories increased, and their wages were not lowered. Anna Kulscioff followed up this statistical refutation by a melancholy picture of the Italian workwoman, who, toiling twelve to sixteen hours a day for wages varying from 40 centimes to 1fr. 25c., becomes simply a labour machine, incapable of organising any effective resistance, of forming any sort of trade union, of starting any beneficent association, of discussing her own trade interests, or of taking any part, side by side with the male proletariat, in political and social life.

As a matter of fact, the number of feminist associations is very small. Some attempts have been made to form co-operative and beneficent societies; but so far not much has been done.* Nevertheless the women represent in Italy 41 per cent. of the working-class population. The Socialist party, which in other countries has taken the cause of women so actively in hand, has paid but little attention to it here, and that more theoretically than practically. Italy is waiting for her Bebel. It is true that there are feminist sections in the Socialist organisations, but they are in an embryonic state. It will be well for the country to lay the lessons of experience to heart, and remember that in the north of the Peninsula, and especially at Milan, recent tragic events have proved that the working-woman population is already sufficiently roused to become dangerous in times of trouble.

The Italian workwoman, thanks to her native cleverness and intelligence, might become a powerful ally for the cause of feminism. The leaders of the movement understand this, and lose no opportunity of conciliating her. But here also they meet with the difficulties raised by the old training and the old prejudices: the Italian *popolana*, like the woman of the upper classes, will be won over slowly and reluctantly to the cause of emancipation.

Italian feminism wants capable organisers and cool, steady heads, able to separate the chaff from the wheat and to make the new movement felt and respected. As Mademoiselle Maugeret very well said at the Brussels Congress: "The word 'feminism' has become, in the minds of most people, synonymous not with liberty but with licence." This

* A benefit society for women has recently been started in Rome by the Catholic party. The members, on payment of a small subscription, have a right, in case of illness, to the care of a doctor, free medicine, and so much a day to live upon.

should not be." It is true that the "New Woman" in Italy is relatively prudent and abstains from vapouring against the marriage bond. It is also true that there are among the leaders of the movement some able individuals. But new ideas inevitably attract to themselves the discontented, the eccentric, the anarchic, those seeking an outlet. One of the apostles of French feminism, M. Jules Bois, asserts that this violence and impatience is salutary—that there is no growth without change and shock. Nevertheless, if a new element would unite itself to these revolutionary forces, composed of women of high character, having a recognised position in the world and a large sphere of influence, Italian feminism would take a step in advance and would change its character.

Unfortunately for the cause of women, it is among women themselves that it meets with the least sympathy and the greatest hostility. The men laugh, scoff, are sceptical; but in general, as we have seen, they are not indisposed to do anything that comes in their way to ameliorate the lot of the other sex. The two humorists of journalism, Gandolin and Vamba, are actually convinced feminists. When an Italian woman writes a clever book or paints a good picture she will be praised, encouraged, and upheld by men, but rarely by women, who are, besides, absolutely careless of the good opinion of their own sex. Now, as long as women have not learned to consider other women they will never be able to do any satisfactory work in their cause. The Italian women are not yet advanced enough to start any strong organisation among themselves before they can do so their minds must develop they must acquire that internal personal freedom which results from constant effort, intellectual and moral. Emerson speaks somewhere of those obscure men who meditate in the country, read no newspapers, and are the backbone of the land. "We must have women like that," writes M. Jules Bois, "but more thoughtful: that the restless and irreconcilable may draw, without realising how, perpetual renovation from these deep wells of energy."

The women of the Latin races will never resemble the indomitable Scandinavians or the patient and independent Anglo-Saxons; but they may become in the future, through education and reflection, those wells of energy from which spring the calm and measured resolution which alone is capable of improving the economic condition of woman, and raising her moral standard without troubling her social functions.

DORA MELEGARI.

PRIEST AND PROPHET.

IN the Jewish Church priest and prophet represented two independent forces, working only occasionally together, usually in opposite directions

The prophet represented and expressed the impulsive, monotheistic, progressive force in the nation, whereas the priest was the exponent of the formal conservative spirit that animated the great bulk of the people. The prophet was the mouthpiece of Jehovah to the Jews, the priest was the medium through whom the Jews approached and addressed God. The former roused to a recognition of the divine laws and to the need for repentance, the latter enunciated the laws and regulated the methods whereby offences might be expiated.

At times the prophets, as was natural, showed no relish for the systems of the priesthood, and did not spare it in their denunciations, on the other hand, the priests cannot have looked with favourable eyes on those who professed themselves to be inspired and who were under no control, no restraint.

In such a fundamental matter as holiness their views were divergent. In the mind of the prophet it consisted in spiritual elevation, love, and mercy. But the priest regarded it as an acquisition to be obtained by ritual purification.

We shall understand best the conflicting nature of their ideas and methods when we have briefly reviewed the history of the development of the sacerdotal system among the Jews.

It is difficult to discriminate in the record in the last four books of the Pentateuch what belongs to Moses and what to the revisers and expanders of these books.

Apparently, the law as given from Sinai was simple, and much of

the minute direction which is found in the later books was of slow subsequent accretion.

The Ark was under the tent during the wanderings, and probably the ritual of sacrifice was not nicely regulated.

But during the long period between the occupation of the Promised Land and the building of the Temple by Solomon, or rather by imported Phœnician architects and artificers, a good deal of elaboration of ceremonial must have taken place, and when that magnificent house of Jehovah was dedicated, then certainly there accompanied the introduction of the Ark into it an immense impulse to elaborate and enrich the service of the Most High.

If any ritual codes existed at that time they were not published, but were used in the Temple as manuals of direction to the priests; and if the laity were in any doubt as to ceremonial cleanness or impurity, they had recourse to the priests, from whose mouths they received the *Thorah*, oral direction.

In process of time these decisions on open questions and rules for imposition were collected and codified; and thus went on for a long time—to that of Ezra, when the text was stereotyped.

To understand the growth of ritual legislation among the Jews, let us take an analogous case. The early Christian liturgies consist of prayers and collects, and of these only, without any ritual directions. These latter were not committed to writing, some were traditional from the Apostolic age, others were added as time went on. Usages differed in different Churches. Their sacramentaries were composed—simple books of direction to celebrants as to what they were to *do*, whereas the liturgies directed them what they were to say.

These sacramentaries consisted of the traditional customs, here and there improved and developed. They had no canonical authority. Every priest at first, for his own convenience, drew one up, then every bishop issued one for his diocese, to ensure uniformity. Lastly, the ritual directions were incorporated in the liturgies, but to this day are included in a different type, often in a different-coloured ink (red), indicating their independent origin.

Now, the Pentateuch was treated much in this manner. The original laws given by Moses were handed down in writing, and were gradually expanded and added to; but these additions were not made in a different character and with different-coloured ink, as in the case of the rubrics.

After a while this enlarged edition became inadequate, and it was supplemented by Hilkiah, and the whole was finally remodelled and given its definite form by Ezra.

As the situation of the people changed, as their minds expanded and their moral sense ripened, as they altered from being a nomad to an agricultural people in settled habitations, they necessarily required

fresh legislation. The Apostle speaks of the fathers drinking of a rock that followed them in their forty years' wandering. So may divine guidance and inspiration have attended the nation in all its movements, and prompted these supplementary laws as they required them. And there had been a very real and important movement going on among the Sons of Israel from the time of their occupation of Canaan. The Tabernacle at Shiloh and the Temple at Jerusalem were not the sole places where Jehovah was worshipped.

On every high hill and under every green tree altars were set up and priests ministered. The names of the gods of the "nations"—Baal (the Lord) and Moloch (the King)—were applicable to Jehovah, and imperceptibly, here and there, symbols belonging to the Canaanites were introduced in these country oratories, and the rites performed there surely degenerated into mere idolatry.

We know that the Jews set up *maccebas* (standing stones), and *asheras* (posts of wood, rudely shaped), and even *teraphim* (images in clay and stone).

The country curates and hedge priests were under no control, there was no central disciplinary authority, consequently the condition of affairs in places became very bad. A large body of the people was mentally, morally and spiritually incapable of understanding and observing a lofty religion such as that given to them in the Desert, and the majority, during their wanderings and afterwards in Canaan, hankered after the forms of worship observed by the natives of the land and of the country round about.

In the friction between the purists and the superstitious a certain amount of compromise became advisable. The worship of Jehovah was surrounded with much that appealed to the imagination, and some symbols common to the pagan nations were adopted and purified. Thus the Ark of the Covenant was a symbol general in the land, but with the Canaanites it was stuffed with the charred bones of the children burned to Moloch, and the Phœnicians enclosed within theirs the conical stone of Baal.

But from the Ark of Jehovah everything that savoured of human sacrifice was removed, and instead of the rude cone the tables of Commandment were placed, the moral law or *Thorah*, which was to be the spring of strength and bond of union to the children of Israel.

Much in the same way have Christian missionaries acted. St. Patrick did not destroy the idol of Cenn Cruaich, but he made a hole in it with his staff, and let it remain to show how powerless was the idol against him. When he found that the people worshipped a well in which soaked the bones of an old Druid, he turned out the bones, and converted the well into a baptistery.

To counteract the downgrade movement two things were necessary: the bringing of the hedge priests and country curates under authority;

and secondly, the exercise of the prophetic voice in denunciation of this degradation of the worship of Jehovah, and the rousing of the religious sense of the people to accept monotheism *pur et simple*.

Hezekiah was the first king to make a vigorous attempt to destroy the base forms of the cult of Jehovah, but his reformatory efforts met with momentary success only; his son fell back into the vulgar religion, re-erected images and *asherahs* in the Temple, and passed his child through the fire to Moloch.

The only real and comparatively effective reformation was achieved B.C. 621 by Josiah; and this was due to Hilkiah the scribe, who produced a code of laws—probably one of the compendiums already spoken of as in use among the priests—and presented it to the king. Josiah consulted Hulda the prophetess, and as she approved, he carried out the reform in accordance with the code, which is supposed by some to be the Book of Deuteronomy.

After the death of Josiah came another relapse, but it was of short duration, and then the people were carried away into Babylon—not indeed the entire nation, but the princes, scribes, and Levites. The poor cultivators of the land were left behind.

The priests and scribes had carried away with them all their ritual and legal books, and during the Captivity occupied themselves with digesting them into a systematic shape. They also at the time probably committed to writing much that was traditional.

At length, in B.C. 538, an opportunity was afforded for a return, and Joshua and Zerubbabel led up a party, full of glad anticipations, to Jerusalem. It was not till eighty years after, B.C. 458, that Ezra went up out of Babylonia, "with the law of his God in his hand," to introduce it at Jerusalem, where it was not then observed. The returned exiles under the leadership of Ezra at once set to work to rebuild the Temple. He, "a ready scribe of the law of Moses," who had "prepared his heart to study and keep the law of Jehovah, and to teach in Israel statutes and right," was able to induce the Jews, the earlier colony, to put away their wives, taken from the nations around. Only a few resisted, but among these was a son of Joiada, grandson of the High Priest, who had married a daughter of Sanballat the Horonite. He was too much attached to his wife, or too impatient of Ezra's dictation, to submit, and he was expelled the country.

This was Ezra's first success, and he did not venture on another for thirteen years. But on the appointment of Nehemiah as governor B.C. 444, he found in him a man after his own heart to carry out uncompromisingly the reform he desired to effect; this was to make the observance of the letter of the law imperative, and the text, as revised and edited during the Captivity, the final and irrevocable appeal in all matters legal, moral, and religious.

The prophets at once took the alarm. "My God," exclaimed Nehemiah, "think Thou upon the prophetess Noadiah, and the rest of the prophets, that would have put me in fear."

Instinctively they felt that the movement of these two energetic men was hostile. The people were to be taught no longer to look to them as the exponents of the divine will, but to the letter of the law. A textual strait-waistcoat was to be imposed which would kill all free inspiration. But the fact was, that the prophetic office was discredited. The prophets had done a magnificent work. They had striven with all their power to lift the religion of Israel to pure monotheism, they had combated everything that savoured of nature worship and polytheism. They had not acted in hostility towards the priesthood and the Temple, but had laboured to sublimate the worship of God, to make it spiritual and not material. The reforming kings could have achieved nothing but for the prophets, who had striven to rouse the slumbering conscience of the people, and had lashed their idolatries with the scourge of sarcasm.

It was with the full approval of the prophets, if not at their instigation, that Josiah, after destroying the high places, had limited the worship of Jehovah to the Temple at Jerusalem, where it could be under control. It was with their approval, if not at their instigation, that he had limited the right to exercise the priesthood to the family of Aaron, and had reduced all the rest of the Levites to subservient offices, had made the Temple dues, the tithes paid to it, and the sacrifices there offered the sole source of revenue to the entire tribe. By this means a special tribe was interested in the maintenance of the worship at Jerusalem, and was constituted guardian of the tradition of the worship of Jehovah—which by this means, the king and the prophets trusted, was safeguarded against the divagations of country Levites, amenable to the people, and ready to surrender to their low views for the sake of their salaries.

But the prophets, when their reform had been carried through, saw with no small unrest that this newly constituted, or, to be more exact, consolidated power, the priesthood, menaced their existence. The first evidence of antagonism between the priestly party and that of the prophets concerned mixed marriages.

The seers repeatedly spoke hopefully of the nations; these, said they, would be brought into covenant with Jehovah, and would be made one people with the elect race, under Him. Jewdom was to be a missionary power to radiate the truth, monotheism, throughout the world, not to be exclusive and repellent, but inclusive and attractive.

An instance of the prevalence of this catholic feeling is seen in the story of Ruth the Moabitess. In that, the stranger, a member of a detested race, is taken by marriage into the sacred royal family of David, and the union is approved. Yet it was precisely such

marriages as these that Ezra dissolved remorselessly. So also, in the Book of Jonah, we have a protest against national exclusiveness, as fostered by the sacerdotalists. What a true revelation of the divine compassion is that where Jehovah says to Jonah: "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it to grow, which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle?"

Observe that last touch of tenderness. St. Paul, reared in the Rabbinic schools, would exclaim with scorn: "Doth God care for oxen?"

The teaching of the story of Jonah is that the mercy of God is not confined to one nation, but is over all His works, and therefore diametrically opposed to that of the sacerdotalists, which strove to separate the Jew in every way from the surrounding peoples, and to confine to him the providence and the promises of God.

But, as already said, the rise of the priestly party into power was accelerated and made inevitable by the discrediting of the prophets. It was, in fact, rendered necessary by the uncertainty in which men were as to what they were to believe and do, when the prophets prophesied contradictory things. This was by no means unusual. Some prophets urged one course of action, others urged another, and none knew which were right. Moreover, the independence, the power exercised by the prophets, the respect they inspired provoked the appearance of a host of impostors, some thrust forward by their vanity and some by their desire for an idle and vagabond life.

The difficulty was incessantly recurring: which are the true prophets, and which the false?

We know that in the case of Ahab and Jehoshaphat, when they inquired of the Lord whether to war against Syria or to forbear, four hundred prophets counselled to war, and one only, Micaia, opposed it. Very reasonably the kings followed the voice of the majority, and went to battle and fell there.

The difficulty was endeavoured to be got over by the recommendation to trust only such prophets as prophesied things that actually did come to pass. But this was shutting the stable-door after the horse was stolen. It was in the moment of doubt that direction was needed.

The situation was intolerable, and the Jewish people were impatient to have some fixed guide to which they could resort, one that spoke with authority. The condition of affairs was much like that of an inquirer of the present day, who should ask, "Which of all the sects am I to trust? I find they teach different doctrines and anathematise one another."

The answer a Protestant would give would be, "Search the Scriptures. obey them."

This was the answer given by Ezra to those bewildered by the contradictions of the prophets. Ezra said, "Here is the Law, take oath to obey it, and you will have a text to which to appeal." And priest and scribe were appointed for the custody and protection of the written law, as revised, amplified, and edited by Ezra.

With Ezra the Jewish people closed the chapter of the Free Word, which had been grossly abused, to open and adhere to that of the Written Word, and, in the sequel, to abuse that.

The prophet had been a necessity during the period of the mental and spiritual growth of Israel, and the priest was equally a necessity to consolidate the work achieved. Without the prophet the Jew would have melted into the nations round about, and his monotheism would have been more and more abased; but without the priest there would have been utter relapse in despair, when the prophet had lost credit and ceased to be regarded as other than a roguish impostor.

For the period of two hundred and sixty years we are without records of what took place in Jerusalem; but we know that the religious impulse given by Ezra continued. The spirit of prophecy was now a captive within the Temple, and sang and produced the Psalter—the "Ancient and Modern" of Judaism.

There was a steady progress in one direction till the conquest of Palestine and its subjection to the successors of Alexander, when a fresh chapter was opened in the religious history of the Jews. The priesthood became discredited in turn, because corrupt, rationalistic, and Erastian. Then the authority of the priest passed away into the hands of the schoolmaster. But the Rabbi gave no new direction to the religious character of the people, he merely carried on the movement originated by Ezra, carried it to extravagance.

The party of the lovers of the Law—the *Chasidim*, the pious, and Pharisees, separatists—were not actually hostile to the Temple and priesthood, but they stood towards the Sadducean high-priestly party much as did pious Roman Catholics in the time of Louis XIV. towards the worldly, rationalistic, sensual prelates who occupied the episcopal thrones of France. They did not desire the abolition of the office, but to see it purged of its occupants.

This tenure of the priesthood by the luxurious and power-loving Sadducees continued, with little break, from B.C. 175 till the destruction of Jerusalem—for nearly two centuries and a half.

The effect was to displace the centre of gravity of Judaism, to relax devotion to the Temple, and to concentrate it in the synagogue. And the Pharisee threw back the Jew into a position such as he had occupied before the reform of Josiah, when worship was lawful

everywhere; but now there was none of that danger to be apprehended which had rendered the course adopted by Josiah absolutely necessary.

But, at the same time, this placing of the Jew under the school-master bound him with intolerable restraints, impeding all healthy spiritual life, and making a revival of the prophetic office impossible in the synagogue.

Thus we have the Sadducee, cold of heart, without religious enthusiasm, occupying the Temple and carrying on a religious service in which he no longer believed; and, on the other, the Pharisee smothering the life out of the letter by an accumulation of traditional exegesis.

Such was the condition of affairs when John the Baptist came, preceding Christ, and the prophetic voice again spoke, and shook Jewdom to its foundations.

And now, it must have suggested itself to the reader, does it not appear that each current that we have noticed in the history of Jewish religion represents a valuable and necessary complement the one to the other? The unorganised, independent prophetic element—body it cannot be called—in the clamour of their voices recommending different courses, denouncing each other, left men in uncertainty which to follow. There was no standard by which to measure them; there was no guarantee against imposition.

The prophetic office was necessary for the lifting of men from an inferior condition of religion to one on a higher plane; but when that was accomplished, the function of the prophet was at an end till the new beliefs had been assimilated and had become part and parcel of men's convictions. And the work of doing this was that of the priest. He built on the foundation laid by the prophet, he organised out of incoherent elements.

But the priesthood was itself devoid of all spontaneity and originality. When it had accomplished its useful work, it formalised for the sake of formality. It stifled the spirit which it sought to conserve. It was a feminine element only.

Then, at once, the protesting, masculine prophetic spirit became requisite once more to elevate religion out of barren formality. But no sooner had it accomplished this than its inherent vice becomes manifest again, and it sinks into affectation and imposture. Then once more the disciplining, nurturing, co-ordinating function of the priest becomes necessary; and so religion progresses under the prophetic impulse and the nurture of the priest.

We see the same oscillation in the course of the Christian Church that we have noticed in that of the Jew.

Christ was the Prophet, summing in Himself the perfections of the

prophetic spirit, and the Apostles received the same spirit in measure. But this spirit was speedily withdrawn. Christ was constrained to warn His disciples that very speedily the office would be assumed by impostors; and St. Paul in his Epistles shows that it was already causing uneasiness. In fact, it very speedily only showed itself among obscene sects and ascetic fanatics.

Then came the period when the hierarchy fulfilled its necessary work, in establishing the canon, defining the faith, organising the ministry, and regulating public worship. But in time it produced its mischievous effects. It overdid its work, just as had priest and scribe under Mosaism. It involved men in formalism, and by casuistry tore plain morality to shreds.

Thereon ensued the great irruption of the prophetic spirit once more in the Reformation. It revived true religion; it opened again the direct way between the soul and God. Never was religion nobler, more enthusiastic, truer, purer than after the Reformation.

But the prophetic office did not suffice, and the hundreds of sects of Christendom, splitting up and ever splitting farther, and slipping into a downgrade of belief, are evidence to the necessity of the disciplining, conservative action inherent in the priesthood.

We look at the Gospels to ascertain what was the attitude assumed by Christ towards the priest and scribe, and we find Him condemning dry literalism and dead formalism, pronouncing against tradition that made the Word of God of none effect; yet, at the same time, attending the Temple, observing the feasts, reverencing the priesthood—showing thereby, if I mistake not, that He recognised the important contribution given by the sacerdotal spirit to the building up of true religion, and to His intent to continue it in His Church; but at the same time to retain the power and right at any time when the priesthood became formal and fell into abuse of its function to again let loose the prophetic spirit to inaugurate a new reformation, and again to advance His Church to fresh and wider horizons.

The entire Temple service and its symbols and sacrifices was a compromise, tolerable because of the infirmity of the men of the time. A higher, purer religion they could not have endured. So also mediæval Catholicism was a compromise, and with the same elements, with such paganism as was not inherently evil, and this was not illegitimate, on the contrary, it was advisable—because the men of the period were capable of understanding nothing better.

At the time of the Reformation, the popular Romanism was an anachronism. It is an incongruity now beside modern culture; but here and there it fits the needs of the half-educated peasantry of Ireland, Spain and Italy.

On the other hand, Protestantism loses greatly in having cast away the priesthood, and in requiring the prophetic spirit to continue

working at high pressure—in bidding Pegasus draw a plough. The spirit that lifts to higher verities is given spasmodically and at long intervals. In its place is found too often empty verbiage, hackneyed commonplace, simulated fervour, and acrimonious controversy. The spirit of internecine conflict is bred in Christendom, as it was in Jewdom, when the Spirit is withdrawn, and the result is the same—discredit.

Surely, if the opinion held in the Catholic Church be true—that Christ, its head, is prophet, priest, and king—then we can understand how that, in His kingdom, He holds the priesthood and prophethood in control, using each, rejecting neither; using each for its special purpose; now exercising one, then the other; now advancing by the blast of the inspiring spirit, then securing the ground well; but ever thrusting men onward towards the ideal of perfection.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A PROSE SOURCE OF THE "GEORGICS."

VARRO was the Admirable Crichton of the Romans. He was easily first in the knowledge of all arts, all sciences: music, painting, the stage, had no more acute critic; a profound student of history and language, he had the passion for antiquity of a scholar of the Cinque Cento—since "antiquity" already existed with all its sweet, real and unreal pleasures. He also had the serious curiosity about astrology and kindred subjects which became so general among the men of the Renaissance. Besides all this, he was theologian-in-chief of the old religion, and of his many lost works, the sixteen volumes in which he treated mythical, philosophical and popular theology are those which we must most deplore. They would have supplied a want, felt by every student, by furnishing a clear exposition of the educated Roman's attitude towards the faith of his fathers. Their value to us would have been the greater because they were written in an outspoken age; not the time of Augustus, when you were not respectable unless you were orthodox, but the time of "De Rerum Natura" and the "Athys." Varro was born a hundred and sixteen years before Christ, and lived to ninety. He dedicated his great theological work to Julius Cæsar.

He was skilled in navigation and tried in war; the fact that he was the first to leap on board the enemy's ship when conducting a naval expedition won him a rostral crown. He was past eighty when he wrote the only one of his books that has come down to us intact, the elaborate treatise "De Re Rustica," which probably suggested to Virgil the idea of writing the "Georgics." A small portion of a work on the Latin language is the only other surviving specimen of Varro's contributions to literature, a poor salvage out of nearer seven than six hundred volumes of prose and verse!

His enormous literary activity is partly explained by his early retirement from public affairs, in which, as a young man, he made an important start, but unfortunately not on the winning side. A partisan of Pompey, he bowed to the inevitable by rendering submission to Cæsar, but henceforth his public career was closed. Cæsar appreciated his talents and was disposed to be friendly to him; one day, however, Antony took a fancy to some of Varro's property and managed to have it confiscated in his own favour by reviving the memory of his connection with Pompey. The object having been obtained, Varro was amnestied, and still rich, he enjoyed a happy and diligent old age, cheered by a wife who was much younger than himself, and while Cicero lived, by his intimate friendship.

For his wife, whose name was Fundania, he undertook to put his long experience in agricultural matters into a permanent form. She desired to cultivate a recently acquired estate on the most scientific principles, and as Varro could not count on remaining for many years at her side he wrote this treatise, so that when he came to die she might still have a guide. If the Roman "new woman" was making rapid progress, and the wall between the proper and the improper was getting daily thinner, yet Fundania was probably by no means a rare instance of a matron who, besides attending scrupulously to her household duties, was able to manage her own property down to the minutest details. The normal slips out of the ken of posterity because it is the normal. There is not the least doubt that the Lesbias in every age were far less numerous than the Fundanias. Italian married women have been called indolent and frivolous, but a great many, like Fundania, themselves administer the land which came to them as their dowry. The husband advises, perhaps, but he does not interfere, and such land is generally in good order.

By way of opening, Varro rather frigidly invokes the gods who preside over agriculture, Jupiter and Tellus, the sun and moon, Ceres and Bacchus, Robigus and Flora, Minerva, who gave the olive, and Venus, who cares for gardens, Lympha, who bestows the heavenly rain, and Bonus Eventus, without whom nothing prospers. He then goes on to draw up a list of those authors, "Greek and our own," whose works his wife may study with advantage for light on any points which by chance he forgets to mention. Even Fundania, enthusiastic agriculturist as we know her to have been, and good Greek scholar as she doubtless was, must have looked with some terror at the list of Greek authorities. For the Romans, as for the men of Dante's time, the Greeks were essentially *color che sanno*, not in philosophy alone, but in physical science. The Greek books recommended to Fundania were forty-seven. Xenophon's work we possess, but nearly all this vast library has perished; so also has the great work in seventy-eight books of the Carthaginian Magos, which was considered of such value

that it was translated into Latin by order of a *Senatus Consultum*. The Carthaginians were excellent farmers, and during their long dominion in Sardinia they made that island the granary of Carthage, an end obtained, however, by imported slave labour, which was the secret, more often than people are inclined to admit, of the wonderful productiveness in ancient times of lands now sterile.

Varro does not go on, as he promised, to enumerate the Latin authors—perhaps the passage in which he did so is lost, or he thought it sufficient to refer to them separately, here and there, in the course of his treatise. Columella, whose work on agriculture became almost as famous as Varro's own, and who had the courage to write a poem intended to fill the gap left by Virgil on gardening, belongs to a much later date. In Varro's time the best Roman writers on farming were the two *Sasernas* and the elder Cato, whose essay, "*De Re Rustica*," was regarded with unbounded respect: the writer had passed into an ideal region in which he held all the higher a place because the world had moved so far and fast away from him. Virgil's debt to Cato has been frequently pointed out, while his obligations to Varro are ignored. The most esteemed of contemporary model farmers was an accomplished Roman aristocrat of the name of *Scrofa*, to whom Varro pays many compliments, though he makes some fun out of his infelicitous patronymic, still perpetuated in the family of the Marquis *Scrofa* of Florence.

Varro's treatise is written in the form of conversations, and begins not without a certain dramatic effectiveness. He was invited, he says, by the Guardian of the Temple of *Tellus* to keep the feast of seed-sowing, but on reaching the place he found that his host had been called away on public business, several of his friends were there already waiting, and when Varro arrived they were engaged in contemplating the map of Italy which was painted on the wall. As they gaze at the map, the friends, who were all persons well known to Roman society, speak in praise of their fruitful mother country. If the eulogy is less glowing than Virgil's, it is not less convinced. What country in the world has so favourable a geographical position? ("*L'Italie paraît faite pour conquérir l'univers*," wrote Gibbon in his French journal.) The north is more healthy and more fertile than the south (the "South" here standing for Asia and the "North" for Europe); only you must not be too far north or you get to the Arctic pole, where there is a six months' night and a sea covered with ice. Varro's father-in-law *Fundanius*, observes that as even in Italy, where night and day last so short a time, he is obliged in summer to take a siesta at noon, what would one do in a place where the nights and days each lasted six months? After this sally, there is more praise of Italy. What useful product is there which it does not produce? Is it less rich in vines than Phrygia, to which Homer

gave the name of "vine-bearing," or less abounding in corn than Argos, which he called "wheat-bearing"? What wine approaches that of Falerno? What oil equals the oil of Venafra? Where are there harvests like those of Campania and Apulia? Do not the fruit-trees which cover Italy make it seem one immense orchard? If you travel through the world, do you find a country in better cultivation?

Other friends come, and among them the above-mentioned Scrofa. Once or twice some one says, "I am afraid the Guardian of the Temple will return before we have done talking." The conversation flows on the more naturally because it is not eloquent; one thing leads to another, and, off and on, it is enlivened by a mild joke. It is surprising that the habit of writing in dialogue did not sooner develop into the novel. Varro gives each of his personages little distinctive marks by which you may know him, and by which, no doubt, he was recognised by those who did know him.

Leaving generalities, he puts forth the opinion that a splendidly cultivated estate (such as the one owned by Scrofa on the Via Sacra) is a far pleasanter sight than a profusely decorated house, and that when you go into the country you look for well-filled barns and not for the picture galleries of Lucullus. A discussion follows as to whether the scope of agriculture is utility or pleasure, and whether in a treatise on farming tillage alone should be considered, or flocks and herds as well. It is argued rather speciously that stock-raising is only an accessory, and sometimes even injurious, as in the case of goats, which injure vines and olives. Hence the sacrifice of a goat to Bacchus, as he was supposed to see with pleasure its destruction, but never to Minerva, as her antipathy for it was so great that she disliked to see it at all. A goat was only sacrificed once a year at Athens from the fear that it might injure the wild olive which had taken root of itself within the precincts of the Acropolis. Varro remarks that authors introduce all sorts of extraneous matter into their works on agriculture; the Sasernas, both father and son, interpret the term so freely that they class making pottery or working a silver mine under the head of Agriculture, because it has to do with the *agro*—the soil. One of the speakers interposes, "You laugh at the Sasernas out of envy, picking out their weak points instead of appreciating the many good parts of their books." But bad examples are infectious, and they all begin to recall the miscellaneous information garnered by these two respectable authorities. This is one item: "To remove superfluous hair· boil a yellow frog in water till the liquid is reduced to two-thirds; then rub the skin with it." "As for me," says Varro, "I have found a point which I am all the more ready to quote because it concerns the health of Fundanius, for I often see him knittings his brows from twinges in his toes." "Speak out directly," cried Fundanius; "I would much rather hear how to cure my corns

than how to plant a pear orchard " "Here is the receipt: when the pain is felt, we can cure the person who feels it, provided that at that moment he is thinking of us" ("Well, I am thinking hard of you; cure me!" says Fundanius). The magic-worker must repeat twice nine times:

"Terra pestem teneto
 Salvus hic maneto
 (Earth take the pain,
 Let health remain"),

—one of those Roman popular jingles which prove that there were rhymed folk-songs before rhyme was admitted into literature. At the same time the operator must touch the earth and spit on it, and it is essential that it should all be done fasting. A few years ago there was an old man at Bath who cured warts much in the same way. He would take no money in payment, but was willing to accept a pound of tea.

In justice to the much-laughed-at Sasernas, Vairo afterwards said that the same sort of folly was to be found in other authors; even the great Cato gave receipts for making two kinds of cake, and advised those who wished to have a good appetite to eat a raw cabbage soaked in vinegar (sauerkraut?) before and after every meal. He means himself to avoid such frivolities. Agriculture is an art and a science, and there is none more important. Culture makes the earth more pleasing to see while it raises its money value. The first is a statement which no Roman would have dreamt of contesting except, perhaps, Lucretius, whose "divine resting-places" can have been scarcely a ploughed field; but in Lucretius there was a grain of Orientalism which would have enabled him to understand the mysterious attraction of the wilderness for the solitaries of Palestine. Lucretius would not have said as Socrates said: "I am fond of learning something, and the hills and the trees cannot tell me anything, but the men in the city can" For which reason Socrates walked in the town and not in the country; though, if nature had nothing to give him, he had something to give her, whereunto is witness the lovely myth he invented for the grasshoppers, and again that other, still more lovely, of the swans! The ordinary Roman had moved far away from the Attic love of towns; he liked a rural walk, above all if it lay across his own property. He could even appreciate a wood, but his appreciation stopped short of the waste. There must have been then, as now, hillsides clad in the fragrant verdure of heath and lentisk and arbutus and myrtle which makes the uncultivated lands of Corsica and Sardinia a garden of Eden to the modern beholder, but either Roman eyes could not see their beauty or the Roman mind wilfully rejected the idea that the unproductive could be beautiful. If aesthetically faulty, this principle

is morally admirable. What fine sobriety is shown in the derivation of the names of the noblest families of Rome from the cultivation of particular kinds of grain, as the Fabii, Pisones, Lentuli, Cicerones, &c. ! What a difference from Malatesta and Malacarne and Pelavicino !

Varro has the good sense, however, to place even productiveness in the rear of salubrity. It is wiser to choose a healthy situation than a fertile one if you cannot have both. The cultivation of unhealthy lands is a game of chance in which the speculator stakes life and fortune. Nevertheless, science and money may mitigate the unhealthiness of a site. When Varro commanded the fleet at Corfu there was an epidemic so severe that the houses were full of sick and dead, but he ensured the safety of his men by making new windows towards the north, and closing those in the direction whence came the pestilential air. The natural quality of the air varies from the heavy, oppressive air of Apulia to the light, healthy air of Mount Vesuvius. Cato said that the best situation was at the foot of a mountain, with a south aspect. If you are obliged to build on low-lying ground, turn the face of the house away from the marsh. In dry weather marshes breed imperceptible animalculæ, not to be seen by the eye, which penetrate into the human body through the nose and mouth, and cause many dangerous diseases. "What am I to do, then," asks Fundanius, "if I inherited such land, to preserve it from these malign influences?" The practical answer is, "By all means sell it, and if you cannot sell it, do not live there." Which makes one think of the answer of a young man at an examination of veterinary students in Lombardy. When asked what he would do with a horse which had such-and-such a complaint, he replied, "I should sell it at once !"

A high position, Varro points out, is always more healthy than a low one, because the least wind blows infection away from a height, and if, ranging about, there be microbes ("bestiolæ"), whether bred in the vicinity or wafted thither, the vivifying rays of the sun dissipate them and the dryness makes them perish. For Varro it may be claimed that he was a forerunner of Pasteur: the minute insects, so small that the eye could not see them, which spread disease, were a fine guess for ages before the microscope. It is almost disappointing not to find him advising his friends to boil their drinking water, especially as he might have taken the hint from Herodotus, who mentions that Cyrus, the great king of Persia, when on the march, only drank boiled water, which was carried after him from place to place in silver vessels. So true is it that there is nothing new under the sun.

The farm-buildings form an essential branch in rural economy. The barn should be large enough to contain the whole harvest. Varro's dislike of gorgeous country-seats is endorsed by Fundanius,

who declares that it is better to build on the principle of "our ancestors," who thought it enough to have a simple farmhouse with a handy kitchen and large cellars for oil and wine (the best were those constructed with slanting, paved floors, as the new wine often burst the Spanish tuns and even the Italian jars). In short, it was once sufficient for a country-house to possess what was required for the homestead, while now it was expected to be imposing and elegant and to rival those of Metellus and Lucullus, "to the great scandal of the republic." People study to have dining-rooms east for summer and west for winter, and never heed where the apertures of the wine and oil cellars are placed, though much depends on that, as wine needs cool and oil needs warmer air.

The English practice of planting trees round an estate—which is never seen now in Italy—was in favour with the Romans. Varro mentions that his wife has planted pines round her Sabine property, and that he has planted cypresses round some land he owns near Vesuvius. Some prefer elms, which are the best if suited to the soil; others choose whitethorn hedges or a ditch or a low wall to mark the boundaries. In planting trees or vegetables it is well to remember their natural antipathies; olives object to oaks, vines to cypresses and to cabbages! a prejudice which the modern vine seems to have out-lived, as one frequently sees rows of cabbages in a vineyard.

Before buying an estate it is prudent to find out whether there are many thieves in the neighbourhood, much land is rendered useless on this account. Rural theft makes parts of Sardinia unlivable; which remains true. What to plant should be regulated by your distance from a town; if near one, a great deal may be made out of gardens; violets, roses, and other flowers can be easily sold at a good profit. Those who live in remote places should have among their slaves some who can do a little carpentering and other artisan's work.

The soil was cultivated by slaves or by free peasants or by both. The free peasants either worked on their own small properties helped by their children or on the land of others, working for hire at certain periods, such as vintage and hay-harvest. There was another class of labourers called *obœrati* which seems to have also existed in Egypt, but what they were is not explained. Varro counsels the employment of hired men rather than one's own slaves to cultivate unhealthy land, and even on healthy land to perform the more fatiguing tasks, such as fruit-picking, vintage and harvest. They ought to be strong, not under twenty-two years old, with an aptitude for agriculture. Ask them what they did when serving their former master, and what sort of cultivation is practised in the place they came from; in this way you can find out their degree of intelligence.

The steward or bailiff should be not too young, strictly honest, and

possessed of some instruction. He should be practically skilled in rustic labour, and not only in its theory. He must never employ violence when words suffice. The slaves should not be too bold or too meek; it is better not to have too many of the same nation, as it is a source of dissensions. Encourage the head ones with hope of reward—such as gifts of money or a wife taken from the slaves serving with them; this attaches them to the estate. The slaves reckoned the best and who cost most are the Epirotes; they are always married. If you wish your slaves to take a pleasure in their work, show consideration for the heads and for all who do well, and consult them about the work to be done; this will make them think that they are less despised. They will work the better if you give them good food and good clothing, and exempt them from the harder labour. The memory of any little kindness will help them to endure hardships and give them affection for their master. Be sure that there is a covered shelter near the threshing-floor where the men may rest during the hot hours. There is reason to think that the spirit which inspired these good counsels was, on the whole, general. It is not worth while to inquire whether it was utilitarian or humane; love is often egotism; and virtue, as La Bruyère said, "loses itself in interest." It is a wise rule to treat human qualities objectively, and it is agreeable to believe that there was nothing extraordinary in the recorded case of a master who had made himself so beloved by his slaves that when he died they raised a monument to him out of their own savings.

All the time that this long discussion is going on, the friends are still expecting the return of the Guardian of the Temple, one of whose freedmen at last appears on the scene, bathed in tears. He begs pardon for the long delay, and asks them to be present next day at the funeral. "What! whose funeral?" they exclaim, rising from their seats. Between his sobs, the freedman relates that his master has been stabbed to death; the assassin escaped in the crowd, but some one said it was done by mistake. The servant took his master home and called a doctor, but in spite of their efforts he soon breathed his last. This is why the man did not come with the news at once, for which he again begs to be forgiven. Varro concludes: "We accepted his excuses, and descended from the Temple, more struck by the events to which humanity is exposed than surprised by that which had just happened in Rome."

It seems that Varro really intended to break off here, but the convenient friends who "wish for a little more" were equal to the occasion, and, like a true author, Varro did not need very much begging. The promise to write, after all, on the animals of the farm, was made at the house of a common acquaintance, Petus, who was ill; in true Italian fashion his numerous visitors were about to

begin an interminable discussion in the sick-room, but mercifully (as one must think) for the invalid, the talk was interrupted by the arrival of the doctor. Next time, however, that Varro met his friends, they reminded him of the engagement, and there was nothing to stop the copious flow of conversation which was let loose forthwith.

He opens with a protest. In the good old days people divided their lives by seven days out of nine in the country, and they then could be strong and robust without the gymnastics now initiated from the Greeks, and hardly sufficing to keep in order the sinews of the degenerate Roman. Nearly all the heads of families were gone to live in town, leaving behind waggon and scythe, and preferring to use their hands for applauding in the theatre or the arena rather than to turn them to account in furrows or vineyard. Hence they have to import wheat from Africa and Sardinia, and wine from Cos and Chios. The same country which saw shepherds found a town and teach their children tillage now sees the descendants of those founders converting arable land into pastures—an act of avarice contrary to all laws, human and divine, for the nourishment of man ranks before that of brutes.

After this exordium, which sounds rather as if it came from a socialist agitator, Varro confesses that live stock may be useful for eating off the hay, and also because of the manure. He once possessed many sheep in Apulia and horses in the province of Rieti, and when he commanded the Greek squadron during the pirate war (he means the squadron in Greek waters) he often conversed with the masters of vast flocks of Epirus. His experience, therefore, is both extensive and practical, which does not always follow, as you may have a lyre and not know how to play it, and you may keep flocks and be ignorant of the shepherd's art. He describes the evolution of man from a fruit-eating-almost-animal to the pastoral stage, when he tamed wild creatures. The sheep, he thinks, was man's first conquest, from its double service of wool and of milk, and from its gentle nature, easily subdued. In fact, the moufflon, or wild sheep of Corsica, a very shy animal, becomes perfectly tame if born in captivity, as may be seen at Monte Carlo, where the moufflons kept in the garden are happy to eat bread from the hands of visitors.

Even now all domestic animals exist somewhere in a wild state: sheep in Phrygia; goats in Samothrace and in the isle of Capraria called after them; wild pigs in all parts, if the wild boar is a pig; wild bulls in Dardania, Media, and Thrace; wild asses in Phrygia and Lycaonia; wild horses in some parts of Spain. The value of fleeces caused them to be called "golden" in the old stories. An ardent if rash philologist, Varro embraces the theory that Italy took its name from its fine cattle. He gives a prominent place to the ass

as a farm animal; there should be three asses, he says, to every pair of oxen. They turned mills, carried manure, and could be put to do anything. He insists, unheeded to this day, on the necessity of dry stables and sheepfolds. Damp gives sheep a disease of the hard part of the foot as well as spoiling the wool. The stable windows should be to the south, and the slanting floor should be kept clean by changing the litter every few days. He mentions that goats are always ailing, especially when kept in large herds. Goats should never be allowed to enter the plantations owing to their destructive habits.

Next, dogs are considered. They should be few but of good race, and shepherds' dogs are the best. The dog is more attached to the shepherd than to the flock. A Roman bought some flocks in Umbria and stipulated that the dogs but not the men were to be included in the sale. The shepherds were to lead the flocks to their destination in the woods of Metaponto in Magna Græcia, and then, secretly and without the dogs seeing them start, they were to return to their own country. This was done, but a few days after the men departed the dogs disappeared, and it came to be known that they reached Umbria safely, though they had no food but what they could find in the fields. Yet, says Varro ironically, none of these shepherds had done what Saseina prescribes in his book on agriculture: "Whoever wishes to make a dog follow him gives him a cooked frog." (N.B. Dogs will not eat the "green fat" of turtle, and it is doubtful if they would eat cooked frogs, though the present writer has never tried.) The prudent husbandman feeds his dogs well on bones and what is left on the plates, or soup made from bones, or barley bread in milk. If they are hungry they wander and even turn on their master. They should wear a leather collar with spikes as a protection against wolves or other enemies. a custom still observed in the Campagna, where the dogs, which are very dangerous if met in lonely places, are the direct descendants of those of Rome.

The men in charge of large flocks and herds in the open should be robust and full-grown, and they must always go armed. For small flocks which return to the fold at night, youths or even guls will suffice. They should be under a capable overseer, of a certain age, as befits one in authority, but not too old, for old men, like children, cannot climb mountains or cover long distances. They should be supple, quick, light and strong—not only to follow the cattle but also to hold their own with wild beasts and brigands. Gauls are very good, especially for taking care of beasts of burden. It is best to marry the shepherds, as they will not then seek their love far from the homestead. If possible, the wives should accompany them to the hut or cabin when they go to the forest or waste lands. These women should be robust and active but not ugly. In Liburnia

you may watch these shepherds' wives carrying wood with one or two children at the breast. In Illyris they help the men in everything; you often see a woman cease from her work and retire for a few moments, after which she reappears with a new baby which she seems to have found on a tree. In that country girls wander about choosing whom they will and going where they choose up to twenty years of age, nor is it thought a reproach to them if they bear children. The head shepherd or overseer should know something of medicine, to be able to look after the sick when the doctor is far off, or in slight illness when he can be dispensed with.

Varro is called away (so he tells us) by a pressing reminder of an invitation to a garden-party. Not long afterwards he and Senator Q. Axius went to vote for the nomination of the *Ædile*; they intended to wait to accompany their candidate home when the election was decided, and as the sun was hot, they went under the shelter raised for the public. There they found a host of friends, and they were soon all talking about what forms the subject of the third part of Varro's treatise, the minor produce of the farm, which, as he shows, may add materially to the income to be derived from it.

A simple rural life was Varro's unchanging ideal, and he always goes back to the text, "We owe the earth to divine nature, the towns to human industry," which is the same as to say, "God made the country and man made the town." But while condemning the extravagant luxury of great cities he was too sharp a man of business not to see that the farmer might turn it much to his profit. The succession of fêtes and banquets in Rome insured the fortune of any one who could provide a large quantity of delicacies at a given moment. The owner of a single *uccellanda*, or bird-snaring place, sold the thrushes which he took in one season for £500. The ancient Romans had the same passion as the modern Italians for small birds, which survived, nevertheless, in undiminished numbers till now, when the possibility of quick transport combined with the enormous demand for them for *English tables* threatens several species with extinction. Speculators in small birds kept thousands in aviaries to have them ready when they were in most request. Varro gives minute instructions for the arrangement of these aviaries: they should be near a river with little running streams flowing through them, and high hedges should shield them from the wind—a wise precaution, as there is nothing that birds suffer from so much as a draught. Each aviary was partitioned into courts, the most privileged court being reserved for nightingales and other songsters! At Tusculum, Lucullus had a dining-room built in the middle of an aviary, so that he saw the live thrushes flying around whilst he was eating the cooked ones. "But," says Varro, "he had no imitators."

Spending for the mere sake of spending already amounted to a

mania. Hortensius, who was reported to water his plants with wine, was the first to serve up peacocks in a sumptuous repast when he was appointed augur, "for which he was more applauded by the dissolute than by people of worth", yet many followed his example, and the price of peacocks rose to such a point that an egg was worth 3s. 4d., and a peacock could be sold for £2, more than the value of a sheep. Here was the farmer's opportunity!

Then, as now, wild boars were plentiful in the Pontine Marshes and the Maremma. On an estate which Varro bought in the neighbourhood of Tusculum the wild boars and the roebucks assembled at the sound of a horn to eat the food thrown down to them from a terrace. Some one present remarks that he has seen a still more interesting thing at Q. Hortensius' place near Laurentum, where a forest, fifty acres in extent, was enclosed by a wall and given the name of Wild Beast Nursery. Lying on couches, on a raised spot, they dined in the forest, when all at once Quintus called "Orpheus," and a slave appeared dressed in a long white robe, with a lyre in his hand, the image of his prototype. At a sign from the host, "Orpheus" sounded a horn, and hundreds of deer, wild boars, and other forest creatures assembled beneath. It was a finer sight, adds the narrator, than the combats of wild beasts in the Arena.

Doubtless Varro was aware of what his friend Cicero thought about the shows of the Arena. I have never heard the following passage quoted in discussions on the capacity of the Roman for humane feeling, but it proves conclusively that some Romans (and of the best) could feel as humanely as we do.

"The remainder of our diversions consisted in combats of wild beasts, which were exhibited every morning and afternoon during five days successively, and, it must be owned, they were magnificent. Yet, after all, what entertainment can possibly arise to an elegant and humanised mind, from seeing a noble beast struck to the heart by its merciless hunter, or one of our own weak species cruelly mangled by an animal of much superior strength?"

After reading these words it seems surprising that in a much later age so highly cultivated a man as Symmachus could fail entirely to see the pathos of the fact that the Saxon prisoners, whom he had counted on for the next day's gladiatorial show (because they were strong and courageous), killed each other over night rather than fight to make a Roman's holiday. But in that late time the Roman pagan had an idea that these spectacles were wrapped up in some way with the greatness of Rome, which they feared that the softer Christian sentiment would undermine, and so they clung to them with renewed enthusiasm. Their final disappearance was the first moral victory of

* Cicero to Marcus Marius, A. V. 698.

Christianity, and a great one. Sad that 1900 should find two Christian nations delighting in bull-fights !

Fish was in great demand at Rome, and incredible sums might be made by fish-ponds or wasted on them. The humble fish-pond of the people, supplied with rain-water and replenished by fish taken out of rivers or lakes, brought in large returns. The aristocratic fish-pond, furnished by Neptune and constructed with elaborate art, was more apt to empty pockets than to fill them. It cost a fortune to build it, to stock it, and to feed the fish. One possessor of such a fish-nursery made nearly £200 a year by it, but it cost the whole profit to keep it up. They were expensive toys rather than serious investments. Varro once saw a sacred tank in Lydia containing fish which came to the edge at the sound of a flute, and which no one was allowed to touch ; the fish of the Roman noble are, he says, nearly as sacred. Hortensius, who had spent a mint of money on his salt-water fish-tanks at Baulos, was found out in buying all the fish for his table at Pozzuoli. He fed his fishes himself and was much more anxious lest they should be hungry " than I am about my asses, which bring me in a good profit," Varro scornfully remarks. Half the fishermen of the place were employed in catching small fish to give to the big ones, and salted fish was provided when the sea was too rough for the boats to go out. Hortensius would make you a present of a team of mules sooner than of a single one of his mullets. Lucullus gave *carte blanche* to his architect to ruin him if he could manage, by means of subterranean passages, to contrive a sort of tide in his tanks at Baiæ, so as to keep the water cool in summer, when fishes in confinement suffer much from the heat, as I have been told at the Naples Aquarium, a beautiful and wonderful place, surpassing the dreams even of a Roman fish-maniac.

Varro speaks of some one who was more anxious about his sick fishes than about his sick slaves ; but the story of the Roman " who fattened his lampreys on his slaves " belongs to after times. Like other stories which are told for the benefit of youth, it lacks exactitude. This seems to have been the truth : a millionaire freedman of the name of Pollio Vedius was entertaining Augustus at supper when a slave broke a crystal goblet ; Pollio, enraged, ordered him to be thrown to the fishes ; the slave appealed to the Emperor, who asked his host to pardon him, but Pollio refused. Augustus then pardoned the man himself, and had all Pollio's crystal goblets broken and the fish-pond filled up.

Bee-culture held an important place among the farmer's minor cares. Varro believed, as Virgil did after him, that bees could be obtained from a slaughtered ox. He thought that honey was derived from certain plants and wax from others ; the fig yielding honey and the olive wax, while bean-flowers, lavender, and almond-blossom were

rich in both. If the soil does not produce naturally the bees' favourite flowers, especially thyme, which gives the honey the spicy flavour so much appreciated in the kind imported from Sicily or Corsica, they may be planted. The Romans hated the indomitable Corsican, of all their slaves the only one who could not, or would not, live in servitude: who died like a wild bird in a cage. But they had discovered that Corsican honey surpassed even that of Syracuse or Hymettus, and it does so still. The plan suggested by Varro has been tried by English bee-keepers, with the result, in one instance at least, that the bees obstinately shunned the plot planted for them to seek unlawful bliss among a neighbour's bitter-tasting lime-flowers. Bees range over immense distances, and, even were miles of thyme planted, how supply the multitudinous sweets of Nature's alchemy? How give the fragrance of the *macchia*, by which Napoleon recognised Corsica in the dark when he was being taken to Elba?

Varro says that bees, "birds of the Muses," can be assembled or scattered by music, in which, perhaps, we may see the origin of the famous tin kettles which the English villager brings into action when his bees are swarming. There is no allusion to the belief that bees desert a house if not told when the master dies, but we hear that Roman bees disliked solitude. They also disliked an echo, and were said to fly away from a place where there was one. In spite of imperfect knowledge, Varro had closely observed their ways, their industry, their love of only what is clean and sweet, their "cities," as he calls them, and their government, about which he makes few mistakes, except that he supposes the queen to be a king.

The Friends in Council were still pleasantly talking when their candidate for the office of *Ædile* came on the scene with the news that he was elected. After congratulations, they accompanied him to the Capitol, and thence each went to his own house. So the treatise ends with a little touch recalling that ever-present public life which wound itself in and out of all the Roman citizen's interests and occupations.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

THE TREND IN AMERICAN CITIES.

TWO facts hard' to reconcile are prominent in American cities to-day—the continuance of corruption and the trend towards municipal ownership of monopolies.

Of the corruption there is overwhelming evidence, though it is less flagrant than formerly. In April 1899 the Republican party, under "Boss" Platt, which is in power in the State Legislature of New York, appointed the Mazet Committee to investigate the Democratic government of Greater New York City under "Boss" Croker. Mr. Croker volunteered to go on the witness-stand, and gloried in making an exposition of his political philosophy. He showed, with engaging *naïveté*, that it rests on the morality of the street-corner boy, the highest injunction of whose code is, "Always stand by your pals." To the victors belong the spoils; all appointments must be subject to the approval of the city leader; judges should pay heavy subsidies to the election funds and appoint referees and arbitrators agreeable to the leader; all employees, from scavenger to City Treasurer, should belong to the reigning party. "Working for my own profit? Of course Day and night and every day." These are the chief articles in the political creed of the ruler of the second greatest city in the world. But he denies that the leaders rob the City Treasury. With righteous indignation he repels the accusation. "If you can prove that I took a dollar of the city's money you can cut off this arm," he declared with dramatic emphasis. But he was coy about explaining how he had accumulated the fortune which enables him to keep a racing-stable in England and to engage the best suite of rooms on the Atlantic liners when he crosses. That, he angrily asserted, was his "private business," and he would not willingly allow the appointee of a prying rival "boss" to examine it. When it was revealed that the fire-

proof system of the Roebling Company had been made compulsory for all city buildings, to the exclusion of equally good competitors, immediately after Mr. Croker's son was received into the company, the paternal feelings were at once aroused, and the outraged father bitterly complained that "they want to prevent my boys going into business." But when his chief subordinate acknowledged that he paid Mr. Croker several thousands a year from the Assurance Company in which all the city officials find it convenient to take out their guarantee bonds at double rates; when it was elicited that the "boss" also draws large sums as partner in a firm of auctioneers and valuers to which the judges indirectly pass much business; and when he himself acknowledged that no accounts are kept of the heavy subscriptions to campaign funds made by corporations enjoying city privileges and by officials enjoying city incomes; then an enlightening glimpse was obtained of the sources of his large fortune. But the cheers of his supporters, who crowded the court-room, showed their approval of the lofty moral claims of their chief. He sincerely believes that these indirect means of levying tribute from the city are perfectly honest. He and his lieutenants are sustained in their practices by a consciousness of virtue. They stand by each other in prosperity and adversity; like Robin Hood, they give a fraction of their gains to the poor; after an electoral campaign they hand over an alleged surplus to the clergy for philanthropic distribution; they speak a good word to the magistrates when one of the "boys" gets into trouble; these and the other laws of the moral code of the bulk of their supporters they have kept from their youth. Consequently Mr. Croker was not at all injured by the unveiling of his system of plunder mitigated by philanthropy. When he left for England, a few days later, his henchmen gathered in crowds to see him off; his state-rooms were loaded with flowers, the newspapers recorded his conversation, and even the boils on his neck were faithfully chronicled. Mr. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador at Washington, both of whom left by the same vessel, were almost unnoticed, but the city chief had a send-off which a prince might envy, for "he won't forget anybody who neglects to show up and support him at this juncture," as one of his henchmen remarked.

In Philadelphia the Republican machine, under "Dave" Martin, remains so strongly fortified in power that the Municipal League thought it hopeless to oppose it at the last election, especially as the votes for their candidates in the autumn campaign had been miscounted by the cheating officials, and troops of impersonators and repeaters had gone unmolested to the polls. There the city hall is still incomplete, though a self-perpetuating commission has spent upon it over £4,000,000. In St. Louis a commission which sat in the spring of this year discovered that a head of the Street Watering

Department had received money from contractors to allow them to work regularly below their contract, and had compelled them to abstain from bidding for a certain district which he retained at double rates for a man of straw who represented himself; it showed that an inefficient Excise Commissioner appeared to divide his enormous salary with a State Governor and others who secured his appointment; and that other officials and departments were equally dishonest

In Chicago during last year the regulation that street-paving for more than a small amount should be let by contract to the lowest bidder was evaded in favour of party friends by the arrangement that separate bills for less than the limiting sum should be presented for bits of the work, the same contractor sending in a sheaf of accounts for one length of street. Quantities of street repairing were paid for and not executed. Saloons, gambling-houses and dens of ill-fame were protected by Aldermen and allowed full play, and the Civil Service laws were violated with shameless contempt

The view of this side of American city government alone—bosses with semi-barbarous codes of morality, officials dishonest and inefficient, representatives mean in ability and corrupt in character—gives the impression to an English citizen that they cannot possibly follow the example of British cities in that enlargement of municipal functions which is roughly described as Municipal Socialism. Yet the trend in this direction is, as Dr. Albert Shaw, the foremost authority on American municipalities, says, “the most popular and significant movement of the day in the United States.”

In Great Britain the similar movement was for several decades unconscious. Ten years ago, when Glasgow had already carried out most of the socialistic enterprises which have made her a household word among American reformers, some lawyers in Edinburgh were shocked by the suggestion of an investigator that the subject of the article they had asked him to write for a law journal should be “Municipal Socialism in Scotland.” They were astounded that such a charge could be brought against canny Scotch cities. They had lived in the midst of Municipal Socialism and did not know it. Not until the London County Council began to follow the example of provincial cities by the establishment of a Works Department and declarations in favour of Municipal Water, Tramways, &c., did the theoretical objectors to socialistic tendencies awake and make a bitter fight.

But in the United States the citizens are in most cases acutely conscious of the movement. It is accompanied by excited public meetings, by “scare-head” newspaper articles which denounce the “theories of half-baked college professors” or strenuously support the “movement of the people to break the shackles of monopoly.” It is

part of the swelling tide of antagonism to Trusts, Combines, and great financial Corporations which are now damaging not mainly the lowest classes, but those middle classes who are less accustomed to suffer silently than are the wage-earners. In the States the men who profit by the private ownership of water, gas, electric light and rapid transit are more unscrupulous, resourceful and energetic in pushing their interests than are their British colleagues. Unless the citizens are alert and determined they lose valuable assets as unconsciously as the countryman loses his purse in a crowd. As was illustrated in Chicago last year, clever corporation lawyers work assiduously to obtain from venal councils an extension of franchises years before the old rights expire. Newspapers are bought exclusively to blind the public to the merits of a proposed deal. For privileges worth millions of dollars the company promoters can afford to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars in bribes, lobbying, and newspaper subsidies; and so usual are these methods that they are employed without rebuke by citizens who vaunt their respectability and hold high place in the Churches. Therefore any movement towards municipal socialism in America demands a more vigorous public opinion than in Great Britain. Nearly every victory is hard won by skilful leadership and determined fighting.

Further, as the Republican and Democratic parties are generally controlled by corrupt machines and represent no vital principles, at any rate in city affairs, reform of city government and enlargement of city functions are usually associated with a man rather than with a party. A compact party, representing a definite programme of reform, like the Progressive party in London, is hardly known in America. In general, a mayor, elected by the people at large, represents the policy, and wins so much public support as to force the Council to carry out his suggestions. The Hon. H. S. Pingree, for several years Mayor of Detroit and now Governor of Michigan, is still the head of municipal movements in his town. He passed through the last Legislature an Act which empowers the Common Council of Detroit to appoint a "Detroit Street Railway Commission," consisting of three persons, empowered at its own discretion to acquire any or all of the tramways within the city, and to operate and maintain them on behalf of the city exactly as if they were a board of directors of a company. The appointment of this Commission, which is now at work, illustrates the American preference for concentrated responsibility and distrust of the Common Councils—*very* common councils, as the mayor of one of the chief cities said to the writer. The power of even these Commissioners is limited in important directions. They may not charge passengers more than they are now charged by the company, and, most significant of all, they are "expressly prohibited from granting or extending the life of any franchise (right to the use of the streets)

under any of the powers conferred by this Act" The Governor himself is one of the Commissioners, and is chiefly relied upon to make the experiment successful.

In Toledo, Ohio, Mayor S. M. Jones, a Welshman who crossed the Atlantic at fifteen, has won a national reputation in two years by his vigorous support of extended city action. He had shown the bias of his thought and character by inaugurating a minimum wage and an eight-hours day with increased pay in his own works; by establishing a small park, with band-stand, settees, maypole, &c, for the free use of his employees; by taking excursions down the bay with his workmen and their families; by paying a 5 per cent. bonus to labour, and by granting a week's annual holiday on full pay. When, therefore, in 1897, a deadlock occurred at the Republican Convention and Mr. Jones was brought forward as a "dark horse," he was enthusiastically accepted and afterwards elected. But the party henchmen found that the man who talked the language of Tolstoi and was able to put up on the wall of his workshop, "The rule governing this factory: Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them," without incurring the charge of canting humbug, was hostile to their machine purposes. He was therefore rejected at the party convention in 1899 and immediately came out as an independent candidate. He was opposed with all the might of both the Republican and Democratic machines; the Ministers' Union was against him because he had acted on his declared principle that "the one way to finally overcome the saloon is to provide a better substitute"; and constantly he was assured that all the influential people were on the other sides. But his programme and his personality appealed to the Toledo voters. He advocated -

1. Public ownership of all public utilities.
2. No grant of new or extension of existing monopolistic privileges.
3. Abolition of the private contract system in doing city work.
4. Establishment of free public baths.
5. More money for parks, free music, and playgrounds.
6. Kindergartens in connection with all the public schools.

The result of the election staggered the party managers and caused a flutter through American political circles, for Mr. Jones's 16,752 votes more than doubled the united vote of the regular Republican and Democratic candidates. Such an emphatic endorsement of a socialistic programme by an important city was never known before in the States.

In Haverhill, Massachusetts, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, Mr. Chase was elected Mayor in November 1898, though he ran as a representative of the Social Democracy which is headed by Mr. Eugene

Debs, the leader of the great Pullman strike. His programme was quite as Radical as the Toledo programme. But he was outside the party machines, the citizens relied on his honesty; and events have verified their expectation that he would not be susceptible to the corrupt influence of the railway company that they wished to compel to sink their tracks below the streets and to abolish level crossings.

In Chicago the revolt of the citizens in 1898 against a proposed extension of the privileges of the tramway companies was phenomenal. The Allen law had been passed by doubtful means through the State Legislature to empower the City Council to grant an extension for fifty years, and the Councillors (faithful guardians of their own interests) were scheming to give away this privilege, worth £20,000,000, without adequate compensation to the city, though not without the full ransom to themselves. But Chicago rose in fury against the proposal. Indignant public protests and fierce newspaper articles showed the public feeling. Crowds gathered around the city hall during the Council meetings, and even threats to lynch the Councillors who should vote for the robbery were heard. Mayor Harrison, a shrewd politician, who, like most American mayors, has a veto on the decisions of the Council, correctly gauged the common opinion, and refused to consider any proposal respecting tramways until the obnoxious Allen law was repealed. That transferred the fight to the State Legislature, where the same men who had passed the law were finally compelled to rescind it. Governor Tanner, who had been elected with the support of the great corporations, signed the rescindment after a little hesitation. At the mayoralty election which followed, in May 1899, Mr Altgeld, ex-Governor of Illinois, ran, as an independent candidate, upon a programme of municipal ownership of monopolies and support of the Chicago free-silver platform of the national Democratic party. Municipal ownership proved so popular that both the regular Republican and Democratic candidates advocated it in their public addresses, and Mayor Harrison, the regular Democratic nominee, who represented successful opposition to the schemes of the tramway companies, was re-elected by 149,000 votes, against 107,000 for the Republican and 46,000 for Altgeld. This secession of 46,000 voters from the party-machine candidate is significant of the separation of municipal from national issues which is proceeding apace, and is one of the most hopeful signs in American city politics.

Quite as suggestive was the uprising of New York against the proposal to grant to a company the right to construct and to own in perpetuity an underground tunnel for rapid transit. New York is built on a long narrow island, with the business quarter at the point next the ocean and the residences in the middle and the upper end. Every morning and evening, therefore, millions of people must pass

up and down the long avenues which run the length of the island. Underground tunnels for express trains to carry the crowds far out and bring distant spots within the zone of residence are absolutely necessary to New York life. Five years ago the citizens voted for the construction of such tunnels by the city itself, and in the constitution of Greater New York enabling provisions were inserted. Rapid Transit Commissioners, "all honourable men," were appointed, and plans and specifications got out. But the advent of Tammany Hall to power in January 1898 halted the proceedings.

By the pernicious system of checks and balances, which mars so many American constitutional arrangements, the City Counsellor, a Tammany official, was empowered to veto the plans and proposals. Mayor Van Wyck was also hostile and contemptuous to the Commission appointed by his predecessor; and naturally the companies owning the surface and elevated lines, which would be damaged by the underground transit, expected from Mr Croker's party a substantial return of kindness for heavy contributions to the campaign fund. Hence, the City Counsellor vetoed all the plans of the Commissioners and "held up" Rapid Transit.

If the right to build and work the tunnel could be transferred to a private company it is clear that abundant "boodle" would be within reach of the parties who consummated the deal. Nobody can estimate the profits which will be obtainable twenty years hence by the fortunate owners of the only means of swift passage from the city below Fourteenth Street to the homes beyond Central Park. For the opportunity to reap this rich harvest it is easily conceivable that financiers would be willing to show great "private" generosity towards the heads of Tammany Hall, while saving their consciences from the suspicion of robbing the public Treasury, which so pains and angers Mr. Croker. At the beginning of 1899 it was conveniently discovered that the public construction of the tunnel would cause the city to exceed the debt limit which is drawn by the Constitution, and the Rapid Transit Commissioners, balked in their efforts by one plea and another, introduced into the State Legislature a Bill to enable them to let the rights in perpetuity to a private corporation. Then an unexpected storm arose. Public opinion, before which even Tammany must bow, expressed itself with earnestness against the proposal Governor Roosevelt declared he would sign no Bill which would permit the alienation of the franchise for more than fifty years, and everybody—Governor, Rapid Transit Commissioners, Mayor, Boss, newspapers and public—hastened to declare that city construction and ownership is the best method, and only in case that is found impossible should the entrance of a private corporation be tolerated. So strong was the pressure that ultimately the Mayor, who had the final veto power, refused in May to sanction the measure even with a

fifty-year limitation, and public construction is now the only course open. Conveniently, again, it has been discovered that the fresh valuation of the city removes the fear of exceeding the debt limit. While the agitation was proceeding, the *New York Journal* and the *World*, both yellow journals, with the "largest circulation in the world," and both very keen to scent the popular path, opened their columns to promises to subscribe to the public loan for the city construction, and demonstrated the eagerness of the people to lend their money for the project. Further, the *Journal*, a few weeks previously, had set out the programme of home policy for which it will fight, with "Municipal Ownership of City Monopolies" in the forefront. With heavy type, in its usual hysterical style, it expounds the successes of Glasgow, Birmingham, and other cities; and, whether its vigorous agitation for the establishment of a municipal gas plant for New York is sincere or not on the part of the editor, it is at least an indication of the trend of public opinion.

Amongst American cities, Philadelphia, "the Quaker City," is shamefully pre-eminent for the flagrant rottenness of its government. Even New York, with all the abuses of Tammany Hall, must yield disgraceful precedence to the city of Liberty Bell and the Hall of Independence. There the Republican machine holds invincible sway. So weak are the opposing Democrats, and so undeveloped as yet the Reform party, that the check of vigorous opposition is lacking, and the boss and his gang have long run riot. Under those conditions the failure of municipal ownership in Philadelphia would be anticipated. For many years the incompetent Council refused to allow the gasworks to be kept in a proper state of repair; they overloaded the staff with crowds of political henchmen; hundreds of thousands of cubic feet were supplied without proper check; improvements in^o manufacture were refused, and accounts were kept in imbecile fashion. It is freely asserted and currently believed that this policy was deliberately pursued at the instigation of those interested in securing possession of the works. At last, in 1897, the Council consummated its folly and treason by leasing the works to a corporation, after hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is widely believed, were distributed amongst the aldermen in bribes. In the spring of this year an epidemic of typhoid fever, attributed by doctors to the impure, unfiltered water which is distributed through the city's mains, caused over 400 deaths in Philadelphia in ten weeks. Public indignation was hot, because again and again the Council had been warned by the medical profession and strongly urged to construct the necessary filters and reservoirs. But either through careless neglect or malevolent design the reform of the system was delayed, and typhoid fever germs were called in as allies of the speculators who wanted the water as well as the gas. But this time the criminal conspiracy to prevent efficient

administration and so to force on the sale of the works was too strongly suspected for success, and the demand of the citizens was for "the purification of our present supply by sand filtration *under city ownership and control*." That demand has prevailed, and the necessary funds have at last been voted by the Council. That the members of the Manufacturers' Club and of the Trades' League, along with the leading physicians and other citizens of like influence, should join an agitation to demand a remedy by the city itself rather than by the surrender of public control, is illustrative of the changing temper of the American public with regard to municipal monopolies.

After Philadelphia some relief is necessary. For an agreeable contrast we may take Boston, which Mayor Quincy has made into one of the most progressive cities of America. He is one of the handful of well-born Americans who have made politics a profession in the best sense of the term. During his three years of office he has demonstrated the superiority of the educated and trained administrator to the man picked off the street for political services. New enterprises and improved methods of organisation have followed each other in rapid procession. A municipal printing plant was established in March 1897, which, with trade-union rules and "a contented force of workmen as not the least pleasing result of the policy," has saved the city at the rate of £2500 a year according to the report of three leading citizens who audited the accounts. For eighteen months the city's electrical work has been executed by a new department of electrical construction, and two hundred members of the building trades in another department do the repairs to city buildings as well as some new contract work. Last summer the open-air bathing accommodation was increased and made free, with the result that more than three times as many baths were taken as in the previous year; and in the winter the first all-the-year-round public bath-house in the States was opened on Dover Street. It cost over £18,000, contains shower- and tub-baths for men and for women, and no charge is made for admission. A system of public parks, which will be one of the most extensive and beautiful in the world, is near completion; public gymnasia are supplied; and summer music in the parks is well established. Last winter Boston, the old metropolis of New England Puritanism, overcame the difficulty about allowing Sunday concerts for profit by supplying series of municipal concerts at cost price. "The great problem of social science is that of securing some general distribution among all the people of the advantages and facilities which the progress of human knowledge and the advance of civilisation have developed in such rich measure." This statesman-like passage from the Mayor's defence of his broad Sunday policy is equally a defence of two unique undertakings—the Picnic Excursions and the Municipal Boys' Camp. The day picnic excursions to Long

Island last summer, in which 13,540 children and 560 adults joined, were given out of the income of a fund left to the city for this purpose, and managed gratuitously by city officials with such success that the Mayor thinks "it cannot be denied that the record of the past season could not be duplicated or even approached by any private charitable organisation."

The Boys' Camp, maintained for seven weeks in 1898 *at the expense of the city*, provided 831 poor lads with five days under canvas at an average cost of 7s. 6d a head. This year similar outing opportunities for girls is proposed, and the Mayor urges that the "expense is so moderate as to make it easily possible to afford a week's outing of the character to every boy of school age in the city who would not otherwise be able to enjoy a vacation outside the city limits. Such a camp should be regarded merely as an extension of the system of public education of the young, and as affording an opportunity for giving a different kind of instruction and training—but one no less valuable, perhaps—from that which is given in the schoolroom."

Mayor Quincy is fortunate among American city reformers in that no opposition on theoretical grounds is raised by Bostonians to these far-reaching plans. They are disarmed by the quiet confidence with which he conceives his schemes and the rapid, resourceful way in which he carries them to success. He appreciates the double necessity of radically altering the machinery of the city government to adapt it to modern needs, and, at the same time, conciliating the controllers of the present machinery and using them for his broad plans during the transformation period.

Gradually the two chambers of the City Legislature have been stripped of their powers; and this year, by the creation of a Board of Appropriation, which controls the finances and makes it possible to frame "something like a scientific budget," the last important function of the lower chamber has disappeared. Contemporaneously the Mayor is increasing the number of honorary appointive commissions which occupy about the same place in the government as the Committees of British City Councils, and through which he secures the sympathy and assistance of representative people of good standing and ability, and evades the obstacles which an inept council always presents to American reformers. Three such commissions have charge of the reorganised correctional and charitable institutions, and five others of the statistical department, municipal baths, municipal concerts, free evening lectures, and boys' summer camp respectively; while the Merchants' Municipal Committee, chosen not by the electors but by the central commercial organisation of the city, is a mayor's cabinet, a permanent body of advisers on financial and commercial matters. With this remarkable combination of scientific organisation, statesmanlike schemes and shrewd political

management Boston is fast winning the place among American cities which Birmingham held in Britain in the seventies and Glasgow has attained in the nineties.

In other important cities of the States the same tendency is shown. At the last municipal election in Denver three-quarters of the votes cast were "against corporation control of the city," the elected Democratic candidate and the nominee of the Civic Federation both making water, gas, and tramways the chief issues. At Milwaukee the newly-elected mayor is committed to municipal ownership. Des Moines, Iowa, re-elected its mayor last year on the hard-fought issue of city tramways; and, in the constitution for San Francisco, which will come into force in January next, there is a special clause to expressly prohibit the renewal or regranting of existing monopolistic privileges.

The two facts, grave official corruption and a marked trend towards municipal socialism, which I have shown to distinguish American cities, will appear to the British citizen to be mutually exclusive. Representatives and officials who are financially clean he considers essential to extended city operations. First honesty, then larger business, appears to be the proper order. But that order is impossible in the States, because the private corporations which control the city services are a prime cause of the corruption. To secure special privileges they debauch councillors, aldermen, mayors, legislatures, and governors. One mayor was lately offered £10,000 by one company and a trip round the world for himself and his family by another if he would allow certain city ordinances to pass. A Governor of a large State was offered 20,000 shares in a company if he would sign a measure for increasing its privileges. He knew that his signature would probably increase the value of those shares by £120,000. His successor did sign the bill, and the shares rose in price even more than that amount. As Governor Pingree has said: "Good municipal government is an impossibility while valuable franchises are to be had and can be obtained by the corrupt use of money in bribing the public servants."

The companies deliberately adopt the policy of distributing shares to newspaper proprietors and editors and to city authorities who "are in a position to promote the welfare of our business." Therefore public interest usually clashes with private interest when a question of privilege or taxation arises. The companies are serenely content as to which will prevail.

Public ownership offers less temptation to jobbery and scoundrelism than the surrender of public services to private corporations. The alternative is not between honesty with private enterprise and dishonesty with public ownership, but between periodical and gigantic frauds along with the surrender of city property and the retention of

valuable rights at the risk of constant petty speculation. Neither policy offers ideal conditions, but the preference is now in favour of the smaller thefts. It is cheaper for the city to lose small sums annually through the selection of workmen for political reasons than to remain in the grasp of private corporations who can levy exorbitant charges.

Also, reform of politics will be easier when the cities have ousted the companies. Rich and influential citizens, who, as investors, are now frequently interested in resisting reform, will then have only their interests as taxpayers to consider, and will, therefore, be more likely to demand efficient administration; while the rank and file of the voters will give greater attention to their city government when it affects their tram fares, gas and water Bills, and telephone charges. Therefore the trend towards city ownership is an evidence of a determination to continue the slow work of purification. As much as Civil Service Reform it "makes for righteousness"

J. W. MARTIN.

THE AGE LIMIT FOR WOMEN.

‘ Rather than remain braced and keen to watch the world accurately and take every appearance on its own merits, the lazy intellect declines upon generalisations, formalised rules and Laws of Nature ’

—“Idlehurst, a Journal kept in the Country”

EVERY reader of the educational journals must be familiar with the typical advertisement that “The Council of the —— High School for Girls will shortly appoint a Headmistress. No one over 35 need apply.” The restriction produces an effect on assistant-mistresses very prejudicial to the interests of education. Girls after a three or four years’ University course, followed in some cases by a year in a Training College, have hardly settled down to the practical business of their lives in the high schools before they are seized with a nervous fear that if they do not shortly bestir themselves in the competition for headmistress-ships they will before long be stranded on this old-time superstition. Their youth and inexperience are facts constantly brought before them up to the age of thirty or thereabouts, and then with hardly an interval they find themselves confronted by this theory of sudden decay of faculties in women. During the second five years of teaching there is a constant agitation among young mistresses in the endeavour to secure a headship, and then amongst those who fail in the lottery—for it is a lottery—comes the deadening prospect of, perhaps, a quarter of a century’s work to be carried on without hope of promotion.

It may be useful to consider the origin of this “formalised rule” that women are unfit to undertake serious responsibility after the age of thirty-five.

The rule—an advance, no doubt, on the eighteenth-century habit of referring to men and women of forty or fifty as “aged”—became stereotyped at least as early as the middle of this century. Unmarried ladies regarded as on the shelf at twenty-five were forced

to let their faculties die away for want of exercise. The freshness was drained out of them by the pressure of trivialities unresisted by hope. Those who entered the labour market did so as victims of cruel misfortune, full of pity for themselves and quickly worn out by their struggles to gain a livelihood with few qualifications for the task.

During the last twenty years a very striking change has made itself apparent. In some branches the extension of the working period of a woman's life has been so great that it has even brought back to useful, hopeful enterprise, women who had settled down to the colourless, dreary, monotonous round prescribed for the unattached elderly. The number of educated women who either earn a livelihood or engage in philanthropic work has not increased so much as is usually supposed, but the spirit in which the work is undertaken is wholly different. Not that it is in all respects a praiseworthy one. The disinterestedness of the saint is perhaps lacking. Indeed, what I wish to lay stress on as a fact for which to be thankful is that the period of youthful *interestedness* has been very greatly extended.

In fiction our women writers have long since abandoned sweet seventeen as a heroine, and even men writers, slowest of all to observe such changes, have, during the last five years or so, recognised that at that favoured age girls are nowadays too much absorbed in preparing for senior locals and college entrance examinations to offer useful material for romantic literature.

Not a few of our veterans shake their heads over what I have called the extension of youthfulness, but what they call the prolongation of childish irresponsibility. The crudeness of the girl-graduate of two or three and twenty is contrasted unfavourably with the finished manners and graceful maturity of the girl of eighteen, some forty years ago. And there would be much to be urged in support of their disapproval if, with the raising of the age-limit of a girl's systematised education, there were no corresponding rise in the age-limit of their usefulness and energy. If the prime of life were necessarily passed at an age fixed for all time, so that the time spent in preparation for work was deducted from the time available for work itself, it might fairly be doubted whether our modern system of education was not positively harmful.

But there is no such fixity in the age at which maturity is attained, and there is reason to believe that as each generation takes longer to arrive at maturity, owing to much more careful attention to mental and physical development, so also each generation retains the possession of its mature powers for a longer period than the preceding one.

Reflecting on this possibility and comparing modern systems of education with those prevailing a century ago, it will be noticed that

in those days girls became wives and mothers before they had had time to realise the joy of youth, that children were introduced to society too soon to have indulged in the delightful exercise of imagination, untouched by responsibility, and that toddling babies must have been taught to theorise on moral problems, judging by the period at which some of them attained to a reasoned self-control.

Looking back, too, with curiosity, to the methods by which this precocious maturity of judgment was produced, it is interesting to note the changes in the school curriculum apparent at different periods, and the absence of those subjects which, in our day, we regard as preliminary to education, and which yet require more years for their mastery than were necessary a hundred years ago for the mastery of feminine accomplishments and the acquisition of fixed moral principles.

It is those fixed moral principles that form the most marked characteristic of the eighteenth-century child. Of religious teaching there was strikingly little; religious fervour is almost entirely absent from the literature of the period. But moral teaching was, so far as girls were concerned, the only branch of study in which they were called to exercise their reason.

We are all of us apt to imagine that the writers of children's books in the last century had so little artistic faculty as to be constantly writing a language which no human being could ever have indulged in, in real life. But, in fact, these prematurely grown-up girls were never called on to exercise their intelligence on any subject except morals. They were twice as old as our children of the same age, but their brains were less accustomed to exercise than those of our infants in the kindergarten nowadays. The style in vogue was a natural result.

Daniel Defoe, in his "Tour through Great Britain," describes the domestic system in the woollen industry in the West Riding at the beginning of the eighteenth century with glowing enthusiasm. I quote, from the edition of 1759, the account of the trade in Halifax and the surrounding district. After describing the scenery, he goes on.

"Nor is the industry of the people wanting to second these advantages. Though we met few people without doors, yet within we saw the houses full of lusty fellows, some at the dye vat, some at the loom, others dressing the cloth; the women and children carding or spinning; all employed from the youngest to the oldest; scarce any thing above four years old but its hands were sufficient for its own support."

There are other instances of a similar kind in other parts of the book. It is to him a delightful thing that there should be work enough for these little four-year-old mites to be able to relieve their parents from the burden of their support.

Clearly, then, children were not allowed to be children for long in those days. And some of the stories to which I shall refer are not quite so ridiculous as we may have imagined. We have accused the writers of talking in an absurdly grown-up manner to little children. It was really the little children who were absurdly grown up in real life, not merely in fiction.

Take, as an instance, the story of "*Jemima Placid*," written some time between 1770 and 1790. I quote the prologue:

"As I had nothing particular to do, I took a walk one morning as far as St. James's Park, where meeting with a lady of my acquaintance, she invited me to go home with her to breakfast, which invitation I accordingly complied with. Her two daughters had waited for her a considerable time, and expressed themselves to have been much disturbed at her stay. They afterwards fretted at the heat of the weather, and the youngest, happening accidentally to tear her apron, she bewailed it the succeeding part of the day with so much appearance of vexation, that I could not help showing some degree of astonishment at her conduct, and having occasion afterwards to mention *Miss Placid*, I added that she was the most agreeable girl I had ever known.

'*Miss Eliza*, to whom I was speaking, said that she had long wished to hear something further concerning that young lady, as her mamma very frequently proposed her as an example without mentioning the particulars of her conduct, but as I was so happy as to be favoured with her intimacy, she should be glad to hear a recital of those excellences which acquired such universal approbation.

"In compliance with this request I wrote the following sheets and dispatched them to *Miss Eliza*, and by her desire it is that they are now submitted to the world, as she obligingly assured me that her endeavours to imitate the calm disposition of the heroine of this history had contributed so much to her own happiness, and increased the good opinion of her friends, that she wished to have so amiable an example made public for the advantage of others."

And then we are given the life of *Miss Jemima Placid* at the age of six, and in particular of her first visit from home to her cousins, *Miss Nelly* and *Miss Sally Piner*, aged nine and eight years respectively.

The incidents of the story are of the kind that would happen to children of six or seven nowadays. But the moral teaching is representative of the ethical teaching of the time. The importance of ease of manner and good deportment in society is constantly being urged:

"*Jemima*, who had not seen her cousins since she was two years old, had entirely forgotten them, and, as they expected to find her as much a baby as at their last interview, they appeared like entire strangers to each other. They welcomed their papa and mamma, and looked at *Miss Placid* with silent amazement. Both parties, indeed, said the civil things they were desired, such as, 'How do you do, cousin?' rather in a low and drawling tone of voice, and *Miss Sally*, who was eight years old, turned her head on one side and hung on her papa's arm, though he tried to shake her off and desired her to welcome *Miss Placid* to London, and to say she was glad to see her, to inquire after her papa, mamma, and brothers, and, in short, to

behave politely and receive her in a becoming manner To do this, however, Mr Piner found was impossible, as his daughters were not at any time distinguished by the graces, and were always particularly awkward, from their shyness, at a first introduction. In this place, my dear Eliza, you must excuse me if I stop to hint at a like error in your own conduct, and which, indeed, young ladies in general are too apt to be inattentive to, that, as first impressions are usually the strongest, it is of great consequence to impress your company with a favourable opinion of your appearance As you are acquainted with the common forms of good breeding, you should consider that it is quite immaterial whether you address a lady you have before seen or one with whom you are unacquainted, since the compliments of civility are varied only by the circumstances of your knowledge, or the different connections of the person to whom you are speaking When, therefore, you are in company with strangers, you should accustom yourself to say what is proper (which will be to answer any question they may ask you) without at all considering how long you have known them, and be assured that as an easy behaviour is at all times most agreeable, you will certainly please when you speak with a modest degree of freedom Do not therefore make yourself uneasy with the idea of appearing awkward, for by that means you will defeat your wishes, but endeavour to retain your natural voice, and express yourself with the same unconcern as you do in common conversation, since every species of affectation is disagreeable, and nothing will so strongly recommend you as simplicity "

Mrs. Placid's exhortation on mutual forbearance to the Miss Piners, who had just emerged from a fight for a place in the window-seat, is another example of excellent forensic powers brought to bear on the education of little girls.

" 'There is great wickedness,' replied her aunt, 'in being so tenacious of every trifle as to disagree about it with those with whom we live, especially between brothers and sisters, who ought always to be united in affection and love; and if you now indulge your passions so that you will submit to no opposition, it will make you hated and despised by everybody and constantly unhappy in your own mind It is impossible, my dear, to have every circumstance happen as we wish it to do, but if a disappointment could at any time justify ill-nature and petulance it would certainly be adding greatly to the unhappiness of life. And do you think, my dear, that to fight on every occasion with those who oppose you is at all consistent with the delicacy of a young lady? I dare say, when you give yourself time to reflect on the subject, you will perceive that you have been much to blame, and that whenever you have suffered yourself to be ill-natured and quarrelsome you have always been proportionably uneasy and wretched. Nothing can so much contribute to your present felicity or future peace as a good understanding and cordial affection for your sister You will most probably be more in her company than in any other person's, and how comfortable would it be, by every little office of kindness, to assist each other! I am sure, if you would try the experiment, you would find it much better than such churlish resistance and provoking contentions It is by good humour and an attention to please in trifles that love is cherished and improved If your sister wants anything, be assiduous to fetch it. If she cannot untie a knot, do it for her If she wishes a place in the window, make room immediately Share with her all that is given to you, conceal her faults, as you dislike your own to be observed, commend her good qualities, and never envy, but endeavour to emulate, her perfections By this method you will ensure her regard and make yourself happy at the same time; that will give the highest

pleasure to your parents, and obtain the esteem of all your acquaintance. Think of these motives, my dear girl, and resolve to exert yourself, and when you feel inclined to be angry and cross, recollect whether it will be worth while, because you have first got possession, to engage in a contest which will forfeit all these advantages. Think with yourself, shall I lose my sister's love or abate her regard for an orange, a plaything, or a seat? Do I not prefer making her contented, and keeping my own mind serene and placid, before the pleasure of enjoying a toy or any other thing equally trifling? Will it tire me to fetch down her cloak, or her doll, if she is in want of them? And shall I not do it in less time than it will take to dispute whose business it is to go? In short, my dear niece, you will find so much ease and pleasure result from the resolution to oblige that I dare say, if you once attempt it, you will be inclined to persevere.

"But indeed, madam," returned Miss Nelly, "my sister is as cross to me as I am to her, and therefore it is out of my power to do what you advise; for I cannot bear to do everything for her when she will do nothing for me."

"You are both much to blame," said Mrs. Placid, "but as you are the eldest it is your place to set a good example, and you do not know, Nelly, how far that incitement will prevail. When you have refused her one request, she is naturally, by way of retaliation, induced to deny you another - this increases your mutual dissatisfaction and commences new quarrels, by which means your anger is continued, so that neither is inclined to oblige or condescend. But if she finds you continue to be good-natured, she will catch the kind impression, as she used to imbibed the ill habits of malevolence and rage. In every case you should consider that the errors of another person are no excuse for the indulgence of evil in yourself."

In the story of "Mrs. Teachum and the Little Female Academy," the school curriculum is very clearly stated. A delightful account of the training received by Mrs. Teachum for the post of schoolmistress shows the prevalence of a humble deference to men's superior judgment, which may help to explain the absence of enthusiasm on their part for the higher education of women.

"This gentlewoman was the widow of a clergyman, with whom she had lived nine years in all the harmony and concord which form the only satisfactory happiness in the married state.

"Mr Teachum was a very sensible man, and took great delight in improving his wife, as she also placed her chief pleasure in receiving his instructions. One of his constant subjects of discourse to her was concerning the education of children, so that, when in his last illness his physicians pronounced him beyond the power of their art to relieve him, he expressed great satisfaction in the thought of leaving his children to the care of so prudent a mother.

"Mrs. Teachum, though exceedingly afflicted by such a loss, yet thought it her duty to call forth all her resolution to conquer her grief, in order to apply herself to the care of these her dear husband's children. But her misfortunes were not here to end - for within a twelvemonth after the death of her husband she was deprived of both her children by a violent fever that then raged in the country; and about the same time, by the unforeseen breaking of a banker in whose hands almost all her fortune was just then placed, she was bereft of the means of her future support.

"The Christian fortitude with which (through her husband's instructions) she had armed her mind, had not left it in the power of any outward accident to bereave her of her understanding, or to make her incapable of

doing what was proper on all occasions. Therefore, by the advice of all her friends, she undertook what she was so well qualified for—namely, the education of children

“And this trust she endeavoured faithfully to discharge, by instructing those committed to her care in reading, writing, working, and in all proper forms of behaviour. And though her principal aim was to improve their minds in all useful knowledge, to render them obedient to their superiors, and gentle, kind, and affectionate to each other, yet did she not omit teaching them an exact neatness in their persons and dress, and a perfect gentility in their whole carriage”

“Reading, writing, working, and all proper forms of behaviour.” And it is on the proper forms of behaviour that the story lays stress. And it must frankly be admitted that the teaching was necessary. The number of Mrs. Teachum’s young ladies was limited to nine. The eldest, Miss Jenny Peace, was just turned fourteen, and the others were all under twelve. Miss Jenny Peace being of such an advanced age, necessarily has cast upon her a responsibility for improving the tone of the school, and rises to the occasion with a sweet self-confidence, combined with modesty, which the nineteen-year old captain of a high school nowadays might admire, but would hardly dare to imitate. The quarrels of the two Miss Piners seem tame, although solely on account of the inferior numbers, by comparison with the free fight in which Mrs. Teachum’s young ladies indulge at the beginning of the story.

It opens with a dispute as to which of them was entitled to the largest apple in a basket of the fruit given to Miss Jenny Peace to distribute. To end the strife, Miss Jenny threw the apple over a hedge into another garden.

“At first they were all silent, as if they were struck dumb with astonishment with the loss of this one poor apple, though at the same time they had plenty before them.

“But this did not bring to pass Miss Jenny’s design for now they all began again to quarrel which had the most right to it, and which ought to have had it, with as much vehemence as they had before contended for the possession of it, and their anger by degrees became so high that words could not vent half their rage, and they fell to pulling of caps, tearing of hair, and dragging the clothes off one another’s backs, though they did not so much strike as endeavour to scratch and pinch their enemies

“Miss Dolly Friendly as yet was not engaged in the battle, but on hearing her friend Miss Nanny Spruce scream out that she was hurt by a sly pinch from one of the girls, she flew on this sly pincher, as she called her, like an enraged lion on its prey and not content only to return the harm her friend had received, she struck with such force as felled her enemy to the ground. And now they could not distinguish between friend and enemy; but fought, scratched, and tore like so many cats, when they extend their claws to fix them in their rival’s heart.

“Miss Jenny was employed in endeavouring to part them

“In the midst of this confusion appeared Mrs. Teachum, who was returning in hopes to see them happy with the fruit she had given them; but she was some time there before either her voice or presence could awaken them from their attention to the fight, when on a sudden they all

faced her, and fear of punishment began now a little to abate their rage. Each of the misses held in her right hand, fast clenched, some marks of victory; for they beat and were beaten by turns. One of them held a little lock of hair torn from the head of her enemy, another grasped a piece of a cap, which, in aiming at her rival's hair, had deceived her hand, and was all the spoils she could gain, a third clenched a piece of an apron, a fourth, of a frock. In short, every one, unfortunately, held in her hand a proof of having been engaged in the battle. And the ground was spread with rags and tatters, torn from the backs of the little inveterate combatants."

Space does not permit me to describe the efforts by which Miss Jenny brought about the moral reform of the combatants. She recounts to them her mamma's system of bringing her up, with especial reference to her studies up to the age of six; and the other girls, brought to see the error of their ways by a recognition of the unhappiness which their faults have always brought upon themselves, recount the stories of their lives also. Fairy tales and society plays are brought into the service of morality, and the teaching to be deduced from them is expounded. And although at the end of a fortnight Miss Jenny's ministrations are ended by her leaving school,

"all quarrels and contentions were banished from Mrs. Teachum's house; and if ever any such thing was likely to arise, the story of Miss Jenny Peace's reconciling all her little companions was told to them: so that Miss Jenny, though absent, still seemed (by the bright example which she left behind her) to be the cement of union and harmony in this well-regulated society. And if any girl was found to harbour in her breast a rising passion, which it was difficult to conquer, the name and story of Miss Jenny Peace soon gained her attention, and left her without any other desire than to emulate Miss Jenny's virtues."

But perhaps it may be imagined that this story does not really represent the system of education which we know from biographies and letters did after all either produce, or allow to emerge, women of strong character and considerable intellectual attainments.

For further light, turn to Miss Edgeworth's two stories of Mlle. Panache, the bad French governess, and Mlle. de Rosier, the good French governess.

"Mrs. Temple had two daughters, Emma and Helen; she had taken great care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them; they used to tell her everything that they thought and felt; so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct, any little faults in their disposition and to rectify those errors of judgment to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

"Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her society was composed of a few intimate friends, she wished, especially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extensive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was necessary that they should be accustomed to see a variety of characters, and still more necessary that they should learn to judge of them. There was little danger

of Emma's being hurt by the first impressions of new facts and new ideas ; but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her sister's good sense. We must observe that Helen was a little disposed to be fond of novelty, and sometimes formed a prodigiously high opinion of persons whom she had seen but for a few hours. Not to admire was an art which she had yet to learn."

Helen enters upon this part of her education when she is between eleven and twelve years old.

After this it creates a sensation of relief to hear Miss Edgeworth, in describing the pupils of Madame de Rosier, declare of Favoretta, the youngest, about six years old, that "At this age the habits that constitute character are not formed, and it is, therefore, absurd to speak of the character of a child six years old." It would almost seem that in making this assertion Miss Edgeworth was delivering heretical views, and we have seen that the author of "*Jemima Placid*," at any rate, disagreed with her.

Turning from fiction to real life to confirm it, we find the following advice given by the Countess of Carlisle, in 1789, to young ladies on their first establishment in the world. In her preface she says that the book is intended for those who have been educated. That this implies moral education more than anything else is made evident. The young married woman is, however, recommended to cultivate her mind, and the advice takes practical form.

"If abundance of leisure shall allow you to extend your studies," says Lady Carlisle, "let arithmetic, geography, chronology, and natural history compose the principal part."

The brain which has not been trained in mental gymnastics in early youth, unless unusually active, loses its powers. Narrow-mindedness is a correct name for a psychological fact. That there were broad and vigorous-minded women at this period who probably owed much to their teachers there is no doubt. But, for the most part, these were women who by their social position came in contact with able men, and saw life from many points of view. The easy access to personal acquaintance with leaders of thought, statesmen, practical workers, and cultured and refined women, gives to the aristocracy and the upper middle classes an education and training which never ceases, and which makes a university training an amusing episode rather than a necessity.

In the middle classes the circumstances and duties of a woman's life are entirely different. After marriage, a limited income and maternal and domestic duties limit a woman's social education, and if her mental powers have not been fully developed by education it is difficult for her to resist the tendency to become absorbed in her purely personal worries and cares ; brain atrophy sets in, and with it old age, the closing up of the mental avenues to new impressions and feelings.

Thus any child at a Board school can be taught arithmetic, and most children at a high school can make progress in geometry and algebra, but even capable middle-class women, who begin these subjects for the first time in early middle life, are frequently found to be mentally incapable of the reasoning processes involved.

In one hundred years the age of childish irresponsibility has been raised from six to about twelve, and in the extra six years thus granted imagination and individuality have been left free to develop themselves.

During the last twenty years another change has taken place. The duties of the young person have altered. Formerly at the age of eighteen, in the young person's fiction, she was expected to relieve her invalid mother of household cares and brighten her aged father's declining years. But mothers in 1899 refuse to become decrepit and take to the sofa merely because their daughters are grown up, and fathers only require to be amused occasionally in the evening. The new mother may be considerably over thirty-five, bordering on fifty perhaps, but she neither feels aged nor looks it, and is rather inclined to look beyond her home for full scope for her powers when thus set free from maternal cares. And, given intelligence, length of years guarantees experience.

One of the tortures of the Inquisition was to place the victim in a room, the walls of which grew nearer to each other every day until, at last, they closed in on him and crushed him to death. In the same way intelligent life gradually grows fainter and fainter as the brain decays for want of exercise. A daily mental constitutional is necessary to prevent the accumulation of what W. K. Clifford called mental fat; mental gymnastics are needed to prevent stiffening of the brain. When not only our habits but our ideas have become fixed, then we have grown old. An octogenarian may be young, if he has preserved the faculty of modifying his conceptions in correspondence with new evidence.

Mental activity, provided there is no overstrain of the nerves, gives freshness and interest to life, and to be fresh and interested is to be young. It is because girls have been taught to use their brains, and women have been encouraged to keep them in repair, that this old stereotyped conception of the necessary failure of power after thirty-five years of age has become absurd. At what age the value of a woman's increased experience is counterbalanced by diminished physical power I do not pretend to judge. Women differ, and their social opportunities differ. I merely transpose my text and say, "Do not let your intellect lazily decline upon generalisations, formalised rules, and laws of nature; but rather let it remain braced and keen to watch the world accurately and take every appearance on its own merits."

CLARA E. COLLET.

ANIMAL CHIVALRY.

ONE of the most delightful things about our own species is its colossal, but quite unconscious, conceit. Until within the past few generations it would scarcely have even occurred to us to doubt that we were the central figure of the universe and that our fate was the chief concern of the gods. With an equally *naïve* self-satisfaction we have quietly arrogated to ourselves the sole possession of a moral sense. We cannot deny to our animal cousins the possession of many, indeed nearly all, of the primitive virtues—affection, courage, loyalty, and faithfulness to the death; but we do deny them the moral credit for them, on the ground that they are the result of “mere instinct.”

The position is one which, for the sake of our own peace of mind, it were best not to pry into too curiously, as we should, I fear, find ourselves face to face with the discomfiting fact, that not only are many of the best and noblest things of which we are capable done purely on instinct, but also some of our worst and cruellest actions from a sense of duty, or for “conscience’ sake.” So that, before an impartial bar, we might well find difficulty in proving that the practical conduct of many animals does not somehow manage to reach as high an average as our own, even though they be utterly devoid of, in Arnold’s celebrated phrase,

“The sense in us for conduct, the sense in us for duty”

I am not so presumptuous as to desire to raise this wide and wrathful question in any formal way, but merely to direct attention to the very small corner of it pertaining to the possession by animals of a sense of chivalry, of *noblesse oblige*, of duties towards the weak and defenceless, and letting a few instances speak for themselves.

I do not refer to the impulses rising out of the sense of guardianship over the family and loyalty to the herd or pack upon the part of the male, or devotion to the young on the part of the female, as I think that no one who has been admitted to terms of intimacy with many animals will feel any hesitation in his own mind as to the existence of a very distinct and high sense of duty in this regard in the animal mind, and a keen sense of shame at failure to live up to it. It is with the more Bayard-like feelings, of less intensity but wider range, that I am here concerned. These may be roughly grouped under three heads: the attitude of animals towards the young or the defenceless females of their own and other species, towards "the ladies," and towards men.

Although many painful instances are on record of the ruthless destruction by animals of the young and females of other species, or even of their own, yet there is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of unwritten law through the animal kingdom, that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immunity which must be respected. Indeed, I think most exceptions to this rule would be found to depend on some curious connection in the animal mind between size and strength, for most of them are in the cases of small animals, between whom and their young victims there is not so much discrepancy in size. In fact, the balance may be in favour of the victim. Certainly the smallest animals, such as stoats, weasels, martens, &c., are the worst offenders in this respect, and dogs, who can be easily urged to chase a lamb or a calf, will turn aside from and refuse to attack blind kittens or very young rabbits.

The attitude of animals towards the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the proud possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of handsome presence and a most Hibernian delight in the "fog o' fightin'," and extremely jealous, to the degree of quarrelsomeness, of every rival that came about the place. He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognised as the master of most in the neighbourhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him, he would turn tail and flee in apparently abject terror. Upon several occasions I tried the experiment of holding him with one hand by the collar and presenting the sprawling and whining object with the other, and it was really comical to see how he would shrink and shut his eyes, turn his face aside and whimper, just as if I had been thrusting a burning brand into his face. If he came into the house and found a puppy (of which there were usually one or two in stock in those days) sprawling upon the hearthrug, he would turn and bolt as if he had seen a snake, and refuse to return until he thought the coast was clear. And several of my hounds appeared to possess this curious "puppy-dread" in less degrees.

Obviously there is a possibility of mixed motives in this feeling, which would strongly suggest, for one thing, that there was a long-standing, instinctive tradition in the canine tribe that young puppies are strictly taboo to adult males other than their parents, and that even the very appearance of evil or possibility of temptation must be avoided. I am afraid we must also include a remembrance, either derived from personal experience or crystallised from a succession of ancestral episodes, and handed down as an instinct, of what is likely to happen if the doting mother suddenly appears upon the scene. To this day it is notoriously unsafe for any stranger or even casual acquaintance, human or canine, to interfere, even in the friendliest manner, with young puppies when their mothers are present. I have seen many dogs flown at for approaching too near a nest of puppies, but I have never seen one of them offer any resistance, let alone retaliation, even though quite sharply bitten.

It is, of course, also possible that the feelings of the big dog are merely comparable to those of the average bachelor when suddenly brought into the presence of a wee infant and asked to "hold the baby," or left alone and defenceless before one. Or have we here an ancestral basis for this well-known and widespread embarrassment in our own species? One thing I feel quite clear of, and that is, that the dog distinctly understands that there are reasons why he should avoid all contact with a very young puppy, entirely unconnected with his ability to defend himself against it or its mother. This, I think, is clearly shown by the next stage of development in his attitude, when the puppy becomes able to run about, and he may be permitted to be seen in its company without exposing himself to the suspicion of having sought it for unfriendly purposes. There are few prettier sights in the world than to see a great, dignified, battle-scarred wolf-hound lying in the sun, with an impudent, little doll's-doormat-on-four-legs of a terrier puppy yapping in his face, tugging at his ears, and tumbling all over his back. If you can come upon him unawares, so that he does not know you are watching, you will see that he is not merely submitting with passive toleration to these indignities, but is actually entering into the sport of the thing, taking the puppy's head, and even half his body, into his great mouth, flattening him down gently with a stroke of his huge paw, and I have actually seen them get up and follow the little chap as he toddled about the yard, as if loath to relinquish the sport.

But some dogs' sense of personal dignity is so great, that [if they once see you are watching, their attitude changes at once. They assume an attitude of the most superior indifference, and either affect barely to tolerate Master Puppy's familiarities, as the excusable foolishness of youth, or send him about his business with a low growl, or a blow from their muzzle if this be not sufficient, much

to the little fellow's dismay and perplexity. Generally, however, they will go on playing with him, but, as a rule, never quite so cordially as before, for fear you will think them lacking in dignity.

It is quite unnecessary to adduce instances of this delightful, grandfatherly attitude on the part of big dogs towards puppies, for examples can be seen on every hand. The puppy is a privileged character everywhere in the canine world, and no matter where he may enter or what he may do, he will either be passed over unnoticed or his abject apology and explanation that he is only a puppy promptly accepted. And this flag of truce is extended even to their natural enemy, the cat, while in the kitten stage. I have never had the slightest difficulty in bringing up kittens to cathood, on terms of intimacy, even of warm friendship, with from two to a dozen dogs, any one of whom would have instantly flown at a strange cat, merely by introducing them as very young kittens.

Two of the most keenly cat-hating dogs that I ever knew—a fox-terrier and a bull-terrier of notable prowess—actually adopted a kitten of their own to raise! I found her down in the verandah one night, a ball about the size of my fist, from which radiated in all directions fur and furious spittings. I picked her up and brought her into the house, and told both the dogs to go up and speak to her (an attention which she promptly requited by a “spat” on the nose), then left them to themselves. In a very short time she found out that they did not mean to hurt her, smoothed down her rumpled little back and tail, and they all became the best of friends, the dogs expecting their regular game of play with the kitten when they came in at night, just as a busy man might his “children’s hour.” It was a pretty sight to see the fluffy little thing throw herself headlong upon the great square head of the bull-dog, pat at his eyes, bite his ears until he fairly winced, and festoon herself round his neck. Their friendship remained unbroken until they were separated at the close of the year, while all that time both these dogs were the terror of every other cat in the neighbourhood. But in my association with dogs I have found that it is only a very morose and ill-tempered dog who will seriously attack young kittens, and usually even he requires to be urged on by the “higher” (?) animal, man.

As for the positive side of their sense of obligation to the young, especially of their own species, the evidence is overwhelmingly clear. I have several times seen a young and foolish puppy, just torn from the maternal care and placed in a strange house, like a new boy at a boarding-school, adopted by some one of the older dogs, taught his manners, protected from imposition by the bullies, and given a guarded Christian education generally, extending over months. A bull-terrier puppy of mine was thus adopted by an old and rather short-tempered fox-terrier of redoubtable fighting prowess. But as the puppy grew

up a curious *bouleversement* took place. The display of chivalry and forbearance became reversed, for Pukka's idea of education, like the traditional human one, included a considerable number of vigorous corrections of the puppy "for his own good." And he never could seem to grasp the fact that this did not continue to be just as appropriate when the bull-terrier was nearly twice his own size. And now the obligation of size asserted itself on the bull-dog's part, and it was positively amusing how, when he had submitted to as much as he thought just and reasonable, in the way of correction for his offences, he would quietly knock his infuriated little schoolmaster over and put his paws on him until his righteous indignation had moderated. But, alas, even bull-dog forbearance has its limits, although, contrary to general impression, they are extremely good-natured and mild-tempered dogs, unless carefully "savaged" by their masters. And one day Pukka's attack went beyond all bounds. The slumbering demon of five generations of pit-trained gladiators woke in the younger dog. In an instant his teeth were locked in one of the fatal bull-dog holds upon the neck of the terrier. When once this has happened the bull-dog has no further control over or responsibility for his actions, he knows only one thing, to hang on until the fight is over, or he is forcibly torn off. Fortunately one of my friends was within hearing of the fray and rushed up and separated the dogs, or the quarrel would have come to a sudden end. After this I was obliged to give away the older dog, because within a week he was as overbearing as ever, and "Tadpole" as forbearing, but I never knew at what moment the limits of endurance on his part might again be reached.

It might also be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance. The little dog seems to realise this thoroughly, so that it may almost be taken as a general rule that the smaller the dog the more quarrelsome and abusive he is.

My little fox-terrier would fly at half the dogs he met, apparently knowing that the big ones would either pay little attention to him or let him off easily, without making pursuit, and feeling a well-founded confidence that he could give a good account of most of the small or medium-sized ones in a rough-and-ready street fight, which, as a rule, never lasts more than one or two rounds, and in which all the advantage is on the side of the aggressor.

My bull-terrier, on the other hand, would avoid almost every attack that was made upon him, if it were possible to do so without displaying positive cowardice. Even where he judged it necessary to do something, instead of trying to take hold, he would content himself with a single, wolf-like slash of his great canines, often without

even slackening his stride, as he raced after my buggy, and this was usually enough for most dogs.

A splendid great Dane, of almost lion colour and size, would usually absolutely refuse to fight with small or even medium-sized dogs, or, if he did, would content himself with knocking them over and holding them down with his huge paws. This, by the way, was excellent policy also, for his assailant was thus not only defeated, but made to look ridiculous as well, a thing far more keenly dreaded and vividly remembered by most dogs. But even chivalry has its drawbacks. It is not advisable, as a rule, to go out walking with dogs which vary widely in size, for if you do the little dog will start the quarrels and the big one promptly join in, to assist his friend, and you will have no end of complications on your hands from the combination.

This sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread throughout the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped from their pen, and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill little squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up, tusks gnashing, and fierce, barking war-cry ringing. It would be most unwise to await the onset, for a half-wild pig, when his blood is up and that danger-cry is ringing in his ears, is one of the most reckless and ferocious fighters that can be met with. The only thing to be done is to dash for the nearest fence with your shrieking burden, or drop him before you reach it, if the herd is gaining on you.

As soon as the danger-cry ceases your pursuers will stop suddenly, stare about them in a dazed and puzzled manner, and then proceed to work off their surplus excitement by a series of indiscriminate free fights one with another.

Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half-wild condition, up on the ranges. To startle suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sage-bush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot, if on foot and at any distance from your horse or waggon. The little goose is almost sure to do one of two things either to trot confidently towards you and shamble along after you as though he were your dog, which means that he does you the compliment of mistaking you for his mother; or with head and tail erect, and rigid with terror, he will give voice to an appalling succession of barking "blarts," totally unlike his ordinary dinner-cry to his mother.

And every horned creature within three-quarters of a mile will go

fighting-mad at once and come charging and bellowing down upon you. And woe betide you unless you can reach your horse or waggon before they arrive on the scene. If the youngster chooses the former alternative and honours you with his confidence, he is simply adding to your embarrassment and postponing your calamity, for even though *he* remains perfectly satisfied with his adopted protector, yet if his mother happens to heave in sight in the course of your little promenade across the prairie, the only view she is capable of taking of the matter is, that you are trying to steal her baby, and she will act accordingly with great promptness.

Your only policy is to walk quietly and quickly away in the direction of safety, fervently hoping that his mother may be grazing in the other direction. You may not even attempt to drive the little fellow back, for if you once fairly succeed in calling his attention to you, and he discovers his mistake, then the danger-cry will be raised at once, and you will have not merely the mother, but all the herd within hearing of it to reckon with.

All very young calves or lambs, both upon the northern plains and the southern pampas, have this curious instinct for following practically any large moving body, a horse, a man, a waggon, or even, it is declared, in some cases, one of those curious round weed-bushes, known as "tumble weeds" as they roll slowly across the plain, before the wind. After a few days or weeks at the outside this completely disappears and the instinct of flight takes its place.

A friend of my brother's had a most perilous adventure of this description from rousing a calf in a little valley scarcely a mile from his own ranch-buildings. As the little stupid insisted on following him, he turned and made for the house with a shivery feeling running down his spine, and about half way to safety the mother appeared upon the scene.

Of course she charged at once, but he fortunately kept his wits about him and ran for the nearest "blow-out," or eddy-pit, scooped in the loose sand of the hills by the force of the prairie winds. He gained the perpendicular border of this with only about twenty yards to spare, and leaped over the edge, hoping that the cow would not venture to follow him, on account of the nearly precipitous drop of some twenty feet, but would go round and attempt to attack him from the opposite or sloping side of the pit.

By digging his heels vigorously into the bank he succeeded in arresting his descent about five or six feet below the top, and when the infuriated cow had managed to check her wild charge, just in time to stop herself from coming over on top of him, he found himself in a comparatively safe position, as the bank below was much too steep for her to charge up.

Here he remained for about half an hour, when, thinking that the

cow had forgiven the mistake and gone back to her calf, he cautiously scrambled up the edge again, only, however, to find the indignant lady waiting for him about fifty yards away, so that the appearance of his head and shoulders was the signal for another charge, and, as he had not even his revolver with him, he was perfectly helpless. It was only several hours later—when some of his own riders, attracted by his shouts for assistance, rode up and drove away the infuriated animal, who was disposed to resist even this superior force—that he was rescued from his humiliating position.

Among our bird-cousins the response to this cry is almost equally prompt. By far the most effective means of bringing birds about you for the purpose of cultivating their acquaintance, after you have settled yourself, field-glass in hand, with your back against a tree-trunk, is to place your lips to the back of your hand in the kissing position and suck in the air vigorously while keeping them firmly pressed, this giving rise to a half-squeaking, half-whistling sound that closely resembles the cry of a young bird in distress.

It is astonishing how quickly this will sometimes cause an apparently deserted thicket to become fairly alive with birds, all in a state of anxious excitement.

The attitude of dogs and other domestic animals towards the babies or children of the family to which they belong, and which they probably regard as adopted into their own family circle, is a familiar illustration of this same feeling. Nor is this simply a matter of affection for the particular individual; on the contrary, its purely impersonal and, if we might use the term, abstract character is sometimes most curiously shown.

One of my brothers, when a young man, owned a handsome Newfoundland answering to the name of "Skukcum," the same being Chinook Indian for "good," and amply deserved. When my brother married, Skukcum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice and extended a courteous but distinctly condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that perhaps, after all, three might be company in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four, and when the first baby came his courtesy gave way.

He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot and be introduced to the new member of the family, but if it was brought into the room would instantly either leave it or march off to the farthest corner and lie down with an air of offended dignity.

And yet the moment that the baby was placed in his perambulator and started out through the garden gate, for a constitutional down the street, Skukcum would promptly range up alongside of the carriage and escort it through the entire trip, keeping a most vigilant eye upon any stranger, canine or human, who ventured to approach his charge

without a cordial greeting from the nursemaid. The minute, however, that the gate was safely reached again, he considered his duty done and relapsed at once into his former attitude of jealous contempt.

He evidently felt that, no matter how much he might disapprove of the baby personally, and even feel free to express this feeling within the privacy of the family circle, yet the youngster was nevertheless *de jure* a member of the family, and entitled not merely to defence, but to respectful attention before the eye of the outside world. 'As the baby grew older he soon came to like him for his own sake, and they were the best of friends.

The broad and beautiful catholicity of the maternal instinct in animals, throwing its mantle of protection over even the young of their legitimate prey, may also be claimed as a sort of female chivalry. Nor, fortunately, is there need to multiply instances of it, as it has attracted affectionate admiration from the dawn of history.

I have known young squirrels, young rabbits, and even young chickens, adopted for longer or shorter periods by mother-cats, and every collection of pets can furnish one or more instances of strange and often incongruous foster-children. Even the disappointed instinct of maternity will assert itself in this regard, for an orphaned mother-hound of my pack was only prevented with great difficulty from appropriating the puppies of a younger and more fortunate sister. And I have twice known sour, old-maid cats carry off *vi et armis* the kittens of "the favourite of the harem"; though in these last two instances there was, I fear, as often, alas, in even the most pious of human actions, a suspicion at least of a strain of the green-eyed monster as well.

I think it is quite possible, indeed probable, that the innumerable old folk-lore stories, told in every region of the world, among the most widely divergent of races, of deserted infants being adopted and nourished by wolves, panthers, deer, and other wild animals, of which the Romulus and Remus myth is the most famous example, had an actual foundation in fact. Indeed, a number of instances are on record of actual wild or "wolf" children within historical times, and although many of these must be discounted as simply instances of a well-known form of insanity, a few seem to have been genuine. When we remember the far greater frequency with which infants were left to take their chance in the open in earlier times, on account of the now almost incredible risks of war, famine, and pestilence, to say nothing of the cheerful custom followed by many tribes of deliberately exposing their weaklings, it would be strange if, out of the innumerable opportunities for this sort of adoption, some successful instances had not occurred. So that we may cast aside our scruples and believe in the irresistible "Mowgli" to our hearts' content.

Animals, I am thankful to say, have never yet succeeded in absolutely steeling their hearts against the cry of infantile distress. Man alone has reached this pinnacle of virtue. And it is not the only elevation of the same sort of which he has a monopoly.

The toast of the "ladies" would be cordially received at any canine banquet, and the courtesy with which the privileges of the sex are respected is a most creditable feature of canine conduct. I do not, of course, refer merely to the elaborate display of politeness and fine manners seen everywhere during the period of courtship.

Courtesy to and respect for the weaker sex goes far beyond this. No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defence; though I am sorry to say that the lady herself, as a rule, has no scruple whatever about punishing, to the full extent of her power, any individual of the opposite sex that happens to be inferior to her in size or strength. And indeed, like the woman in the crowded 'bus, she is inclined to demand her privileges as rights. A vixenish female will make more trouble in a pack of hounds than any three of the sterner sex, for whenever dissatisfied she hasn't the slightest reserve about speaking out at once, and, as her 'cause is extremely likely to be championed, upon general principles, by some chivalrous male, a free fight is frequently the result.

So strong is this unwillingness to "strike a female," that it really becomes a most annoying obstacle in attempting to clear a neighbourhood of wolves, as few male dogs will attack a she-wolf, or in some cases even follow her trail. I well remember an exasperating experience of this sort in the early days of my wolf-hunting. A she-wolf had been clearly marked down, in a certain wild tract of dense hazel-brush, by the fearful havoc which she was making among the lambs of the farmers in its neighbourhood. In response to their Macedonian cry, an older hunter and myself united our packs and rode over to draw the thicket. Leaving our friends posted in the open country around, we proceeded to ride down through the middle of it, to direct the movements of our pack. Working my way through the thickest of the tangle, my mare suddenly snorted and reared so violently as almost to unseat me. I saw at once that she had scented something, and looking quickly down the slope of the hill in front I was just in time to catch the flash of a grey back and brush as it leapt across the valley of a little stream below me. It was only the work of a minute to swing the hounds on to the hot scent and away they all went in a compact body and with the ringing chorus which stirs the heart of the hunter as no other sound can. Up the hill and over the next ridge they swept at full speed, with the scent breast high, and we were just galloping off to our respective run-ways, in the hope of getting a shot, when all at once the chorus ceased as suddenly as it had begun. We listened anxiously for

several minutes, thinking that they had turned up a side valley and we would soon catch the cry again, but not a sound could we hear. I was completely puzzled, but my companion swore picturesquely and remarked in a resigned tone that this was just what he expected; the sons of unmentionable maternal ancestors had caught up with the wolf, found that she was a vixen, closed the episode on the spot with apologies, and were now on their way back to us. Sure enough, in ten or fifteen minutes back they trotted, looking much ashamed of themselves, but quite determined to have nothing more to do with *that* trail. My friend assured me that they would often refuse even to take up the trail of a vixen in the first place. And I found that it was the custom with most hunters to run at least one bitch-hound in every pack, simply because she would have no hesitation whatever in attacking at once any vixen or even half-grown cub which might be come up with. When once the fight is started, then the rest of the hounds will join in to help their friend.

Something of the same deference to the gentler sex may be seen among horses. Although a horse will promptly attack any other horse which may interfere with him, either in the field or in harness, he will very seldom attack a mare. Farm horses, which cannot be worked alongside of any other horse on account of their savage tempers, may be safely yoked in double harness with a mare. Mares, on the other hand, will attack either their own or the opposite sex without the slightest hesitation whenever they "feel disposed," yet I have never seen serious or retaliatory resistance offered by the latter. It is usually quite safe to stable a mare alongside of a strange horse in a double stall, when stable-room is at a premium, but most risky to "double up" two strange horses in this way.

WOODS HUTCHINSON.

THE VENTURE OF FAITH.

A PHILOSOPHICAL writer far less known in England than he deserves to be, Professor Royce, of Harvard University, devotes a chapter in his most interesting work on "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy" to the "World of the Postulates." He there points out with great force and clearness how much which we regard and treat as demonstrated fact is in reality postulated; that not religion only, nor science only, but our ordinary daily life is based on certain large assumptions which we make because it is worth our while so to do.

"It is not," he says, "that postulates occur here and there in our thoughts, but that, without postulates, both practical life and the commonest results of theory, from the simplest impressions to the most valuable beliefs, would be for most, if not all of us, utterly impossible, this it is which makes active faith so prominent a subject for philosophical consideration. An imperfect reflection makes that appear as blind faith which ought to appear as postulate. Instead of saying that he takes all these things on risk and because they are worth the risk, the natural man is persuaded by such imperfect reflection to say that he trusts very ardently that he is running no risk at all. Or again, the natural man is moved to fear any examination into the bases of his thought, because he does not wish to discover that there is any risk there. And so we live dishonestly with our thoughts. Where there is a deeper basis that involves more than mere risk, let us find it if we can. But where we have nothing better than active faith, let us discover the fact, and see clearly just why it is worth while to act in this way.

"To speak more particularly of the postulates of developed science. The ancient discussions about the basis of physical knowledge of all sorts have had at least this outcome, that it is useless to pretend to make science of any sort do without assumptions, and equally useless to undertake the demonstration of these assumptions by experience alone. No one has ever succeeded in accomplishing such a thing, and the only difference among thinkers about these assumptions is that some think it worth while to seek a transcendental basis for them all, while others insist that a transcendental basis is as impossible as a purely experimental basis is inadequate, and that

in consequence we can only use the form of threat, and say "Unless you make these assumptions the spirit of science is not in you."

Developed religion has also its postulates, and it may equally be said that unless we can make them the spirit of religion is not in us. Before proceeding to their consideration, however, a word must be spoken of that deeper basis referred to in the quotation just made. Does such a basis exist? Though the greater number of us must be content with postulates, is there for those who give themselves up to the quest any means of verifying the postulates, whether those underlying science or religion? This is the fundamental question of philosophy, and it has received very contradictory answers. Many declare verification impossible, and that we must be courageous and determined enough to live out our lives and think out our thoughts supported by "active faith" alone. Others have believed in and attempted verification, with what success deeper and wider students than the writer must decide. Profound and helpful suggestions on this subject are, however, to be found in the work already referred to, Royce's "Religious Aspect of Philosophy," and in another by the same author, "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy." The present paper, however, is concerned with the postulates themselves, not with their verification.

The great special postulates of science are for the satisfaction of the intellect. The great special postulates of religion (and we shall refer to both sets more particularly before long) are for the satisfaction of what Scripture calls the "heart"; and it is mere cant, and very mischievous cant, to say that either heart or intellect has more right to satisfaction than the other. Both equally enter into the constitution of man and their rights are equal. That being so, we should perhaps expect to find what, in fact, we do find—that their special postulates have a fundamental trait in common. Both alike imply the existence of external reality. To any reader even slightly versed in philosophy it would be superfluous to insist on the fact that external reality is not a direct datum of consciousness. It is a commonplace that we can only directly experience our own subjective states. These lead us to infer something outside ourselves to which they are due, and they may be broadly divided into two classes: (1) Those which are sense-impressions and which lead to the universal yet individual belief in an external sensuous world; (2) those which Lotze calls 'emotions of the mind, attitudes of longing, of devotion, or enthusiasm,' which lead to an equally universal and individual belief in an external super-sensuous world. Since these beliefs are due to the "combining and comparing power of reason" working on impressions in the one case physical, in the other metaphysical, it is obvious

* "Religious Aspect of Philosophy," pp. 324, 325

that in both cases the kind of world believed in must, in its details, largely depend on culture, age, environment, and personal capacity. Certain broad features are, of course, unalterable. Thus the sensuous world is conceived by all men as subject to the limitations of space and time, the super-sensuous world as independent of such limitations.

Leaving this common postulate of external reality, let us turn to those which are special. The most fundamental in the case of science is the uniformity of nature, *despite all appearances to the contrary*. The most fundamental in the case of religion is that universal goodness lies at the heart of things, also *despite all appearances to the contrary*. We will take the postulate of the uniformity of nature first. It expresses our demand, it might be added our determination, that the external reality as science knows it shall answer to our highest intellectual need—viz. that for simplicity and absolute unity of conception. “But for this very reason,” as Royce points out,

“science postulates that this perfect order must be already realised in the world. It is not merely that this order is the practically unattainable but still necessary ideal for our reason, but we must postulate that it is already *present* in things far off as our thought is from it. This postulate gives life to our scientific thought. Without it our search for an order that need not exist is meaningless play.”—“Whether or no there be any deeper basis for this postulate [deeper, that is, than our intellectual need], it is sure that science makes the postulate and does not *give* any deeper basis for it. For natural science it is a faith.”†

There is no need to point out how strong in every worthy student of science this faith is. It is held with a passionate devotion which shows that even here the “heart” is not altogether silent.

With just such a devotion, yet even stronger and more intense, does the religious man hold to the fundamental postulate of religion. It expresses his demand and his determination that the external reality as religion knows it shall satisfy his highest moral need—viz. the eternal, universal supremacy of righteousness. And just as science postulates that the perfect order is now realised, though we can but very partially perceive it, so religion postulates that the highest ideal of righteousness is now universally supreme, though to us that supremacy may seem more than doubtful.

It is this fundamental postulate of religion which is primarily referred to as the *venture* of faith. It is a venture; because, though the postulate of a supreme and eternal righteousness may well be capable of verification, it is exceedingly doubtful whether by us as we are, under our actual conditions, with our present limitations, the method of such verification is discoverable. In other words,†it

* “Religious Aspect of Philosophy,” p. 326

† *Ibid.* p. 329.

is exceedingly doubtful whether the problem of evil admits of earthly solution. And if it does not, we must accept the eternal supremacy of righteousness as a postulate, or leave religion alone altogether.

This conclusion has a somewhat depressing and disheartening sound. That our religion should rest upon a postulate and not upon a demonstrated certainty is scarcely what we would choose. Yet it is certainly no novelty in the religious sphere of experience that we walk by faith, not by sight. Demonstrated certainty is sight, and when it is attained the need for faith exists no more. So long as it does exist doubt must always be possible. It does not therefore follow that in the long run doubt will be justified.

Let us examine the matter from a somewhat different point of view. Though we cannot verify the postulates, we may find that our experience ratifies them.

No one will deny that this is so in the case of science. We have said that its fundamental postulate is the uniformity of nature; but it would be almost truer to say that it is the *intelligibility* of nature, for it is our determination that nature is and shall be intelligible which makes us cling so persistently, and despite so much apparent contradiction, to the postulate of its uniformity. By this means nature does become intelligible, does lend itself to our interpretation, is brought into conformity with our intellectual demands, is increasingly subjected to our will and made to subserve our practical requirements. Our faith, therefore, is justified. But consider what would have happened if students had waited to experiment, to investigate, to classify, to theorise, until they had *proved* the uniformity of nature. Where would have been the marvellous discoveries, appliances, generalisations on which we moderns so greatly pride ourselves? By refusing the preliminary act of faith our whole experience would have been altered, for we could have acquired no working knowledge of an order in whose existence we did not believe.

If this is true in the case of science, it is equally true in the case of religion. Here also the postulate has been justified by the results which have followed upon its use. Those who have done most towards bringing mankind to an appreciation of the beauty and strength of righteousness, and who have substantially contributed towards the partial realisation of the moral ideal in the age and society in which they have lived, are those whose faith in and devotion to it have been undaunted and thorough. Neither in the one case nor the other have these patient and single-hearted seekers after the ideal anticipated its perfect fulfilment. Their hope and their expectation has been of an ever-increasing approximation; for every fresh advance, whether theoretical or practical, opens up new regions to conquer and discloses new heights to scale. Through disillusion,

discouragements, the abandonment of false conclusions and worn-out theories, progress has been made, and the watchword of science and of religion alike has been that saying of the fervent-hearted apostle: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and stretching forward to those things which are before, I press on towards the goal."

It is of the first importance to bear in mind that the working knowledge or practical power which they give is the true justification of the postulates, and not the fact that we make them in order to satisfy our intellectual and spiritual needs. That we do make them for this reason is undoubted; but they are not thereby justified. If they were, it would be difficult to show why any individual might not make any assumption which happened to suit his personal idiosyncrasies. The test of validity in the postulates is not that they satisfy either individuals, classes, or mankind, but that by their means experience is organised, and fresh departures in practical and theoretical knowledge rendered possible. It is, however, but a small number, both in science and religion, who have such a firm grasp on what they believe that they are able to advance working knowledge of it. We are very proud of our Western science, and of its splendid achievements. We say the whole world benefits by them, but how passive is the acceptance of these benefits by all but a very few, and how utterly ignorant the mass even of civilised mankind is as to their true import and the faith to which they are due. Even in England the majority of the population does not accept the fundamental scientific postulate, does not believe in the uniformity of nature, and is altogether unconscious of the immensity of its intellectual sin. It is by the genius and insight of the few believers that the many non-believers (they are nothing so active as *unbelievers*) have profited. They acquiesce in the general result without in the least caring to what it is due.

The parallel is exact in the case of religion. The convinced and ardent believers in the present supremacy of righteousness are few in comparison with the many who doubt and the many more who do not care. The men of that strong faith which results from the insight of spiritual genius have upheld and raised from age to age the beauty of the moral ideal and the incumbency on all to strive for its realisation, and the rank and file have profited. To what a vast extent they hardly know. They also acquiesce in the general result so far as it suits them, often complaining loudly that it should be no better, but for the most part without a suspicion that their own supineness and lack of initiative are to blame.

It would be interesting to continue the parallel hitherto followed between science and religion, and taking the fundamental postulate of each in turn, see to what exactly we commit ourselves in making

it. But to do this in both cases would hardly be possible within the limits of a single short paper. The further step must, therefore, be taken in the case of religion alone.

The postulate of supreme and eternal righteousness excludes the conception of an entirely impersonal universe where the only relations are between *things*, and can be expressed in terms of so-called natural laws. Such a universe has no place for righteousness, supreme or subordinate. It is neither moral nor immoral, but non-moral just as is inorganic nature, considered simply as such, and not in connection either with sentient or self-conscious beings. These latter are indispensable in a moral universe, and if it is to be indeed a cosmos, and not a chaos where each individual asserts his own independent ideal, then there is needed a moral standard, one by which all other standards are to be tested, and all moral judgments themselves appraised. Such a standard must be personal, or it is no criterion for personal beings; and supreme, or it is of no value to them. To postulate that infinite goodness is at the heart of things is, therefore, to postulate a supreme moral personality. In other words, it is to postulate God. We are not on that account bound over to the declaration that the existence of the divine personality is given in no other way than as an implication in the postulate of supreme and eternal righteousness. There are many of us who think that it is an inevitable inference from certain deliverances of our consciousness, just as the broad traits of the physical world are an inevitable inference from certain other deliverances of our consciousness, and that the reason why the same unquestioning certitude is not now generally attained in the former as in the latter case, is because of the less complete development of the spiritual capacities. Such thinkers hold with Dr Martineau that the sense of authority conveyed by the dicta of our moral consciousness can be satisfactorily accounted for in only one way—viz. that they are what they appear to be—personal obligations to a personal being. But to those who either are not visited or but faintly visited by such impressions, any reasoning based upon them has no weight. In this essay, therefore, a different line of thought has been chosen, and for this further reason. It is undeniable that the mind may be deliberately closed to spiritual impressions just as the eyes may be deliberately closed to the outer world, because there is a presupposition that such impressions must be deceptive. If it can be shown that in the fundamental religious postulate which, though not verified *a priori*, is yet justified *a posteriori* by the working knowledge which it gives, the existence of a divine personality is directly involved, perhaps some of the preliminary difficulties to the experimental test which can alone individually convince may be removed.

Put in other words, the suggestion is that those who are uncertain what mental attitude to take up towards this supreme question, and who yet feel that it is supreme, should adopt the divine personality as a working hypothesis, and put it to the crucial test of experiment.

A fair-minded survey of history is the best justification of the attempt here suggested. However we may account for the fact, there is no doubt that *character*, more than intellect, more even than genius, has been the controlling force in the chequered career of our race. To recognise this, however, is to recognise the ascendancy of the moral over all other characteristics of mankind, and such an ascendancy is hardly compatible with a non-moral constitution of the universe unless we regard man as an abnormal and unimportant excrescence on the cosmic order, towards the understanding of which a study of human nature can give no help. A *moral* constitution implies, however, as we have seen, a supreme moral personality.

Granting that we recognise this implication, and are willing to bring the hypothesis of the Divine Personality to the test of experiment, how is it to be done? Surely—and here is the second great venture of faith—by an attempt at personal communion. It can matter little in what way the attempt is made, so long as it is to our own souls the most simple, the most direct, the most satisfying, and the most single-hearted. But it is to be feared that such an experiment as this is seldom made with anything like the patience, the determination, the honesty of purpose with which a scientific test is carried out. It may be acknowledged at once that the difficulty is unquestionably greater. The “personal equation” has to be allowed for in the most rigorous scientific investigations. But the personal equation enters far more penetratingly into such a matter as we here have under consideration. It is right to remember this for our caution. At the same time, it is right to remember for our encouragement that there is here a possibility of the error due to the personal equation being eliminated in a way to which physical experiments do not lend themselves. The latter are conducted on things and relations between things. We have no help save in ourselves, our own devotion to truth, tenacity of purpose, scientific insight. The case under consideration is very different. By hypothesis we are putting to the test a personal relationship. If the hypothesis be true, our help is not only in ourselves, it is also in God—personality involves the possibility, nay, the probability of self-revelation.

By this term reference is not intended to what is so often called “traditional religion.” Though a theist and a Christian, it has been the writer’s purpose and endeavour to make no allusion to any form of historical creed. By self-revelation in the present essay is meant a

direct communication from the Divine Spirit to our spirit, of whose reality and significance we cannot stand in doubt, though it conveys no details more precise than that God *is, knows, understands*. Not that the self-revelation of God to individuals would be sufficient, even if it were made to all individuals without exception. The solidarity of mankind demands a racial as well as an individual response to spiritual needs. But whatever researches, historical or philosophical, may be undertaken (and both are required) in order to determine this point, the fact remains that individual certitude—and, after all, this is what in religious matters we chiefly crave—can only be attained by direct individual experiment, made in purity of purpose and in singleness of heart. So many of us are actuated in the search after God by partial and selfish motives—the desire to be relieved of some mental burden, to be assured of immortality for ourselves or our beloved, to be at peace, to be free from the weary round of uncertainty and self-questioning. These motives are all most natural, most human. We cannot doubt that if God is, He recognises and responds to them, but they are not the cry that, as it were, compels a revelation of the High and Holy One, the cry which rises out of unsounded depths of our nature and which a response to the slighter demands of that nature would leave as unsatisfied as ever. That great cry finds its most fitting expression in words which have been familiar to us from infancy, but into whose full meaning the experience of a lifetime is not sufficient to enter. “My soul is athirst for God, for the living God, when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?”

And when that thirst is appeased, as even in these earthly conditions it to some extent may be, is the need for faith gone? Can we then walk by sight? Unquestionably no. The world within and the world without are full of problems. The assurance, clouded by our own folly, infirmity, and wilfulness as it may too easily be, of the Divine Presence in both alike does not suffice to solve them to us, though it does suffice for the heart-strengthening conviction that their solution exists in that infinite comprehension which is alone adequate to embrace all the conditions of the universe. We have need of patience, endurance, courage—courage to believe that though *we* see through a glass darkly, there is a vision face to face, and though we know but in part, there is a knowledge without flaw and without intermission.

It cannot be expected that this endeavour to set forth the wisdom of making the venture of faith will appeal to all readers. Apart from imperfection of treatment, there must always be a division more or less sharply defined between those to whom the sceptical attitude of mind is the natural and the prevailing one, and those to whom a critical analysis of the foundations of faith is distasteful and censurable. To both these classes of minds a deep debt is owing.

We need equally to be reminded of the duty to doubt and the right to believe. If this paper contains anything which may help to convince even one among those who in their enthusiasm for the first are in danger of losing sight of the second, that there is a deep-seated reasonableness in that venture of faith which has been made by so many of the noblest hearts and keenest intellects among men, its object will have been abundantly fulfilled.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

LIBERAL IMPERIALISM AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

THE recent speech of Lord Rosebery at Bath, in which he suggested the possibility of a new party being formed, with "Liberal Imperialism" as its standard, has not unnaturally caused considerable searchings of heart even among many who regard him as the one hope of the Liberal party in the immediate future. His supporters are a much more potent factor in the party than is understood by critics like a writer in one of the last month's Reviews, who—with that special faculty for regulating the affairs of the whole political world which a few journalists arrogate to themselves—quietly hands him over to the Tories as the successor of Lord Salisbury in the Foreign Office. Mr. Massingham seems to forget that an arrangement of this kind will require the consent of Lord Rosebery and of the Tories, with whom he has never shown the faintest sign of affinity. The attacks upon his Lordship made by a few men of this type have been as unjust as they have been persistent, but their very virulence has defeated their own purpose, and Lord Rosebery remains not only the most interesting personality in the political life of the day, but the most popular exponent of Liberal ideas at the present time. In this feeling there is no element of disloyalty to the present Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Rarely has a politician had a more difficult position to fill than that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; but he has discharged his delicate task with a straightforwardness and a skill which are fully recognised by the great body of his supporters. It is only the enemies of Liberalism who would fain set up a rivalry between him and Lord Rosebery. For the present all speculations as to their future are utterly out of place. Sufficient to the day are its duties, and the first and most pressing of them all is the promotion of a better understanding among men who, whatever be their diversity of view on particular questions, are

yet agreed on the broad principles of Progress. There is still a marked line of distinction between Liberal and Tory, and it is hard to see how those who have studied Lord Rosebery closely can be in any doubt on which side of the line he is to be found. There may be men of extreme views, who insist on all Liberals pronouncing their shibboleths, who would demur to this. But the party which accepts their dictation would sign its own death warrant. No one has a desire to rule them out of the ranks of Liberalism, but they cannot be allowed to excommunicate others who refuse to accept their extreme policy.

It is not, however, to these uncompromising and not very scrupulous opponents of Lord Rosebery that I am referring when I say that his Bath speech has caused some Liberals no little anxiety. Let me put it as it presents itself to my own mind. The stress which he laid upon the idea of "Liberal Imperialism" is, as it seems to me, easily explained by that close study of Chatham to which he had been led by the very demands of his subject. Needless to say, that great statesman has always been one of Lord Rosebery's heroes—admired not more for the brilliancy of his gifts and the grandeur of his achievements than for the intensity of his patriotism. The fear that all unbidden disturbs one's mind is that the other side of Chatham's career might be overlooked by one whose admiration for him is so sincere and profound. Few spectacles in our history are to me more pathetic than that presented by Chatham in his closing days. He had sought to raise himself above party, and the result was that even he, with his unrivalled powers, found himself doomed to an isolation which meant utter impotence. To a statesman who finds himself outside the current of political strife and yet able to interpose whenever he thinks it necessary, such a spectacle might indeed serve as a beacon. But, on the other hand, there is a grandeur about Chatham, even in his decay, which might easily exercise a fascination on so ardent an admirer, who might explain his failure by the physical infirmities which unfitted him for the efforts of earlier days. The eulogy at Bath might be construed as a sign that the latter was the kind of impression which had been left on Lord Rosebery's mind, and the thought was not aconsoling one to those who believe that no English statesman, even though his aims be the purest and his ideal the noblest, will succeed in accomplishing any great result except he have at his back one of the great political parties into which the nation is divided. The party system is not admirable in all respects. It should be the aim of patriotic leaders to correct its defects, but it is hard to see how it could be displaced without leaving the way open to still greater evils. It is not to be assumed, however, that Lord Rosebery has in his mind any idea of striking out an absolutely independent line. It would probably be more correct to say that he

contemplates a thorough reformation of the party on a new base, rendered necessary by the changed conditions of public affairs.

Is it possible to form such a party? There is something startling in its very title. "Liberal Imperialism" has the ring of a paradox about it. Is not "Peace" the very first item in the old Liberal watchword, and does it not hold that foremost place by right, since without peace neither retrenchment nor reform is possible? It is only necessary to look at the present condition of our neighbours across the Channel in order to see that militarism is the uncompromising foe of liberty and progress in every department and to be convinced that the Liberal party must follow the things that make for peace. The same conclusion is forced upon us by the story of the "Manchester School." It has come to be the fashion, even with some Radical politicians, to treat that school with contempt; but the historian will undoubtedly rank Cobden and Bright among the leading reformers of the century. One of their cardinal doctrines was that peace is the first of British interests. It is not necessary to approve of all their applications of this basal principle—albeit it must be confessed that time has abundantly vindicated their political sagacity on many of those points in international policy on which they were most at variance with the great majority of their fellow-countrymen—but it is hardly open to question that their consistent advocacy of it not only promoted the cause of peace, but also the general interests of the Liberal party. Under the *régime* of Lord Palmerston, to which they were so resolutely opposed, the spirit of true progress seemed to be hypnotised. Its close was the beginning of a period of remarkable development and advance.

If Imperialism necessarily means the reversal of the policy identified with the names of these great statesmen, and carried still further by Mr. Gladstone, I am unable to see how it is to be reconciled with the principles of Liberalism. But it is a pure assumption that such a reversal is necessary or is contemplated. Lord Rosebery would certainly be the very last to admit such a conclusion. In the speech which has been so severely criticised he deprecates, as well he may, any idea of further extension of territory, even while he insists on the vigorous defence of the Empire and its rights. Of course that may sometimes involve us in war, but it will be defensive war. Even here a new difficulty may arise, for, as we have seen in the case of Ladysmith, there may be operations which are apparently offensive, which are only part of the general strategy of defence. So is it in the contests of nations. The opponents of Imperialism cannot well traverse this contention, since it is the very ground on which they have sought to defend the Boers in issuing their insulting ultimatum and undertaking the invasion of Natal. At all events, an Imperialism which cares only for the safety and does not desire the extension of the Empire, to which the policy of land-grabbing is intensely

offensive, which regards war as an evil to be avoided at all costs except that of honour or of Imperial safety, is in essence not only different from, but distinctly opposed to that braggart and vulgar Jingoism which calls forth the loud applause of music-halls, and which, unfortunately, seems of late to have possessed some of our bards, from the Poet Laureate downwards or upwards, as it may be. One of the chief misfortunes in the controversy which is pretty sure to revive at every critical juncture in foreign affairs, is that there is such a lack of honest endeavour on the part of many of the combatants to understand one another. On the one side, every one who hints at counsels of peace is taunted as a Little Englander; on the other, the most guarded contention for the rights of the Empire is attributed to Jingoism. The heat which is imported into the discussions is simply surprising, and I fear it must be added that the friends of peace are often the most bellicose in the war of words. There are few occupations more unprofitable than the bandying of taunts and reproaches of this kind, and the men who are assailed have become so accustomed to them that they regard them with utter indifference. Their chief evil, however, is that they interfere with the calm discussion of grave matters. There are real antagonisms of principle which ought to be carefully treated, but they are utterly forgotten in discussions where the first thought of the speaker is to earn the praise of smartness by making points against an opponent. There are numbers of men who are not Jingoists, who sometimes, as at present, feel themselves forced, maybe very reluctantly, to admit that a particular war is necessary; there are others, as true patriots and as jealous for the honour of their country as those who claim for themselves a monopoly of these civic virtues, who hold a distinctly opposite view.

The practical question for Liberals to decide is whether there is room in the party for both these sections. If the answer be in the negative the outlook is grave enough, for it means nothing less serious than the entire collapse of Liberalism at every point. Even that itself may not be more disastrous than the present relations of certain sections—it would be more correct to call them coteries—who are so intent on pushing their own distinctive views that they lose sight of the common interests of their party and their cause. It cannot be doubted that this tendency has been developed almost to a dangerous extent in the discussions which have gathered about the present war. We are told by Sir Wemyss Reid—than whom there is no one with fuller information or higher authority—“A certain number of men amongst us, not mere fanatics, not Celtic enthusiasts or intriguing politicians of the baser sort, but men ordinarily sober in judgment and abhorrent of sentimental excesses, do not conceal the fact that they hate this war so much that they would not be sorry if

it were to result in our discomfiture. They are not, I am thankful to say, a numerous body of men. But one meets them where one least expects to do so, and they are so outspoken in their sentiments that everybody is free to know what they think." It is to be hoped that all these extremists do not belong to the Liberal party. But it is to be feared, at all events, that it does contain a certain proportion of them, and if so there must be a larger number who, while they do not go to this full extent, are still determined enemies of the entire policy which has led to such disastrous results. For these different phases of opinion in a controversy so tangled we must necessarily be prepared. They were sure to occur under any conditions, and they are all the worse at present because of the strength of the disintegrating forces which were already at work. These differences have gone very far towards neutralising any influence which a party, much stronger in the country than in Parliament, might have been able to exert even on foreign policy. Sir Wemyss Reid, indeed, tells us that Mr. Kruger, by the use of his ultimatum, saved us from a new and very formidable schism in the Liberal party.

But is there such an antagonism of principle as the bitterness of feeling which is so frequently manifested would seem to indicate? Leaving out of view the personal element, which is, no doubt, a very important factor, does not the very suggestion betray a singular lack of political perspective? After all, the whole field of political interest is not covered by the South African question. I have before me a circular of the Liberal Forwards Club which says "At home the Liberal party has to complete the removal of impediments to Democratic government, and to concentrate attention upon great social questions." Surely all these questions count for something, and it would be sheer folly for us to deprive ourselves of all power for dealing with them simply because we cannot agree as to the justice of every point in the contention between Mr Chamberlain and Mr Kruger. The British Empire will live, and the great questions connected with its government will have to be discussed whatever be the issue of the conflict into which these two gentlemen have so unwisely plunged their respective peoples. Is there no *modus vivendi* by means of which those who have these larger interests at heart can live and work together instead of cultivating relations which make them alike the prey of the common foe? That is the practical point which should have the anxious consideration of all sections. The perpetuation of the present state of things means the absolute rule of a party which is opposed to political progress and religious equality, which has lavished the money raised by popular taxation for the endowment of particular classes, which hesitates to propose the slightest measure of Temperance legislation, which is prepared to adjourn to the Greek Kalends every scheme of real social reform, and in the meantime to

the hopes of the classes it finds it necessary to conciliate by means which promise much but prove utterly disappointing. The present régime is sometimes defended on the ground that it is not Tory, but has in it a saving element of Liberalism. I have failed to find any consolation in this thought. On the contrary, I should greatly prefer it if it were honestly Tory, and never made profession of a desire to meet popular demands. I am not reconciled to the doles bestowed on the clergy and the landlords, the workmen are also humoured by a Compensation Bill whose big fruit turns out to be little better than Dead Sea apples in taste. But this is the rule to which we must reconcile ourselves unless Liberals can learn the elementary lesson that in union is strength.

Here, then, such irreconcilable difference between the two sections render combined action or even a mutual respect for honest opinions of view impossible? I am unable to perceive it. There are doubtless, very strong utterances on both sides, but some discount will be taken from them in consideration of the prevailing sentiment. But when due allowance has been made for this heated language, and these passionate expressions are reduced to their true value, it will be found that the nearer we get to the bed-rock of opinion the closer we come to agreement. There are surely very few who would deny that the issue of the Boer ultimatum rendered maintenance of peace impossible, and I hope the number of Liberals who would defend every point in Mr. Chamberlain's negotiations and speeches is just as small, while it may confidently be assumed that there is an all but universal desire to bring the war to as early a close as possible by an acceptance of terms which will end the miserable strife between the two races without depriving the Boers of self-government. If there be anything approaching this point of agreement, why should our internal dissensions deprive the country of the restraining force which the criticism of a patriotic but loving Opposition might be able to employ?

With much such a force, wisely exercised, might effect it is not difficult to calculate. But the tone of the defenders of the Government is sufficient to indicate the wholesome dread with which it is regarded. The Leader of the Opposition, who throughout the whole of this matter has not only held the balance between extreme opinions but with great judgment, but has acted the part of a wise and patriotic statesman, made a speech at Manchester in which he asserted his undoubted right to criticise the policy of the Cabinet even while fully supporting the men at the helm—the commanders in the field. Here the pleasant and gentlemanly style in which the *Times* treats him. The public have long watched with amusement the wobblings of Mr. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has seemed in his recent utter-

ances to be a kind of incarnate debating society without a chair. But few can have suspected that volcanic energies lay concealed beneath his balanced sentiments, and that the continued see-saw the result of a severe effort of self-restraint." This is worth quoting only as illustrating the nervous apprehension with which the defence of the war regard every honest endeavour to examine the policy of the Government. It is the misfortune of the *Times* that it does seek to convince opponents by the use of sound logic, but rather addresses itself to those who are already convinced, and strengthens all their prejudices by a criticism of opponents which is sufficiently trenchant, but which is often shamelessly unfair. The attack upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may be accepted as a tribute to power and an evidence that his comments have been too keen and just to be welcome. The wobbles which are charged against him are really the inconsistencies of the Government itself. It has perpetually shifted its own ground and thus compelled its critics to follow suit. It is not wonderful that the speech in question was eminently unpalatable. For it was simply the application of clear sagacious common sense to the examination of a subject in many respects so complicated that the real points may well escape observation because of the multitude of side issues by which they are obscured. But is it really a cause for reproach to any man that his own views have altered with the continued changes in the aspect of affairs during the last few months? Of course the extreme men on both sides—those who believe that Boers must be suppressed, and those at the other end of the scale who insist that war is absolutely unjustifiable—may not be affected by variation in the relative position of the disputants. But there is a very important section of the community, which is equally removed from either of these extremes, a class which understands the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of shaping a policy by abstract principles without any regard to actual facts. If men of this type have "wobbled," it is hardly surprising, for the scenes have changed as suddenly as the figures in a kaleidoscope. At first we heard of the grievances under which the Uitlanders were suffering. Thrilling appeals were made to our love of righteousness and freedom and our sympathy with the oppressed. Latterly these points have fallen comparatively out of notice, and our patriotic indignation has been stirred by stories of a great Dutch conspiracy for the purpose of driving the British out of South Africa altogether. It must be added that the case has been put with so much ingenuity, and supported by arguments so plausible, that there is an excuse even for the elect who may have been deceived by them. But if the fallacy of these representations has not been fully demonstrated, there is at least no reason to believe that they have been so exaggerated as to be mere travesties of the truth.